

1464. d. 11
1-2

THE
Novelist's Magazine.
VOL. VI.

(CONTAINING)

Peregrine Pickle,
and
Marmontel's Tales.



LONDON:

Printed for Harrifon and C^o
N^o. 18 Paternoster Row

1792.

THE
A D V E N T U R E S
OF
PEREGRINE PICKLE.

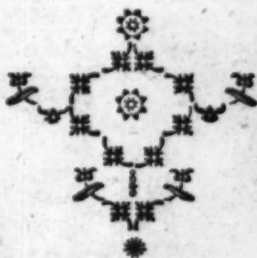
IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED,
MEMOIRS OF A LADY OF QUALITY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY DR. SMOLLETT.

RESPICERE EXEMPLAR VITÆ MORUMQUE JUVENDO
DOCTUM IMITATOREM, ET VERAS HINC DUCERE VOCES.

Hors



L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N° 18, Paternoster Row.

M D C C X C I.

AND NEW T. E. S.

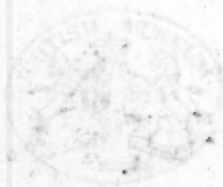
PERGRINE PIERCE

THE HISTORY OF A LADY OF QUALITY

IN FOUR VOLUMES

BY DR. S. M. L. T. T.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. 15 N. 2ND ST. 1854.

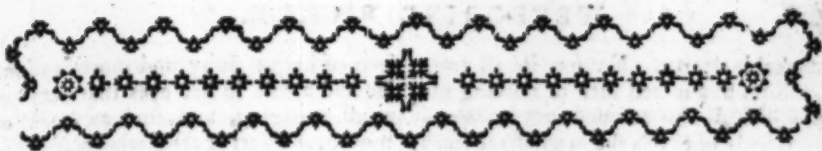


UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE HISTORY OF A LADY OF QUALITY

PERGRINE PIERCE

fa
pu
m
fr
fe
an
to
m
fo
a p
he
m
fu
fa
de
w
of



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
P E R E G R I N E P I C K L E.
VOLUME THE FIRST.

C H A P. I.

AN ACCOUNT OF MR. GAMALIEL PICKLE. THE DISPOSITION OF HIS SISTER DESCRIBED. HE YIELDS TO HER SOLICITATIONS, AND RETURNS TO THE COUNTRY.



IN a certain county of England, bounded on one side by the sea, and at the distance of one hundred miles from the metropolis, lived Gamaliel Pickle, Esq. the father of that hero whose adventures we propose to record. He was the son of a merchant in London, who (like Rome) from small beginnings, had raised himself to the highest honours of the city, and acquired a plentiful fortune; though, to his infinite regret, he died before it amounted to a plumb; conjuring his son, as he respected the last injunction of a parent, to imitate his industry, and adhere to his maxims, until he should have made up the deficiency, which was a sum considerably less than fifteen thousand pounds.

This pathetick remonstrance had the desired effect upon his representative, who spared no pains to fulfil the request of the deceased; but exerted all the ca-

capacity with which nature had endowed him, in a series of efforts, which, however, did not succeed; for by that time he had been fifteen years in trade, he found himself five thousand pounds worse than he was when he first took possession of his father's effects: a circumstance that affected him so nearly, as to detach his inclinations from business, and induce him to retire from the world, to some place where he might at leisure deplore his misfortunes, and, by frugality, secure himself from want, and the apprehensions of a jail, with which his imagination was incessantly haunted. He was often heard to express his fears of coming upon the parish; and to bless God, that, on account of his having been so long a housekeeper, he was intitled to that provision. In short, his talents were not naturally active, and there was a sort of inconsistency in his character; for, with all the desire of amassing, which any citizen could possibly entertain, he was encumbered by a certain indolence and sluggishness that prevailed over every interested consideration, and even hindered him from profiting by that singleness of apprehension, and moderation of appetites, which have so frequently conducted to the acquisition of immense fortunes; qualities which he possessed in a very remarkable

markable degree. Nature, in all probability, had mixed little or nothing inflammable in his composition; or, whatever seeds of excess she might have sown within him, were effectually stifled and destroyed by the austerity of his education.

The sallies of his youth, far from being inordinate or criminal, never exceeded the bounds of that decent jollity which an extraordinary pot, on extraordinary occasions, may be supposed to have produced in a club of sedate book-keepers, whose imaginations were neither very warm nor luxuriant. Little subject to refined sensations, he was scarce ever disturbed with violent emotions of any kind. The passion of love never interrupted his tranquillity; and if, as Mr. Creech says after Horace,

Not to admire is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so;

Mr. Pickle was, undoubtedly, possessed of that invaluable secret; at least, he was never known to betray the faintest symptom of transport, except one evening at the club, where he observed, with some demonstrations of vivacity, that he had dined upon a delicate loin of veal.

Notwithstanding this appearance of phlegm, he could not help feeling his disappointments in trade; and upon the failure of a certain under-writer, by which he lost five hundred pounds, declared his design of relinquishing business, and retiring to the country. In this resolution he was comforted and encouraged by his only sister, Mrs. Grizzle, who had managed his family since the death of his father, and was now in the thirtieth year of her maidenhood, with a fortune of five thousand pounds, and a large stock of œconomy and devotion.

These qualifications, one would think, might have been the means of abridging the terms of her celibacy, as she never expressed any aversion to wedlock; but, it seems, she was too delicate in her choice, to find a mate to her inclination in the city: for I cannot suppose that she remained so long unsolicited; though the charms of her person were not altogether enchanting, nor her manner over and above agreeable. Exclusive of a very wan (not to call it fallow) complexion, which, perhaps, was the ef-

fects of her virginity and mortification, she had a cast in her eyes that was not at all engaging, and such an extent of mouth, as no art or affectation could contract into any proportionable dimension: then, her piety was rather peevish than resigned, and did not in the least diminish a certain stateliness in her demeanour and conversation, that delighted in communicating the importance and honour of her family; which by the bye, was not to be traced two generations back, by all the power of heraldry or tradition.

She seemed to have renounced all the ideas she had acquired before her father served the office of sheriff; and the æra which regulated the dates of all her observations, was the mayoralty of her papa. Nay, so solicitous was this good lady for the support and propagation of the family-name, that suppressing every selfish motive, she actually prevailed upon her brother to combat with his own disposition, and even surmount it so far, as to declare a passion for the person whom he afterwards wedded, as we shall see in the sequel. Indeed, she was the spur that instigated him in all his extraordinary undertakings; and I question whether or not he would have been able to disengage himself from that course of life in which he had so long mechanically moved, unless he had been roused and actuated by her incessant exhortations. London, she observed, was a receptacle of iniquity, where an honest unsuspecting man was every day in danger of falling a sacrifice to craft; where innocence was exposed to continual temptations, and virtue eternally persecuted by malice and slander; where every thing was ruled by caprice and corruption, and merit utterly discouraged and despised. This last imputation she pronounced with such emphasis and chagrin, as plainly denoted how far she considered herself as an example of what she advanced; and really the charge was justified by the constructions that were put upon her retreat by her female friends, who, far from imputing it to the laudable motives that induced her, insinuated, in sarcastick commendations, that she had good reason to be dissatisfied with a place where she had been so long overlooked; and that it was certainly her wisest course to make her last effort in the country, where, in all probability, her talents would be less

less eclipsed, and her fortune more attractive.

Be this as it will, her admonitions, though they were powerful enough to convince, would have been insufficient to overcome the languor and *vis inertia* of her brother, had she not reinforced her arguments, by calling in question the credit of two or three merchants, with whom he was embarked in trade.

Alarmed at these hints of intelligence, he exerted himself effectually; he withdrew his money from trade, and laying it out in bank-stock and India-bonds, removed to a house in the country, which his father had built near the sea-side, for the convenience of carrying on a certain branch of traffick in which he had been deeply concerned.

Here then Mr. Pickle fixed his habitation for life, in the six and thirtieth year of his age: and though the pangs he felt at parting with his intimate companions, and quitting all his former connexions, were not quite so keen as to produce any dangerous disorder in his constitution, he did not fail to be extremely disconcerted at his first entrance into a scene of life to which he was totally a stranger. Not but that he met with abundance of people in the country, who, in consideration of his fortune, courted his acquaintance, and breathed nothing but friendship and hospitality: yet even the trouble of receiving and returning these civilities, was an intolerable fatigue to a man of his habits and disposition. He therefore left the care of the ceremonial to his sister, who indulged herself in all the pride of formality; while he himself having made a discovery of a publick-house in the neighbourhood, went thither every evening, and enjoyed his pipe and cann; being very well satisfied with the behaviour of the landlord, whose communicative temper was a great comfort to his own taciturnity; for he shunned all superfluity of speech, as much as he avoided any other unnecessary expence.

CHAP. II.

HE IS MADE ACQUAINTED WITH THE CHARACTERS OF COMMODORE TRUNNION AND HIS ADHERENTS; MEETS WITH THEM BY ACCIDENT, AND CONTRACTS

AN INTIMACY WITH THAT COMMANDER.

THIS loquacious publican soon gave him sketches of all the characters in the county; and, among others, described that of his next neighbour, Commodore Trunnion, which was altogether singular and odd. 'The commodore and your worship,' said he, 'will in a short time be hand and glove; he has a power of money, and spends it like a prince—that is, in his own way; for to be sure he is a little humorfome, as the saying is, and swears woundily; though I'll be sworn he means no more harm than a sucking babe. Lord help us! it will do your honour's heart good to hear him tell a story, as how he lay along-side of the French, yard-arm and yard-arm, board and board, and of heaving grapplings, and stink-pots, and grapes, and round and double-headed partridges, crows and carters. Laud have mercy upon us! he has been a great warrior in his time, and lost an eye and a heel in the service.—Then he does not live like any other Christian landman; but keeps garrison in his house, as if he were in the midst of his enemies, and makes his servants turn out in the night, watch and watch, (as he calls it) all the year round. His habitation is defended by a ditch, over which he has laid a draw-bridge, and planted his court-yard with patereroes continually loaded with shot, under the direction of one Mr. Hatchway, who had one of his legs shot away while he acted as lieutenant on board the commodore's ship; and now being on half-pay, lives with him as his companion. The lieutenant is a very brave man, a great joker, and, as the saying is, hath got the length of his commander's foot. Though he has another favourite in the house, called Tom Pipes, that was his boatswain's mate, and now keeps the servants in order. Tom is a man of a few words, but an excellent hand at a sung concerning the boatswain's whistle, hussle-cap and chuck-farthing—there is not such another pipe in the county! So that the commodore lives very happy in his own manner; tho' he be sometimes thrown into perilous passions and quandaries, by the application of his poor kinsmen, whom

' he can't abide, because as how some
 ' of them were the first occasion of his
 ' going to sea. Then he sweats with
 ' agony at the sight of an attorney; just
 ' for all the world, as some people have
 ' an antipathy to a cat; for it seems he
 ' was once at law for striking one of his
 ' officers, and cast in a swinging sum.
 ' He is, moreover, exceedingly afflicted
 ' with goblins that disturb his rest, and
 ' keep such a racket in his house, that
 ' you would think (God bless us!) all
 ' the devils in hell had broke loose upon
 ' him. It was no longer ago than last
 ' year, about this time, that he was
 ' tormented the live-long night by two
 ' mischievous spirits that got into his
 ' chamber, and played a thousand pranks
 ' about his hammock. (for there is not
 ' one bed within his walls.) Well,
 ' Sir, he rung his bell, called up all his
 ' servants, got lights, and made a
 ' thorough search; but the devil a goblin
 ' was to be found. He had no sooner
 ' turned in again, and the rest of the
 ' family gone to sleep, than the soul
 ' fiends began their game anew. The
 ' commodore got up in the dark, drew
 ' his cutlafs, and attacked them both so
 ' manfully, that, in five minutes, every
 ' thing in the apartment went to pieces.
 ' The lieutenant hearing the noise, came
 ' to his assistance. Tom pipes being
 ' told what was the matter, lighted his
 ' match, and going down to the yard,
 ' fired all the patereroes as signals of
 ' distress. Well, to be sure, the whole
 ' parish was in a pucker! some thought
 ' the French had landed; others ima-
 ' gined the commodore's house was be-
 ' tier by thieves. For my own part, I
 ' called up two dragoons that are quar-
 ' tered upon me; and they swore with
 ' deadly oaths, it was a gang of smug-
 ' glers engaged with a party of their re-
 ' giment that lies in the next village;
 ' and mounting their hories like luffy
 ' fellows, rode up into the country as
 ' fast as their beasts could carry them.
 ' Ah, matter! these are hard times,
 ' when an industrious body cannot earn
 ' his bread without fear of the gallows.
 ' Your worship's father (God rest his
 ' soul!) was a good gentleman, and as
 ' well respected in this parish, as e'er a
 ' he that walks upon neat's leather.
 ' And if your honour should want a
 ' small parcel of fine tea, or a few an-
 ' chovies of right Nantz, I'll be bound
 ' you shall be furnished to your heart's

' content. But, as I was saying, the
 ' hubbub continued till morning, when
 ' the parson being sent for, conjured
 ' the spirits into the Red Sea; and the
 ' house has been pretty quiet ever since.
 ' True it is, Mr. Hatchway makes a
 ' mock of the whole affair; and told
 ' his commander in this very blessed
 ' spot, that the two goblins were no
 ' other than a couple of jack-daws which
 ' had fallen down the chimney, and
 ' made a flapping with their wings up
 ' and down the apartment. But the
 ' commodore, who is very cholerick,
 ' and does not like to be jeered, fell into
 ' a main high passion, and stormed like
 ' a perfect hurricane, swearing that he
 ' knew the devil from a jack-daw as well
 ' as e'er a man in the three kingdoms.
 ' He owned, indeed, that the birds were
 ' found, but denied that they were
 ' the occasion of the uproar. For my
 ' own part, master, I believe much may
 ' be said on both sides of the question;
 ' thof, to be sure, the devil is always
 ' going about, as the saying is.'

This circumstantial account, extra-
 ordinary as it was, never altered one
 feature in the countenance of Mr. Pickle,
 who having heard it to an end, took the
 pipe from his mouth, saying, with a look
 of infinite sagacity and deliberation, ' I
 ' do suppose he is of the Cornish Trun-
 ' nions. What sort of a woman is his
 ' spouse?'—'Spouse!' cried the other;
 ' odds heart! I don't think he would
 ' marry the Queen of Sheba. Lack-a-
 ' day, Sir! he won't suffer his own
 ' maids to lie in the garrison, but turns
 ' them into an out-house every night
 ' before the watch is set. Bless your
 ' honour's soul! he is, as it were, a very
 ' oddish kind of a gentleman. Your
 ' worship would have seen him before
 ' now; for, when he is well, he and
 ' my good master Hatchway come hither
 ' every evening, and drink a couple of
 ' cans of rumbo-a-piece; but he has
 ' been confined to his house this fort-
 ' night by a plaguy fit of the gout,
 ' which, I'll assure your worship, is a
 ' good penny out of my pocket.'

At that instant, Mr. Pickle's ears
 were saluted with such a strange noise,
 as even discomposed the muscles of his
 face, which gave immediate indications
 of alarm. This composition of notes at
 first resembled the crying of quails, and
 croaking of bull-frogs; but as it ap-
 proached nearer, he could distinguish ar-
 ticulate

e
n
l
e
.
a
l
l
n
d
i
p
e
.
o
e
e
l
.
e
e
y
s
.
e
.
e
e
i
.
s
i
n
t
r
y
r
e
l
r
e
s
.
o
a
s
s
e
i
.



ticulate sounds pronounced with great violence, in such a cadence as one would expect to hear from a human creature scolding through the organs of an ass. It was neither speaking nor braying, but a surprising mixture of both, employed in the utterance of terms absolutely unintelligible to our wondering merchant, who had just opened his mouth to express his curiosity, when the landlord, starting up at the well-known sound, cried—'Odds niggers! there is the commodore with his company, as sure as I live!' and with his apron began to wipe the dust off an elbow-chair placed at one side of the fire, and kept sacred for the ease and convenience of this infirm commander. While he was thus occupied, a voice still more uncouth than the former, bawled aloud—'Ho! the house, a ho!' Upon which the publican, clapping a hand to each side of his head, with his thumbs fixed to his ears, rebellowed in the same tone, which he had learned to imitate—'Hil-loah!' The voice again exclaimed—'Have you got any attorneys aboard?' And when the landlord replied—'No, no;' this man of strange expectation came in, supported by his two dependants, and displayed a figure every way answerable to the oddity of his character. He was in stature at least six feet high, though he had contracted a habit of stooping, by living so long on board; his complexion was tawny, and his aspect rendered hideous by a large scar across his nose, and a patch that covered the place of one eye. Being seated in his chair, with great formality the landlord complimented him upon his being able to come abroad again; and having, in a whisper, communicated the name of his fellow-guest, whom the commodore already knew by report, went to prepare, with all imaginable dispatch, the first allowance of his favourite liquor, in three separate cans, (for each was accommodated with his own portion apart) while the lieutenant sat down on the blind side of his commander; and Tom Pipes, knowing his distance, with great modesty took his station in the rear. After a pause of some minutes, the conversation was begun by this ferocious chief, who fixing his eye upon the lieutenant with a sternness of countenance not to be described, addressed him in these words—'D—n my eyes! Hatchway, I always took you to be a better

seaman than to overset our chaise in such fair weather. Blood! didn't I tell you we were running hump ashore, and bid you set in the lee-brace, and haul upon a wind?'—'Yes,' replied the other with an arch sneer, 'I do confess as how you did give such orders, after you had run us foul of a post, so as that the carriage lay along, and could not right herself.'—'I run you foul of a post!' cried the commander; 'd—n my heart! you're a pretty dog, an't you, to tell me so above-board to my face? Did I take charge of the chaise? Did I stand at the helm?'—'No,' answered Hatchway; 'I must confess you did not steer; but however, you cunned all the way; and so, as you could not see how the land lay, being blind of your larboard eye, we were fast ashore, before you knew any thing of the matter. Pipes, who stood abaft, can testify the truth of what I say.'—'D—n my limbs!' resumed the commodore, 'I don't value what you or Pipes say a rope-yarn. You're a couple of mutinous—I'll say no more; but, you shan't run your rig upon me, d—n ye! I am the man that learnt you, Jack Hatchway, to splice a rope, and raise a perpendicular.'

The lieutenant, who was perfectly well acquainted with the trim of his captain, did not chuse to carry on the altercation any farther; but taking up his cann, drank to the health of the stranger, who very courteously returned the compliment, without, however, presuming to join in the conversation, which suffered a considerable pause. During this interruption, Mr. Hatchway's wit displayed itself in several practical jokes upon the commodore, with whom, he knew, it was dangerous to tamper in any other way. Being without the sphere of his vision, he securely pilfered his tobacco, drank his rumbo, made wry faces, and (to use the vulgar phrase) cocked his eye at him, to the no small entertainment of the spectators, Mr. Pickle himself not excepted, who gave evident tokens of uncommon satisfaction at the dexterity of this marine pantomime.

Meanwhile, the captain's choler gradually subsided, and he was pleased to desire Hatchway, by the familiar and friendly diminutive of Jack, to read a newspaper that lay on the table before him.

him. This task was accordingly undertaken by the lame lieutenant, who, among other paragraphs, read that which follows, with an elevation of voice that seemed to prognosticate something extraordinary. 'We are informed, that Admiral Bower will very soon be created a British peer, for his eminent services during the war, particularly in his late engagement with the French fleet.' Trunnion was thunderstruck at this piece of intelligence. The mug dropped from his hand and shivered into a thousand pieces; his eye glistened like that of a rattle-snake, and some minutes elapsed before he could pronounce—'A—vast! overhaul that article again.' It was no sooner read the second time, than smiting the table with his fist, he started up, and with the most violent emphasis of rage and indignation, exclaimed—'D—n my heart and liver! it is a land lye, d'ye see; and I will maintain it to be a lye, from the sprit-sail yard to the mizen-top-sail haul-yards! Blood and thunder! Will Bower a peer of this realm! a fellow of yesterday, that scarce knows a mast from a manger; a snotty-nose boy, whom I myself have ordered to the gun, for stealing eggs out of the hen-coop! and I, Hawker Trunnion, who commanded a ship before he could keep a reckoning, am laid aside, d'ye see, and forgotten! If so be, as this is the case, there is a rotten plank in our constitution, which ought to be hove down and repaired, d—n my eyes! For my own part, d'ye see, I was none of your Guinea-pigs; I did not rise in the service by parliamentary interest, or a handsome bitch of a wife. I was not hoisted over the bellies of better men, nor strutted athwart the quarter-deck in a laced doublet, and thingumbobs at the wrists. D—n my limbs! I have been a hard-working man, and served all offices on board, from cook's shifter to the command of a vessel. Here, you Tunley, there's the hand of a seaman, you dog.' So saying, he laid hold on the landlord's fist, and honoured him with such a squeeze, as compelled him to roar with great vociferation, to the infinite satisfaction of the commodore, whose features were a little unbended, by this acknowledgment of his vigour; and he thus proceeded in a less outrageous strain—'They make a

'damned noise about this engagement with the French; but, egad! it was no more than a bum-boat battle, in comparison with some that I have seen. There was old Rook, and Jennings, and another whom I'll be damned before I name, that knew what fighting was. As for my own share, d'ye see, I am none of those that hallo in their own commendation: but if so be that I were minded to stand my own trumpet, some of those little fellows that hold their heads so high, would be taken all aback, as the saying is; they would be ashamed to shew their colours, d—n my eyes! I once lay eight glasses along-side of the *Flour de Louse*, a French man of war, though her metal was much heavier, and her complement larger by a hundred hands than mine.—You, Jack Hatchway, d—n ye, what d'ye grin at? D'ye think I tell a story, because you never heard it before?' 'Why, look ye, Sir,' answered the

lieutenant, 'I am glad to find you can stand your own trumpet, on occasion: thof I wish you would change the tune; for that is the same you have been piping every watch for these ten months past. Tunley himself will tell you, he has heard it five hundred times.'—'God forgive you, Mr. Hatchway,' said the landlord, interrupting him; 'as I'm an honest man and a housekeeper, I never heard a syllab of the matter.'

This declaration, though not strictly true, was extremely agreeable to Mr. Trunnion, who, with an air of triumph, observed—'Aha! Jack, I thought I should bring you up, with your gibes and your jokes; but, suppose you had heard it before, is that any reason why it shouldn't be told to another person? There's the stranger; belike he has heard it five hundred times too—han't you, brother?' addressing himself to Mr. Pickle; who, replying with a look expressing curiosity—'No, never,' he thus went on: 'Well, you seem to be an honest, quiet sort of a man; and therefore you must know, as I said before, I fell in with a French man of war, Cape Finisterre bearing about six leagues on the weather-bow, and the chase three leagues to leeward, going before the wind; whereupon I set my studding sails, and coming up with her, hoisted my
jack

‘jack and ensign, and poured in a whole broadside, before you could count three rattlins in the mizen shrouds; for I always keep a good look-out, and love to have the first fire.’— ‘That I’ll be sworn,’ said Hatchway: ‘for the day we made the triumph, you ordered the men to fire when she was hull to, by the same token we below pointed the guns at a flight of gulls; and I won a cann of punch from the gunner by killing the first bird.’ Exasperated at this sarcasm, he replied, with great vehemence, ‘You lye, lubber! d—n your bones! what business have you to come always athwart my haufe in this manner?—You, Pipes, was upon deck, and can bear witness, whether or not I fired too soon. Speak, you blood of a —, and that upon the word of a seaman: how did the chace bear off us, when I gave orders to fire!’

Pipes, who had hitherto sat silent, being thus called upon to give his evidence, after diverse strange gesticulations, opened his mouth like a gasping cod, and with a cadence like that of the east-wind singing through a cranny, pronounced, ‘Half a quarter of a league right upon our lee-beam.’— ‘Nearer, you por-puss-fac’d swab!’ cried the commodore; ‘nearer by twelve fathom: but, howsomever, that’s enough to prove the falshood of Hatchway’s jaw—’ and so, brother, d’ye see, turning to Mr. Pickle, ‘I lay along-side of the *Flour de Loufe*, yard-arm and yard-arm, plying our great guns and small arms, and heaving in stink-pots, powder-bottles, and hand grenades, till our shot was all expended, double-headed, partridge, and grape: then we loaded with iron crows, marlin-spikes, and old nails; but finding the Frenchman took a great deal of drubbing, and that he had shot away all our rigging, and killed and wounded a great number of our men, d’ye see! I resolved to run him on board upon his quarter; and so ordered our grapplings to be got ready: but Monsieur perceiving what we were about, filled his topsails, and sheered off; leaving us like a log upon the water, and our scuppers running with blood.’

Mr. Pickle and the landlord paid such extraordinary attention to the re-

hearsal of this exploit, that Trunnion was encouraged to entertain them with more stories of the same nature; after which he observed, by way of encomium on the government, that all he had gained in the service was a lame foot, and the loss of an eye. The lieutenant, who could not find in his heart to lose any opportunity of being witty at the expence of his commander, gave a loose to his satirical talent once more; saying, ‘I have heard as how you came by your lame foot, by having your upper decks overflowed with liquor, whereby you became crank, and rolled, d’ye see, in such a manner, that by a pitch of the ship, your starboard heel was jammed in one of the scuppers; and as for the matter of your eye, that was knocked out by your own crew when the Lightning was paid off. There’s poor Pipes, who was beaten into all the colours of the rainbow, for taking your part, and giving you time to sheer off; and I don’t find as how you have rewarded him according as he deserves.’ As the commodore could not deny the truth of these anecdotes, however unseasonably they were introduced, he affected to receive them with good humour, as jokes of the lieutenant’s own inventing; and replied, ‘Aye, aye, Jack, every body knows your tongue is no slander; but, howsomever, I’ll work you to an oil for this, you dog.’ So saying, he lifted up one of his crutches, intending to lay it gently across Mr. Hatchway’s pate; but Jack, with great agility, tilted up his wooden leg, with which he warded off the blow, to the no small admiration of Mr. Pickle, and utter astonishment of the landlord; who, by the bye, had expressed the same amazement, at the same feat, at the same hour, every night for three months before. Trunnion then directing his eye to the boatswain’s mate, ‘You, Pipes,’ said he, ‘do you go about and tell people that I did not reward you for standing by me when I was huffed by these rebellious rascals! d—n ye! ha’n’t you been rated on the books ever since?’ Tom, who indeed had no words to spare, sat smocking his pipe with great indifference, and never dreamed of paying any regard to these interrogations, which being repeated and reinforced with many oaths, that however

produced no effect, the commodore pulled out his purse, saying, 'Here, you birch's baby, here's something better than a smart ticket!' and threw it at his silent deliverer, who received and pocketed his bounty, without the least demonstration of surprize or satisfaction; while the donor turning to Mr. Pickle, 'You see, brother,' said he, 'I make good the old saying; we sailors get money like horses, and spend it like asses.—Come, Pipes, let's have the boatswain's whistle, and be jovial.' This musician accordingly applied to his mouth the silver instrument that hung at a button-hole of his jacket, by a chain of the same metal, and though not quite so ravishing as the pipe of Hermes, produced a sound so loud and shrill, that the stranger (as it were instinctively) stopped his ears, to preserve his organs of hearing from such a dangerous invasion. The prelude being thus executed, Pipes fixed his eyes upon the egg of an ostrich that depended from the ceiling, and without once moving them from that object, performed the whole cantata in a tone of voice that seemed to be the joint issue of an Irish bag-pipe and a sow-gelder's horn; the commodore, the lieutenant, and landlord, joined in the chorus, repeating this elegant stanza:

'Bustle, bustle, brave boys!
'Let us sing, let us toil,
'And drink all the while—
'Since labour's the price of our joys.'

The third line was no sooner pronounced, than the cann was lifted to every man's mouth with admirable uniformity; and the next word taken up at the end of their draught with a twang equally expressive and harmonious. In short, the company began to understand one another; Mr. Pickle seemed to relish the entertainment, and a correspondence immediately commenced between him and Trunnion, who shook him by the hand, drank to farther acquaintance, and even invited him to a mess of pork and peas in the garrison. The compliment was returned, good fellowship prevailed, and the night was pretty far advanced, when the merchant's man arrived with a lanthorn to light his master home; upon which the new friends parted, after a mutual promise of meeting next evening in the same place.

CHAP. III.

MRS. GRIZZLE EXERTS HERSELF IN FINDING A PROPER MATCH FOR HER BROTHER; WHO IS ACCORDINGLY INTRODUCED TO THE YOUNG LADY, WHOM HE MARRIES IN DUE SEASON.

I Have been the more circumstantial in opening the character of Trunnion, because he bears a considerable share in the course of these memoirs; but now it is high time to resume the consideration of Mrs. Grizzle, who, since her arrival in the country, had been engrossed by a double care; namely, that of finding a suitable match for her brother, and a comfortable yoke-fellow for herself.

Neither was this aim the result of any sinister or frail suggestion, but the pure dictates of that laudable ambition, which prompted her to the preservation of the family name. Nay, so disinterested was she in this pursuit, that, postponing her nearest concern, or at least leaving her own fate to the silent operation of her charms, she laboured with such indefatigable zeal in behalf of her brother, that before they had been three months settled in the country, the general topick of conversation in the neighbourhood, was an intended match between the rich Mr. Pickle and the fair Miss Appleby, daughter of a gentleman who lived in the next parish, and who, though he had but little fortune to bestow upon his children, had (to use his own phrase) replenished their veins with some of the best blood in the country.

This young lady, whose character and disposition Mrs. Grizzle had investigated to her own satisfaction, was destined for the spouse of Mr. Pickle, and an overture accordingly made to her father; who being overjoyed at the proposal, gave his consent without hesitation, and even recommended an immediate execution of the project with such eagerness, as seemed to indicate either a suspicion of Mr. Pickle's constancy, or a diffidence of his own daughter's complexion, which, perhaps, he thought too sanguine to keep much longer cool. The previous point being thus settled, our merchant, at the instigation of Mrs. Grizzle, went to visit his future father-in-law, and was introduced to the daughter, with whom he had, that same afternoon,

ternoon, an opportunity of being alone. What passed in that interview, I never could learn; though, from the character of the suitor, the reader may justly conclude, that she was not much teased with the impertinence of his addresses. He was, not, I believe, the less welcome for that reason: certain it is, she made no objection to his taciturnity; and when her father communicated his resolution, acquiesced with the most pious resignation. But Mrs. Grizzle, in order to give the lady a more favourable idea of his intellects than what his conversation could possibly inspire, was resolved to dictate a letter, which her brother should transcribe and transmit to his mistress, as the produce of his own understanding; and had actually composed a very tender billet for this purpose; yet her intention was entirely frustrated by the misapprehension of the lover himself; who, in consequence of his sister's repeated admonitions, anticipated her scheme, by writing for himself, and dispatching the letter one afternoon, while Mrs. Grizzle was visiting at the parson's.

Neither was this step the effect of his vanity or precipitation; but having been often assured by his sister, that it was absolutely necessary for him to make a declaration of his love in writing, he took this opportunity of acting in conformity with her advice, when his imagination was unengaged or undisturbed by any other suggestion, without suspecting in the least that she intended to save him the trouble of exercising his own genius. Left, therefore, as he imagined, to his own inventions, he sat down and produced the following morceau, which was transmitted to Miss Appleby, before his sister and counsellor had the least intimation of the affair.

MISS SALLY APPLEBY.

MADAM,

UNDERSTANDING you have a parcel of heart, warranted sound, to be disposed of, shall be willing to treat for said commodity, on reasonable terms; doubt not, shall agree for same; shall wait of you for farther information, when and where you shall appoint. This the needful from yours, &c.

GAM. PICKLE.

This laconic epistle, simple and unadorned as it was, met with as cordial a reception from the person to whom it was addressed, as if it had been couched in the most elegant terms that delicacy of passion and cultivated genius could supply; nay, I believe, was the more welcome on account of its mercantile plainness; because, when an advantageous match is in view, a sensible woman often considers the flowery professions and rapturous exclamations of love, as ensnaring ambiguities, or at best impertinent preliminaries, that retard the treaty they are designed to promote; whereas Mr. Pickle removed all disagreeable uncertainty, by descending at once to the most interesting particular.

She had no sooner, as a dutiful child, communicated this billet-doux to her father, than he, as a careful parent, visited Mr. Pickle, and in presence of Mrs. Grizzle, demanded a formal explanation of his sentiments with regard to his daughter Sally. Mr. Gamaliel, without any ceremony, assured him he had a respect for the young woman, and, with his good leave, would take her for better or worse. Mr. Appleby, after having expressed his satisfaction that he had fixed his affections in his family, comforted the lover with the assurance of his being agreeable to the young lady, and they forthwith proceeded to the articles of the marriage-settlement; which being discussed and determined, a lawyer was ordered to engross them, the wedding cloaths were bought, and, in short, a day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, to which every body of any fashion in the neighbourhood was invited. Among these, Commodore Truncheon and Mr. Hatchway were not forgotten, being the sole companions of the bridegroom, with whom, by this time, they had contracted a sort of intimacy at their nocturnal rendezvous.

They had received a previous intimation of what was on the anvil, from the landlord, before Mr. Pickle thought proper to declare himself; in consequence of which, the topick of the one-eyed commander's discourse, at their meeting for several evenings before, had been the folly and plague of matrimony; on which he held forth with great vehemence of abuse, levelled at the fair sex, whom he represented as devil's incarnate, sent from hell to torment mankind; and in parti-

cular, inveighed against old maids, for whom he seemed to entertain a singular aversion; while his friend Jack confirmed the truth of all his allegations, and gratified his own malignant vein at the same time, by clenching every sentence with a fly joke upon the married state, built upon some allusion to a ship, or sea-faring life. He compared a woman to a great gun loaded with fire, brimstone, and noise, which being violently heated, will bounce and fly, and play the devil, if you don't take special care of her breechings. He said, she was like a hurricane, that never blows from one quarter, but veers about to all points of the compass. He likened her to a painted galley curiously rigged, with a leak in her hold, which her husband would never be able to stop. He observed that her inclinations were like the Bay of Biscay; for why? because you may heave your deep-sea lead long enough, without ever reaching the bottom. That he who comes to anchor on a wife, may find himself moored in damned foul ground, and after all, can't for his blood slip his cable; and that for his own part, tho' he might make short trips for pastime, he would never embark in woman on the voyage of life, because he was afraid of foundering in the first foul weather.

In all probability, these insinuations made some impression on the mind of Mr. Pickle, who was not very much inclined to run great risks of any kind; but the injunctions and importunities of his sister, who was bent upon the match, over-balanced the opinion of his sea-friends, who finding him determined to marry, notwithstanding all the hints of caution they had thrown out, resolved to accept his invitation, and honoured his nuptials with their presence accordingly.

CHAP. IV.

THE BEHAVIOUR OF MRS. GRIZZLE AT THE WEDDING, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE GUESTS.

I Hope it will not be thought uncharitable, if I advance, by way of conjecture, that Mrs. Grizzle, on this grand occasion, summoned her whole exertion to play off the artillery of her claims upon the single gentlemen who

were invited to the entertainment: sure I am, she displayed to the best advantage all the engaging qualities she possessed. Her affability at dinner was altogether uncommon; her attention to the guests was superfluously hospitable; her tongue was sheathed with a most agreeable and infantine lisp; her address was perfectly obliging; and though, conscious of the extraordinary capacity of her mouth, she would not venture to hazard a laugh, she modelled her lips into an enchanting simper, which played upon her countenance all day long; nay, she even profited by that defect in her vision we have already observed, and securely contemplated those features which were most to her liking, while the rest of the company believed her regards were disposed in a quite contrary direction. With what humility of complaisance did she receive the compliments of those who could not help praising the elegance of the banquet; and how piously did she seize that opportunity of commemorating the honours of her sire, by observing, that it was no merit in her to understand something of entertainments, as she had occasion to preside at so many during the mayoralty of her papa. Far from discovering the least symptom of pride and exultation when the opulence of her family became the subject of conversation, she assumed a severity of countenance; and after having moralized on the vanity of riches, declared that those who looked upon her as a fortune, were very much mistaken; for her father had left her no more than poor five thousand pounds, which, with what little she had saved of the interest since his death, was all she had to depend upon: indeed, if she had placed her chief felicity in wealth, she should not have been so forward in destroying her own expectations, by advising and promoting the event at which they were now so happily assembled; but she hoped she should always have virtue enough to postpone any interested consideration, when it should happen to clash with the happiness of her friends. Finally, such was her modesty and self-denial, that she industriously informed those whom it might concern, that she was no less than three years older than the bride; though, had she added ten to the reckoning, she would have committed no mistake in point of computation.

To contribute as much as lay in her power

power to the satisfaction of all present, she in the afternoon regaled them with a tune on the harpsichord, accompanied with her voice, which, though not the most melodious in the world, I dare say, would have been equally at their service, could she have vied with Philomel in song; and as the last effort of her complaisance, when dancing was proposed, she was prevailed upon, at the request of her new sister, to open the ball in person.

In a word, Mrs. Grizzle was the principal figure in this festival, and almost eclipsed the bride; who, far from seeming to dispute the pre-eminence, very wisely allowed her to make the best of her talents; contenting herself with the lot to which fortune had already called her, and which she imagined would not be the less desirable, if her sister-in-law were detached from the family.

I believe I need scarce advertise the reader, that during this whole entertainment, the commodore and his lieutenant were quite out of their element; and this indeed was the case with the bridegroom himself, who being utterly unacquainted with any sort of polite commerce, found himself under a very disagreeable restraint during the whole scene.

Trunnion, who had scarce ever been on shore till he was paid off, and never once in his whole life in the company of any females above the rank of those who herd upon the Point at Portsmouth, was more embarrassed about his behaviour than if he had been surrounded at sea by the whole French navy. He had never pronounced the word *Madam* since he was born; so that far from entering into conversation with the ladies, he would not even return the compliment, or give the least nod of civility when they drank to his health; and I verily believe, would rather have suffered suffocation than allowed the simple phrase, *your servant*, to proceed from his mouth. He was altogether as inflexible with respect to the attitudes of his body; for either through obstinacy or bashfulness, he sat upright without motion, inasmuch, that he provoked the mirth of a certain wag, who addressing himself to the lieutenant, asked whether that was the commodore himself, or the wooden lion that used to stand at his gate: an image, to which, it must be owned, Mr. Trunnion's person bore no faint resemblance,

Mr. Hatchway, who was not quite so unpolished as the commodore, and had certain notions that seemed to approach the ideas of common life, made a less uncouth appearance; but then he was a wit, and though of a very peculiar genius, partook largely of that disposition which is common to all wits, who never enjoy themselves, except when their talents meet with those marks of distinction and veneration, which (in their own opinion) they deserve.

These circumstances being premised, it is not to be wondered at, if this triumvirate made no objections to the proposal, when some of the grave personages of the company made a motion for adjourning into another apartment, where they might enjoy their pipes and bottles, while the young folks indulged themselves in the continuance of their own favourite diversion. Thus rescued, as it were, from a state of annihilation, the first use the two lads of the castle made of their existence, was to ply the bridegroom so hard with bumpers, that in less than an hour he made divers efforts to sing, and soon after was carried to bed, deprived of all manner of sensation, to the utter disappointment of the bride-men and maids, who, by this accident, were prevented from throwing the stocking, and performing certain other ceremonies practised on such occasions. As for the bride, she bore this misfortune with great good-humour; and, indeed, on all occasions, behaved like a discreet woman, perfectly well acquainted with the nature of her own situation.

CHAP. V.

MRS. PICKLE ASSUMES THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT IN HER OWN FAMILY. HER SISTER-IN-LAW UNDERTAKES AN ENTERPRIZE OF GREAT MOMENT, BUT IS FOR SOME TIME DIVERTED FROM HER PURPOSE BY A VERY INTERESTING CONSIDERATION.

WHATEVER deference, not to say submission, she had paid to Mrs. Grizzle before she was so nearly allied to her family, she no sooner became Mrs. Pickle, than she thought it incumbent upon her to act up to the dignity of the character; and the very day after the marriage, ventured to dispute

pute with her sister-in-law on the subject of her own pedigree, which she affirmed to be more honourable in all respects than that of her husband; observing, that several younger brothers of her house had arrived at the station of Lord Mayor of London, which was the highest pitch of greatness that any of Mr. Pickle's predecessors had ever attained.

This presumption was like a thunderbolt to Mrs. Grizzle, who began to perceive that she had not succeeded quite so well as she imagined, in selecting for her brother a gentle and obedient yoke-fellow, who would always treat her with that profound respect which she thought due to her superior genius, and be entirely regulated by her advice and direction: however, she still continued to manage the reins of government in the house, reprehending the servants as usual; an office she performed with great capacity, and in which she seemed to take singular delight, until Mrs. Pickle, on pretence of consulting her ease, told her one day she would take that trouble upon herself, and for the future assume the management of her own family.—Nothing could be more mortifying to Mrs. Grizzle than such a declaration; to which, after a considerable pause, and strange distortion of look, she replied, 'I shall never refuse or repine at any trouble that may conduce to my brother's advantage.'—'Dear Madam,' answered the sister, 'I am infinitely obliged to your kind concern for Mr. Pickle's interest, which I consider as my own; but I cannot bear to see you a sufferer by your friendship, and therefore insist upon exempting you from the fatigue you have borne so long.'

In vain did the other protest that she took pleasure in the task; Mrs. Pickle ascribed the assurance to her excess of complaisance, and expressed such tenderness of zeal for her dear sister's health and tranquillity, that the reluctant maiden found herself obliged to resign her authority, without enjoying the least pretext for complaining of her being deposed.

This disgrace was attended by a fit of peevish devotion that lasted three or four weeks; during which period, she had the additional chagrin of seeing the young lady gain an absolute ascendancy over the mind of her brother, who was persuaded to set up a gay equipage, and

improve his house-keeping, by an augmentation in his expence, to the amount of a thousand a year at least: though his alteration in the economy of his household effected no change in his own disposition, or manner of life; for as soon as the painful ceremony of receiving and returning visits was performed, he had recourse again to the company of his sea-friends, with whom he spent the best part of his time. But if he was satisfied with his condition, the case was otherwise with Mrs. Grizzle, who finding her importance in the family greatly diminished, her attractions neglected by all the male-sex in the neighbourhood, and the withering hand of time hang threatening over her head, began to feel the horror of eternal virginity; and, in a sort of desperation, resolved at any rate to rescue herself from that reproachful and uncomfortable situation: Thus determined, she formed a plan, the execution of which, to a spirit less enterprising and sufficient than her's, would have appeared altogether impracticable; this was no other, than to make a conquest of the commodore's heart; which the reader will easily believe was not very susceptible of tender impressions; but, on the contrary, fortified with insensibility and prejudice against the charms of the whole sex; and particularly prepossessed to the prejudice of that class distinguished by the appellation of old-maids, in which Mrs. Grizzle was, by this time, unhappily ranked. She, nevertheless, took the field; and having invested this seemingly impregnable fortress, began to break ground one day, when Trunnion dined at her brother's, by springing certain enflaming commendations on the honesty and sincerity of sea-faring people; paying a particular attention to his plate, and affecting a simper of approbation at every thing he said, which by any means she could contrive into a joke, or with modesty be supposed to hear: nay, even when he left decency on the left-hand, (which was often the case) she ventured to reprimand his freedom of speech with a gracious grin, saying 'Sure, you gentlemen belonging to the sea have such an odd way with you!' But all this complacency was so ineffectual, that, far from suspecting the true cause of it, the commodore, that very evening, at the club, in presence of her brother, with whom,

by

by this time, he could take any manner of freedom, did not scruple to damn her for a squinting, block-faced, chattering piss-kitchen; and immediately after, drank despair to all old maids. The toast Mr. Pickle pledged without the least hesitation, and next day intimated to his sister, who bore the indignity with surprizing resignation, and did not therefore desist from her scheme, unpromising as it seemed to be, until her attention was called off, and engaged in another care, which, for some time, interrupted the progress of this design. Her sister had not been married many months, when she exhibited evident symptoms of pregnancy, to the general satisfaction of all concerned, and the inexpressible joy of Mrs. Grizzle, who (as we have already hinted) was more interested in the preservation of the family-name, than in any other consideration whatever. She therefore no sooner discovered appearances to justify and confirm her hopes, than postponing her own purpose, and laying aside that pique and resentment she had conceived from the behaviour of Mrs. Pickle, when she superseded her authority; or, perhaps, considering her in no other light than that of the vehicle which contained, and was destined to convey her brother's heir to light; she determined to exert her uttermost in nursing, tending, and cherishing her, during the term of her important charge. With this view, she purchased Culpepper's Midwifery; which, with that sagacious performance, dignified with Aristotle's name, she studied with indefatigable care, and diligently perused the Compleat Housewife, together with Quincy's Dispensatory; culling every jelly, marmalade, and conserve, which these authors recommend as either salutary or toothsome, for the benefit and comfort of her sister-in-law, during her gestation. She restricted her from eating roots, pot-herbs, fruit, and all sorts of vegetables: and one day, when Mrs. Pickle had plucked a peach with her own hand, and was in the very act of putting it between her teeth, Mrs. Grizzle perceived the rash attempt, and running up to her, fell upon her knees in the garden, intreating her, with tears in her eyes, to resist such a pernicious appetite. Her request was no sooner complied with, than, recollecting that if her sister's

longing was baulked, the child might be affected with some disagreeable mark, or deplorable disease, she begged as earnestly that she would swallow the fruit; and, in the mean time, ran for some cordial water of her own composing, which she forced upon her sister, as an antidote to the poison she had received.

This excessive zeal and tenderness did not fail to be very troublesome to Mrs. Pickle; who having revolved divers plans for the recovery of her own ease, at length determined to engage Mrs. Grizzle in such employment as would interrupt that close attendance which she found so teasing and disagreeable. Neither did she wait long for an opportunity of putting her resolution in practice. The very next day, a gentleman happening to dine with Mr. Pickle, unfortunately mentioned a pine-apple, part of which he had eaten a week before at the house of a nobleman who lived in another part of the country, at the distance of a hundred miles at least.

The name of this fatal fruit was no sooner pronounced, than Mrs. Grizzle, who incessantly watched her sister's looks, took the alarm, because she thought they gave certain indications of curiosity and desire; and after having observed that she herself could never eat pine-apples, which were altogether unnatural productions, extorted by the force of artificial fire, out of filthy manure, asked, with a faltering voice, if Mrs. Pickle was not of her way of thinking. This young lady, who wanted neither slyness nor penetration, at once divined her meaning; and replied, with seeming unconcern, that for her own part, she should never regret, if there was not a pine-apple in the universe, provided she could indulge herself with the fruits of her own country.

This answer was calculated for the benefit of the stranger, who would certainly have suffered for his imprudence by the resentment of Mrs. Grizzle, had her sister expressed the least selfish for the fruit in question. It had the desired effect, and re-established the peace of the company, which was not a little endangered by the gentleman's want of consideration. Next morning, however, after breakfast, the pregnant lady, in pursuance of her plan, yawned (as it were by accident) full in the face of her maiden sister, who being infinitely disturbed

turbed by this convulsion, affirmed it was a symptom of longing, and insisted upon knowing the object in desire; when Mrs. Pickle, affecting an affected smile, told her she had eaten a most delicious pine-apple in her sleep. This declaration was attended with an immediate scream, uttered by Mrs. Grizzle; who instantly perceiving her sister surprized at the exclamation, clasped her in her arms, and assured her, with a sort of hysterical laugh, that she could not help screaming with joy, because she had it in her power to gratify her dear sister's wish: a lady in the neighbourhood having promised to send her, in a present, a couple of delicate pine-apples, which she would that very day go in quest of.

Mrs. Pickle would by no means consent to this proposal, on pretence of sparing the other unnecessary fatigue; and assured her, that if she had any desire to eat a pine-apple, it was so faint, that the disappointment could produce no bad consequence. But this assurance was conveyed in a manner, (which she knew very well how to adopt) that, instead of dissuading, rather stimulated Mrs. Grizzle to set out immediately; not on a visit to that lady, whose promise she herself had feigned, with a view of consulting her sister's tranquillity, but on a random search through the whole country for this unlucky fruit, which was like to produce so much vexation and prejudice to her and her father's house.

During three whole days and nights did she, attended by a valet, ride from place to place without success, unmindful of her health, and careless of her reputation, that began to suffer from the nature of her enquiry, which was pursued with such peculiar eagerness and distraction, that every body with whom she conversed, looked upon her as an unhappy person, whose intellects were not a little disordered.

Baffled in all her researches within the county, she at length resolved to visit that very nobleman, at whose house the officious stranger had been (for her) so unfortunately regaled; and actually arrived in a post-chaise at the place of his habitation; where she introduced her business as an affair on which the happiness of a whole family depended. By virtue of a present to his lordship's gardener, she procured the Hesperian

fruit, with which she returned in triumph.

CHAP. VI.

MRS. GRIZZLE IS INDEFATIGABLE IN GRATIFYING HER SISTER'S LONGINGS. PEREGRINE IS BORN, AND MANAGED CONTRARY TO THE DIRECTIONS AND REMONSTRANCES OF HIS AUNT, WHO IS DISGUSTED UPON THAT ACCOUNT, AND RESUMES THE PLAN WHICH SHE HAD BEFORE REJECTED.

THE success of this device would have encouraged Mrs. Pickle to practise more of the same sort upon her sister-in-law, had she not been deterred by a violent fever which seized her zealous ally, in consequence of the fatigue and uneasiness she had undergone; which, while it lasted, as effectually conduced to her repose, as any other stratagem she could invent. But Mrs. Grizzle's health was no sooner restored, than the other, being as much incommoded as ever, was obliged, in her own defence, to have recourse to some other contrivance; and managed her artifices in such a manner, as leaves it at this day a doubt whether she was really so whimsical and capricious in her appetites as she herself pretended to be; for her longings were not resisted to the demands of the palate and stomach, but also affected all the other organs of sense, and even invaded her imagination, which at this period seemed to be strangely diseased.

One time she longed to pinch her husband's ear; and it was with infinite difficulty that his sister could prevail upon him to undergo the operation. Yet this task was easy, in comparison with another she undertook for the gratification of Mrs. Pickle's unaccountable desire; which was no other than to persuade the commodore to submit his chin to the mercy of the big-bellied lady, who ardently wished for an opportunity of plucking three black hairs from his beard. When this proposal was first communicated to Mr. Truncheon by the husband, his answer was nothing but a dreadful effusion of oaths, accompanied with such a stare, and delivered in such a tone of voice, as terrified the poor beseecher.

beseecher into immediate silence; so that Mrs. Grizzle was fain to take the whole enterprize upon herself, and next day went to the garrison accordingly, where having obtained entrance by means of the lieutenant, who, while his commander was asleep, ordered her to be admitted for the joke's sake, she waited patiently till he turned out, and then accosted him in the yard, where he used to perform his morning walk. He was thunderstruck at the appearance of a woman in a place which he had hitherto kept sacred from the whole sex, and immediately began to utter an apostrophe to Tom Pipes, whose turn it then was to watch; when Mrs. Grizzle falling on her knees before him, conjured him with many pathetick supplications, to hear and grant her request; which was no sooner signified, than he bellowed in such an outrageous manner that the whole court re-echoed the opprobrious term *bitch*, and the word *damnation*, which he repeated with surprizing volubility, without any sort of propriety or connection; and retreated into his penetralia, leaving the baffled devotee in the humble posture she had so unsuccessfully chosen to melt his obdurate heart.

Mortifying as this repulse must have been to a lady of her stately disposition, she did not relinquish her aim, but endeavoured to interest the commodore's counsellors and adherents in her cause. With this view she solicited the interest of Mr. Hatchway, who, being highly pleased with a circumstance so productive of mirth and diversion, readily entered into her measures, and promised to employ his whole influence for her satisfaction: and as for the boatswain's mate, he was rendered propitious by the present of a guinea which she slipped into his hand. In short, Mrs. Grizzle was continually engaged in this negotiation for the space of ten days, during which the commodore was so incessantly pestered with her remonstrances, and the admonitions of his associates, that he swore his people had a design upon his life, which becoming a burden to him, he at last complied, and was conducted to the scene like a victim to the altar; or rather like a reluctant bear, when he is led to the stake amidst the shouts and cries of butchers and their dogs. After all, this victory was not quite so decisive as the conquerors imagined; for

the patient being set, and the performer prepared with a pair of pincers, a small difficulty occurred: she could not for some time discern one black hair on the whole superficies of Mr. Trunnion's face; when Mrs. Grizzle, very much alarmed and disconcerted, had recourse to a magnifying glass that stood upon her toilet; and after a most accurate examination, discovered a fibre of a dusky hue, to which the instrument being applied, Mrs. Pickle pulled it up by the roots, to the no small discomposure of the owner, who feeling the smart much more severe than he had expected, started up, and swore he would not part with another hair to save them all from damnation.

Mr. Hatchway exhorted him to patience and resignation, Mrs. Grizzle repeated her entreaties with great humility; but finding him deaf to all her prayers, and absolutely bent upon leaving the house, she clasped his knees, and begged for the love of God that he would have compassion upon a distressed family, and endure a little more for the sake of the poor infant, who would otherwise be born with a grey beard upon its chin. Far from being melted, he was rather exasperated by this reflection; to which he replied with great indignation—'Damn you for a yaw-fighted bitch! he'll be hanged long enough before he has any beard at all.' So saying, he disengaged himself from her embraces, flung out at the door, and halted homewards with such surprizing speed, that the lieutenant could not overtake him until he had arrived at his own gate; and Mrs. Grizzle was so much affected with his escape, that her sister, in pure compassion, desired she would not afflict herself, protesting that her own wish was already gratified, for she had plucked three hairs at once, having, from the beginning, been dubious of the commodore's patience. But the labours of this assiduous kinswoman did not end with the achievement of this adventure; her eloquence or industry was employed without ceasing, in the performance of other tasks imposed by the ingenious craft of her sister-in-law; who at another time conceived an insuppressible affection for a fricassée of frogs, which should be the genuine natives of France, so that there was a necessity for dispatching a messenger on purpose to that kingdom; but as she

could not depend upon the integrity of any common servant, Mrs. Grizzle undertook that province, and actually set sail in a cutter for Bologne, from whence she returned in eight and forty hours with a tub full of those live animals; which being dressed according to art, her sister would not taste them, on pretence that her fit of longing was past. But then her inclinations took a different turn, and fixed themselves upon a curious implement belonging to a lady of quality in the neighbourhood, which was reported to be a very great curiosity; this was no other than a porcelain chamber-pot of admirable workmanship, contrived by the honourable owner, who kept it for her own private use, and cherished it as an utensil of inestimable value.

Mrs. Grizzle shuddered at the first hint she received of her sister's desire to possess this piece of furniture; because she knew it was not to be purchased; and the lady's character, which was none of the most amiable in point of humanity and condescension, forbade all hopes of borrowing it for a season: she therefore attempted to reason down this capricious appetite, as an extravagance of imagination which ought to be combated and repressed; and Mrs. Pickle, to all appearance, was convinced and satisfied by her arguments and advice: but, nevertheless, could make use of no other convenience, and was threatened with a very dangerous suppression. Roused at the peril in which she supposed her to be, Mrs. Grizzle flew to the lady's house, and having obtained a private audience, disclosed the melancholy situation of her sister, and implored the benevolence of her ladyship; who, contrary to expectation, received her very graciously, and consented to indulge Mrs. Pickle's longing. Mr. Pickle began to be out of humour at the expence to which he was exposed by the caprice of his wife, who was herself alarmed at this last accident, and for the future kept her fancy within bounds; inasmuch, that without being subject to any more extraordinary trouble, Mrs. Grizzle reaped the long-wished fruits of her dearest expectation in the birth of a fine boy, whom her sister in a few months brought into the world.

I shall omit the description of the rejoicings, which were infinite on this im-

portant occasion, and only observe that Mrs. Pickle's mother and aunt stood godmothers, and the commodore assisted at the ceremony as godfather to the child, who was christened by the name of Peregrine, in compliment to the memory of a deceased uncle. While the mother was confined to her bed, and incapable of maintaining her own authority, Mrs. Grizzle took charge of the infant by a double claim: and superintended, with surprizing vigilance, the nurse and midwife in all the particulars of their respective offices, which were performed by her express direction. But no sooner was Mrs. Pickle in a condition to re-assume the management of her own affairs, than she thought proper to alter certain regulations concerning the child, which had obtained in consequence of her sister's orders; directing, among other innovations, that the bandages with which the infant had been so neatly rolled up, like an Egyptian mummy, should be loosened and laid aside, in order to rid nature of all restraint, and give the blood free scope to circulate; and with her own hands she plunged him headlong every morning in a tub full of cold water. This operation seemed so barbarous to the tender-hearted Mrs. Grizzle, that she not only opposed it with all her eloquence, shedding abundance of tears over the sacrifice when it was made, but took horse immediately, and departed for the habitation of an eminent country physician, whom she consulted in these words. 'Pray, doctor, is it not both dangerous and cruel to be the means of letting a poor tender infant perish, by soufing it in water as cold as ice?' — 'Yes,' replied the doctor, 'down-right murder, I affirm.' — 'I see you are a person of great learning and sagacity,' said the other: 'and I must beg you will be so good as to signify your opinion in your own hand writing.' The doctor immediately complied with her request, and expressed himself upon a slip of paper to this purpose.

THESE are to certify, whom it may concern, that I firmly believe, and it is my unalterable opinion, that whosoever letteth an infant perish, by soufing it in cold water, even though the said water should not be so cold as ice, is in effect guilty

of the murder of the said infant, as
witness my hand,

‘COMFIT COLYCYNTH.’

Having obtained this certificate, for which the physician was handsomely acknowledged, she returned exulting, and hoping, with such authority, to overthrow all opposition. Accordingly, next morning, when her nephew was about to undergo his diurnal baptism, she produced the commission, whereby she conceived herself empowered to overrule such inhuman proceedings. But she was disappointed in her expectation, confident as it was; not that Mrs. Pickle pretended to differ in opinion from Dr. Colycynth, ‘For whose character and sentiments,’ said she, ‘I have such veneration, that I shall carefully observe the caution implied in this very certificate, by which, far from condemning my method of practice, he only asserts that killing is murder; an asseveration, the truth of which, it is to be hoped, I shall never dispute.’

Mrs. Grizzle, who, sooth to say, had rather too superficially considered the clause by which she thought herself authorized, perused the paper with more accuracy, and was confounded at her own want of penetration. Yet though she was confuted, she was by no means convinced that her objections to the cold-bath were unreasonable; on the contrary, after having bestowed sundry opprobrious epithets on the physician, for his want of knowledge and candour, she protested in the most earnest and solemn manner against the pernicious practice of dipping the child; a piece of cruelty which, with God’s assistance, she should never suffer to be inflicted on her own issue; and washing her hands of the melancholy consequence that would certainly ensue, shut herself up in her closet, to indulge her sorrow and vexation. She was deceived, however, in her prognostick; the boy, instead of declining in point of health, seemed to acquire fresh vigour from every plunge, as if he had been resolved to discredit the wisdom and foresight of his aunt, who, in all probability, could never forgive him for this want of reverence and respect. This conjecture is founded upon her behaviour to him in the sequel of his infancy, during which she was known

to torture him more than once, when she had opportunities of thrusting pins into his flesh, without any danger of being detected. In a word, her affections were in a little time altogether alienated from this hope of her family, whom she abandoned to the conduct of his mother, whose province it, undoubtedly was to manage the nurture of her own child; while she herself resumed her operations upon the commodore, whom she was resolved at any rate to captivate and enslave. And it must be owned, that Mrs. Grizzle’s knowledge of the human heart never shone so conspicuous as in the methods she pursued for the accomplishment of this important aim.

Through the rough unpolished husk that cased the soul of Truncheon, she could easily distinguish a large share of that vanity and self-conceit that generally predominate even in the most savage breast; and to this she constantly appealed. In his presence she always exclaimed against the craft and dishonest dissimulation of the world; and never failed of uttering particular invectives against those arts of chicanery, in which the lawyers are so conversant to the prejudice and ruin of their fellow-creatures: observing, that in a sea-faring life, so far as she had opportunities of judging or being informed, there was nothing but friendship, sincerity, and a hearty contempt for every thing that was mean or selfish.

This kind of conversation, with the assistance of certain particular civilities, insensibly made an impression on the mind of the commodore; and that the more effectual, as his former prepossessions were built upon very slender foundations: his antipathy to old maids, which he had conceived upon hearsay, began gradually to diminish, when he found they were not quite such infernal animals as they had been represented; and it was not long before he was heard to observe at the club, that Pickle’s sister had not so much of the core of bitch in her as he had imagined. This negative compliment, by the medium of her brother, soon reached the ears of Mrs. Grizzle, who, thus encouraged, redoubled all her arts and attention; so that in less than three months after, he in the same place distinguished her with the epithet of a damned sensible jade.

Hatchway taking the alarm at this
C 2 declar

declaration, which he feared foreboded something fatal to his interest, told his commander with a sneer, that she had sense enough to bring him to, under her stern; and he did not doubt but that such an old crazy vessel would be the better for being taken in tow. 'But howsoever,' added this arch adviser, 'I'd have you take care of your upper works; for if once you are made fast to her poop, agad! she'll spank it away, and make every beam in your body crack with straining.' Our she-projector's whole plan had like to have been ruined by the effect which this malicious hint had upon Trunnion, whose rage and suspicion being awakened at once, his colour changed from tawny to a cadaverous pale, and then shifting to a deep and dusky red, such as we sometimes observe in the sky when it is replete with thunder, he, after his usual preamble of unmeaning oaths, answered in these words: 'D—n ye, you jury-legged dog, you would give all the stowage in your hold to be as sound as I am; and as for being taken in tow, d'ye see, I am not so disabled but that I can lie my course, and perform my voyage without any assistance; and, agad! no man shall ever see Hawser Trunnion lagging a-stern in the wake of e'er a bitch in Christendom.'

Mrs. Grizzle, who every morning interrogated her brother with regard to the subject of his night's conversation with his friends, soon received the unwelcome news of the commodore's aversion to matrimony; and justly imputing the greatest part of his disgust to the satirical insinuations of Mr. Hatchway, resolved to level this obstruction to her success, and actually found means to interest him in her scheme. She had, indeed, on some occasions, a particular knack at making converts, being probably not unacquainted with that grand system of persuasion, which is adopted by the greatest personages of the age, as fraught with maxims much more effectual than all the eloquence of Tully or Demosthenes, even when supported by the demonstrations of truth: besides, Mr. Hatchway's fidelity to his new ally was confirmed, by his foreseeing in his captain's marriage an infinite fund of gratification for his own cynical disposition. Thus, therefore, converted and properly cautioned, he, for the future,

suppressed all the virulence of his wit against the matrimonial state; and as he knew not how to open his mouth in the positive praise of any person whatever, took all opportunities of excepting Mrs. Grizzle by name, from the censures he liberally bestowed upon the rest of her sex. 'She is not a drunkard, like Nan Castick of Deptford,' he would say; 'not a nincompoop, like Peg Simper of Woolwich; not a brimstone, like Kate Coddle of Chatham; nor a shrew, like Nell Griffin on the Point Portsmouth;' (ladies to whom, at different times, they had both paid their addresses;) 'but a tight, good-humoured, sensible wench, who knows very well how to box her compass; well trimmed aloft, and well sheathed aloof, with a good cargo under her hatches.' The commodore at first imagined this commendation was ironical, but hearing it repeated again and again, was filled with astonishment at this surprising change in the lieutenant's behaviour; and after a long fit of musing, concluded that Hatchway himself harboured a matrimonial design on the person of Mrs. Grizzle.

Pleased with this conjecture, he rallied Jack in his turn, and one night toasted her health as a compliment to his passion; a circumstance which the lady learned next day by the usual canal of her intelligence, and interpreting as the result of his own tenderness for her, she congratulated herself upon the victory she had obtained; and thinking it unnecessary to continue the reserve she had hitherto industriously affected, resolved from that day to sweeten her behaviour towards him with such a dish of affection, as could not fail to persuade him that he had inspired her with a reciprocal flame. In consequence of this determination, he was invited to dinner; and, while he staid, treated with such cloying proofs of her regard, that not only the rest of the company, but even Trunnion himself, perceived her drift; and taking the alarm accordingly, could not help exclaiming, 'Oho! I see how the land lies; and if I don't weather the point, I'll be d—d!' Having thus expressed himself to his afflicted innamorato, he made the best of his way to the garrison, in which he shut himself up for the space of ten days, and had no communication with his friends and domesticks but by looks, which

which were most significantly picturesque.

CHAP. VII.

DIVERS STRATAGEMS ARE INVENTED AND PUT IN PRACTICE, IN ORDER TO OVERCOME THE OBSTINACY OF TRUNNION, WHO AT LENGTH IS TEAZED AND TORTURED INTO THE NOOSE OF WEDLOCK.

THIS abrupt departure, and unkind declaration, affected Mrs. Grizzle so much, that she fell sick of sorrow and mortification: and after having confined herself to her bed for three days, sent for her brother, told him she perceived her end drawing near, and desired that a lawyer might be brought, in order to write her last will. Mr. Pickle, surprized at her demand, began to act the part of a comforter, assuring her, that her distemper was not at all dangerous, and that he would instantly send for a physician, who would convince her that she was in no manner of jeopardy; so that there was no occasion at present to employ any officious attorney in such a melancholy task. Indeed, this affectionate brother was of opinion, that a will was altogether superfluous at any rate, as he himself was heir at law to his sister's whole real and personal estate. But she insisted upon his compliance with such determined obstinacy, that he could no longer resist her importunities; and a scrivener arriving, she dictated and executed her will; in which she bequeathed to Commodore Trunnion one thousand pounds, to purchase a mourning ring, which she hoped he would wear as a pledge of her friendship and affection. Her brother, though he did not much relish this testimony of her love, nevertheless, that same evening, gave an account of this particular to Mr. Hatchway, who was also, as Mr. Pickle assured him, generously remembered by the testatrix.

The lieutenant, fraught with this piece of intelligence, watched for an opportunity, and as soon as he perceived the commodore's features a little unbended from that ferocious contraction they had retained so long, ventured to

inform him, that Pickle's sister lay at the point of death, and that she had left him a thousand pounds in her will.—

This piece of news overwhelmed him with confusion; and Mr. Hatchway imputing his silence to remorse, resolved to take advantage of that favourable moment, and counselled him to go and visit the poor young woman, who was dying for love of him. But his admonition happened to be somewhat unreasonable; for Trunnion no sooner heard him mention the cause of her disorder, than his morosity recurring, he burst out into a violent fit of cursing, and forthwith betook himself again to his hammock, where he lay uttering, in a low growling tone of voice, a repetition of oaths and imprecations, for the space of four and twenty hours, without ceasing. This was a delicious meal to the lieutenant; who, eager to enhance the pleasure of the entertainment, and at the same time conduce to the success of the cause he had espoused, invented a stratagem, the execution of which had all the effect he could desire. He prevailed upon Pipes, who was devoted to his service, to get upon the top of the chimney belonging to the commodore's chamber, at midnight, and to lower down by a rope a bunch of stinking whittings, which being performed, he put a speaking trumpet to his mouth, and hollowed down the vent, in a voice like thunder, 'Trunnion! Trunnion! turn out and be spliced, or lie still and be damned!' This dreadful note, the terror of which was increased by the silence and darkness of the night, as well as the echo of the passage through which it was conveyed, no sooner reached the ears of the astonished commodore, than turning his eye towards the place from whence this solemn address seemed to proceed, he beheld a glittering object that vanished in an instant. Just as his superstitious fear had improved the apparition into some supernatural messenger clothed in shining array, his opinion was confirmed by a sudden explosion, which he took for thunder, though it was no other than the noise of a pistol fired down the chimney by the boatswain's mate, according to the instructions he had received; and he had time enough to descend before he was in any danger of being detected by his commander, who could not for a whole hour recollect

recollect himself from the amazement and consternation which had overpowered his faculties.

At length, however, he got up and rung his bell with great agitation. He repeated the summons more than once; but no regard being paid to this alarm, his dread returned with double terror, a cold sweat bedewed his limbs, his knees knocked together, his hair bristled up, and the remains of his teeth were shattered to pieces in the convulsive vibrations of his jaws.

In the midst of this agony, he made one desperate effort, and bursting open the door of his apartment, bolted into Hatchway's chamber, which happened to be on the same floor. There he found the lieutenant in a counterfeited swoon; who pretended to wake from his trance in an ejaculation of 'Lord have mercy upon us!' And being questioned by the terrified commodore with regard to what had happened, assured him he had heard the same voice and clap of thunder by which Trunnion himself had been discomposed.

Pipes, whose turn it was to watch, concurred in giving evidence to the same purpose; and the commodore not only owned that he had heard the voice, but likewise communicated his vision, with all the aggravation which his disturbed fancy suggested.

A consultation immediately ensued, in which Mr. Hatchway very gravely observed, that the finger of God was plainly perceivable in those signals; and that it would be both sinful and foolish to disregard his commands; especially as the match proposed was, in all respects, more advantageous than any that one of his years and infirmities could reasonably expect; declaring, that for his own part he would not endanger his soul and body by living one day longer under the same roof with a man who despised the holy will of Heaven; and Tom Pipes adhered to the same pious resolution.

Trunnion's perseverance could not resist the number and diversity of considerations that assailed it; he revolved in silence all the opposite motives that occurred to his reflection; and after having been, to all appearance, bewildered in the labyrinth of his own thoughts; he wiped the sweat from his forehead, and heaving a piteous groan, yielded to their remonstrances in these words:

'Well, since it must be so, I think we must e'n grapple; but d—n my eyes! 'tis ad—n'd hard case that a fellow of my years should be compelled, d'y'e see, to beat up to windward all the rest of my life, against the current of his own inclination.'

This important article being discussed, Mr. Hatchway set out in the morning to visit the despairing shepherdes, and was handsomely rewarded for the enlivening tidings with which he blessed her ears. Sick as she was, she could not help laughing heartily at the contrivance, in consequence of which her swain's assent had been obtained; and gave the lieutenant ten guineas for Tom Pipes, in consideration of the part he acted in the farce.

In the afternoon the commodore suffered himself to be conveyed to her apartment, like a felon to execution, and was received by her in a languishing manner and genteel distillable, accompanied by her sister-in-law; who was, for very obvious reasons, extremely solicitous about her success. Though the lieutenant had tutored him touching his behaviour at this interview, he made a thousand wry faces before he could pronounce the simple salutation of *How d'y'e* to his mistress; and after his counsellor had urged him with twenty or thirty whispers, to each of which he had replied aloud, 'D—n your eyes, I won't!' he got up, and halting towards the couch on which Mrs. Grizzle reclined in a state of strange expectation, he seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips; but this piece of gallantry he performed in such a reluctant, uncouth, indignant manner, that the nymph had need of all her resolution to endure the compliment without shrinking; and he himself was so disconcerted at what he had done, that he instantly retired to the other end of the room, where he sat silent, and broiled with shame and vexation. Mrs. Pickle, like a sensible matron, quitted the place, on pretence of going to the nursery; and Mr. Hatchway taking the hint, recollected that he had left his tobacco-pouch in the parlour, whither he immediately descended, leaving the two lovers to their mutual endearments. Never had the commodore found himself in such a disagreeable dilemma before. He sat in an agony of suspense, as if he every moment dreaded the dissolution of nature; and

and the imploring sighs of his future bride added, if possible, to the pangs of his distress. Impatient of his situation, he rolled his eye around in quest of some relief, and unable to contain himself, exclaimed, 'D——n seize the fellow and his pouch too! I believe he has sheered off, and left me here in the stags.' Mrs. Grizzle, who could not help taking some notice of this manifestation of chagrin, lamented her unhappy fate in being so disagreeable to him that he could not put up with her company for a few moments without repining; and began in very tender terms to reproach him with his inhumanity and indifference. To this expostulation he replied, 'Zounds! what would the woman have? Let the parson do his office when he woot, here I am, ready to be reeved in the matrimonial block, d'ye see! and d——n all nonsensical palaver!' So saying, he retreated, leaving his mistress not at all disobliged at his plain-dealing. That same evening the treaty of marriage was brought upon the carpet; and, by means of Mr. Pickle and the lieutenant, settled to the satisfaction of all parties, without the intervention of lawyers, whom Mr. Trunnion expressly excluded from all share in the business; making that condition the indispensable preliminary of the whole agreement. Things being brought to this bearing, Mrs. Grizzle's heart dilated with joy; her health, which, by the bye, was never dangerously impaired, she recovered as if by enchantment; and a day being fixed for the nuptials, employed the short period of her celibacy in chusing ornaments for the celebration of her entrance into the married state.

C H A P. VIII.

PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR THE COMMODORE'S WEDDING, WHICH IS DELAYED BY AN ACCIDENT THAT HURRIED HIM THE LORD KNOWS WHITHER.

THE fame of this extraordinary conjunction spread all over the county; and on the day appointed for their epousals, the church was surrounded with an inconceivable multitude. The commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice

of his friend Hatchway, resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion, at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant. With this equipage then he set out from the garrison for the church, after having dispatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted. She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of assignation, where several pews were demolished, and divers persons almost pressed to death, by the eagerness of the crowd that broke in to see the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the priest in attendance, they waited a whole half hour for the commodore, at whose slowness they began to be under some apprehension, and accordingly dismissed a servant to quicken his pace. The valet having rode something more than a mile, espied the whole troop disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding farther in the same direction, fired a pistol, and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his former course; and the rest of the squadron followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other, like a flight of wild geese.

Surprized at this strange method of journeying, the messenger came up, and told the commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time, and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay; and therefore desired he would proceed with more expedition. To this message Mr. Trunnion replied, 'Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed? Go back, and tell those who sent you, that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel; and that as we lie within six points of the wind, they must make some allowance for variation and lee-way.'—'Lord, Sir!' said the valet, 'what occasion have you to go zig-zag in that manner? Do but clap spurs to your horses, and

‘and ride straight forward, and I’ll engage you shall be at the church porch in less than a quarter of an hour.’—‘What! right in the wind’s eye?’ answered the commander. ‘Ahey, brother! where did you learn your navigation? Hawser Trunnion is not to be taught, at this time of day, how to lie his course, or keep his own reckoning. And as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate.’ The courier finding he had to do with people who would not be easily persuaded out of their own opinions, returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had seen and heard, to the no small consolation of the bride, who had begun to discover some signs of disquiet. Composed, however, by this piece of intelligence, she exerted her patience for the space of another half hour, during which period seeing no bridegroom arrive, she was exceedingly alarmed; so that all the spectators could easily perceive her perturbation, which manifested itself in frequent palpitations, heart-heavings, and alterations of countenance, in spite of the assistance of a smelling bottle, which she incessantly applied to her nostrils.

Various were the conjectures of the company on this occasion: some imagined he had mistaken the place of rendezvous, as he had never been at church since he first settled in that parish; others believed he had met with some accident, in consequence of which his attendants had carried him back to their own house; and a third set, in which the bride herself was thought to be comprehended, could not help suspecting that the commodore had changed his mind. But all these suppositions, ingenious as they were, happened to be wide of the true cause that detained him, which was no other than this: the commodore and his crew had, by dint of turning, almost weathered the parson’s house that stood to windward of the church, when the notes of a pack of hounds unluckily reached the ears of the two hunters which Trunnion and the lieutenant bestrode. These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound, than eager for the chase, they sprung away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, over-leaped hedges and ditches, and every thing in their way, without the least regard to their unfor-

tunate riders. The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop, hailed him with the salutation of ‘What chear? ho!’ The commodore, who was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance as he passed, replied with a faltering voice, ‘O, d—n you! you are safe at anchor; I wish to God I were as fast moored.’ Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse’s back, until Providence should interpose in his behalf. With this view he dropped his whip, and with his right-hand laid fast hold on the pommel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in his seat, and grinning most formidably, in consequence of this exertion. In this attitude he was hurried on a considerable way, when all on a sudden his view was comforted by a five-bar gate that appeared before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end. But, alas! he reckoned without his host; far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprung over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest, that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil. He recommended himself to God, his reflection forsook him, his eye-sight and all his other senses failed, he quitted the reins, and fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst of the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition. Neither was their surprize to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The commodore’s person was at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

He had put on in honour of his nuptials his best coat of blue broad-cloth, cut by a taylor of Ramsgate, and trimmed

med with five dozen of brass buttons large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance both in colour and shape to a pair of leather buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of his pummel appeared a rusty pistol rammed in a case covered with a bearskin. The loss of his tie-periwig and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lant-horn-jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole. Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chase, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to chuse any other way than that which the stag followed; and therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he in a few minutes outstripped every hunter in the field. There being a deep hollow way betwixt him and the hounds, rather than ride round about the length of a furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a waggoner who chanced to be underneath, and saw this phenomenon fly over his carriage. This was not the only adventure he achieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser despising all such conveniences, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore. This sudden immersion into an element of which Trunnon was properly a native, in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of his rider, who at his landing on the other side gave some tokens of sensation, by hallooing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained, and would not allow himself to be overtaken.

In short, after a long chase that lasted several hours, and extended to a do-

zen miles at least, he was the first in at the death of the deer, being seconded by the lieutenant's gelding, which, actuated by the same spirit, had, without a rider, followed his companion's example.

Our bridegroom finding himself at last brought up, or, in other words, at the end of his career, took the opportunity of this first pause to desire the huntsmen would lend him a hand in dismounting; and was by their condescension safely placed on the grass, where he sat staring at the company as they came in, with such wildness of astonishment in his looks, as if he had been a creature of another species, dropped among them from the clouds.

Before they had fleshed the hounds, however, he recollected himself, and seeing one of the sportsmen take a small flask out of his pocket and apply it to his mouth, judged the cordial to be no other than neat Coniac, which it really was; and expressing a desire of participation, was immediately accommodated with a moderate dose, which perfectly completed his recovery.

By this time he and his two horses had engrossed the attention of the whole crowd: while some admired the elegant proportion and uncommon spirit of the two animals, the rest contemplated the surprising appearance of their master, whom before they had only seen *en passant*; and at length, one of the gentlemen accosting him very courteously, signified his wonder at seeing him in such an equipage, and asked if he had not dropped his companion by the way.

'Why, look ye, brother,' replied the commodore, 'mayhap you think me an odd sort of a fellow, seeing me in this trim, especially as I have lost part of my rigging; but this here is the case, d'ye see: I weighed anchor from my own house this morning at ten A. M. with fair weather, and a favourable breeze at S. S. E. being bound to the next church on the voyage of matrimony: but howsomever, we had not run down a quarter of a league, when the wind shifting, blowed directly in our teeth; so that we were forced to tack all the way, d'ye see, and had almost beat up within sight of the port, when these sons of bitches of horses, which I had bought but two days before, (for my own part, I believe they are devils incarnate) luffed round in a trice, and then refusing the

D

'helm,

'helm, drove away like lightning with me and my lieutenant, who soon came to anchor in an exceeding good birth. As for my own part, I have been carried over rocks, and flats, and quick-sands; among which I have pitched away a special good tie-periwig and an iron-bound hat; and at last, thank God! am got into smooth water and safe riding: but if ever I venture my carcass upon such a hare-um-scare-um blood of a bitch again, my name is not Hawser Trunnion, d—n my eyes!

One of the company, struck with this name, which he had often heard, immediately laid hold on his declaration at the close of this singular account; and observing that his horses were very vicious, asked how he intended to return. 'As for that matter,' replied Mr. Trunnion, 'I am resolved to hire a sledge, or waggon, or such a thing as a jack-ass; for I'll be d—n'd if ever I cross the back of a horse again.'— 'And what do you propose to do with these creatures?' said the other, pointing to the hunters, 'they seem to have some mettle; but then they are mere colts, and will take the devil and all of breaking. Methinks this hinder one is shoulder-slipped.'— 'Damn them!' cried the commodore, 'I wish both their necks were broke, tho' the two cost me forty good yellow-boys.'— 'Forty guineas!' exclaimed the stranger, who was a squire and a jockey, as well as owner of the pack; 'Lord! Lord! how a man may be imposed upon! Why, these cattle are clumsy enough to go to plough: mind what a flat counter; do but observe how sharp this here one is in the withers: then he's fired in the farther fetlock.' In short, this connoisseur in horse-flesh, having discovered in them all the defects which can possibly be found in that species of animals, offered to give him ten guineas for the two, saying, he would convert them into beasts of burden. The owner, who (after what had happened) was very well disposed to listen to any thing that was said to their prejudice, implicitly believed the truth of the stranger's asseverations, discharged a furious volley of oaths against the rascal who had taken him in, and forthwith struck a bargain with the squire, who paid him instantly for his purchase; in consequence of which he won the plate at the next Canterbury races.

This affair being transacted to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, as well as to the general entertainment of the company, who laughed in their sleeves at the dexterity of their friend, Trunnion was set upon the squire's own horse, and led by his servant in the midst of this cavalcade, which proceeded to a neighbouring village, where they had bespoke dinner, and where our bridegroom found means to provide himself with another hat and wig. With regard to his marriage, he bore his disappointment with the temper of a philosopher; and the exercise he had undergone having quickened his appetite, sat down at table in the midst of his new acquaintance, making a very hearty meal, and moistening every morsel with a draught of the ale, which he found very much to his satisfaction.

CHAP. IX.

HE IS FOUND BY THE LIEUTENANT; RECONDUCTED TO HIS OWN HOUSE; MARRIED TO MRS. GRIZZLE, WHO MEETS WITH A SMALL MISFORTUNE IN THE NIGHT, AND ASSERTS HER PREROGATIVE NEXT MORNING: IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH HER HUSBAND'S EYE IS ENDANGERED.

MEANWHILE, Lieutenant Hatchway made shift to hobble to the church, where he informed the company of what had happened to the commodore; and the bride behaved with great decency on the occasion; for, as soon as she understood the danger to which her future husband was exposed, she fainted in the arms of her sister-in-law, to the surprize of all the spectators, who could not comprehend the cause of her disorder; and when she was recovered by the application of smelling-bottles, earnestly begged that Mr. Hatchway and Tom Pipes would take her brother's coach, and go in quest of their commander.

This task they readily undertook, being escorted by all the rest of his adherents on horseback; while the bride and her friends were invited to the parson's house, and the ceremony deferred till another occasion.

The lieutenant, steering his course as
near

near the line of direction in which Truncheon went off, as the coach-road would permit, got intelligence of his track from one farm-house to another; for such an apparition could not fail of attracting particular notice; and one of the horsemen having picked up his hat and wig in a bye-path, the whole troop entered the village where he was lodged about four o'clock in the afternoon. When they understood he was safely housed at the George, they rode up to the door in a body, and expressed their satisfaction in three cheers; which were returned by the company within, as soon as they were instructed in the nature of the salute by Truncheon, who by this time had entered into all the jollity of his new friends, and was indeed more than half seas over. The lieutenant was introduced to all present as his sworn brother, and had something tossed up for his dinner. Tom Pipes and the crew were regaled in another room; and a fresh pair of horses being put to the coach, about six in the evening the commodore, with all his attendants, departed for the garrison, after having shook hands with every individual in the house.

Without any farther accident he was conveyed in safety to his own gate before nine, and committed to the care of Pipes, who carried him instantly to his hammock, while the lieutenant was driven away to the place where the bride and her friends remained with great anxiety, which vanished when he assured them that his commodore was safe, being succeeded by abundance of mirth and pleasantries at the account he gave of Truncheon's adventure.

Another day was fixed for the nuptials; and in order to baulk the curiosity of idle people, which had given great offence, the parson was prevailed upon to perform the ceremony in the garrison, which all that day was adorned with flags and pendants displayed, and at night illuminated by the direction of Hatchway, who also ordered the pateraroes to be fired as soon as the marriage-knot was tied. Neither were the other parts of the entertainment neglected by this ingenious contriver, who produced undeniable proofs of his elegance and art in the wedding supper, which had been committed to his management and direction. This genial banquet was entirely composed of sea dishes; a huge

pillaw, consisting of a large piece of beef sliced, a couple of fowls, and half a peck of rice, smoaked in the middle of the board: a dish of hard fish swimming in oil, appeared at each end, the sides being furnished with a mess of that savoury composition known by the name of lob's course, and a plate of salmagundy. The second course displayed a goose of a monstrous magnitude, flanked with two Guinea-hens, a pig barbecued, an hock of salt pork in the midst of a peas pudding, a leg of mutton roasted with potatoes, and another boiled with yams. The third service was made up of a loin of fresh pork with apple-sauce, a kid smothered with onions, and a terrapin baked in the shell; and last of all, a prodigious sea-pye was presented, with an infinite volume of pancakes and fritters. That every thing might be answerable to the magnificence of this delicate feast, he had provided vast quantities of strong beer, flip, rumbo, and burnt brandy, with plenty of Barbadoes water for the ladies; and hired all the fiddles within six miles, who with the addition of a drum, bagpipe, and Welch-harp, regaled the guests with a most melodious concert.

The company, who were not at all exceptious, seemed extremely well pleased with every particular of the entertainment; and the evening being spent in the most social manner, the bride was by her sister conducted to her apartment, where, however, a trifling circumstance had like to have destroyed the harmony which had been hitherto maintained.

I have already observed, that there was not one standing bed within the walls; therefore, the reader will not wonder that Mrs. Truncheon was out of humour, when she found herself under the necessity of being confined with her spouse in a hammock, which, though enlarged with a double portion of canvas, and dilated with a yoke for the occasion, was at best but a disagreeable, not to say dangerous situation. She accordingly complained with some warmth of this inconvenience, which she imputed to disrespect, and at first absolutely refused to put up with the expedient: but Mrs. Pickle soon brought her to reason and compliance, by observing, that one night would soon be elapsed, and next day she might regulate her own economy.

Thus persuaded, she ventured into the vehicle, and was visited by her husband in less than an hour, the company being departed to their own homes, and the garrison left to the command of his lieutenant and mate. But it seems the hooks that supported this swinging couch were not calculated for the addition of weight which they were now destined to bear; and therefore gave way in the middle of the night, to the no small terror of Mrs. Trunnion, who perceiving herself falling, screamed aloud, and by that exclamation brought Hatchway, with a light, into the chamber. Though she had received no injury by the fall, she was extremely discomposed and incensed at the accident, which she even openly ascribed to the obstinacy and whimsical oddity of the commodore in such petulant terms, as evidently declared that she thought her great aim accomplished, and her authority secured against all the shocks of fortune. Indeed, her bed-fellow seemed to be of the same opinion, by his tacit resignation; for he made no reply to her insinuations, but with a most vinegar aspect crawled out of his nest, and betook himself to rest in another apartment, while his irritated spouse dismissed the lieutenant, and from the wreck of the hammock made an occasional bed for herself on the floor, fully determined to provide better accommodation for the next night's lodging.

Having no inclination to sleep, her thoughts during the remaining part of the night were engrossed by a scheme of reformation she was resolved to execute in the family; and no sooner did the first lark bid salutation to the morn, than starting from her humble couch, and huddling on her cloaths, she sallied from her chamber, explored her way through paths before unknown, and in the course of her researches perceived a large bell, to which she made such effectual application as alarmed every soul in the family. In a moment she was surrounded by Hatchway, Pipes, and all the rest of the servants half dressed; but seeing none of the feminine gender appear, she began to storm at the sloth and laziness of the maids, who, she observed, ought to have been at work an hour at least before she called; and then, for the first time, understood that no woman was permitted to sleep within the walls.

She did not fail to exclaim against this regulation; and being informed that the cook and chambermaid lodged in a small office-house that stood without the gate, ordered the draw-bridge to be let down, and in person beat up their quarters, commanding them forthwith to set about scouring the rooms, which had not been hitherto kept in a very decent condition, while two men were immediately employed to transport the bed on which she used to lie from her brother's house to her new habitation; so that, in less than two hours, the whole œconomy of the garrison was turned topsy-turvy, and every thing involved in tumult and noise. Trunnion being disturbed and distracted with the uproar, turned out in his shirt like a maniac, and arming himself with a cudgel of crab-tree, made an irruption into his wife's apartment, where perceiving a couple of carpenters at work, in joining a bedstead, he, with many dreadful oaths and opprobrious investives, ordered them to desist, swearing, he would suffer no bulk-heads nor hurricane-houses to stand where he was master; but finding his remonstrances disregarded by these mechanicks, who believed him to be some madman belonging to the family, who had broke from his confinement, he assaulted them both with great fury and indignation, and was handled so roughly in the encounter, that in a very short time he measured his length on the floor, in consequence of a blow that he received from a hammer, by which the sight of his remaining eye was grievously endangered.

Having thus reduced him to a state of subjection, they resolved to secure him with cords, and were actually busy in adjusting his fetters, when he was exempted from the disgrace by the accidental entrance of his spouse, who rescued him from the hands of his adversaries; and, in the midst of her condolence, imputed his misfortune to the inconsiderate roughness of his own disposition.

He breathed nothing but revenge, and made some efforts to chastise the insolence of the workmen; who, as soon as they understood his quality, asked forgiveness for what they had done with great humility, protesting that they did not know he was master of the house. But, far from being satisfied with this apology, he groped about for the bell, (the inflammation

inflammation of his eye having utterly deprived him of sight) and the rope being, by the precaution of the delinquents, conveyed out of his reach, began to storm with incredible vociferation, like a lion roaring in the toil, pouring forth innumerable oaths and execrations, and calling by name Hatchway and Pipes, who being within hearing, obeyed the extraordinary summons, and were ordered to put the carpenters in irons, for having audaciously assaulted him in his own house.

His myrmidons seeing he had been evil-intreated, were exasperated at the insult he had suffered, which they considered as an affront upon the dignity of the garrison; the more so, as the mutineers seemed to put themselves in a posture of defence, and set their authority at defiance: they therefore unsheathed their cutlasses, which they commonly wore as badges of their commission; and a desperate engagement, in all probability, would have ensued, had not the lady of the castle interposed, and prevented the effects of their animosity, by assuring the lieutenant that the commodore had been the aggressor; and that the workmen, finding themselves attacked in such an extraordinary manner, by a person whom they did not know, were obliged to act in their own defence, by which he had received that unlucky contusion.

Mr. Hatchway no sooner learned the sentiments of Mrs. Trunnion, than sheathing his indignation, he told the commodore he should always be ready to execute his lawful commands; but that he could not in conscience be concerned in oppressing poor people who had been guilty of no offence.

This unexpected declaration, together with the behaviour of his wife, who in his hearing desired the carpenters to resume their work, filled the breast of Trunnion with rage and mortification. He pulled off his woollen night-cap, pummelled his bare pate, beat the floor alternately with his feet, swore his people had betrayed him, and cursed himself to the lowest pit of hell, for having admitted such a cockatrice into his family. But all these exclamations did not avail; they were among the last essays of his resistance to the will of his wife, whose influence among his adherents had already swallowed up his own; and who now peremptorily told him,

that he must leave the management of every thing within doors to her, who understood best what was for his honour and advantage. She then ordered a poultice to be prepared for his eye, which being applied, he was committed to the care of Pipes, by whom he was led about the house like a blind bear growling for prey, while his industrious yoke-fellow executed every circumstance of the plan she had projected; so that, when he recovered his vision, he was an utter stranger in his own house.

CHAP. X.

THE COMMODORE BEING IN SOME CASES RESTIF, HIS LADY HAS RECOURSE TO ARTIFICE IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF HER THRONE. SHE EXHIBITS SYMPTOMS OF PREGNANCY, TO THE UNSPEAKABLE JOY OF TRUNNION, WHO NEVERTHELESS IS BAULKED IN HIS EXPECTATION.

THESE innovations were not effected without many loud objections on his part; and divers curious dialogues passed between him and his yoke-fellow, who always came off victorious from the dispute; inasmuch that his countenance gradually fell; he began to suppress, and at length entirely devoured his chagrin: the terrors of superior authority were plainly perceivable in his features, and in less than three months he became a thorough-paced husband. Not that his obstinacy was extinguished, though overcome; in some things he was as inflexible and mulish as ever, but then he durst not kick so openly, and was reduced to the necessity of being passive in his resentments.—Mrs. Trunnion, for example, proposed that a coach and six should be purchased, as she could not ride on horseback, and the chaise was a scandalous carriage for a person of her condition; the commodore, conscious of his own inferior capacity in point of reasoning, did not think proper to dispute the proposal, but lent a deaf ear to her repeated remonstrances, though they were enforced with every argument which she thought could soothe, terrify, shame, or decoy him into compliance: in vain did she urge the excess of affection she had for him, as meriting some return of tenderness and condescension;

condescension; he was even proof against certain menacing hints she gave, touching the resentment of a slighted woman; and he stood out against all the considerations of dignity or disgrace, like a bulwark of brass. Neither was he moved to any indecent or unkind expressions of contradiction, even when she upbraided him with his sordid disposition, and put him in mind of the fortune and honour he had acquired by his marriage; but seemed to retire within himself, like a tortoise when attacked, that shrinks within its shell, and silently endured the scourge of her reproaches, without seeming sensible of the smart.

This, however, was the only point in which she had been baffled since her nuptials; and as she could by no means digest the miscarriage, she tortured her invention for some new plan, by which she might augment her influence and authority: what her genius refused, was supplied by accident; for she had not lived four months in the garrison, when she was seized with frequent qualms and reachings; her breasts began to harden, and her stomach to be remarkably prominent: in a word, she congratulated herself on the symptoms of her own fertility, and the commodore was transported with joy at the prospect of an heir of his own begetting.

She knew this was the proper season for vindicating her own sovereignty, and accordingly employed the means which nature had put in her power. There was not a rare piece of furniture and apparel for which she did not long; and one day as she went to church, seeing Lady Stately's equipage arrive, she suddenly fainted away. Her husband, whose vanity had never been so perfectly gratified as with this promised harvest of his own sowing, took the alarm immediately; and, in order to prevent repetitions of that kind, which might be attended with fatal consequences to his hope, gave her leave to bespeak a coach, horses, and liveries, to her own liking. Thus authorized, she, in a very little time, exhibited such a specimen of her own taste and magnificence, as afforded speculation to the whole county, and made Trunnion's heart quake within him, because he foresaw no limits to her extravagance, which also manifested itself in the most expensive preparations for her lying-in.

Her pride, which had hitherto regard-

ed the representative of her father's house, seemed now to lose all that hereditary respect, and prompt her to outshine and under value the elder branch of her family. She behaved to Mrs. Pickle with a sort of civil reserve, that implied a conscious superiority; and an emulation, in point of grandeur, immediately commenced between the two sisters. She every day communicated her importance to the whole parish, under pretence of taking the air in her coach, and endeavoured to extend her acquaintance among people of fashion. Nor was this an undertaking attended with great difficulty; for all persons whatever, capable of maintaining a certain appearance, will always find admission into what is called the best company, and be rated in point of character according to their own valuation, without subjecting their pretensions to the smallest doubt or examination. In all her visits and parties, she seized every opportunity of declaring her present condition; observing that she was forbid by her physicians to taste such a pickle, and that such a dish was poison to a woman in her way: nay, where she was on a footing of familiarity, she affected to make wry faces, and complained that the young rogue began to be very unruly, writhing herself into divers contortions, as if she had been grievously incommoded by the mettle of this future Trunnion. The husband himself did not behave with all the moderation that might have been expected: at the club he frequently mentioned this circumstance of his own vigour, as a pretty successful feat to be performed by an old fellow of fifty-five; and confirmed the opinion of his strength by redoubled squeezes of the landlord's hand, which never failed of extorting a satisfactory certificate of his might. When his companions drank to the *Hans en kelder*, or Jack in the low cellar, he could not help displaying an extraordinary complacency of countenance, and signified his intention of sending the young dog to sea, as soon as he should be able to carry a cartridge, in hopes of seeing him an officer before his own death.

This hope helped to console him under the extraordinary expence to which he was exposed by the profusion of his wife; especially when he considered, that his compliance with her prodigality would be limited to the expiration of the

nine months, of which the best part was by this time elapsed; yet, in spite of all this philosophical resignation, her fancy sometimes soared to such a ridiculous and intolerable pitch of insolence and absurdity, that his temper forsook him, and he could not help wishing in secret, that her pride might be confounded in the dissipation of her most flattering hopes, even though he himself should be a principal sufferer by the disappointment. These, however, were no other than the suggestions of temporary disgusts, that commonly subsided as suddenly as they arose, and never gave the least disturbance to the person who inspired them, because he took care to conceal them carefully from her knowledge.

Meanwhile she happily advanced in her reckoning, with the promise of a favourable issue; the term of her computation expired, and in the middle of the night she was visited by certain warnings that seemed to bespeak the approach of the critical moment. The commodore got up with great alacrity, and called the midwife, who had been several days in the house; the gossips were immediately summoned, and the most interesting expectations prevailed: but the symptoms of labour gradually vanished; and, as the matrons sagely observed, this was no more than a false alarm.

Two nights after, they received a second intimation; and, as she was sensibly diminished in the waist, every thing was supposed to be in a fair way; yet this visitation was not more conclusive than the former; her pains wore off in spite of all her endeavours to encourage them; and the good women betook themselves to their respective homes, in expectation of finding the third attack decisive, alluding to the well-known maxim, that *number three is always fortunate*. For once, however, this apothegm failed; the next call was altogether as ineffectual as the former; and moreover attended with a phenomenon which to them was equally strange and inexplicable: this was no other than such a reduction in the size of Mrs. Trunnion as might have been expected after the birth of a full-grown child. Startled at such an unaccountable event, they sat in close divan; and concluding that the case was in all respects unnatural and prodigious, desired that a mes-

senger might be immediately dispatched for some male practitioner in the art of midwifery.

The commodore, without guessing the cause of their perplexity, ordered Pipes immediately on this piece of duty; and in less than two hours they were assisted by the advice of a surgeon of the neighbourhood, who boldly affirmed, that the patient had never been with child. This asseveration was like a clap of thunder to Mr. Trunnion, who had been, during eight whole days and nights, in continual expectation of being hailed with the appellation of father.

After some recollection, he swore the surgeon was an ignorant fellow, and that he would not take his word for what he advanced; being comforted and confirmed in his want of faith by the insinuations of the midwife, who still persisted to feed Mrs. Trunnion with hopes of a speedy and safe delivery; observing, that she had been concerned in many a case of the same nature, where a fine child was found, even after all signs of the mother's pregnancy had disappeared. Every twig of hope, how slender soever it may be, is eagerly caught hold on by people who find themselves in danger of being disappointed. To every question proposed by her to the lady, with the preambles of 'Han't you?' or 'Don't you?' an answer was made in the affirmative, whether agreeable to truth or not; because the respondent could not find in her heart to disown any symptom that might favour the notion she had so long indulged.

This experienced proficient in the obstetrick art was therefore kept in close attendance for the space of three weeks, during which the patient had several returns of what she pleased herself with believing to be labour-pains: till at length she and her husband became the standing joke of the parish; and this infatuated couple could scarce be prevailed upon to part with their hopes, even when she appeared as lank as a greyhound, and they were furnished with other unquestionable proofs of their having been deceived. But they could not for ever remain under the influence of this sweet delusion; which at last faded away, and was succeeded by a paroxysm of shame and confusion, that kept the husband within doors for the space of a whole fortnight, and con-

finied

fined his lady to her bed for a series of weeks, during which she suffered all the anguish of the most intense mortification; yet even this was subdued by the lenient hand of time.

The first respite from her chagrin was employed in the strict discharge of what are called the duties of religion, which she performed with the most rancorous severity; setting on foot a persecution in her own family, that made the house too hot for all the menial servants; even ruffled the almost invincible indifference of Tom Pipes, harassed the commodore himself out of all patience, and spared no individual but Lieutenant Hatchway, whom she never ventured to disoblige.

CHAP. XI.

MRS. TRUNNION ERECTS A TYRANNY IN THE GARRISON, WHILE HER HUSBAND CONCEIVES AN AFFECTION FOR HIS NEPHEW PERRY, WHO MANIFESTS A PECULIARITY OF DISPOSITION EVEN IN HIS TENDER YEARS.

HAVING exercised herself three months in such pious amusements, she appeared again in the world; but her misfortune had made such an impression on her mind, that she could not bear the sight of a child, and trembled whenever the conversation happened to turn upon a christening. Her temper, which was naturally none of the sweetest, seemed to have imbibed a double proportion of souring from her disappointment; of consequence, her company was not much coveted, and she found very few people disposed to treat her with those marks of consideration which she looked upon as her due. This neglect detached her from the society of an unmannerly world; she concentrated the energy of all her talents in the government of her own house, which groaned accordingly under her arbitrary sway; and in the brandy-bottle found ample consolation for all the affliction she had undergone.

As for the commodore, he, in a little time, weathered his disgrace, after having sustained many severe jokes from the lieutenant; and now his chief aim being to be absent from his own house as much as possible, he frequented the

publick-house more than ever, more assiduously cultivated the friendship of his brother-in-law Mr. Pickle; and, in the course of their intimacy, conceived an affection for his nephew Perry, which did not end but with his life. Indeed, it must be owned, that Trunnion was not naturally deficient in the social passions of the soul; which, though they were strangely waiped, disguised, and overborne, by the circumstance of his boisterous life and education, did not fail to manifest themselves occasionally through the whole course of his behaviour.

As all the hopes of propagating his own name had perished, and his relations lay under the interdiction of his hate, it is no wonder, that through the familiarity and friendly intercourse subsisting between him and Mr. Gamaliel, he contracted a liking for the boy, who by this time entered the third year of his age, and was indeed a very handsome, healthy, and promising child; and what seemed to ingratiate him still more with his uncle, was a certain oddity of disposition for which he had been remarkable even from his cradle. It is reported of him, that before the first year of his infancy was elapsed, he used very often, immediately after being dressed, in the midst of the caresses which were bestowed upon him by his mother, while she indulged herself in the contemplation of her own happiness, all of a sudden to alarm her with a fit of shrieks and cries, which continued with great violence till he was stripped to the skin with the utmost expedition by order of his affrighted parent, who thought his tender body was tortured by the misapplication of some unlucky pin; and when he had given them all this disturbance and unnecessary trouble, he would lie sprawling and laughing in their faces, as if he ridiculed the impertinence of their concern. Nay, it is affirmed, that one day, when an old woman who attended in the nursery had by stealth conveyed a bottle of cordial waters to her mouth, he pulled his nurse by the sleeve, and by a slight glance detecting the theft, tipped her the wink with a particular slyness of countenance, as if he had said with a sneer, 'Aye, aye, that is what you must all come to!' But these instances of reflection in a babe nine months old are so incredible, that I look upon them as

ex post facto observations, founded upon imaginary recollection, when he was in a more advanced age, and his peculiarities of temper became much more remarkable; of a piece with the ingenious discoveries of those sagacious observers, who can discern something evidently characteristick in the features of any noted personage whose character they have previously heard explained; yet, without pretending to specify at what period of his childhood this singularity first appeared, I can with great truth declare, that when he first attracted the notice and affection of his uncle, it was plainly perceivable.

One would imagine he had marked out the commodore as a proper object of ridicule, for almost all his little childish satire was levelled against him. I will not deny that he might have been influenced in this particular by the example and instruction of Mr. Hatchway, who delighted in superintending the first essays of his genius. As the gout had taken up its residence in Mr. Trunnion's great-toe, from whence it never removed, no not for a day, little Perry took great pleasure in treading by accident on this infirm member; and when his uncle, incensed by the pain, used to damn him for a hell-begotten brat, he would appease him in a twinkling by returning the curse with equal emphasis, and asking what was the matter with old Hannibal Tough; an appellation by which the lieutenant had taught him to distinguish this grim commander.

Neither was this the only experiment he tried upon the patience of the commodore, with whose nose he used to take indecent freedoms, even while he was fondled on his knee; in one month he put him to the expence of two guineas in seal-skin, by picking his pocket of divers tobacco-pouches, all of which he in secret committed to the flames. Nor did the caprice of his disposition abstain from the favourite beverage of Trunnion, who more than once swallowed a whole draught in which his brother's snuff-box had been emptied, before he perceived the disagreeable infusion: and one day, when the commodore had chastised him by a gentle tap with his cane, he fell flat on the floor, as if he had been deprived of all sense and motion, to the terror and amazement of the striker; and after having filled the whole house

with confusion and dismay, opened his eyes, and laughed heartily at the success of his own imposition.

It would be an endless, and perhaps no very agreeable task, to enumerate all the unlucky pranks he played upon his uncle and others, before he attained the fourth year of his age; about which time he was sent, with an attendant, to a day-school in the neighbourhood, that (to use his good mother's own expression) he might be out of harm's way. Here, however, he made little progress, except in mischief, which he practised with impunity, because the school-mistress would run no risk of disobliging a lady of fortune, by exercising unnecessary severities upon her only child.—Nevertheless, Mrs. Pickle was not so blindly partial as to be pleased with such unseasonable indulgence. Perry was taken out of the hands of this courteous teacher, and committed to the instruction of a pedagogue, who was ordered to administer such correction as the boy should in his opinion deserve. This authority he did not neglect to use; his pupil was regularly flogged twice a day, and after having been subjected to this course of discipline for the space of eighteen months, declared the most obstinate, dull, and untoward genius, that ever had fallen under his cultivation; instead of being reformed, he seemed rather hardened and confirmed in his vicious inclinations, and was dead to all sense of fear as well as shame. His mother was extremely mortified at these symptoms of stupidity, which she considered as an inheritance derived from the spirit of his father, and consequently insurmountable by all the efforts of human care. But the commodore rejoiced over the ruggedness of his nature, and was particularly pleased when upon inquiry he found that Perry had beaten all the boys in the school; a circumstance from which he prognosticated every thing that was fair and fortunate in his future fate; observing, that at his age he himself was just such another. The boy, who was now turned of six, having profitted so little under the birch of his unsparing governor, Mrs. Pickle was counselled to send him to a boarding-school not far from London, which was kept by a certain person very eminent for his successful method of education. This advice she the more readily embraced, because at that time she found herself pretty far

gone with another child, that she hoped would console her for the disappointment she had met with in the unpromising talents of Perry, or at any rate divide her concern, so as to enable her to endure the absence of either.

CHAP. XII.

PEREGRINE IS SENT TO A BOARDING-SCHOOL, BECOMES REMARKABLE FOR HIS GENIUS AND AMBITION.

THE commodore understanding her determination, to which her husband did not venture to make the least objection, interested himself so much in behalf of his favourite, as to fit him out at his own charge, and accompany him in person to the place of his destination; where he defrayed the expence of his entrance, and left him to the particular care and inspection of the usher, who having been recommended to him as a person of parts and integrity, received *per* advance a handsome consideration for the task he undertook.

Nothing could be better judged than this piece of liberality: the assistant was actually a man of learning, probity, and good-sense; and though obliged by the scandalous administration of fortune to act in the character of an inferior teacher, had, by his sole capacity and application, brought the school to that degree of reputation which it never could have obtained from the talents of his superior. He had established an economy, which, though regular, was not at all severe, by enacting a body of laws suited to the age and comprehension of every individual; and each transgressor was fairly tried by his peers, and punished according to the verdict of the jury. No boy was scourged for want of apprehension, but a spirit of emulation was raised by well-timed praise and artful comparison, and maintained by a distribution of small prizes, which were adjudged to those who signalized themselves either by their industry, sobriety, or genius. This tutor, whose name was Jennings, began with Perry, according to his constant maxim, by examining the soil; that is, studying his temper, in order to consult the bias of his disposition, which was strangely perverted by the absurd discipline he had

undergone. He found him in a state of sullen insensibility, which the child had gradually contracted in a long course of stupifying correction; and at first he was not in the least actuated by that commendation which animated the rest of his school-fellows; nor was it in the power of reproach to excite his ambition, which had been buried, as it were, in the grave of disgrace: the usher therefore had recourse to contemptuous neglect, with which he affected to treat this stubborn spirit; foreseeing, that if he retained any seeds of sentiment, this weather would infallibly raise them into vegetation. His judgment was justified by the event; the boy in a little time began to make observations; he perceived the marks of distinction with which virtue was rewarded; grew ashamed of the despicable figure he himself made among his companions, who, far from courting, rather shunned his conversation; and actually pined at his own want of importance.

Mr. Jennings saw and rejoiced at his mortification, which he suffered to proceed as far as possible, without endangering his health. The child lost all relish for diversion, loathed his food, grew pensive, solitary, and was frequently found weeping by himself. These symptoms plainly evinced the recovery of his feelings, to which his governor thought it now high time to make application; and therefore, by little and little, altered his behaviour from the indifference he had put on, to the appearance of more regard and attention. This produced a favourable change in the boy, whose eyes sparkled with satisfaction one day, when his master expressed himself with a shew of surprize in these words. 'So, Perry! I find you don't want genius, when you think proper to use it.' Such encomiums kindled the spirit of emulation in his little breast; he exerted himself with surprizing alacrity, by which he soon acquitted himself of the imputation of dullness, and obtained sundry honorary silver pennies, as acknowledgments of his application: his school fellows now solicited his friendship as eagerly as they had avoided it before; and in less than a twelve-month after his arrival, this supposed dunce was remarkable for the brightness of his parts; having in that short period learnt to read English perfectly well, made great progress in writing, enabled him-

self

self to speak the French language without hesitation, and acquired some knowledge in the rudiments of the Latin tongue. The usher did not fail to transmit an account of his proficiency to the commodore, who received it with transport, and forthwith communicated the happy tidings to the parents.

Mr. Gamaliel Pickle, who was never subject to violent emotions, heard them with a sort of phlegmatick satisfaction, that scarce manifested itself either in his countenance or expressions; nor did the child's mother break forth into that rapture and admiration which might have been expected, when she understood how much the talents of her first-born had exceeded the hope of her warmest imagination. Not but that she professed herself well pleased with Perry's reputation; though she observed, that in these commendations the truth was always exaggerated by school matters, for their own interest; and pretended to wonder that the usher had not mingled more probability with his praise. Tunnion was offended at her indifference and want of faith, and believing that she refined too much in her discernment, swore that Jennings had declared the truth, and nothing but the truth; for he himself had prophesied from the beginning, that the boy would turn out a credit to his family. But by this time Mrs. Pickle was blessed with a daughter, whom she had brought into the world about six months before the intelligence arrived; so that her care and affection being otherwise engrossed, the praise of Perry was the less greedily devoured. The abatement of her fondness was an advantage to his education, which would have been retarded, and perhaps, ruined by pernicious indulgence and preposterous interposition, had her love considered him as an only child; whereas her concern being now diverted to another object that shared, at least, one half of her affection, he was left to the management of his preceptor, who tutored him according to his own plan, without any let or interruption. Indeed, all his sagacity and circumspection were but barely sufficient to keep the young gentleman in order; for now that he had won the palm of victory from his rivals in point of scholarship, his ambition dilated, and he was seized with a desire of subjecting the whole school by the valour of his

arm. Before he could bring his project to bear, innumerable battles were fought with various success; every day a bloody nose and complaint were presented against, and his own visage commonly bore some livid marks of obstinate contention. At length, however, he accomplished his aim; his adversaries were subdued, his prowess acknowledged, and he obtained the laurel in war as well as in wit. Thus triumphant, he was intoxicated with success. His pride rose in proportion to his power, and in spite of all the endeavours of Jennings, who practised every method he could invent for curbing his licentious conduct, without depressing his spirit, he contracted a large proportion of insolence, which a series of misfortunes that happened to him in the sequel could scarce effectually tame. Nevertheless, there was a fund of good nature and generosity in his composition; and though he established a tyranny among his comrades, the tranquillity of his reign was maintained by the love rather than by the fear of his subjects.

In the midst of all this enjoyment of empire, he never once violated that respectful awe with which the usher had found means to inspire him; but he by no means preserved the same regard for the principal master, an old illiterate German quack, who had formerly practised corn-cutting among the quality, and sold cosmetic washes to the ladies, together with teeth-powers, hair-dying liquors, prolifick elixirs, and tinctures to sweeten the breath. These nostrums, recommended by the art of cringing, in which he was consummate, ingratiated him so much with people of fashion, that he was enabled to set up school with five and twenty boys of the best families, whom he boarded on his own terms, and undertook to instruct in the French and Latin languages, so as to qualify them for the colleges of Westminster and Eton. While this plan was in it's infancy, he was so fortunate as to meet with Jennings, who for the paltry consideration of thirty pounds a year, which his necessities compelled him to accept, took the whole trouble of educating the children upon himself, contrived an excellent system for that purpose, and by his assiduity and knowledge executed all the particulars to the entire satisfaction of those concerned; who, by the bye,

never enquired into his qualifications, but suffered the other to enjoy the fruits of his labour and ingenuity.

Over and above a large stock of avarice, ignorance, and vanity, this superior had certain ridiculous peculiarities in his person, such as a hunch upon his back, and distorted limbs, that seemed to attract the satirical notice of Peregrine; who, young as he was, took offence at his want of reverence for his usher, over whom he sometimes chose opportunities of displaying his authority, that the boys might not displace their veneration. Mr. Keyptick, therefore, such as I have described him, incurred the contempt and displeasure of this enterprising pupil, who now being in the tenth year of his age, had capacity enough to give him abundance of vexation. He underwent many mortifying jokes from the invention of Pickle and his confederates; so that he began to entertain suspicion of Mr. Jennings, who he could not help thinking had been at the bottom of them all, and spirited up principles of rebellion in the school, with a view of making himself independent. Possessed of this chimera, which was void of all foundation, the German descended so low as to tamper in private with the boys, from whom he hoped to draw some very important discovery; but he was disappointed in his expectation; and this mean practice reaching the ears of his usher, he voluntarily resigned his employment. Finding interest to obtain holy orders in a little time after, he left the kingdom, hoping to find a settlement in some of our American plantations.

The departure of Mr. Jennings produced a great revolution in the affairs of Keyptick, which declined from that moment, because he had neither authority to enforce obedience, nor prudence to maintain order among his scholars; so that the school degenerated into anarchy and confusion; and he himself dwindled in the opinion of his employers, who looked upon him as superannuated, and withdrew their children from his tuition.

Peregrine seeing this dissolution of their society, and finding himself every day deprived of some companion, began to repine at his situation, and resolved, if possible, to procure his release from the jurisdiction of the person whom he both detested and despised. With this

view he went to work, and composed the following billet, addressed to the commodore, which was the first specimen of his composition in the epistolary way.

‘ HONoured AND LOVING UNCLE;

‘ **H**OPING you are in good health, ‘ this serves to inform you, ‘ that Mr. Jennings is gone, and Mr. ‘ Keyptick will never meet with his ‘ fellow. The school is already almost ‘ broke up, and the rest daily going ‘ away; and I beg of you of all love to ‘ have me fetched away also, for I cannot bear to be any longer under one ‘ who is a perfect ignoramus, who ‘ scarce knows the declination of *musa*, ‘ and is more fit to be a scare-crow ‘ than a school-master; hoping you will ‘ send for me soon, with my love to my ‘ aunt, and my duty to my honoured ‘ parents, craving their blessing and ‘ yours. And this is all at present ‘ from, honoured uncle, your well- ‘ beloved and dutiful nephew and god- ‘ son, and humble servant to command ‘ till death,

‘ PEREGRINE PICKLE.’

Trunnion was overjoyed at the receipt of this letter, which he looked upon as one of the greatest efforts of human genius, and as such communicated the contents to his lady, whom he had disturbed for the purpose in the middle of her devotion, by sending a message to her closet, whither it was her custom very frequently to retire. She was out of humour at being interrupted, and therefore did not peruse this specimen of her nephew’s understanding with all the relish that the commodore himself had enjoyed; on the contrary, after sundry paralytical endeavours to speak, (for her tongue sometimes refused it’s office) she observed that the boy was a pert jackanapes, and deserved to be severely chastised for treating his betters with such disrespect. Her husband undertook his godson’s defence, representing with great warmth that he knew Keyptick to be a good for nothing, pimping old rascal, and that Perry shewed a great deal of spirit and good sense in desiring to be taken from under his command; he therefore declared that the boy should not live a week longer with such a sham-

bling

bling son of a bitch, and sanctioned his declaration with abundance of oaths.

Mrs. Trunnion composing her countenance into a look of religious demureness, rebuked him for his profane way of talking; and asked him, in a magisterial tone, if he intended never to lay aside that brutal behaviour. Irritated at this reproach, he answered in terms of indignation, that he knew how to behave himself as well as e'er a woman that wore a head; bade her mind her own affairs, and with another repetition of oaths, gave her to understand that he would be master in his own house.

This insinuation operated upon her spirits like friction upon a glass globe; her face gleamed with resentment, and every pore seemed to emit particles of flame. She replied with incredible fluency of the bitterest expressions. He retorted equal rage in broken hints and incoherent imprecations. She rejoined with redoubled fury, and in conclusion he was fain to betake himself to flight, ejaculating curses against her; and muttering something concerning the brandy-bottle, which, however, he took care should never reach her ears.

From his own house he went directly to visit Mrs. Pickle, to whom he imparted Peregrine's epistle; with many encomiums upon the boy's promising parts; and finding his commendations but coldly received, desired she would permit him to take his godson under his own care.

This lady, whose family was now increased by another son, who seemed to ingross her care for the present, had not seen Perry during a course of four years, and with regard to him, was perfectly weaned of that infirmity known by the name of maternal fondness; she therefore consented to the commodore's request with great condescension, and a polite compliment to him on the concern he had all along manifested for the welfare of the child,

CHAP. XIII.

THE COMMODORE TAKES PEREGRINE UNDER HIS OWN CARE, THE BOY ARRIVES AT THE GARRISON; IS STRANGELY RECEIVED BY HIS OWN MOTHER; ENTERS INTO A CONFEDERACY WITH HATCHWAY AND PIPES,

AND EXECUTES A COUPLE OF WAGGISH ENTERPRIZES UPON HIS AUNT.

TRUNNION having obtained this permission, that very afternoon dispatched the lieutenant in a post-chaise to Keypstick's house, from whence in two days he returned with our young hero; who being now in the eleventh year of his age, had out-grown the expectation of all his family, and was remarkable for the beauty and elegance of his person. His godfather was transported at his arrival, as if he had been actually the issue of his own loins. He shook him heartily by the hand, turned him round and round, surveyed him from top to bottom, bade Hatchway take notice how handsomely he was built; squeezed his hand again, saying, 'D—n ye, you dog! I suppose you don't value such an old crazy son of a bitch as me a rope's end. You have forgot how I wont to dandle you on my knee, when you was a little urchin no bigger than the davit, and played a thousand tricks upon me, burning my bacco-pouches and poisoning my rumbo—O! d—n ye, you can grin fast enough, I see; I warrant you have learnt more things than writing and the Latin lingo.' Even Tom Pipes expressed uncommon satisfaction on this joyful occasion; and coming up to Perry, thrust forth his fore-paw, and accosted him with the salutation of 'What cheer, my young master? I am glad to see thee with all my heart!' These compliments being passed, his uncle halted to the door of his wife's chamber, at which he stood hallooing, 'Here's your kinsman Perry, belike you won't come and bid him welcome.'—'Lord! Mr. Trunnion,' said she, 'why will you continually harass me in this manner with your impertinent intrusion?'—'I harrow you!' replied the commodore; 'flood! I believe your upper works are damaged! I only came to inform you that here was your cousin, whom you have not seen these four long years; and I'll be damned if there is such another of his age within the king's dominions, d'ye see, either for make or mettle! he's a credit to the name, d'ye see; but, d—n my eyes! I'll say no more of the matter; if you come you may, if you won't you may let it alone.'—'Well, I won't come then,' answered his yoke.

yoke-fellow, 'for I am at present more agreeably employed.'—'Oho! you are? I believe so too!' cried the commodore, making wry faces and mimicking the action of dram-drinking. Then addressing himself to Hatchway, 'Pr'ythee, Jack,' said he, 'go and try thy skill on that stubborn hulk; if any body can bring her about, I know you wool.' The lieutenant accordingly taking his station at the door, conveyed his persuasion in these words. 'What, won't you turn out and hail little Perry? It will do your heart good to see such a handsome young dog; I'm sure he is the very moral of you, and as like as if he had been spit out of your own mouth, as the saying is: do shew a little respect for your kinsman, can't you?' To this remonstrance she replied in a mild tone of voice, 'Dear Mr. Hatchway, you are always teasing one in such a manner; sure I am, nobody can tax me with unkindness, or want of natural affection.' So saying, she opened the door, and advancing to the hall where her nephew stood, received him very graciously, and observed that he was the very image of her papa.

In the afternoon he was conducted by the commodore to the house of his parents; and, strange to tell, no sooner was he presented to his mother, than her countenance changed, she eyed him with tokens of affliction and surprize, and bursting into tears, exclaimed her child was dead, and this was no other than an impostor whom they had brought to defraud her sorrow. Trunnion was confounded at this unaccountable passion, which had no other foundation than caprice and whim; and Gamaliel himself to disconcerted and unsettled in his own belief, which began to waver, that he knew not how to behave towards the boy, whom his godfather immediately carried back to the garrison, swearing all the way that Perry should never cross their threshold again with his good-will. Nay, so much was he incensed at this unnatural and absurd renunciation, that he refused to carry on any farther correspondence with Pickle, until he was appeased by his solicitations and submission, and Peregrine owned as his son and heir. But this acknowledgment was made without the privy of his wife, whose vicious aversion he was obliged, in appearance,

to adopt. Thus exiled from his father's house, the young gentleman was left entirely to the disposal of the commodore, whose affection for him daily increased, insomuch that he could scarce prevail upon himself to part with him, when his education absolutely required that he should be otherwise disposed of.

In all probability, this extraordinary attachment was, if not produced, at least rivetted, by that peculiar turn in Peregrine's imagination, which we have already observed; and which, during his residence in the castle, appeared in sundry stratagems he practised upon his uncle and aunt, under the auspices of Mr. Hatchway, who assisted him in the contrivance and execution of all his schemes. Nor was Pipes exempted from a share in their undertakings; for, being a trusty fellow, not without dexterity in some cases, and altogether resigned to their will, they found him a serviceable instrument for their purpose, and used him accordingly.

The first sample of their art was exhibited upon Mrs. Trunnion. They terrified that good lady with strange noises when she retired to her devotion. Pipes was a natural genius in the composition of discords; he could imitate the sound produced by the winding of a jack, the filing of a saw, and the swinging of a malefactor hanging in chains; he could counterfeit the braying of an ass, the screeching of a night owl, the caterwauling of cats, the howling of a dog, the squeaking of a pig, the crowing of a cock: and he had learned the war-whoop, uttered by the Indians in North America. These talents were exerted successively, at different times and places, to the terror of Mrs. Trunnion, the discomposure of the commodore himself, and the consternation of all the servants in the castle. Peregrine, with a sheet over his cloaths, sometimes tumbled before his aunt in the twilight, when her organs of vision were a little impaired by the cordial she had swallowed; and the boatswain's mate taught him to shoe cats with walnut shells, so that they made a most dreadful clattering in their nocturnal excursions. The mind of Mrs. Trunnion was not a little disturbed by these alarms, which, in her opinion, portended the death of some principal person in the family; she redoubled her religious exercises, and fortified her spirits with

fresh

fresh potations; nay, she began to take notice that Mr. Trunnion's constitution was very much broke, and seemed dissatisfied when people observed that they never saw him look better. Her frequent visits to the closet, where all her consolation was deposited, inspired the confederates with a device which had like to have been attended with tragical consequences. They found an opportunity to infuse jallap in one of her case-bottles; and she took so largely of this medicine, that her constitution had well nigh sunk under the violence of it's effect. She suffered a succession of fainting fits that reduced her to the brink of the grave, in spite of all the remedies that were administered by a physician who was called in the beginning of her disorder. After having examined the symptoms, he declared that the patient had been poisoned with arsenic, and prescribed oily draughts and lubricating injections, to defend the coats of the stomach and intestines from the vellicating particles of that pernicious mineral; at the same time hinting, with a look of infinite sagacity, that it was not difficult to divine the whole mystery. He affected to deplore the poor lady, as if she was exposed to more attempts of the same nature; thereby glancing obliquely at the innocent commodore, whom the officious son of *Æsculapius* suspected as the author of this expedient, to rid his hands of a yoke-fellow for whom he was well known to have no great devotion. This impertinent and malicious insinuation made some impression upon the by-standers, and furnished ample field for slander, to asperse the morals of Trunnion, who was represented through the whole district as a monster of barbarity. Nay, the sufferer herself, though she behaved with great decency and prudence, could not help entertaining some small diffidence of her husband; not that she imagined he had any design upon her life, but that he had been at pains to dobt-rare the brandy, with a view of detaching her from that favourite liquor.

On this supposition, she resolved to act with more caution for the future, without setting on foot any inquiry about the affair: while the commodore, imputing her indisposition to some natural cause, after the danger was past, never bestowed a thought upon the subject; so that the perpetrators were quit

of their fear, which, however, had punished them so effectually, that they never would hazard any more jokes of the same nature.

The shafts of their wit were now directed against the commander himself, whom they teized and terrified almost out of his senses. One day, while he was at dinner, Pipes came and told him, that there was a person below that wanted to speak with him immediately about an affair of the greatest importance, that would admit of no delay: upon which he ordered the stranger to be told that he was engaged, and that he must send up his name and business. To this demand he received for answer a message, importing that the person's name was unknown to him, and his business of such a nature, that it could not be disclosed to any one but the commodore himself, whom he earnestly desired to see without loss of time.

Trunnion, surprized at this importunity, got up with great reluctance in the middle of his meal, and descending to a parlour where the stranger was, asked in a surly tone what he wanted with him in such a damned hurry, that he could not wait till he had made an end of his mess. The other, not at all disconcerted at this rough address, advanced close up to him on his tiptoes, and with a look of confidence and conceit, laying his mouth to one side of the commodore's head, whispered softly in his ear, 'Sir, I am the attorney whom you wanted to converse with in private.'—'The attorney!' cried Trunnion, staring and half choaked with choler. 'Yes, Sir, at your service,' replied this retainer to the law; 'and if you please, the sooner we dispatch the affair the better; for it is an old observation, that delay breeds danger.'—'Truly, brother,' said the commodore, who could no longer contain himself, 'I do confess that I am very much of your way of thinking, d'ye see; and therefore you shall be dispatched in a trice.' So saying, he lifted up his walking-staff, which was something between a crutch and a cudgel, and discharged it with such energy on the seat of the attorney's understanding, that if there had been any thing but solid bone, the contents of his skull must have been evacuated.

Fortified as he was by nature against all such assaults, he could not withstand the

the momentum of the blow, which in an instant laid him flat on the floor, deprived of all sense and motion; and Trunnion hopped up stairs to dinner, applauding himself in ejaculations all the way for the vengeance he had taken on such an impudent pettifogging miscreant.

The attorney no sooner awaked from his trance, into which he had been so unexpectedly lulled, than he cast his eyes around in quest of evidence, by which he might be enabled the more easily to prove the injury he had sustained; but not a soul appearing, he made shift to get upon his legs again, and with the blood trickling over his nose, followed one of the servants into the dining-room, resolved to come to an explanation with the assailant, and either extort money from him by way of satisfaction, or provoke him to a second application before witnesses. With this view he entered the room in a peal of clamour, to the amazement of all present, and the terror of Mrs. Trunnion, who shrieked at the appearance of such a spectacle; and addressing himself to the commodore, 'I'll tell you what, Sir,' said he, 'if there be law in England, I'll make you smart for this here assault; you think you have screened yourself from a prosecution, by sending all your servants out of the way, but that circumstance will appear upon trial to be a plain proof of the malice prepense with which the fact was committed: especially when corroborated by the evidence of this here letter, under your own hand, whereby I am desired to come to your own house to transact an affair of consequence.' So saying, he produced the writing, and read the contents in these words.

'MR. ROGER RAVINE,

'SIR,

'**B**EING in a manner prisoner in my own house, I desire you will give me a call precisely at three o'clock in the afternoon, and insist upon seeing myself, as I have an affair of great consequence, in which your particular advice is wanted by your humble servant,

'HAWSER TRUNNION.'

The one-eyed commander, who had

been satisfied with the chastisement he had already bestowed upon the plaintiff, hearing him read this audacious piece of forgery, which he considered as the effect of his own villainy, started up from table, and seizing a huge turkey that lay in a dish before him, would have applied it sauce and all by way of poultice to his wound, had he not been restrained by Hatchway, who laid fast hold on both his arms, and fixed him to his chair again, advising the attorney to sheer off with what he had got. Far from following this salutary counsel, he redoubled his threats, and set Trunnion at defiance; telling him he was not a man of true courage, although he had commanded a ship of war, or else he would not have attacked any person in such a cowardly and clandestine manner. This provocation would have answered his purpose effectually, had not his adversary's indignation been repressed by the suggestions of the lieutenant, who desired his friend in a whisper to be easy, for he would take care to have the attorney tossed in a blanket for his presumption. This proposal, which he received with great approbation, pacified him in a moment; he wiped the sweat from his forehead, and his features relaxed into a grim smile.

Hatchway disappeared, and Ravine proceeded with great fluency of abuse, until he was interrupted by the arrival of Pipes; who, without any expostulation, led him out by the hand, and conducted him to the yard, where he was put into a carpet, and in a twinkling sent into the air by the strength and dexterity of five stout operators, whom the lieutenant had selected from the number of domesticks for that singular spell of duty.

In vain did the astonished vaulter beg for the love of God and passion of Christ, that they would take pity upon him, and put an end to his involuntary gambols; they were deaf to his prayers and protestations, even when he swore in the most solemn manner, that if they would cease tormenting him, he would forget and forgive what was past, and depart in peace to his own habitation; and continued the game till they were fatigued with the exercise.

Ravine being dismissed in a most melancholy plight, brought an action of assault and battery against the commodore, and subpoenaed all the servants as evidence.

evidences in the cause; but as none of them had seen what happened, he did not find his account in the prosecution, though he himself examined all the witnesses; and among other questions, asked whether they had not seen him come in like another man; and whether they had ever seen any other man in such a condition as that in which he had crawled off. But this last interrogation they were not obliged to answer, because it had reference to the second discipline he had undergone, in which they, and they only, were concerned; and no person is bound to give testimony against himself.

In short, the attorney was nonsuited, to the satisfaction of all who knew him; and found himself under the necessity of proving that he had received in course of post, the letter which was declared in court a scandalous forgery, in order to prevent an indictment with which he was threatened by the commodore, who little dreamed that the whole affair had been planned and executed by Peregrine and his associates.

The next enterprize in which this triumvirate engaged, was a scheme to frighten Trunnion with an apparition, which they prepared and exhibited in this manner. To the hide of a large ox, Pipes fitted a leathern vizor of a most terrible appearance, stretched on the jaws of a shark, which he had brought from sea, and accommodated with a couple of broad glasses instead of eyes. On the inside of these he placed two rushlights; and with a composition of sulphur and saltpetre, made a pretty large fuse, which he fixed between two rows of the teeth. This equipage being finished, he, one dark night chosen for the purpose, put it on; and following the commodore into a long passage, in which he was preceded by Perry with a light in his hand, kindled his fire-work with a match, and began to bellow like a bull. The boy, as was concerted, looking behind him, screamed aloud, and dropped the light, which was extinguished in the fall; when Trunnion, alarmed at his nephew's consternation, exclaimed, 'Zounds! what's the matter?' And turning about to see the cause of his dismay, beheld a hideous phantom vomiting blue flame, which aggravated the horrors of it's aspect. He was instantly seized with an agony of fear, which divested him of his reason; nevertheless,

he, as it were mechanically, raised his trusty supporter in his own defence, and the apparition advancing towards him, aimed it at this dreadful annoyance with such a convulsive exertion of strength, that had not the blow chanced to light upon one of the horns, Mr. Pipes would have had no cause to value himself upon his invention. Misapplied as it was, he did not fail to stagger at the shock, and dreading another such salutation, closed with the commodore, and having tripped up his heels, retreated with great expedition.

It was then that Peregrine, pretending to recollect himself a little, ran with all the marks of disturbance and affright, and called up the servants to the assistance of their master, whom they found in a cold sweat upon the floor, his features betokening horror and confusion. Hatchway raised him up, and having comforted him with a cup of Nantz, began to enquire into the cause of his disorder; but he could not extract one word of answer from his friend; who, after a considerable pause, during which he seemed to be wrapped up in profound contemplation, pronounced aloud, 'By the Lord! Jack, you may say what you will; but I'll be damned if it was not Davy Jones himself. I know him by his saucer-eyes, his three rows of teeth, his horns and tail, and the blue smoke that came out of his nostrils. What does the black-guard hell's baby want with me? I'm sure I never committed murder, except in the way of my profession, nor wronged any man whatsoever, since I first went to sea.' This same Davy Jones, according to the mythology of sailors, is the fiend that presides over all the evil spirits of the deep, and is often seen in various shapes, perching among the rigging on the eve of hurricanes, shipwrecks, and other disasters to which a sea-faring life is exposed; *warning the devoted wretch of death and woe.* No wonder, then, that Trunnion was disturbed by a supposed visit of this dæmon; which, in his opinion, foreboded some dreadful calamity.

CHAP. XIV.

HE IS ALSO BY THEIR DEVICE
ENGAGED IN AN ADVENTURE
WITH THE EXCISEMAN, WHO
F DOES

DOES NOT FIND HIS ACCOUNT
IN HIS OWN DROLLEY.

HOWEVER preposterous and unaccountable that passion may be, which prompts persons, otherwise generous and sympathising, to afflict and perplex their fellow-creatures, certain it is, our confederates entertained such a large proportion of it, that not satisfied with the pranks they had already played, they still persecuted the commodore without ceasing. In the course of his own history, the particulars of which he delighted to recount, he had often rehearsed an adventure of deer-stealing, in which (during the unthinking impetuosity of his youth he had been unfortunately concerned.) Far from succeeding in that achievement, he and his associates had (it seems) been made prisoners, after an obstinate engagement with the keepers, and carried before a neighbouring justice of the peace, who used Trunnion with great indignity, and with his companions committed him to jail.

His own relations, and in particular an uncle on whom he chiefly depended, treated him during his confinement with great rigour and inhumanity, and absolutely refused to interpose his influence in his behalf, unless he would sign a writing, obliging himself to go to sea within thirty days after his release, under the penalty of being proceeded against as a felon. The alternative was either to undergo this voluntary exile, or remain in prison disowned and deserted by every body, and after all suffer an ignominious trial, that might end in a sentence of transportation for life. He therefore, without much hesitation, embraced the proposal of his kinsman, and (as he observed) was in less than a month after his discharge turned adrift to the mercy of the wind and waves.

Since that period he had never maintained any correspondence with his relations, all of whom had concurred in sending him off; nor would he ever pay the least regard to the humiliations and supplications of some among them, who had prostrated themselves before him on the advancement of his fortune: but he retained a most inveterate resentment against his uncle, who was still in being, though extremely old and infirm, and frequently mentioned his name with all the bitterness of revenge.

Perry being perfectly well acquainted with the particulars of this story, which he had heard so often repeated, proposed to Hatchway, that a person should be hired to introduce himself to the commodore, with a supposititious letter of recommendation from this detested kinsman; an imposition that, in all likelihood, would afford abundance of diversion.

The lieutenant relished the scheme, and young Pickle having composed an epistle for the occasion, the exciseman of the parish, a fellow of great impudence, and some humour, in whom Hatchway could confide, undertook to transcribe and deliver it with his own hand, and also personate the man in whose favour it was signed to be writ. He, accordingly, one morning arrived on horseback at the garrison, two hours at least before Trunnion used to get up, and gave Pipes, who admitted him, to understand, that he had a letter for his master, which he was ordered to deliver to none but the commodore himself. This message was no sooner communicated, than the indignant chief (who had been waked for the purpose) began to curse the messenger for breaking his rest, and swore he would not budge till his usual time of turning out. This resolution being conveyed to the stranger, he desired the carrier to go back and tell him, he had such joyful tidings to impart, that he was sure the commodore would think himself amply rewarded for his trouble, even if he had been raised from the grave to receive them.

This assurance, flattering as it was, would not have been powerful enough to persuade him, had it not been assisted with the exhortations of his spouse, which never failed to influence his conduct. He therefore crept out of bed, though not without great repugnance, and wrapping himself in his morning-gown, was supported down stairs, rubbing his eye, yawning fearfully, and grumbling all the way. As soon as he popped his head into the parlour, the supposed stranger made divers awkward bows, and with a grinning aspect accosted him in these words: 'Your most humble servant, most noble commodore! I hope you are in good health; you look pure and hearty; and if it was not for that misfortune of your eye, one would not desire to see a more pleasant countenance in a summer's day,

day. Sure as I am a living soul, one would take you to be on this side of threescore. Laud help us! I should have known you to have been a Trunnion if I had met with you in the midst of Salisbury Plain, as the saying is. The commodore, who was not at all in the humour of relishing such an impertinent preamble, interrupted him in this place, saying, with a peevish accent, 'Plhaw! plhaw! brother, there's no occasion to bow's out so much unnecessary gum; if you can't bring your discourse to bear on the right subject, you had much better clap a stopper on your tongue, and bring yourself up, d'ye see: I was told you had something to deliver.'— 'Deliver!' cried the waggish impostor, 'odds heart! I have got something for you that will make your very entrails rejoice within your body. Here's a letter from a dear and worthy friend of yours. Take, read it, and be happy. Blessings on his old heart! one would think he had renewed his age, like the eagles.' Trunnion's expectation being thus raised, he called for his spectacles, adjusted them to his eye, took the letter, and being curious to know the subscription, no sooner perceived his uncle's name, than he started back, his lip quivered, and he began to shake in every limb with resentment and surprise: nevertheless, eager to know the subject of an epistle from a person who had never before troubled him with any sort of address, he endeavoured to recollect himself, and perused the contents, which were these.

'LOVING NEPHEW,

I Doubt not but you will rejoice to hear of my welfare; and well you may, considering what a kind uncle I have been to you in the days of your youth, and how little you deserved any such thing; for you was always a graceless young man, given to wicked courses and bad company; whereby you would have come to a shameful end, had it not been for my care in sending you out of mischief's way. But this is not the cause of my present writing. The bearer, Mr. Timothy Trickle, is a distant relation of yours, being the son of the cousin of your aunt Margery, and is not over and above well as to worldly matters. He

thinks of going to London, to see for some post in the excise or customs, if so be that you will recommend him to some great man of your acquaintance, and give him a small matter to keep him till he is provided. I doubt not, nephew, but you will be glad to serve him, if it was no more but for the respect you bear to me, who am, loving nephew, your affectionate uncle, and servant to command,

'TOBIAH TRUNNION.'

It would be a difficult task for the inimitable Hogarth himself to exhibit the ludicrous expression of the commodore's countenance, while he read this letter. It was not a stare of astonishment, a convulsion of rage, or a ghastly grin of revenge, but an association of all three, that took possession of his features. At length he hawked up, with incredible straining, the interjection 'Ahl' that seemed to have stuck some time in his windpipe, and thus gave vent to his indignation: 'Have I come along aside of you at last, you old stinking cur-mudgeon! you lye, you lousy hulk, ye lie! you did all in your power to founder me when I was a stripling; and as for being graceless, and wicked, and keeping bad company, you tell a damned lye again, you thief! there was not a more peaceable lad in the county, and I kept no bad company but your own, d'ye see. Therefore, you Trickle, or what's your name, tell the old rascal that sent you hither, that I spit in his face, and call him *Harfe*; and that I tear his letter into rags, so; and that I trample upon it as I would upon his own villainous carcase, d'ye see!' So saying, he danced in a sort of frenzy upon the fragments of the paper, which he had scattered about the room, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the triumvirate, who beheld the scene.

The exciseman having got between him and the door, which was left open for his escape, in case of necessity, affected great confusion and surprize at his behaviour, saying, with an air of mortification, 'Lord be merciful unto me! is this the way you treat your own relations, and the recommendation of your best friend? Surely all gratitude and virtue has left this sinful world! What will cousin Tim,

and Dick, and Tom, and good mother Pipkin, and her daughters, cousin Sue, and Prue, and Peg, with all the rest of our kinsfolks say, when they hear of this unconscionable reception that I have met with? Consider, Sir, that ingratitude is worse than the sin of witchcraft, as the apostle wisely observes; and do not send me away with such unchristian usage, which will lay a heavy load of guilt upon your poor miserable soul.'

—'What, you are on the cruise for a post, brother Trickle, an't ye?' said Trunnion, interrupting him; 'we shall find a post for you in a trice, my boy.'

—Here, Pipes, take this saucy son of a bitch, belay him to the whipping-post in the yard. I'll teach you to rowce me in the morning with such impertinent messages.' Pipes, who wanted to carry the joke farther than the exciseman dreamed of, laid hold of him in a twinkling; and executed the orders of his commander, notwithstanding all his nods, winking, and significant gestures, which the boatswain's mate would by no means understand: so that he began to repent of the part he acted in this performance, which was like to end so tragically, and stood fastened to the stake; in a very disagreeable state of suspense; casting many a rueful look over his left-shoulder, (while Pipes was absent in quest of a cat and nine tails) in expectation of being relieved by the interposition of the lieutenant, who did not, however, appear. Tom returning with the instrument of correction, undressed the delinquent in a trice, and whispering in his ear that he was very sorry for being employed in such an office, but durst not for his soul disobey the orders of his commander, flourished the scourge about his head, and with admirable dexterity made such a smarting application to the offender's back and shoulders, that the distracted gauger performed sundry new cuts with his feet, and bellowed hideously with pain, to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators. At length, when he was almost flea'd from his rump to then ape of his neck, Hatchway, who had purposely absented himself hitherto, appeared in the yard, and interposing in his behalf, prevailed upon Trunnion to call off the executioner, and ordered the malefactor to be released.

The exciseman, mad with the cata-

strophe he had undergone, threatened to be revenged upon his employers, by making a candid confession of the whole plot; but the lieutenant giving him to understand, that in so doing he would bring upon himself a prosecution for fraud, forgery, and imposture, he was fain to put up with his loss, and sneaked out of the garrison, attended with a volley of curses discharged upon him by the commodore, who was exceedingly irritated by the disturbance and disappointment he had undergone.

CHAP. XV.

THE COMMODORE DETECTS THE MACHINATIONS OF THE CONSPIRATORS, AND HIRES A TUTOR FOR PEREGRINE, WHOM HE SETTLES AT WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

THIS was not the least affliction he suffered from the unwearied endeavours and inexhausted invention of his tormentors, who harassed him with such a variety of mischievous pranks, that he began to think all the devils in hell had conspired against his peace; and accordingly became very serious and contemplative on the subject.

In the course of his meditations, when he recollected and compared the circumstances of every mortification to which he had been lately exposed, he could not help suspecting that some of them must have been contrived to vex him; and as he was not ignorant of his lieutenant's disposition, nor unacquainted with the talents of Peregrine, he resolved to observe them both for the future with the utmost care and circumspection. This resolution, aided by the incautious conduct of the conspirators, whom, by this time, success had rendered heedless and indiscreet, was attended with the desired effect. He in a little time detected Perry in a new plot, and by dint of a little chastisement, and a great many threats, extorted from him a confession of all the contrivances in which he had been concerned. The commodore was thunder-struck at the discovery, and so much incensed against Hatchway for the part he had acted in the whole, that he deliberated with himself, whether he should demand satisfaction with sword and pistol, or dismiss him from the garrison, and

and renounce all friendship with him at once. But he had been so long accustomed to Jack's company, that he could not live without him; and upon more cool reflection, perceiving that what he had done was rather the effect of wantonness than malice, which he himself would have laughed to see take place upon any other person, he determined to devour his chagrin, and extend his forgiveness even to Pipes, whom, in the first fury of his passion, he had looked upon in a more criminal light than that of a simple mutineer. This determination was seconded by another, which he thought absolutely necessary for his own repose, and in which his own interest and that of his nephew concurred.

Peregrine, who was now turned of twelve, had made such advances under the instruction of Jennings, that he often disputed upon grammar, and was sometimes thought to have the better in his contests, with the parish-priest; who, notwithstanding this acknowledged superiority of his antagonist, did great justice to his genius, which he assured Mr. Trunnion would be lost for want of cultivation, if the boy was not immediately sent to prosecute his studies at some proper seminary of learning.

This maxim had been more than once inculcated upon the commodore by Mrs. Trunnion; who, over and above the deference she paid to the parson's opinion, had a reason of her own for wishing to see the house clear of Peregrine, at whose prying disposition she began to be very uneasy. Induced by these motives, which were joined by the solicitation of the youth himself, who ardently longed to see a little more of the world, his uncle determined to send him forthwith to Winchester, under the immediate care and inspection of a governor, to whom he allowed a very handsome appointment for that purpose. This gentleman, whose name was Mr. Jacob Jolter, had been school-fellow with the parson of the parish, who recommended him to Mrs. Trunnion as a person of great worth and learning, in every respect qualified for the office of a tutor. He likewise added, by way of eulogium, that he was a man of exemplary piety, and particularly zealous for the honour of the church of which he was a member, having been many years in holy orders, though he did not then exercise any function of the priesthood. Indeed, Mr. Jolter's zeal

was so exceedingly fervent, as, on some occasions, to get the better of his discretion: for, being an high-churchman, and of consequence a malcontent, his resentment was habituated into an insurmountable prejudice against the present disposition of affairs, which, by confounding the nation with the ministry, sometimes led him into erroneous, not to say absurd calculations; otherwise, a man of good morals, well versed in mathematics and school-divinity, studies which had not at all contributed to sweeten and unbend the natural sourness and severity of his complexion.

This gentleman being destined to the charge of superintending Perry's education, every thing was prepared for their departure; and Tom Pipes, in consequence of his own petition, put into livery, and appointed footman to the young squire. But, before they set out, the commodore paid the compliment of communicating his design to Mr. Pickle, who approved of the plan, though he durst not venture to see the boy; so much was he intimidated by the remonstrances of his wife, whose aversion to her first-born became every day more inveterate and unaccountable. This unnatural caprice seemed to be supported by a consideration which, one would imagine, might have rather vanquished her disgust. Her second son Gam, who was now in the fourth year of his age, had been rickety from the cradle, and as remarkably unpromising in appearance as Perry was agreeable in his person. As the deformity increased, the mother's fondness was augmented, and the virulence of her hate against the other son seemed to prevail in the same proportion.

Far from allowing Perry to enjoy the common privileges of a child, she would not suffer him to approach his father's house, expressed uneasiness whenever his name happened to be mentioned, sickened at his praise, and in all respects behaved like a most rancorous step-mother. Though she no longer retained that ridiculous notion of his being an impostor, she still continued to abhor him, as if she really believed him to be such; and when any person desired to know the cause of her surprising dislike, she always lost her temper, and peevishly replied, that she had reasons of her own, which she was not obliged to declare: nay, so much was she infected

by

by this vicious partiality, that she broke off all commerce with her sister-in-law and the commodore, because they favoured the poor child with their countenance and protection.

Her malice, however, was frustrated by the love and generosity of Trunnion, who having adopted him as his own son, equipped him accordingly, and carried him and his governor in his own coach to the place of destination, where they were settled on a very genteel footing, and every thing regulated according to their desires.

Mrs. Trunnion behaved with great decency at the departure of her nephew, to whom, with a great many pious advices, and injunctions to behave with submission and reverence towards his tutor, she presented a diamond ring of small value, and a gold medal, as tokens of her affection and esteem. As for the lieutenant, he accompanied them in the coach; and such was the friendship he had contracted for Perry, that when the commodore proposed to return, after having accomplished the intent of his journey, Jack absolutely refused to attend him, and signified his resolution to stay where he was.

Trunnion was the more startled at this declaration, as Hatchway was become so necessary to him in almost all the purposes of his life, that he foresaw he should not be able to exist without his company. Not a little affected with this consideration, he turned his eye ruefully upon the lieutenant, saying, in a piteous tone, 'What! leave me at last, Jack, after we have weathered so many hard gales together? D—n my limbs! I thought you had been more of an honest heart: I looked upon you as my foremast, and Tom Pipes as my mizzen; now he is carried away, if so be as you go too, my standing rigging being decayed, d'ye see, the first squall will bring me by the board. D—n ye! if in case I have given offence, can't ye speak above-board, and I shall make you amends?'

Jack being ashamed to own the true situation of his thoughts, after some hesitation, answered, with perplexity and incoherence, 'No, damme! that an't the case neither: to be sure you always used me in an officer-like manner, that I must own, to give the devil his due, as the saying is: but for all that, this here is the case; I have

'some thoughts of going to school myself to learn your Latin lingo; for, as the saying is, *Better late mend than never*. And I am informed as how one can get more for the money here than any where else.'

In vain did Trunnion endeavour to convince him of the folly of going to school at his years, by representing, that the boys would make game of him, and that he would become a laughing-stock to all the world; he persisted in his resolution to stay, and the commodore was fain to have recourse to the mediation of Pipes and Perry, who employed their influence with Jack, and at last prevailed upon him to return to the garrison, after Trunnion had promised he should be at liberty to visit them once a month. This stipulation being settled, he and his friend took leave of the pupil, governor and attendant, and next morning set out for their habitation, which they reached in safety that same night.

Such was Hatchway's reluctance to leave Peregrine, that he is said, for the first time in his life, to have looked misty at parting: certain I am, that on the road homewards, after a long pause of silence, which the commodore never dreamed of interrupting, he exclaimed all of a sudden, 'I'll be damned if the dog ha'n't given me some stuff to make me love him.' Indeed, there was something congenial in the dispositions of these two friends, which never failed to manifest itself in the sequel, howsoever different their education, circumstances, and connections, happened to be.

CHAP. XVI.

PEREGRINE DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF AMONG HIS SCHOOL-ELLOWS; EXPOSES HIS TUTOR, AND ATTRACTS THE PARTICULAR NOTICE OF THE MASTER.

THUS left to the prosecution of his studies, Peregrine was in a little time a distinguished character, not only for his acuteness of apprehension, but also for that mischievous fertility of fancy, of which we have already given such pregnant examples. But as there was a great number of such luminaries in this new sphere to which he belonged, his talents were not so conspicuous, while they shone in his single capacity, as they afterwards

afterwards appeared, when they concentrated and reflected the rays of the whole constellation.

At first he confined himself to piddling game, exercising his genius upon his own tutor, who attracted his attention, by endeavouring to season his mind with certain political maxims, the fallacy of which he had discernment enough to perceive. Scarce a day passed in which he did not find means to render Mr. Jolter the object of ridicule; his violent prejudices, ludicrous vanity, awkward solemnity, and ignorance of mankind, afforded continual food for the raillery, petulance, and satire of his pupil, who never neglected an opportunity of laughing, and making others laugh at his expence.

Sometimes in their parties, by mixing brandy in his wine, he decoyed this pedagogue into a debauch, during which his caution forsook him, and he exposed himself to the censure of the company. Sometimes, when the conversation turned upon intricate subjects, he practised upon him the Socratick method of confutation; and, under pretence of being informed, by an artful train of puzzling questions, insensibly betrayed him into self-contradiction.

All the remains of authority which he had hitherto preserved over Peregrine soon vanished; so that, for the future, no sort of ceremony subsisted between them, and all Mr. Jolter's precepts were conveyed in hints of friendly advice, which the other might either follow or neglect at his own pleasure. No wonder, then, that Peregrine gave a loose to his inclinations, and by dint of genius, and an enterprising temper, made a figure among the younger class of heroes in the school.

Before he had been a full year at Winchester, he had signalized himself in so many achievements, in defiance to the laws and regulations of the place, that he was looked upon with admiration, and actually chosen *dux*, or leader, by a large body of his cotemporaries. It was not long before his fame reached the ears of the master, who sent for Mr. Jolter, communicated to him the informations he had received, and desired him to check the vivacity of his charge, and redouble his vigilance in time to come, else he should be obliged to make a publick example of his pupil for the benefit of the school.

The governor, conscious of his own unimportance, was not a little disconcerted at this injunction, which it was not in his power to fulfil by any compulsive means. He therefore went home in a very pensive mood, and after mature deliberation, resolved to expostulate with Peregrine in the most familiar terms, and endeavour to dissuade him from practices which might affect his character as well as interest. He accordingly frankly told him the subject of the master's discourse, represented the disgrace he might incur by neglecting this warning; and putting him in mind of his own situation, hinted the consequences of the commodore's displeasure, in case he should be brought to disapprove of his conduct. These insinuations made the greater impression, as they were delivered with many expressions of friendship and concern. The young gentleman was not so raw, but that he could perceive the solidity of Mr. Jolter's advice, to which he promised to conform, because his pride was interested in the affair: and he considered his own reformation as the only means of avoiding that infamy, which even in idea he could not bear.

His governor, finding him so reasonable, profited by these moments of reflection; and, in order to prevent a relapse, proposed that he should engage in some delightful study that would agreeably amuse his imagination, and gradually detach him from those connections which had involved him in so many troublesome adventures. For this purpose he, with many rapturous encomiums, recommended the mathematics, as yielding more rational and sensible pleasures to a youthful fancy than any other subject of contemplation; and actually began to read Euclid with him that same afternoon.

Peregrine entered upon this branch of learning with all that warmth of application which boys commonly yield on the first change of study; but he had scarce advanced beyond the *Pons Asinorum*, when his ardour abated; the test of truth by demonstration, did not elevate him to those transports of joy with which his preceptor had regaled his expectation; and before he arrived at the fortieth and seventh proposition, he began to yawn drearily, make abundance of wry faces; and thought himself but indifferently paid for his attention, when

he

he shared the vast discovery of Pythagoras, and understood that the square of the hypotenuse was equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle. He was ashamed, however, to fail in his undertaking, and persevered with great industry, until he had finished the first four books, acquired plain trigonometry, with the method of algebraical calculation, and made himself well acquainted with the principles of surveying. But no consideration could prevail upon him to extend his inquiries farther in this science: and he returned with double relish to his former avocations; like a stream, which being dammed, accumulates more force, and bursting over it's mounds, rushes down with double impetuosity.

Mr. Jolter saw with astonishment and chagrin, but could not resist the torrent. His behaviour was now no other than a series of licence and effrontery; prank succeeded prank, and outrage followed outrage, with surprizing velocity. Complaints were every day preferred against him; in vain were admonitions bestowed by the governor in private, and menaces discharged by the masters in public; he disregarded the first, despised the latter, divested himself of all manner of restraint, and proceeded in his career to such a pitch of audacity, that a consultation was held upon the subject, in which it was determined, that this untoward spirit should be humbled by a severe and ignominious flogging for the very next offence he should commit. In the mean time, Mr. Jolter was desired to write in the master's name to the commodore, requesting him to remove Tom Pipes from the person of his nephew, the said Pipes being a principal actor and abettor in all his malversations; and to put a stop to the monthly visitations of the mutilated lieutenant, who had never once failed to use his permission, but came punctual to a day, always fraught with some new invention. Indeed, by this time, Mr. Hatchway was as well known, and much better beloved, by every boy in the school, than the master who instructed him, and always received by a number of scholars, who used to attend Peregrine when he went forth to meet his friend, and conduct him to his lodging with public testimonies of joy and applause.

As for Tom Pipes, he was not so

properly the attendant of Peregrine, as master of the revels to the whole school. He mingled in all their parties, and superintended the diversions, deciding between boy and boy, as if he acted by commission under the great seal. He regulated their motions by his whistle; instructed the young boys in the games of hustle-cap, leap-frog, and chuck-farthing; imparted to those of a more advanced age the sciences of cribbage and all fours, together with the method of storming the castle, acting the comedy of Prince Arthur, and other pantomimes, as they are commonly exhibited at sea; and instructed the seniors, who were distinguished by the appellation of bloods, in cudgel playing, dancing the St. Giles's hornpipe, drinking flip, and smoking tobacco. These qualifications had rendered him so necessary and acceptable to the scholars, that, exclusive of Perry's concern in the affair, his dismission, in all probability, would have produced some dangerous convulsion in the community. Jolter, therefore, knowing his importance, informed his pupil of the directions he had received, and very candidly asked how he should demean himself in the execution; for he durst not write to the commodore without this previous notice, fearing that the young gentleman, as soon as he should get an inkling of the affair, would follow the example, and make his uncle acquainted with certain anecdotes, which it was the governor's interest to keep concealed. Peregrine was of opinion that he should spare himself the trouble of conveying any complaints to the commodore; and if questioned by the master, assure him he had complied with his desire; at the same time he promised faithfully to conduct himself with such circumspection for the future, that the masters should have no temptation to revive the inquiry. But the resolution attending this extorted promise was too frail to last, and in less than a fortnight our young hero found himself intangled in an adventure from which he was not extricated with his usual good fortune.

CHAP. XVII.

HE IS CONCERNED IN A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE WITH A CERTAIN

as
ool.
fu-
be-
by
He
lle;
mes
uck-
more
page
me-
the
ther
ex-
le-
ap-
ing,
ink-
hele
ne-
lars,
n in
oba-
dan-
nity.
port-
irec-
can-
nim-
not
this
oung
et an
y the
aint-
was
ceal-
at he
con-
mmo-
fter,
s de-
aith-
cir-
wa-
o re-
ution
s too
fort-
mself
hich
usual

NGE-
ER-
ADW



Richard del.

Gilbert sculp.

Plate III.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co Aug 17. 1781.

TAIN GARDENER; SUBLIMES HIS IDEAS, COMMENCES GALLANT, AND BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH MISS EMILY GAUNTLET.

HE and some of his companions one day entered a garden in the suburbs, and having indulged their appetites, desired to know what satisfaction they must make for the fruit they had pulled. The gardener demanded what (in their opinion) was an exorbitant price; and they, with many approbrious terms, refused to pay it. The peasant, being surly and untractable, insisted upon his right; neither was he deficient or sparing in the eloquence of vulgar abuse. His guests attempted to retreat; a scuffle ensued, in which Peregrine lost his cap, and the gardener being in danger from the number of his foes, called to his wife to let loose the dog, who instantly flew to his master's assistance; and after having tore the leg of one, and the shoulder of another, put the whole body of scholars to flight. Enraged at the indignity which had been offered them, they solicited a reinforcement of their friends; and with Tom Pipes at their head, marched back to the field of battle. Their adversary seeing them approach, called his apprentice, who worked at the other end of the ground, to his assistance, armed him with a mattock, while he himself wielded an hoe, bolted his door on the inside, and flanked with his man and mastiff, waited the attack without flinching. He had not remained three minutes in this posture of defence, when Pipes, who acted as the enemy's forlorn hope, advanced to the gate with great intrepidity, and clapping his foot to the door, which was none of the stoutest, with the execution and dispatch of a petard, split it into a thousand pieces. This sudden execution had an immediate effect upon the prentice, who retreated with great precipitation; and escaped at a postern. But the master placed himself, like another Hercules, in the breach; and when Pipes, brandishing his cudgel, stepped forward to engage him, levelled his weapon with such force and dexterity at his head, that had the skull been made of penetrable stuff, the iron-edge must have cleft his pate in twain. Calculated as he was, the instrument cut sheer even to the bone, on which it struck with such amazing violence, that

sparks of real fire were produced by the collision. And let not the incredulous reader pretend to doubt the truth of this phenomenon, until he shall have first perused the ingenious Peter Kolben's Natural History of the Cape of Good Hope, where the inhabitants commonly use to strike fire with the shin-bones of lions which have been killed in that part of Africk.

Pipes, though a little disconcerted, far from being disabled by the blow, in a trice retorted the compliment with his truncheon, which, had not his antagonist expeditiously slipped his head aside, would have laid him breathless across his own threshold; but, happily for him, he received the salutation upon his right shoulder, which crashed beneath the stroke, and the hoe dropped instantly from his tingling hand. Tom perceiving, and being unwilling to forego the advantage he had gained, darted his head into the bosom of this son of earth, and overturned him on the plain, being himself that instant assaulted by the mastiff, who fastened upon the outside of his thigh. Feeling himself incommoded by this assailant in his rear, he quitted the prostrate gardener to the resentment of his associates, who poured upon him in shoals, and turning about, laid hold with both his hands of this ferocious animal's throat, which he squeezed with such incredible force and perseverance, that the creature quitted his hold; his tongue lolled out of his jaws, the blood started from his eyes, and he swung a lifeless trunk between the hands of his vanquisher.

It was well for his master that he did not longer exist; for by this time he was overwhelmed by such a multitude of foes, that his whole body scarce afforded points of contact to all the fists that drummed upon it; consequently, to use a vulgar phrase, his wind was almost knocked out, before Pipes had leisure to interpose in his behalf, and persuade his offenders to desist, by representing that the wife had gone to alarm the neighbourhood, and that in all probability they would be intercepted in their return. They accordingly listened to his remonstrances, and marched homewards in triumph, leaving the gardener in the embraces of his mother earth, from which he had not power to move when he was found by his disconsolate help-mate and some

friends whom she had assembled for his assistance. Among these was a blacksmith and farrier, who took cognizance of his carcase, every limb of which having examined, he declared there was no bone broke, and taking out his fleam, blooded him plentifully as he lay. He was then conveyed to his bed, from which he was not able to stir during a whole month. His family coming upon the parish, a formal complaint was made to the master of the school, and Peregrine represented as the ring-leader of those who committed this barbarous assault. An enquiry was immediately set on foot, and the articles of impeachment being fully proved, our hero was sentenced to be severely chastised in the face of the whole school. This was a disgrace, the thoughts of which his proud heart could not brook. He resolved to make his elopement rather than undergo the punishment to which he was doomed; and having signified his sentiments to his confederates, they promised, one and all, to stand by him, and either screen him from chastisement, or share his fate.

Confiding in this friendly protestation, he appeared unconcerned on the day that was appointed for his punishment; and when he was called to his destiny, advanced towards the scene, attended by the greatest part of the scholars, who intimated their determination to the master, and proposed that Peregrine should be forgiven. The superior behaved with that dignity of demeanor which became his place, represented the folly and presumption of their demand, reprehended them for their audacious proceeding, and ordered every boy to his respective station. They obeyed his command, and our unfortunate hero was publicly horfed, *in terrorem* of all whom it might concern.

This disgrace had a very sensible effect upon the mind of Peregrine, who having by this time passed the fourteenth year of his age, began to adopt the pride and sentiments of a man. Thus dishonourably stigmatized, he was ashamed to appear in public as usual; he was incensed against his companions for their infidelity and irresolution, and plunged into a profound reverie that lasted several weeks, during which he shook off his boyish connections, and fixed his view upon objects which he thought more worthy of his attention.

In the course of his gymnastick exercises, at which he was very expert, he contracted intimacies with several youths who were greatly his superiors in point of age, and who, pleased with his aspiring genius and address, introduced him into parties of gallantry which strongly captivated his inclination. He was by nature particularly adapted for succeeding in adventures of this kind; over and above a most engaging person, that improved with his years, he possessed a dignified assurance, an agreeable ferocity, which enhanced the conquest of the fair who had the good fortune to enslave him, unlimited generosity, and a fund of humour which never failed to please. Nor was he deficient in the more solid accomplishments of youth; he had profited in his studies beyond expectation, and besides that sensibility of discernment which is the foundation of taste, and in consequence of which he distinguished and enjoyed the beauties of the classics, he had already given several specimens of a very promising poetick talent.

With this complexion and these qualifications, no wonder that our hero attracted the notice and affections of the young Delias in town, whose hearts had just began to flutter for they knew not what. Inquiries were made concerning his condition; and no sooner were his expectations known, than he was invited and caressed by all the parents, while their daughters vied with each other in treating him with particular complacency. He inspired love and emulation wherever he appeared; envy and jealous rage followed of course; so that he became a very desirable, though a very dangerous acquaintance. His moderation was not equal to his success; his vanity took the lead of his passions, dissipating his attention, which might otherwise have fixed him to one object; and he was possessed with the rage of increasing the number of his conquests. With this view he frequented public-walks, concerts, and assemblies, became remarkably rich and fashionable in his cloaths, gave entertainments to the ladies, and was in the utmost hazard of turning out a most egregious coxcomb.

While his character thus wavered between the ridicule of some, and the regard of others, an accident happened, which, by contracting his view to one object,

object, detached him from those vain pursuits that would in time have plunged him into an abyss of folly and contempt. Being one evening at the ball which is always given to the ladies at the time of the races, the person who acted as master of the ceremonies, knowing how fond Mr. Pickle was of every opportunity to display himself, came up and told him, that there was a fine young creature at the other end of the room, who seemed to have a great inclination to dance a minuet, but wanted a partner, the gentleman who attended her being in boots.

Peregrine's vanity being aroused at this intimation, he went up to reconnoitre the young lady, and was struck with admiration at her beauty. She seemed to be of his own age, was tall, and, though slender, exquisitely shaped; her hair was auburn, and in such plenty, that the barbarity of dress had not been able to prevent it from shading both sides of her forehead, which was high and polished; the contour of her face was oval, her nose very little raised into the aquiline form, that contributed to the spirit and dignity of her aspect; her mouth was small, her lips plump, juicy, and delicious, her teeth regular and white as driven snow, her complexion incredibly delicate, and glowing with health, and her full blue eyes beamed forth vivacity and love: her mien was at the same time commanding and engaging, her address perfectly genteel, and her whole appearance so captivating, that our young Adonis looked, and was overcome.

He no sooner recollected himself from his astonishment, than he advanced to her with a graceful air of respect, and begged she would do him the honour to walk a minuet with him. She seemed particularly pleased with his application, and very frankly complied with his request. This pair was too remarkable to escape the particular notice of the company; Mr. Pickle was well known by almost every body in the room, but his partner was altogether a new face, and of consequence underwent the criticism of all the ladies in the assembly: one whispered, 'She has a good complexion, but don't you think she is a little awry?' A second pitied her for her masculine nose; a third observed, that she was awkward for want of seeing company; a fourth distinguished something very bold in her

countenance; and, in short, there was not a beauty in her whole composition, which the glass of envy did not pervert into a blemish.

The men, however, looked upon her with different eyes; among them her appearance produced an universal murmur of applause; they encircled the space on which she danced, and were enchanted by her graceful motion. While they launched out in the praises of her, they expressed their displeasure at the good fortune of her partner, whom they damned for a little finical coxcomb, that was too much engrossed by the contemplation of his own person, to discern or deserve the favour of his fate. He did not hear, therefore could not repine at these invectives; but while they imagined he indulged his vanity, a much more generous passion had taken possession of his heart.

Instead of that petulance of gaiety for which he had been distinguished in his publick appearance, he now gave manifest signs of confusion and concern; he danced with an anxiety which impeded his performance, and blushed to the eyes at every false step he made. Though this extraordinary agitation was overlooked by the men, it could not escape the observation of the ladies, who perceived it with equal surprize and resentment; and when Peregrine led his fair unknown to her seat, expressed their pique in an affected titter, which broke from every mouth at the same instant, as if all of them had been informed by the same spirit.

Peregrine was nettled at this unmannerly mark of disapprobation; and, in order to increase their chagrin, endeavoured to enter into particular conversation with their fair rival. The young lady herself, who neither wanted penetration, nor the consciousness of her own accomplishments, resented their behaviour, though she triumphed at the cause of it, and gave her partner all the encouragement he could desire. Her mother, who was present, thanked him for his civility in taking such notice of a stranger, and he received a compliment of the same nature from the young gentleman in boots, who was her own brother.

If he was charmed with her appearance, he was quite ravished with her discourse, which was sensible, spirited, and gay. Her frank and sprightly de-

meanour excited his own confidence and good-humour; and he described to her the characters of those females who had honoured them with such a spiteful mark of distinction, in terms so replete with humorous satire, that she seemed to listen with particular complacency of attention, and distinguished every nymph thus ridiculed with such a significant glance, as overwhelmed her with chagrin and mortification. In short, they seemed to relish each other's conversation, during which our young Damon acquitted himself with great skill in all the duties of gallantry; he laid hold of proper opportunities to express his admiration of her charms, had recourse to the silent rhetoric of tender looks, breathed divers insidious sighs, and attached himself wholly to her during the remaining part of the entertainment.

When the company broke up, he attended her to her lodgings, and took leave of her with a squeeze of the hand, after having obtained permission to visit her next morning, and been informed by the mother that her name was Miss Emilia Gauntlet.

All night long he closed not an eye, but amused himself with plans of pleasure, which his imagination suggested, in consequence of this new acquaintance. He arose with the lark, adjusted his hair into an agreeable negligence of curl, and dressing himself in a genteel grey frock trimmed with silver binding, waited with the utmost impatience for the hour of ten, which no sooner struck than he hied him to the place of appointment, and enquiring for Miss Gauntlet, was shewn into a parlour. Here he had not waited above ten minutes, when Emilia entered in a most enchanting undress, with all the graces of nature playing about her person, and in a moment rivetted the chains of his slavery beyond the power of accident to unbind.

Her mother being still a-bed, and her brother gone to give orders about the chaise, in which they proposed to return that same day to their own habitation, he enjoyed her company *tête à tête* a whole hour, during which he declared his love in the most passionate terms, and begged that he might be admitted into the number of those admirers whom she permitted to visit and adore her.

She affected to look upon his vows and protestations as the ordinary effects of gallantry, and very obligingly as-

sured him, that were she to live in that place, she should be glad to see him often; but as the spot on which she resided was at a considerable distance, she could not expect he would go so far upon such a trifling occasion, to take the trouble of providing himself with her mamma's permission.

To this favourable hint he answered with all the eagerness of the most fervid passion, that he uttered nothing but the genuine dictates of his heart; that he desired nothing so much as an opportunity of evincing the sincerity of his professions; and that though he lived at the extremity of the kingdom, he would find means to lay himself at her feet, provided he could visit her with her mother's consent, which he assured her he would not fail to solicit.

She then gave him to understand, that her habitation was about sixteen miles from Winchester; in a village which she named, and where (as he could easily collect from her discourse) he would be no unwelcome guest.

In the midst of this communication they were joined by Mrs. Gauntlet, who received him with great courtesy, thanking him again for his politeness to Emy at the ball, and anticipated his intention, by saying that she should be very glad to see him at her house, if ever his occasions should call him that way.

CHAP. XVIII.

HE INQUIRES INTO THE SITUATION OF THIS YOUNG LADY, WITH WHOM HE IS ENAMOUR-ED; ELOPES FROM SCHOOL; IS FOUND BY THE LIEUTENANT, CONVEYED TO WINCHESTER, AND SENDS A LETTER WITH A COPY OF VERSES TO HIS MISTRESS.

HE was transported with pleasure at this invitation, which he assured her he should not neglect; and after a little more conversation on general topics, took his leave of the charming Emilia, and her prudent mamma, who had perceived the first emotions of Mr. Pickle's passion for her daughter, and been at some pains to inquire about his family and fortune.

Neither was Peregrine less inquisitive about

about the situation and pedigree of his new mistress; who, he learned, was the only daughter of a field-officer, who died before he had it in his power to make suitable provision for his children; that the widow lived in a frugal, though decent manner, on her pension, assisted by the bounty of her relations; that the son carried arms as volunteer in the company which his father had commanded; and that Emilia had been educated in London, at the expence of a rich uncle, who was seized with the whim of marrying at the age of fifty-five; in consequence of which, his niece had returned to her mother, without any visible dependance, except on her own conduct and qualifications.

This account, though it could not diminish his affection, nevertheless alarmed his pride; for his warm imagination had exaggerated all his own prospects; and he began to fear, that his passion for Emilia might be thought to derogate from the dignity of his situation. The struggle between his interest and love produced a perplexity which had an evident effect upon his behaviour; he became pensive, solitary, and peevish, avoided all publick diversions, and grew so remarkably negligent in his dress, that he was scarce distinguishable by his own acquaintance. This contention of thoughts continued several weeks, at the end of which the charms of Emilia triumphed over every other consideration. Having received a supply of money from the commodore, who acted towards him with great generosity, he ordered Pipes to put up some linen, and other necessaries, in a sort of knapsack which he could conveniently carry, and thus attended, set out early one morning on foot for the village where his charmer lived, at which he arrived before two o'clock in the afternoon; having chosen this method of travelling, that his route might not be so easily discovered, as it must have been had he hired horses, or taken a place in the stage-coach.

The first thing he did was to secure a convenient lodging at the inn where he dined; then he shifted himself, and according to the direction he had received, went to the house of Mrs. Gauntlet in a transport of joyous expectation. As he approached the gate, his agitation increased; he knocked with impatience

and concern, the door opened, and he had actually asked if Mrs. Gauntlet was at home, before he perceived that the portress was no other than his dear Emilia. She was not without emotion at the unexpected sight of her lover, who instantly recognizing his charmer, obeyed the irresistible impulse of his love, and caught the fair creature in his arms. Nor did she seem offended at this forwardness of behaviour, which might have displeased another of a less open disposition, or less used to the freedom of a sensible education; but her natural frankness had been encouraged and improved by the easy and familiar intercourse in which she had been bred; and therefore, instead of reprimanding him with a severity of look, she with great good-humour rallied him upon his assurance, which she observed, was undoubtedly the effect of his own conscious merit, and conducted him into a parlour, where he found her mother, who in very polite terms expressed her satisfaction at seeing him within her house.

After tea, Miss Emy proposed an evening walk, which they enjoyed through a variety of little copses and lawns, watered by a most romantick stream, that quite enchanted the imagination of Peregrine.

It was late before they returned from this agreeable excursion, and when our lover wished the ladies good night, Mrs. Gauntlet insisted upon his staying to supper, and treated him with particular demonstrations of regard and affection. As her oeconomy was not encumbered with an unnecessary number of domesticks, her own presence was often required in different parts of the house, so that the young gentleman was supplied with frequent opportunities of promoting his suit, by all the tender oaths and insinuations that his passion could suggest. He protested her idea had taken such entire possession of his heart, that finding himself unable to support her absence one day longer, he had quitted his studies, and left his governor by stealth, that he might visit the object of his adoration, and be blessed in her company for a few days without interruption.

She listened to his addresses with such affability as denoted approbation and delight, and gently chid him as a thoughtless

less truant, but carefully avoided the confession of a mutual flame; because she discerned in the midst of all his tenderness, a levity of pride which she durst not venture to trust with such a declaration. Perhaps she was confirmed in this caution by her mother, who very wisely, in her civilities to him, maintained a sort of ceremonious distance, which she thought not only requisite for the honour and interest of her family, but likewise for her own exculpation, should she ever be taxed with having encouraged or abetted him in the imprudent follies of his youth: yet, notwithstanding this affected reserve, he was treated with such distinction by both, that he was ravished with his situation, and became more and more enamoured every day.

While he remained under the influence of this sweet intoxication, his absence produced great disturbance at Winchester. Mr. Jolter was grievously afflicted at his abrupt departure, which alarmed him the more, as it happened after a long fit of melancholy which he had perceived in his pupil. He communicated his apprehensions to the master of the school, who advised him to apprise the commodore of his nephew's disappearance, and in the mean time, inquire at all the inns in town, whether he had hired horses, or any sort of carriage, for his conveyance, or was met with on the road by any person who could give an account of the direction in which he travelled.

This scrutiny, though performed with great diligence and minuteness, was altogether ineffectual; they could obtain no intelligence of the run away. Mr. Trunnion was well nigh distracted at the news of his flight; he raved with great fury at the imprudence of Peregrine, whom in his first transports he damned as an ungrateful deserter; then he cursed Hatchway and Pipes, who he swore had foundered the lad by their pernicious counsels; and, lastly, transferred his execrations upon Jolter, because he had not kept a better lookout: finally, he made an apostrophe to that son of a bitch the gout, which for the present disabled him from searching for his nephew in person. That he might not, however, neglect any means in his power, he immediately dispatched

expresses to all the sea-port towns on that coast, that he might be prevented from leaving the kingdom; and the lieutenant, at his own desire, was sent across the country in quest of this young fugitive.

Four days had he unsuccessfully carried on his inquiries with great accuracy; when, resolving to return by Winchester, where he hoped to meet with some hints of intelligence, by which he might profit in his future search, he struck off the common road to take the benefit of a nearer cut; and finding himself benighted near a village, took up his lodgings at the first inn to which his horse directed him. Having bespoken something for supper, and retired to his chamber, where he amused himself with a pipe, he heard a confused noise of rustick jollity, which being all of a sudden interrupted, after a short pause his ear was saluted with the voice of Pipes, who, at the solicitation of the company, began to entertain them with a song.

Hatchway instantly recognized the well-known sound, in which indeed he could not possibly be mistaken, as nothing in nature bore the least resemblance to it; he threw his pipe into the chimney, and snatching up one of his pistols, ran immediately to the apartment from whence the voice issued; he no sooner entered, than distinguishing his old ship-mate in a crowd of country peasants, he in a moment sprung upon him, and clapping his pistol to his breast, exclaimed, 'D—n you, Pipes, you are a dead man, if you don't immediately produce young master!'

This menacing application had a much greater effect upon the company than upon Tom, who looking at the lieutenant, with great tranquillity, replied, 'Why so I can, Master Hatchway.'—'What! safe and sound?' cried the other. 'As a roach!' answered Pipes, so much to the satisfaction of his friend Jack, that he shook him by the hand, and desired him to proceed with his song. This being performed, and the reckoning discharged, the two friends adjourned to the other room, where the lieutenant was informed of the manner in which the young gentleman had made his elopement from college, as well as of the other particulars of

of his present situation, as far as they had fallen within the sphere of his comprehension.

While they sat thus conferring together, Peregrine having taken leave of his mistress for the night, came home, and was not a little surprized, when Hatchway entering his chamber in his sea attitude, thrust out his hand by way of salutation. His old pupil received him as usual, with great cordiality, and expressed his astonishment at meeting him in that place; but when he understood the cause and intention of his arrival, he started with concern; and his visage glowing with indignation, told him he was old enough to be judge of his own conduct, and when he should see it convenient, would return of himself; but those who thought he was to be compelled to his duty, would find themselves egregiously mistaken.

The lieutenant assured him, that for his own part he had no intention to offer him the least violence; but, at the same time, he represented to him the danger of incensing the commodore, who was already almost distracted on account of his absence: and, in short, conveyed his arguments, which were equally obvious and valid, in such expressions of friendship and respect, that Peregrine yielded to his remonstrances, and promised to accompany him next day to Winchester.

Hatchway, overjoyed at the success of his negotiation, went immediately to the hostler, and bespoke a post-chaise for Mr. Pickle and his man, with whom he afterwards indulged himself in a double can of rumbo; and when the night was pretty far advanced, left the lover to his repose, or rather to the thorns of his own meditation; for he slept not one moment, being incessantly tortured with the prospect of parting from his divine Emilia, who had now acquired the most absolute empire over his soul. One minute he proposed to depart early in the morning, without seeing this enchantress, in whose bewitching presence he durst not trust his own resolution. Then the thoughts of leaving her in such an abrupt and disrespectful manner, interposed in favour of his love and honour. This war of sentiments kept him all night upon the rack, and it was time to rise before he had determined to visit his charmer, and candidly impart the motives that induced him to leave her,

He accordingly repaired to her mother's house with a heavy heart, being attended to the gate by Hatchway, who did not chuse to leave him alone; and being admitted, found Emilia just risen, and, in his opinion, more beautiful than ever.

Alarmed at his early visit, and the gloom that overspread his countenance, she stood in silent expectation of hearing some melancholy tidings; and it was not till after a considerable pause, that he collected resolution enough to tell her he was come to take his leave. Though she strove to conceal her sorrow, nature was not to be suppressed; every feature of her countenance saddened in a moment, and it was not without the utmost difficulty that she kept her lovely eyes from overflowing. He saw the situation of her thoughts, and in order to alleviate her concern, assured her he should find means to see her again in a very few weeks; meanwhile he communicated his reasons for departing, in which she readily acquiesced; and having mutually consoled each other, their transports of grief subsided, and before Mrs. Gauntlet came down stairs, they were in a condition to behave with great decency and resignation.

This good lady expressed her concern when she learned his resolution, saying, she hoped his occasions and inclinations would permit him to favour them with his agreeable company another time.

The lieutenant, who began to be uneasy at Peregrine's stay, knocked at the door, and being introduced by his friend, had the honour of breakfasting with the ladies; on which occasion his heart received such a rude shock from the charms of Emilia, that he afterwards made a merit with his friend of having constrained himself so far, as to forbear commencing his professed rival.

At length they bade adieu to their kind entertainers, and in less than an hour setting out from the inn, arrived about two o'clock in Winchester, where Mr. Jolter was overwhelmed with joy at their appearance.

The nature of this adventure being unknown to all except those who could be depended upon, every body who enquired about the cause of Peregrine's absence, was told that he had been with a relation in the country, and the master condescended to overlook his indifference; so that Hatchway seeing every thing

thing settled to the satisfaction of his friend, returned to the garrison, and gave the commodore an account of his expedition.

The old gentleman was very much startled when he heard there was a lady in the case, and very emphatically observed, that a man had better be sucked into the Gulph of Florida, than once get into the indraught of a woman; because, in one case, he may with good pilotage bring out his vessel safe between the Bahama's and the Indian shore; but in the other there is no outlet at all, and it is in vain to strive against the current; so that of course he must be embayed, and run chuck upon a lee-shore. He resolved, therefore, to lay the state of the case before Mr. Gamaliel Pickle, and concert such measures with him as should be thought likeliest to detach his son from the pursuit of an idle amour, which could not fail of interfering in a dangerous manner with the plan of his education.

In the mean time, Perry's ideas were totally engrossed by his amiable mistress; who, whether he slept or waked, was still present in his imagination, which produced the following stanzas in her praise.

I.

Adieu, ye streams that smoothly flow,
Ye vernal airs that softly blow,
Ye plains by blooming spring array'd,
Ye birds that warble thro' the shade.

II.

Unhurt, from you my soul could fly,
Nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh;
But forced from Celia's charms to part,
All joy deserts my drooping heart.

III.

O! fairer than the rosy morn,
When flowers the dewy fields adorn;
Unsollied as the genial ray,
That warms the balmy breeze of May.

IV.

Thy charms divinely bright appear,
And add new splendor to the year;
Improve the day with fresh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night!

This juvenile production was inclosed in a very tender billet to Emilia, and committed to the charge of Pipes, who was ordered to set out for Mrs. Gauntlet's habitation with a present of venison, and a compliment to the ladies; and directed to take some opportunity of

delivering the letter to Miss, without the knowledge of her mamma.

C H A P. XIX.

HIS MESSENGER MEETS WITH A MISFORTUNE. TO WHICH HE APPLIES A VERY EXTRAORDINARY EXPEDIENT THAT IS ATTENDED WITH STRANGE CONSEQUENCES.

AS a stage-coach passed within two miles of the village where she lived, Tom bargained with the driver for a seat on the box, and accordingly departed on this message, though he was but indifferently qualified for commissions of such a nature: having received particular injunctions about the letter, he resolved to make that the chief object of his care, and very sagaciously conveyed it between his stocking and the sole of his foot, where he thought it would be perfectly secure from all injury and accident. Here it remained until he arrived at the inn where he had formerly lodged; when, after having refreshed himself with a draught of beer, he pulled off his stocking, and found the poor billet fullied with dust, and torn in a thousand tatters by the motion of his foot in walking the last two miles of his journey. Thunder-struck at this phenomenon, he uttered a long and loud *whew!* which was succeeded by an exclamation of 'D—n my old shoes! a bite by G—!' then he rested his elbows on the table, and his forehead upon his two fists, and in that attitude deliberated with himself upon the means of remedying this misfortune.

As he was not distracted by a vast number of ideas, he soon concluded that his best expedient would be to employ the clerk of the parish, who he knew was a great scholar, to write another epistle according to the directions he should give him; and never dreaming that the mangled original would in the least facilitate this scheme, he very wisely committed it to the flames, that it might never rise up in judgment against him.

Having taken this wise step, he went in quest of the scribe, to whom he communicated his business, and promised a full pot by way of gratification. The clerk, who was also school-master, proud of an opportunity to distinguish his talents,

lents, readily undertook the task; and repairing with his employer to the inn, in less than a quarter of an hour produced a morsel of eloquence so much to the satisfaction of Pipes, that he squeezed his hand by way of acknowledgment, and doubled his allowance of beer. This being discussed, our courier betook himself to the house of Mrs. Gauntlet, with the haunch of venison and this succedaneous letter, and delivered his message to the mother, who received it with great respect, and many kind enquiries about the health and welfare of his master, attempting to tip the messenger a crown, which he absolutely refused to accept, in consequence of Mr. Pickle's repeated caution. While the old gentlewoman turned to a servant, in order to give directions about the disposal of the present, Pipes looked upon this as a favourable occasion to transact his business with Emilia, and therefore shutting one eye, with a jerk of his thumb towards his left shoulder, and a most significant twist of his countenance, he beckoned the young lady into another room, as if he had been fraught with something of consequence, which he wanted to impart. She understood the hint, howsoever strangely communicated; and by stepping to one side of the room, gave him an opportunity of slipping the epistle into her hand, which he gently squeezed at the same time in token of regard: then throwing a side-glance at the mother, whose back was turned, clapped his finger on the side of his nose, thereby recommending secrecy and discretion.

Emilia conveying the letter into her bosom, could not help smiling at Tom's politeness and dexterity; but lest her mamma should detect him in the execution of his pantomime, she broke off this intercourse of signs, by asking aloud, when he proposed, to set out on his return to Winchester. When he answered, 'To-morrow morning.' Mrs. Gauntlet recommended him to the hospitality of her own footman, desiring him to make much of Mr. Pipes below, where he was kept to supper, and very cordially entertained. Our young heroine, impatient to read her lover's billet, which made her heart throb with rapturous expectation, retired to her chamber as soon as possible, with a view of perusing the contents, which were these.

'DIVINE EMPRESS OF MY SOUL!

'IF the resplendent flames of your beauty had not evaporated the particles of my 'transported brain,' and scorched my intellects into a cinder of stolidity, perhaps the resplendency of my passion might shine illustrious through the sable curtain of my ink, and in sublimity transcend the galaxy itself, though wafted on the pinions of a grey goose-quill! But, ah! celestial enchantress! the necromancy of thy tyrannical charms hath fettered my faculties with adamant chains, which unless thy compassion shall melt, I must eternally remain in the Tartarean gulph of dismal despair. Vouchsafe, therefore, O thou brightest luminary of this terrestrial sphere! to warm as well as shine; and let the genial rays of thy benevolence melt the icy emanations of thy disdain, which hath frozen up the spirits of angelick prehemine! Thy most egregious admirer and superlative slave,

'PEREGRINE PICKLE.'

Never was astonishment more perplexing than that of Emilia, when she read this curious composition, which she repeated verbatim three times before she would credit the evidence of her own senses. She began to fear in good earnest that love had produced a disorder in her lover's understanding; but after a thousand conjectures, by which she attempted to account for this extraordinary fustian of style, she concluded that it was the effect of mere levity, calculated to ridicule the passion he had formerly professed. Irritated by this supposition, she resolved to baulk his triumph with affected indifference, and in the mean time endeavour to expel him from that place which he possessed within her heart. And, indeed, such a victory over her inclinations might have been obtained without great difficulty; for she enjoyed an easiness of temper, that could accommodate itself to the emergencies of her fate; and her vivacity, by amusing her imagination, preserved her from the keener sensations of sorrow. Thus determined and disposed, she did not send any sort of answer, or the least token of remembrance by Pipes, who was suffered to depart with a general compliment from the mother, and arrived at Winchester the next day.

H

Pere-

Peregrine's eyes sparkled when he saw his messenger come in, and he stretched out his hand in full confidence of receiving some particular mark of his Emilia's affection; but how was he confounded, when he found his hope so cruelly disappointed! In an instant his countenance fell. He stood for some time silent and abashed, then thrice repeated the interrogation of, 'What! not one word from Emilia?' And, dubious of his courier's discretion, enquired minutely into all the particulars of his reception. He asked if he had seen the young lady; if she was in good health; if he had found an opportunity of delivering his letter; and how she looked when he put it into her hand. Pipes answered, that he had never seen her in better health or higher spirits; that he had managed matters so as not only to present the billet unperceived, but also to ask her commands in private before he took his leave, when she told him that the letter required no reply. This last circumstance he considered as a manifest mark of disrespect, and gnawed his lips with resentment. Upon farther reflection, however, he supposed that she could not conveniently write by the messenger, and would undoubtedly favour him by the post. This consideration consoled him for the present, and he waited impatiently for the fruits of his hope; but after he had seen eight days elapsed without reaping the satisfaction with which he had flattered himself, his temper forsook him, he raved against the whole sex, and was seized with a fit of sullen chagrin; but his pride in a little time came to his assistance, and rescued him from the horrors of the melancholy fiend. He resolved to retort her own neglect upon his ungrateful mistress; his countenance gradually resumed its former serenity; and though by this time he was pretty well cured of his foppery, he appeared again at publick diversions with an air of gaiety and unconcern, that Emilia might have a chance of hearing how much, in all likelihood, he disregarded her disdain.

There are never wanting certain officious persons, who take pleasure in promoting intelligence of this sort. His behaviour soon reached the ears of Miss Gauntlet, and confirmed her in the opinion she had conceived from his letter; so that she fortified herself in her former

sentiments, and bore his indifference with great philosophy. Thus, a correspondence which had commenced with all the tenderness and sincerity of love, and every promise of duration, was interrupted in its infancy by a misunderstanding occasioned by the simplicity of Pipes, who never once reflected upon the consequences of his deceit.

Though their mutual passion was by these means suppressed for the present, it was not altogether extinguished, but glowed in secret, though even to themselves unknown, until an occasion which afterwards offered, blew up the latent flame, and Love resumed his empire in their breasts.

While they moved, as it were, without the sphere of each other's attraction, the commodore, fearing that Perry was in danger of involving himself in some pernicious engagement, resolved, by advice of Mr. Jolter and his friend the parish priest, to recal him from the place where he had contracted such imprudent connections, and send him to the university, where his education might be compleated, and his fancy weaned from all puerile amusements.

This plan had been proposed to his own father, who, as hath been already observed, stood always neuter in every thing that concerned his eldest son; and as for Mrs. Pickle, she had never heard his name mentioned since his departure with any degree of temper or tranquillity, except when her husband informed her that he was in a fair way of being ruined by this indiscreet amour. It was then she began to applaud her own foresight, which had discerned the mark of reprobation in that vicious boy, and launched out in comparison between him and Gammy; who, she observed, was a child of uncommon parts and solidity, and, with the blessing of God, would be a comfort to his parents, and an ornament to the family.

Should I affirm that this favourite, whom she commended so much, was in every respect the reverse of what she described; that he was a boy of mean capacity, and though remarkably distorted in his body, much more crooked in his disposition; and that she had persuaded her husband to espouse her opinion, though it was contrary to common sense, as well as to his own perception; I am afraid the reader will think I represent a monster that never existed

existed in nature, and be apt to condemn the oeconomy of my invention: nevertheless, there is nothing more true than every circumstance of what I have advanced; and I wish the picture, singular as it is, may not be thought to resemble more than one original.

CHAP. XX.

PEREGRINE IS SUMMONED TO ATTEND HIS UNCLE; IS MORE AND MORE HATED BY HIS OWN MOTHER; APPEALS TO HIS FATHER, WHOSE CONDESCENSION IS DEFEATED BY THE DOMINION OF HIS WIFE.

BUT waving these reflections, let us return to Peregrine, who received a summons to attend his uncle, and in a few days arrived with Mr. Jolter and Pipes at the garrison, which he filled with joy and satisfaction. The alteration which, during his absence, had happened in his person, was very favourable in his appearance; which, from that of a comely boy, was converted into that of a most engaging youth. He was already taller than a middle-sized man, his shape ascertained, his sinews well knit, his mien greatly improved, and his whole figure as elegant and graceful, as if it had been cast in the same mould with the Apollo of Belvidere.

Such an outside could not fail of prepossessing people in his favour. The commodore, notwithstanding the advantageous reports he had heard, found his expectation exceeded in the person of Peregrine, and signified his approbation in the most sanguine terms. Mrs. Trunnion was struck with his genteel address, and received him with uncommon marks of complacency and affection: he was caressed by all the people in the neighbourhood; who, while they admired his accomplishments, could not help pitying his infatuated mother, for being deprived of that unutterable delight which any other parent would have enjoyed in the contemplation of such an amiable son.

Divers efforts were made by some well-disposed people, to conquer, if possible, this monstrous prejudice; but their endeavours, instead of curing, served only to inflame the distemper, and the ne-

ver could be prevailed upon to indulge him with the least mark of maternal regard. On the contrary, her original disgust degenerated into such inveteracy of hatred, that she left no stone unturned to alienate the commodore's affection for this her innocent child, and even practised the most malicious defamation to accomplish her purpose. Every day did she abuse her husband's ear with some forged instance of Peregrine's ingratitude to his uncle, well knowing that it would reach the commodore's knowledge at night.

Accordingly, Mr. Pickle used to tell him at the club, that his hopeful favourite had ridiculed him in such a company, and aspersed his spouse upon another occasion; and thus retail the little scandalous issue of his own wife's invention. Luckily for Peregrine, the commodore paid no great regard to the authority of his informer, because he knew from what canal his intelligence flowed; besides, the youth had a staunch friend in Mr. Hatchway, who never failed to vindicate him when he was thus unjustly accused, and always found argument enough to confute the assertions of his enemies. But though Trunnion had been dubious of the young gentleman's principles, and deaf to the remonstrances of the lieutenant, Perry was provided with a bulwark strong enough to defend him from all such assaults. This was no other than his aunt, whose regard for him was perceived to increase in the same proportion as his own mother's diminished; and, indeed, the augmentation of the one was, in all probability, owing to the decrease of the other; for the two ladies, with great civility, performed all the duties of good neighbourhood, and hated each other most piously in their hearts.

Mrs. Pickle having been disobliged at the spendor of her sister's new equipage, had ever since that time, in the course of her visiting, endeavoured to make people merry with satirical jokes on the poor lady's infirmities; and Mrs. Trunnion seized the very first opportunity of making reprisals, by inveighing against her unnatural behaviour to her own child; so that Peregrine, as on the one hand he was abhorred, so on the other was he caressed, in consequence of this contention; and I firmly believe, that the most effectual method of destroying his interest at the garrison, would have

been the shew of countenancing him at his father's house: but, whether this conjecture be reasonable or chimerical, certain it is, the experiment was never tried, and therefore Mr. Peregrine ran no risque of being disgraced. The commodore, who assumed, and justly too, the whole merit of his education, was now as proud of the youth's improvements, as if he had actually been his own offspring; and sometimes his affection rose to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that he verily believed him to be the issue of his own loins. Notwithstanding this favourable predicament in which our hero stood with his aunt and her husband, he could not help feeling the injury he suffered from the caprice of his mother; and though the gaiety of his disposition hindered him from afflicting himself with reflections of any gloomy cast, he did not fail to foresee that if any sudden accident should deprive him of the commodore, he would in all likelihood find himself in a very disagreeable situation. Prompted by this consideration, he one evening accompanied his uncle to the club, and was introduced to his father, before that worthy gentleman had the least inkling of his arrival.

Mr. Gamaliel was never so disconcerted as at this rencounter. His own disposition would not suffer him to do any thing that might create the least disturbance, or interrupt his evening's enjoyment; so strongly was he impressed with the terror of his wife, that he durst not yield to the tranquillity of his temper: and, as I have already observed, his inclination was perfectly neutral. Thus distracted between different motives, when Perry was presented to him, he sat silent and absorpt, as if he did not or would not perceive the application; and when he was urged to declare himself by the youth, who pathetically begged to know how he had incurred his displeasure, he answered in a peevish strain, 'Why, good now, child, what would you have me to do? your mother can't abide you.'—'If my mother is so unkind, I will not call it unnatural,' said Peregrine, the tears of indignation starting from his eyes, 'as to banish me from her presence and affection, without the least cause assigned; I hope you will not be so unjust as to espouse her barbarous prejudice.' Before Mr. Pickle had time to reply to this

expostulation, for which he was not at all prepared, the commodore interposed, and enforced his favourite's remonstrance, by telling Mr. Gamaliel that he was ashamed to see any man drive in such a miserable manner under his wife's petticoat. 'As for my own part,' said he, raising his voice, and assuming a look of importance and command, 'before I would suffer myself to be steered all weathers by any woman in Christendom, d'ye see! I'd raise such a hurricane about her ears, that—' Here he was interrupted by Mr. Hatchway, who thrusting his head towards the door, in the attitude of one that listens, cried, 'Ahey! there's your spouse come to pay us a visit.' Trunnion's features that instant adopted a new disposition: fear and confusion took possession of his countenance; his voice from a tone of vociferation sunk into a whisper of, 'Sure you must be mistaken, Jack;' and in great perplexity he wiped off the sweat which had started on his forehead at this false alarm. The lieutenant having thus punished him for the rhodomontade he had uttered, told him with an arch sneer, that he was deceived by the sound of the outward door creaking upon it's hinges, which he mistook for Mrs. Trunnion's voice, and desired him to proceed with his admonitions to Mr. Pickle. It is not to be denied that this arrogance was a little unseasonable in the commodore, who was in all respects as effectually subdued to the dominion of his wife, as the person whose submission he then ventured to condemn; with this difference of disposition: Trunnion's subjection was like that of a bear, chequered with fits of furliness and rage; whereas Pickle bore the yoke like an ox, without repining. No wonder, then, that this indolence, this sluggishness, this stagnation of temper, rendered Gamaliel incapable of withstanding the arguments and importunity of his friends, to which he at length surrendered. He acquiesced in the justice of their observations, and taking his son by the hand, promised to favour him for the future with his love and fatherly protection.

But this laudable resolution did not last; Mrs. Pickle, still dubious of his constancy, and jealous of his communication with the commodore, never failed to interrogate him every night about the conversation that happened at the club; and regulate her exhortation according

according to the intelligence she received. He was no sooner, therefore, safely conveyed to bed (that academy in which all notable wives communicate their lectures) when her catechism began; and she in a moment perceived something reluctant and equivocal in her husband's answers. Arouzed at this discovery, she employed her influence and skill with such success, that he disclosed every circumstance of what had happened; and after having sustained a most severe rebuke for his simplicity and indiscretion, humbled himself so far as to promise that he would next day annul the condescensions he had made, and for ever renounce the ungracious object of her disgust. This undertaking was punctually performed in a letter to the commodore, which she herself dictated in these words.

'SIR,

'**W**HEREAS my good-nature being last night imposed upon, I was persuaded to countenance and promise I know not what to that vicious youth, whose parent I have the misfortune to be; I desire you will take notice that I revoke all such countenance and promises, and shall never look upon that man as my friend, who will henceforth in such a cause solicit, Sir, yours, &c.

'GAM. PICKLE.'

CHAP. XXI.

TRUNNION IS ENRAGED AT THE CONDUCT OF PICKLE. PEREGRINE RESENTS THE INJUSTICE OF HIS MOTHER, TO WHOM HE EXPLAINS HIS SENTIMENTS IN A LETTER. IS ENTERED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, WHERE HE SIGNALIZES HIMSELF AS A YOUTH OF AN ENTERPRIZING GENIUS.

UNSPEAKABLE were the transports of rage to which Trunnion was incensed by this absurd renunciation: he tore the letter with his gums (teeth he had none) spit with furious grimaces, in token of the contempt he entertained for the author, whom he not only damned as a lousy, scabby, nasty,

scurvy, sculking, lubberly noodle, but resolved to challenge to single combat with fire and sword; but he was dissuaded from this violent measure, and appeased by the intervention and advice of the lieutenant and Mr. Jolter, who represented the message as the effect of the poor man's infirmity, for which he was rather an object of pity than of resentment; and turned the stream of his indignation against the wife, whom he reviled accordingly. Nor did Peregrine himself bear with patience this injurious declaration, the nature of which he no sooner understood from Hatchway, than equally shocked and exasperated, he retired to his apartment, and in the first emotions of his ire, produced the following epistle, which was immediately conveyed to his mother.

'MADAM,

'**H**AD nature formed me a bug-bear to the sight, and inspired me with a soul as vicious as my body was detestable, perhaps I might have enjoyed particular marks of your affection and applause: seeing you have persecuted me with such unnatural aversion, for no other visible reason, than that of my differing so widely in shape as well as disposition, from that deformed urchin who is the object of your tenderness and care. If those be the terms on which alone I can obtain your favour, I pray God you may never cease to hate, Madam, your most injured son,

'PEREGRINE PICKLE.'

This letter, which nothing but his passion and inexperience could excuse, had such an effect upon his mother, as may be easily conceived. She was enraged to a degree of frenzy against the writer: though at the same time she considered the whole as the production of Mrs. Trunnion's particular pique, and represented it to her husband as an insult that he was bound in honour to resent, by breaking off all correspondence with the commodore and his family. This was a bitter pill to Gamaliel; who, through a long course of years, was so habituated to Trunnion's company, that he could as easily have parted with a limb, as have relinquished the club all at once. He therefore ventured to re-

present

present his own incapacity to follow her advice, and begged that he might at least be allowed to drop the connection gradually; protesting that he would do his endeavour to give her all manner of satisfaction.

Meanwhile preparations were made for Peregrine's departure to the university, and in a few weeks he set out, in the seventeenth year of his age, accompanied by the same attendants who lived with him at Winchester. His uncle laid strong injunctions upon him to avoid the company of immodest women, to mind his learning, to let him hear of his welfare as often as he could spare time to write, and settled his appointments at the rate of five hundred a year, including his governor's salary, which was one fifth part of the sum. The heart of our young gentleman, dilated at the prospect of the figure he should make with such an handsome annuity, the management of which was left at his own discretion: and he amused his imagination with the most agreeable reveries during his journey to Oxford, which he performed in two days. Here being introduced to the head of the college, to whom he had been recommended, accommodated with genteel apartments, entered as gentleman commoner in the books, and provided with a judicious tutor, instead of returning to the study of Greek and Latin, in which he thought himself already sufficiently instructed, he renewed his acquaintance with some of his old school-fellows, whom he found in the same situation, and was by them initiated in all the fashionable diversions of the place.

It was not long before he made himself remarkable for his spirit and humour, which were so acceptable to the bucks of the university, that he was admitted as a member of their corporation, and in a very little time became the most conspicuous personage of the whole fraternity; not that he valued himself upon his ability in smoaking the greatest number of pipes, and drinking the largest quantity of ale; these were qualifications of too gross a nature to captivate his refined ambition. He piqued himself on his talent for railery, his genius and taste, his personal accomplishments, and his success at intrigue: nor were his excursions confined to the small villages in the neighbourhood, which are commonly

visited once a week by the students for the sake of carnal recreation. He kept his own horses, traversed the whole country in parties of pleasure, attended all the races within fifty miles of Oxford, and made frequent jaunts to London, where he used to lie incognito during the best part of many a term.

The rules of the university were too severe to be observed by a youth of his vivacity; and therefore he became acquainted with the proctor by times. But all the checks, he received were insufficient to moderate his career; he frequented taverns and coffee-houses, committed midnight frolics in the streets, insulted all the sober and pacific class of his fellow-students; the tutors themselves were not sacred from his ridicule; he laughed at the magistrate, and neglected every particular of college discipline.

In vain did they attempt to restrain his irregularities by the imposition of fines; he was liberal to profusion; and therefore paid without reluctance. Thrice did he scale the windows of a tradesman, with whose daughter he had an affair of gallantry; as often was he obliged to seek his safety by a precipitate leap; and one night would in all probability have fallen a sacrifice to an ambuscade that was laid by the father, had not his trusty squire Pipes interposed in his behalf, and manfully rescued him from the clubs of his enemies.

In the midst of these excesses, Mr. Jolter finding his admonitions neglected, and his influence utterly destroyed, attempted to wean his pupil from his extravagant courses, by engaging his attention in some more laudable pursuit. With this view he introduced him into a club of politicians, who received him with great demonstrations of regard, accommodated themselves more than he could have expected to his jovial disposition, and while they revolved schemes for the reformation of the state, drank with such devotion to the accomplishment of their plans, that before parting, the cares of their patriotism were quite overwhelmed.

Peregrine, though he could not approve of their doctrine, resolved to attach himself for some time to their company; because he perceived ample subject for his ridicule, in the characters of these wrong-headed enthusiasts. It was a constant practice with them, in their
midnight

midnight consistories; to swallow such plentiful draughts of inspiration, that their mysteries commonly ended like those of the Bacchanalian Orgia; and they were seldom capable of maintaining that solemnity of decorum which, by the nature of their functions, most of them were obliged to profess. Now as Peregrine's satirical disposition was never more gratified than when he had an opportunity of exposing grave characters in ridiculous attitudes, he laid a mischievous snare for his new confederates, which took effect in this manner. In one of their nocturnal deliberations, he promoted such a spirit of good fellowship, by the agreeable fallies of his wit, which were purposely levelled against their political adversaries, that by ten o'clock they were all ready to join in the most extravagant proposal that could be made. They broke their glasses in consequence of his suggestion, drank healths out of their shoes, caps, and the bottoms of the candlesticks that stood before them, sometimes standing with one foot on a chair, and the knee bent on the edge of the table; and when they could no longer stand in that posture, setting their bare posteriors on the cold floor. They huzzaed, hallooed, danced, and sung; and, in short, were elevated to such a pitch of intoxication, that when Peregrine proposed that they should burn their periwigs, the hint was immediately approved, and they executed the frolick as one man. Their shoes and caps underwent the same fate, by the same instigation; and in this trim he led them forth into the street, where they resolved to compel every body they should find to subscribe to their political creed, and pronounce the Shiboleth of their party. In the achievement of this enterprize, they met with more opposition than they expected; they were encountered with arguments which they could not well withstand; the noses of some, and eyes of others, in a very little time bore the marks of obstinate dispute. Their conductor having at length engaged the whole body in a fray with another squadron, which was pretty much in the same condition, he very fairly gave them the slip, and slyly retreated to his apartment, foreseeing that his companions would soon be favoured with the notice of their superiors: nor was he deceived in his prognostick; the

proctor going his round, chanced to fall in with this tumultuous uproar, and interposing his authority, found means to quiet the disturbance. He took cognizance of their names, and dismissed the rioters to their respective chambers, not a little scandalized at the behaviour of some among them, whose business and duty it was to set far other examples to the youth under their care and direction.

About midnight, Pipes, who had orders to attend at a distance, and keep an eye upon Jolter, brought home that unfortunate governor upon his back, (Peregrine having before-hand secured his admittance into the college;) and among other bruises he was found to have received a couple of contusions on his face, which next morning appeared in a black circle that surrounded each eye. This was a mortifying circumstance to a man of his character and deportment, especially as he had received a message from the proctor, who desired to see him forthwith. With great humility and contrition he begged the advice of his pupil, who being used to amuse himself with painting, assured Mr. Jolter, that he would cover those signs of disgrace with a slight coat of flesh-colour, so dexterously, that it would be almost impossible to distinguish the artificial from the natural skin. The rueful governor, rather than expose such opprobrious tokens to the observation and censure of the magistrate, submitted to the expedient. Although his counsellor had over-rated his own skill, he was persuaded to confine in the disguise, and actually attended the proctor, with such a staring addition to the natural ghastliness of his features, that his visage bore a very apt resemblance to some of those ferocious countenances that hang over the doors of certain taverns and ale-houses, under the denomination of the Saracen's head.

Such a remarkable alteration of physiognomy could not escape the notice of the most undiscerning beholder, much less the penetrating eye of his severe judge, already whetted with what he had seen over-night. He was therefore upbraided with this ridiculous and shallow artifice, and together with the companions of his debauch, underwent such a cutting reprimand, for the scandalous irregularity of his conduct, that all of

of them remained crest-fallen, and were ashamed, for many weeks, to appear in the publick execution of their duty.

Peregrine was too vain of his finesse, to conceal the part he acted in this comedy, with the particulars of which he regaled his companions, and thereby intailed upon himself the hate and resentment of the community, whose maxims and practices he had disclosed; for he was considered as a spy, who had intruded himself into their society, with a view of betraying it; or, at best, as an apostate and renegado from the faith and principles which he had professed.

CHAP. XXII.

HE IS INSULTED BY HIS TUTOR, WHOM HE LAMPOONS; MAKES A CONSIDERABLE PROGRESS IN POLITE LITERATURE; AND IN AN EXCURSION TO WINDSOR, MEETS WITH EMILIA BY ACCIDENT, AND IS VERY COLDLY RECEIVED.

AMONG those who suffered by his craft and infidelity was Mr. Jumble, his own tutor, who could not at all digest the mortifying affront he had received, and was resolved to be revenged on the insulting author. With this view he watched the conduct of Mr. Pickle with the utmost rancour of vigilance, and let slip no opportunity of treating him with disrespect, which he knew the disposition of his pupil could less brook than any other severity it was in his power to exercise.

Peregrine had been several mornings absent from chapel; and as Mr. Jumble never failed to question him in a very peremptory style about his non-attendance, he invented some very plausible excuses; but at length his ingenuity was exhausted; he received a very galling rebuke for his profligacy of morals, and that he might feel it the more sensibly, was ordered, by way of exercise, to compose a paraphrase in English verse, upon these two lines in Virgil;

*Vane ligur, frustra que animis elate superbis,
Nec quicquam, patrias, sentassi lubricas,
artus.*

The imposition of this invidious theme had all the desired effect upon Peregrine,

who not only considered it as a piece of unmannerly abuse levelled against his own conduct, but also as a retrospective insult on the memory of his grandfather, who (as he had been informed) was in his life-time more noted for his cunning than candour in trade.

Exasperated at this instance of the pedant's audacity, he had well nigh (in his first transports) taken corporal satisfaction on the spot; but foreseeing the troublesome consequences that would attend such a flagrant outrage against the laws of the university, he checked his indignation, and resolved to revenge the injury in a more cool and contemptuous manner. Thus determined, he set on foot an enquiry into the particulars of Jumble's parentage and education. He learned that the father of this insolent tutor was a bricklayer, that his mother sold pyes, and that the son, at different periods of his youth, had amused himself in both occupations, before he converted his views to the study of learning. Fraught with this intelligence, he composed the following ballad in doggerel rhymes, and next day presented it as a gloss upon the text which the tutor had chosen.

I.

Come, listen, ye students of ev'ry degree,
I sing of a wit and a tutor *perdie*,
A statesman profound, a critick immense,
In short, a mere jumble of learning and sense:

And yet of his talents, though laudably vain,
His own family arts he could never attain.

II.

His father intending his fortune to build,
In his youth would have taught him the trowel to wield;

But the mortar of discipline never would stick,

For his skull was secur'd by a facing of brick;

And with all his endeavours of patience and pain,

The skill of his fire he could never attain.

III.

His mother, an housewife, neat, artful, and wise,

Renown'd for her delicate biscuit and pyes,
Soon alter'd his studies, by flatt'ring his taste,

From the raising of walls to the rearing of paste!

But all her instructions were fruitless and vain,

The pye-making myst'ry he ne'er could attain.

Yet

IV.

Yet true to his race, in his labours were seen
A jumble of both their professions, I ween;
For, when his own genius he ventur'd to
trust,

His pyes seem'd of brick, and his houses of
crust.

Then, good Mr. Tutor, pray be not so vain,
Since your family arts you could never at-
tain.

This impudent production was the most effectual vengeance he could have taken on his tutor, who had all the supercilious arrogance and ridiculous pride of a low-born pedant. Instead of overlooking this petulant piece of satire with that temper and decency of disdain that became a person of his gravity and station, he no sooner cast his eye over the performance, than the blood rushed into his countenance, which immediately after exhibited a ghastly pale colour. With a quivering lip he told his pupil that he was an impertinent jackanapes, and he would take care that he should be expelled from the university, for having presumed to write and deliver such a licentious and scurrilous libel. Peregrine answered with great resolution, that when the provocation he had received should be known, he was persuaded that he should be acquitted by the opinion of all impartial people; and that he was ready to submit the whole to the decision of the master.

This arbitration he proposed, because he knew the master and Jumble were at variance; and for that reason the tutor durst not venture to put the cause on such an issue. Nay, when this reference was mentioned, Jumble, who was naturally jealous, suspected that Peregrine had a promise of protection before he undertook to commit such an outrageous insult; and this notion had such an effect upon him, that he resolved to devour his vexation, and wait for a more proper opportunity of gratifying his hate. Meanwhile, copies of the ballad were distributed among the students, who sung it under the very nose of Mr. Jumble, to the tune of 'A cobbler there was,' &c. and the triumph of our hero was compleat. Neither was his whole time devoted to the riotous extravagances of youth. He enjoyed many lucid intervals, during which he contracted a more intimate acquaintance with the classics,

applied himself to the reading of history, improved his taste for painting and musick, in which he made some progress; and, above all things, cultivated the study of natural philosophy. It was generally after a course of close attention to some of these arts and sciences, that his disposition broke out into those irregularities and wild fallies of a luxuriant imagination, for which he became so remarkable; and he was perhaps the only young man in Ox—d, who at the same time maintained an intimate and friendly intercourse with the most unthinking, as well as with the most sedate students at the university.

It is not to be supposed that a young man of Peregrine's vanity, inexperience, and profusion, could suit his expence to his allowance, liberal as it was; for he was not one of those fortunate people who are born economists, and knew not the art of withholding his purse when he saw his companion in difficulty. Thus naturally generous and expensive, he squandered away his money, and made a most splendid appearance upon the receipt of his quarterly appointment; but long before the third month was elapsed, his finances were consumed; and as he could not stoop to ask an extraordinary supply, was too proud to borrow, and too haughty to run in debt with tradesmen, he devoted those periods of poverty to the prosecution of his studies, and shone forth again at the revolution of quarter-day.

In one of these irruptions, he and some of his companions went to Windsor, in order to see the royal apartments in the castle, whither they repaired in the afternoon; and as Peregrine stood contemplating the picture of Hercules and Omphale, one of his fellow-students whispered in his ear, 'Z—ds, Pickle! there are two fine girls.' He turned instantly about, and in one of them recognized his almost forgotten Emilia. Her appearance acted upon his imagination like a spark of fire that falls among gunpowder; that passion which had lain dormant for the space of two years flashed up in a moment, and he was seized with an universal trepidation. She perceived and partook of his emotion; for their souls, like unisons, vibrated with the same impulse. However, she called her pride and resentment to her aid, and found resolution enough to retire from such a dangerous scene. Alarmed at

her retreat, he recollected all his assurance, and impelled by love which he could no longer resist, followed her into the next room, where in the most disconcerted manner he accosted her with, 'Your humble servant, Miss Gauntlet!' to which salutation she replied, with an affectation of indifference, that did not, however, conceal her agitation, 'Your servant, Sir!' and immediately extending her finger towards the picture of Duns Scotus, which is fixed over one of the doors, asked her companion, in a giggling tone, if she did not think he looked like a conjuror. Peregrine, nettled into spirits by this reception, answered for the other lady, that it was an easy matter to be a conjuror in those times, when the simplicity of the age assisted his divination; but were he, or Merlin himself, to rise from the dead now, when such deceit and dissimulation prevail, they would not be able to earn their bread by the profession. 'O, Sir!' said she, turning full upon him, 'without doubt they would adopt new maxims; it is no disparagement, in this enlightened age, for one to alter one's opinion.'—'No, sure, Madam!' replied the youth, with some precipitation, 'provided the change be for the better.'—'And should it happen otherwise,' retorted the nymph, with a flirt of her fan, 'inconstancy will never want countenance from the practice of mankind.'—'True, Madam,' resumed our hero, fixing his eyes upon her; 'examples of levity are every where to be met with.'—'O Lord, Sir!' cried Emilia, tossing her head, 'you'll scarce ever find a fop without it.' By this time his companion, seeing him engaged with one of the ladies, entered into conversation with the other; and in order to favour his friend's gallantry, conducted her into the next apartment, on pretence of entertaining her with the sight of a remarkable piece of painting.

Peregrine laying hold on this opportunity of being alone with the object of his love, assumed a most seducing tenderness of look, and heaving a profound sigh, asked if she had utterly discarded him from her remembrance. Reddening at this pathetick question, which recalled the memory of the imagined slight he had put upon her, she answered in great confusion, 'Sir, I believe I once

had the pleasure of seeing you at a

ball in Winchester.'—'Miss Emilia,' said he, very gravely, 'will you be so candid as to tell me what misbehaviour of mine you are pleased to punish, by restricting your remembrance to that single occasion?'—'Mr. Pickle,' she replied, in the same tone, 'it is neither my province nor inclination to judge your conduct; and therefore you misapply your question, when you ask such an explanation of me.'—'At least,' resumed our lover, 'give me the melancholy satisfaction to know for what offence of mine you refused to take the least notice of that letter which I had the honour to write from Winchester by your own express permission.'—'Your letter,' said Miss, with great vivacity, 'neither required, nor, in my opinion, deserved an answer; and to be free with you, Mr. Pickle, it was but a shallow artifice to rid yourself of a correspondence you had designed to solicit.' Peregrine, confounded at this repartee, replied, that howsoever he might have failed in point of elegance or discretion, he was sure he had not been deficient in expressions of respect and devotion for those charms which it was his pride to adore: 'As for the verses,' said he, 'I own they were unworthy of the theme; but I flattered myself that they would have merited your acceptance, though not your approbation, and been considered not so much as the proof of my genius, as the genuine effusion of my love.'—'Verses!' cried Emilia, with an air of astonishment; 'what verses? I really don't understand you.' The young gentleman was thunderstruck at this exclamation, to which, after a long pause, he answered, 'I begin to suspect, and heartily wish, it may appear that we have misunderstood each other from the beginning. Pray, Miss Gauntlet, did not you find a copy of verses inclosed in that unfortunate letter?'—'Truly, Sir,' said the lady, 'I am not so much of a connoisseur as to distinguish whether that facetious production which you merrily stile an unfortunate letter, was composed in verse or prose; but, methinks, the jest is a little too stale to be brought upon the carpet again.' So saying, she tripped away to her companion, and left her lover in a most tumultuous suspense. He now perceived that her neglect of his addresses

when

when he was at Winchester, must have been owing to some mystery which he could not comprehend: and she began to suspect, and to hope, that the letter which she received was spurious, though she could not conceive how that could possibly happen, as it had been delivered to her by the hands of his own servant.

However, she resolved to leave the task of unravelling the affair to him, who, she knew, would infallibly exert himself for his own as well as her satisfaction. She was not deceived in her opinion; he went up to her again at the stair-case, and as they were unprovided with a male-attendant, insisted upon squiring the ladies to their lodgings. Emilia saw his drift, which was no other than to know where she lived; and though she approved of his contrivance, thought it was incumbent upon her, for the support of her own dignity, to decline the civility: she therefore thanked him for his polite offer, but would by no means consent to his giving himself such unnecessary trouble, especially as they had a very little way to walk. He was not repulsed by this refusal, the nature of which he perfectly understood; nor was she sorry to see him persevere in his determination: he therefore accompanied them in their return, and made divers efforts to speak with Emilia in particular; but she had a spice of the coquette in her disposition, and being determined to whet his impatience, artfully baffled all his endeavours, by keeping her companion continually engaged in the conversation, which turned upon the venerable appearance and imperial situation of the place. Thus tantalized, he lounged with them to the door of the house in which they lodged, when his mistress perceiving by the countenance of her comrade, that she was on the point of desiring him to walk in, checked her intention with a frown, then turning to Mr. Pickle, dropped him a very formal curtsy, seized the other young lady by the arm, and saying, 'Come, cousin Sophy!' vanished in a moment.

CHAP. XXIII.

AFTER SUNDRY UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORTS, HE FINDS MEANS TO COME TO AN EXPLANATION

WITH HIS MISTRESS; AND A RECONCILIATION ENSUES.

PEREGRINE, disconcerted at their sudden disappearance, stood for some minutes gaping in the street, before he could get the better of his surprise; and then deliberated with himself whether he should demand immediate admittance to his mistress, or chuse some other method of application. Piqued at her abrupt behaviour, though pleased with her spirit, he set his invention to work, in order to contrive some means of seeing her; and in a fit of musing arrived at the inn, where he found his companions whom he had left at the castle-gate. They had already made inquiry about the ladies, in consequence of which he learned that Miss Sophy was daughter of a gentleman in town to whom his mistress was related; that an intimate friendship subsisted between the two young ladies; that Emilia had lived about a month with her cousin, and appeared at the last assembly, where she was universally admired; and that several young gentlemen of fortune had since that time teized her with addresses.

Our hero's ambition was flattered, and his passion inflamed, with this intelligence; and he swore within himself that he would not quit the spot until he should have obtained an indisputed victory over all his rivals.

That same evening he composed a most eloquent epistle, in which he earnestly intreated that she would favour him with an opportunity of vindicating his conduct; but she would neither receive his billet, nor see his messenger. Baulked in this effort, he inclosed it in a new cover, directed by another hand, and ordered Pipes to ride next morning to London, on purpose to deliver it at the post-office; that coming by such conveyance, she might have no suspicion of the author, and open it before she should be aware of the deceit.

Three days he waited patiently for the effect of this stratagem, and in the afternoon of the fourth, ventured to hazard a formal visit, in quality of an old acquaintance. But here too he failed in his attempt; she was indisposed, and could not see company. These obstacles served only to increase his eagerness; he still adhered to his former resolution; and his companions understanding his determination, left him next day to his

own inventions. Thus relinquished to his own ideas, he doubled his assiduity, and practised every method his imagination could suggest, in order to promote his plan.

Pipes was stationed all day long within sight of her door, that he might be able to give his master an account of her motions; but she never went abroad except to visit in the neighbourhood, and was always housed before Peregrine could be apprized of her appearance. He went to church with a view of attracting her notice, and humbled his deportment before her; but she was so mischievously devout as to look at nothing but her book, so that he was not favoured with one glance of regard. He frequented the coffee-house, and attempted to contract an acquaintance with Miss Sophy's father, who, he hoped, would invite him to his house; but this expectation was also defeated. That prudent gentleman looked upon him as one of those forward fortune-hunters who go about the country seeking whom they may devour, and warily discouraged all his advances. Chagrined by so many unsuccessful endeavours, he began to despair of accomplishing his aim; and, as the last suggestion of his art, paid off his lodging, took horse at noon, and departed, in all appearance, for the place from whence he had come. He rode, however, but a few miles, and in the dusk of the evening returned unseen, alighted at another inn, ordered Pipes to stay within doors, and keeping himself *incognito*, employed another person as a sentinel upon Emilia.

It was not long before he reaped the fruits of his ingenuity. Next day in the afternoon, he was informed by his spy, that the two young ladies were gone to walk in the park, whither he followed them on the instant, fully determined to come to an explanation with his mistress, even in presence of her friend, who might possibly be prevailed upon to interest herself in his behalf.

When he saw them at such a distance that they could not return to town before he should have an opportunity of putting his resolution in practice, he mended his pace, and found means to appear before them so suddenly, that Emilia could not help expressing her surprize in a scream. Our lover putting on a mien of humility and mortification, begged to know if her resentment was

implacable; and asked why she had so cruelly refused to grant him the common privilege that every criminal enjoyed. 'Dear Miss Sophy,' said he, addressing himself to her companion, 'give me leave to implore your intercession with your cousin; I am sure you have humanity enough to espouse my cause, did you but know the justice of it: and I flatter myself that by your kind interposition, I may be able to rectify that fatal misunderstanding which hath made me wretched.'—'Sir,' said Sophy, 'you appear like a gentleman, and I doubt not but your behaviour has been always suitable to your appearance; but you must excuse me from undertaking any such office in behalf of a person whom I have not the honour to know.'—'Madam,' answered Peregrine, 'I hope Miss Em will justify my pretensions to that character, notwithstanding the mystery of her displeasure, which, upon my honour, I cannot for my soul explain.'—'Lord! Mr. Pickle,' said Emilia, (who had by this time recollected herself) 'I never questioned your gallantry and taste, but I am resolved that you shall never have cause to exercise your talents at my expence; so that you teize yourself and me to no purpose!—Come, Sophy, let us walk home again.'—'Good God, Madam!' cried the lover with great emotion, 'why will you distract me with such barbarous indifference? Stay, dear Emilia! I conjure you on my knees to stay and hear me: by all that is sacred! I was not to blame; you must have been imposed upon by some villain who envied my good fortune, and took some treacherous method to ruin my love.'

Miss Sophy, who possessed a large stock of good-nature, and to whom her cousin had communicated the cause of her reserve, seeing the young gentleman so much affected with that disdain which she knew to be feigned, laid hold on Emilia's sleeve, saying with a smile, 'Not quite so fast, Emily! I begin to perceive that this is a love quarrel, and therefore there may be hopes of reconciliation; for I suppose both parties are open to conviction.'—'For my own part,' cried Peregrine with great eagerness, 'I appeal to Miss Sophy's decision. But why do I say, appeal? Though I am conscious of having

committed no offence, I am ready to submit to any penance, let it be never so rigorous, that my fair enslaver herself shall impose, provided it will entitle me to her favour and forgiveness at last.' Emily, well nigh overcome by this declaration, told him, that as she taxed him with no guilt, she expected no atonement; and pressed her companion to return into town. But Sophy, who was too indulgent to her friend's real inclination, to comply with her request, observed that the gentleman seemed so reasonable in his concessions, she began to think her cousin was in the wrong, and felt herself disposed to act as umpire in the dispute.

Overjoyed at this condescension, Mr. Pickle thanked her in the most rapturous terms, and in the transport of his expectation, kissed the hand of his kind mediatrix; a circumstance which had a remarkable effect on the countenance of Emilia, who did not seem to relish the warmth of his acknowledgment.

After many supplications on one hand, and pressing remonstrances on the other, she yielded at length; and turning to her lover, while her face was overspread with blushes, 'Well, Sir,' said she, 'supposing I were to put the difference on that issue, how could you excuse the ridiculous letter which you sent to me from Wipchelter?' This expostulation introduced a discussion of the whole affair, in which all the circumstances were canvassed; and Emilia still affirmed, with great heat, that the letter must have been calculated to affront her; for she could not suppose the author was so weak as to design it for any other purpose.

Peregrine, who still retained in his memory the substance of this unlucky epistle, as well as the verses which were inclosed, could recollect no particular expression which could have justly given the least umbrage; and therefore, in the agonies of perplexity, begged that the whole might be submitted to the judgment of Miss Sophy; and faithfully promised to stand to her award.

In short, this proposal was with seeming reluctance embraced by Emilia, and an appointment made to meet next day in the same place, whither both parties were desired to come provided with their credentials, according to which definitive sentence would be pronounced.

Our lover having succeeded thus far,

overwhelmed Sophy with acknowledgments on account of her generous mediation, and in the course of their walk, which Emilia was now in no hurry to conclude, whispered a great many tender protestations in the ear of his mistress, who, nevertheless, continued to act upon the reserve, until her doubts should be more fully resolved.

Mr. Pickle having found means to amuse them in the fields till the twilight, was obliged to wish them good even, after having obtained a solemn repetition of their promise to meet him at the appointed time and place; and then retreated to his apartment, where he spent the whole night in various conjectures on the subject of this letter, the Gordian knot of which he could by no means untie.

One while he imagined that some wag had played a trick upon his messenger, in consequence of which Emilia had received a supposititious letter; but, upon farther reflection, he could not conceive the practicability of any such deceit. Then he began to doubt the sincerity of his mistress; who, perhaps, had only made that an handle for discarding him, at the request of some favoured rival; but his own integrity forbade him to harbour this mean suspicion; and therefore he was again involved in the labyrinth of perplexity. Next day he waited on the rack of impatience for the hour of five in the afternoon; which no sooner struck, than he ordered Pipes to attend him, in case there should be occasion for his evidence; and repaired to the place of rendezvous, where he had not tarried five minutes before the ladies appeared. Mutual compliments being passed, and the attendants stationed at a convenient distance, Peregrine persuaded them to sit down upon the grass, under the shade of a spreading oak, that they might be more at their ease; while he stretched himself at their feet, and desired that the paper on which his doom depended might be examined. It was accordingly put into the hand of his fair arbitress, who read it immediately with an audible voice. The first two words of it were no sooner pronounced, than he started with great emotion, and raised himself upon his hand and knee, in which posture he listened to the rest of the sentence; then sprung upon his feet in the utmost astonishment, and glowing with resentment at the same time, exclaimed,

claimed, 'Hell and the devil! what's all that? Sure you make a jest of me, Madam.'—'Pray, Sir,' said Sophy, 'give me the hearing for a few moments, and then urge what you shall think proper in your own defence.' Having thus cautioned him, she proceeded; but before she had finished one half of the performance her gravity forsook her, and she was seized with a violent fit of laughter, in which neither of the lovers could help joining, notwithstanding the resentment which at that instant prevailed in the breasts of both. The judge, however, in a little time, resumed her solemnity, and having read the remaining part of this curious epistle, all three continued staring at each other alternately for the space of half a minute, and then broke forth at the same instant in another paroxysm of mirth. From this unanimous convulsion, one would have thought that both parties were extremely well pleased with the joke, yet this was by no means the case.

Emilia imagined, that notwithstanding his affected surprize, her lover, in spite of himself, had renewed the laugh at her expence, and in so doing, applauded his own unmannerly ridicule. This supposition could not fail of raising and reviving her indignation, while Peregrine highly resented the indignity with which he supposed himself treated, in their attempting to make him the dupe of such a gross and ludicrous artifice. This being the situation of their thoughts, their mirth was succeeded by a mutual gloominess of aspect; and the judge, addressing herself to Mr. Pickle, asked if he had any thing to offer why sentence should not be pronounced. 'Madam,' answered the culprit, 'I am sorry to find myself so low in the opinion of your cousin, as to be thought capable of being deceived by such a shallow contrivance.'—'Nay, Sir,' said Emilia, 'the contrivance is your own; and I cannot help admiring your confidence in imputing it to me.'—'Upon my honour, Miss Emily,' resumed our hero, 'you wrong my understanding as well as my love, in accusing me of having written such a silly impertinent performance; the very appearance and address of it is so unlike the letter which I did myself the honour to write, that I dare say my man, even at this distance of time,

'will remember the difference.' So saying, he extended his voice, and beckoned to Pipes, who immediately drew near. His mistress seemed to object to the evidence, by observing, that to be sure Mr. Pipes had his cue; when Peregrine begging she would spare him the mortification of considering him in such a dishonourable light, desired his valet to examine the outside of the letter, and recollect if it was the same which he had delivered to Miss Gauntlet about two years ago. Pipes having taken a superficial view of it, pulled up his breeches, saying, 'Mayhap it is, but we have made so many trips, and been in so many creeks and corners since that time, that I can't pretend to be certain; for I neither keep journal nor log-book of our proceedings.' Emilia commended him for his candour, at the same time darting a sarcastick look at his master, as if she thought he had tampered with his servant's integrity in vain; and Peregrine began to rave and curse his fate, for having subjected him to such mean suspicion, attesting heaven and earth in the most earnest manner, that far from having composed and conveyed that stupid production, he had never seen it before, nor been privy to the least circumstance of the plan.

Pipes, now for the first time, perceived the mischief which he had occasioned, and moved with the transports of his master, for whom he had a most inviolable attachment, frankly declared he was ready to make oath that Mr. Pickle had no hand in the letter which he delivered. All three were amazed at this confession, the meaning of which they could not comprehend. Peregrine, after some pause, leaped upon Pipes, and seizing him by the throat, exclaimed in an extasy of rage, 'Rascal! tell me this instant what became of the letter I intrusted to your care?' The patient valet, half strangled as he was, squirted a collection of tobacco juice out of one corner of his mouth, and with great deliberation replied, 'Why, burnt it; you wouldn't have me give the young woman a thing that shook all in the wind in tatters, would you?' The ladies interposed in behalf of the distressed squire, from whom, by dint of questions which he had neither art nor inclinations to evade, they extorted an explanation of the whole affair.

Such

Such ridiculous simplicity and innocence of intention appeared in the composition of his expedient, that even the remembrance of all the chagrin which it had produced, could not rouse their indignation, or enable them to resist a third eruption of laughter, which they forthwith underwent.

Pipes was dismissed with many menacing injunctions, to beware of such conduct for the future; Emilia stood with a confusion of joy and tenderness in her countenance; Peregrine's eyes kindled into rapture; and when Miss Sophy pronounced the sentence of reconciliation, advanced to his mistress, saying, 'Truth is mighty, and will prevail!' then clasping her in his arms, very impudently ravished a kiss, which she had not power to refuse. Nay, such was the impulse of his joy, that he took the same freedom with the lips of Sophy; calling her his kind mediatrix and guardian angel; and behaved with such extravagance of transport, as plainly evinced the fervour and sincerity of his love.

I shall not pretend to repeat the tender protestations that were uttered on one side, or describe the bewitching glances of approbation with which they were received on the other; suffice it to say, that the endearing intimacy of their former connexion was instantly renewed, and Sophy, who congratulated them upon the happy termination of their quarrel, favoured with their mutual confidence. In consequence of this happy pacification, they deliberated upon the means of seeing each other often; and as he could not, without some previous introduction, visit her openly at the house of her relation, they agreed to meet every afternoon in the park till the next assembly, at which he would solicit her as a partner, and she be unengaged, in expectation of his request. By this connection he would be intitled to visit her next day, and thus an avowed correspondence would of course commence. This plan was actually put in execution, and attended with a circumstance which had well nigh produced some mischievous consequence, had not Peregrine's good fortune been superior to his discretion.

CHAP. XXIV.

HEATCHIEVES AN ADVENTURE AT

THE ASSEMBLY, AND QUARRELS WITH HIS GOVERNOR.

AT the assembly were no fewer than three gentlemen of fortune, who rivalled our lover in his passion for Emilia, and who had severally begged the honour of dancing with her upon that occasion. She had excused herself to each, on pretence of a slight indisposition that she foresaw would detain her from the ball, and desired they would provide themselves with other partners. Obligated to admit her excuse, they accordingly followed her advice; and after they had engaged themselves beyond the power of retracting, had the mortification to see her there unclaimed.

They in their turn made up to her, and expressed their surprize and concern at finding her in the assembly unprovided, after she had declined their invitation; but she told them that her cold had forsaken her since she had the pleasure of seeing them, and that she would rely upon accident for a partner. Just as she pronounced these words to the last of the three, Peregrine advanced as an utter stranger, bowed with great respect, told her he understood she was unengaged, and would think himself highly honoured in being accepted as her partner for the night; and he had the good fortune to succeed in his application.

As they were by far the handsomest and best accomplished couple in the room, they could not fail of attracting the notice and admiration of the spectators, which inflamed the jealousy of his three competitors, who immediately entered into a conspiracy against this gaudy stranger; whom, as their rival, they resolved to affront in publick. Pursuant to the plan which they projected for this purpose, the first country-dance was no sooner concluded, than one of them, with his partner, took place of Peregrine and his mistress, contrary to the regulation of the ball. Our lover imputing his behaviour to inadvertency, informed the gentleman of his mistake, and civilly desired he would rectify his error. The other told him, in an imperious tone, that he wanted none of his advice, and bade him mind his own affairs. Peregrine answered with some warmth, and insisted upon his right; a dispute commenced, high words ensued, in the course of which, our impetuous youth

youth hearing himself reviled with the appellation of scoundrel, pulled off his antagonist's periwig, and flung it in his face. The ladies immediately shrieked, the gentlemen interposed, Emilia was seized with a fit of trembling, and conducted to her seat by her youthful admirer, who begged pardon for having discomposed her, and vindicated what he had done, by representing the necessity he was under to resent the provocation he had received.

Though she could not help owning the justice of his plea, she was not the less concerned at the dangerous situation in which he had involved himself; and in the utmost consternation and anxiety, insisted upon going directly home: he could not resist her importunities, and her cousin being determined to accompany her, he escorted them to their lodgings, where he wished them good night, after having, in order to quiet their apprehensions, protested that if his opponent was satisfied, he should never take any step towards the prosecution of the quarrel. Meanwhile the assembly-room became a scene of tumult and uproar; the person who conceived himself injured, seeing Peregrine retire, struggled with his companions, in order to pursue and take satisfaction of our hero, whom he loaded with terms of abuse, and challenged to single combat.

The director of the ball held a consultation with all the subscribers who were present, and it was determined by a majority of votes, that the two gentlemen who had occasioned the disturbance should be desired to withdraw. This resolution being signified to one of the parties then present, he made some difficulty of complying, but was persuaded to submit by his two confederates, who accompanied him to the street-door, where he was met by Peregrine on his return to the assembly.

This cholerick gentleman, who was a country squire, no sooner saw his rival, than he began to brandish his cudgel in a menacing posture; when our adventurous youth stepping back with one foot, laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, which he drew half way out of the scabbard. This attitude, and the sight of the blade, which glistered by moon-light in his face, checked, in some sort, the ardour of his assailant, who desired he would lay aside his toaster, and take a bout with him at equal arms. Pere-

grine, who was an expert cudgel-player, accepted the invitation: then exchanging weapons with Pipes, who stood behind him, put himself in a posture of defence, and received the attack of his adversary, who struck at random without either skill or oeconomy. Pickle could have beaten the cudgel out of his hand at the first blow, but as in that case he would have been obliged in honour to give immediate quarter, he resolved to discipline his antagonist without endeavouring to disable him, until he should be heartily satisfied with the vengeance he had taken. With this view he returned the salute, and raised such a clatter about the squire's pate, that one who had heard without seeing the application, would have mistaken the sound for that of a salt-box, in the hand of a dextrous Merry-Andrew belonging to one of the booths at Bartholomew-Fair. Neither was this salutation confined to his head; his shoulders, arms, thighs, ankles, and ribs, were visited with amazing rapidity, while Tom Pipes sounded the charge through his fist. Peregrine, tired with this exercise, which had almost bereft his enemy of sensation, at last struck the decisive blow, in consequence of which the squire's weapon flew out of his grasp, and he allowed our hero to be the better man. Satisfied with this acknowledgment, the victor walked up stairs with such elevation of spirits, and insolence of mien, that nobody chose to intimate the resolution which had been taken in his absence: there having amused himself for some time in beholding the country-dances, he retreated to his lodging, where he indulged himself all night in the contemplation of his own success.

Next day in the forenoon he went to visit his partner; and the gentleman at whose house she lived, having been informed of his family and condition, received him with great courtesy, as the acquaintance of his Cousin Gauntlet, and invited him to dinner that same day.

Emilia was remarkably well pleased, when she understood the issue of his adventure, which began to make some noise in town, even though it deprived her of a wealthy admirer. The squire having consulted an attorney about the nature of the dispute, in hopes of being able to prosecute Peregrine for an assault, found little encouragement to go

to law: he therefore resolved to pocket the insult and injury he had undergone, and to discontinue his addresses to her who was the cause of both.

Our lover being told by his mistress, that she proposed to stay a fortnight longer at Windsor, he determined to enjoy her company all that time, and then to give her a convoy to the house of her mother, whom he longed to see. In consequence of this plan, he every day contrived some fresh party of pleasure for the ladies, to whom he had by this time free access; and intangled himself so much in the snares of love, that he seemed quite enchanted by Emilia's charms, which were now indeed almost irresistible. While he thus heedlessly roved in the flowery paths of pleasure, his governor at Oxford, alarmed at the unusual duration of his absence, went to the young gentlemen who had accompanied him in his excursion, and very earnestly entreated them to tell him what they knew concerning his pupil; they accordingly gave him an account of the rencounter that happened between Peregrine and Miss Emily Gauntlet in the castle, and mentioned circumstances sufficient to convince him that his charge was very dangerously engaged.

Far from having an authority over Peregrine, Mr. Jolter durst not even disoblige him; therefore, instead of writing to the commodore, he took horse immediately, and that same night reached Windsor, where he found his stray sheep very much surprized at his unexpected arrival.

The governor desiring to have some serious conversation with him, they shut themselves up in an apartment; when Jolter, with great solemnity, communicated the cause of his journey, which was no other than his concern for his pupil's welfare; and very gravely undertook to prove by mathematical demonstration, that this intrigue, if farther pursued, would tend to the young gentleman's ruin and disgrace. This singular proposition raised the curiosity of Peregrine, who promised to yield all manner of attention, and desired him to begin without farther preamble.

The governor, encouraged by this appearance of candour, expressed his satisfaction in finding him so open to conviction, and told him he would proceed upon geometrical principles. Then hemming thrice, observed, that no mathe-

matical enquiries could be carried on, except upon certain *data*, or concessions to truths, that were self-evident; and therefore he must crave his assent to a few axioms, which he was sure Mr. Pickle would see no reason to dispute. 'In the first place, then,' said he, 'you will grant, I hope, that youth and discretion are with respect to each other as two parallel lines, which, though infinitely produced, remain still equidistant, and will never coincide; then you must allow, that passion acts upon the human mind, in a ratio compounded of the acuteness of sense, and constitutional heat; and, thirdly, you will not deny, that the angle of remorse is equal to that of precipitation. These *postulata* being admitted,' added he, taking pen, ink, and paper, and drawing a parallelogram, 'let youth be represented by the right line *a, b*, and discretion by another right line *c, d*, parallel to the former. Compleat the parallelogram *a, b, c, d*, and let the point of intersection, *b*, represent perdition. Let passion, represented under the letter *c*, have a motion in the direction *c, a*. At the same time, let another motion be communicated to it in the direction *c, d*, it will proceed in the diagonal *c, b*, and describe it in the same time that it would have described the side *c, a*, by the first motion, or the side, *c, d*, by the second. To understand the demonstration of this corollary, we must premise this obvious principle, that when a body is acted upon by a motion of power parallel to a right line given in position, this power, or motion, has no effect to cause the body to approach towards that line, or recede from it, but to move in a line parallel to a right line only; as appears from the second law of motion: therefore, *c, a*, being parallel to *d, b*—'

His pupil having listened to him thus far, could contain himself no longer, but interrupted the investigation with a loud laugh, and told him that his *postulata* put him in mind of a certain learned and ingenious gentleman, who undertook to disprove the existence of natural evil, and asked no other *datum* on which to found his demonstration, but an acknowledgment that *every thing that is, is right*. 'You may, therefore,' said he, in a peremptory tone, 'spare yourself the trouble of torturing

‘ your invention; for, after all, I am pretty certain that I shall want capacity to comprehend the discussion of your lemma, and consequently be obliged to refuse my assent to your deduction.’

Mr. Jolter was disconcerted at this declaration, and so much offended at Peregrine’s disrespect, that he could not help expressing his displeasure, by telling him flatly, that he was too violent and headstrong to be reclaimed by reason and gentle means; that he (the tutor) must be obliged, in the discharge of his duty and conscience, to inform the commodore of his pupil’s imprudence; that if the laws of this realm were effectual, they would take cognizance of the gipsy who had led him astray; and observed, by way of contrast, that if such a preposterous intrigue had happened in France, she would have been clapped up in a convent two years ago.

Our lover’s eyes kindled with indignation, when he heard his mistress treated with such irreverence; he could scarce refrain from inflicting manual chastisement on the blasphemer, whom he reproached in his wrath as an arrogant pedant, without either delicacy or sense, and cautioned him against using any such impertinent freedoms with his affairs for the future, on pain of incurring more severe effects of his resentment.

Mr. Jolter, who entertained very high notions of that veneration to which he thought himself intitled by his character and qualifications, had not bore, without repining, his want of influence and authority over his pupil, against whom he cherished a particular grudge, ever since the adventure of the painted eye; and therefore, on this occasion, his politick forbearance had been overcome by the accumulated motives of his disgust. Indeed, he would have resigned his charge with disdain, had not he been encouraged to persevere, by the hopes of a good living which Trunnion had in his gift, or known how to dispose of himself for the present to better advantage.

CHAP. XXV.

HE RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HIS AUNT, BREAKS WITH THE COMMODORE, AND DISOBLIGES THE

LIEUTENANT, WHO NEVERTHELESS UNDERTAKES HIS CAUSE.

MEANWHILE he quitted the youth in high duceon, and that same evening dispatched a letter for Mrs. Trunnion, which was dictated by the first transports of his passion, and of course replete with severe animadversions on the misconduct of his pupil.

In consequence of this complaint, it was not long before Peregrine received an epistle from his aunt; wherein she commemorated all the circumstances of the commodore’s benevolence towards him, when he was helpless and forlorn, deserted and abandoned by his own parents; upbraided him for his misbehaviour, and neglect of his tutor’s advice; and insisted upon his breaking off all intercourse with that girl who had seduced his youth, as he valued the continuance of her affection and her husband’s regard.

As our lover’s own ideas of generosity were extremely refined, he was shocked at the indelicate insinuations of Mrs. Trunnion, and felt all the pangs of an ingenuous mind that labours under obligations to a person whom it contemns. Far from obeying her injunction, or humbling himself by a submissive answer to her reprehension, his resentment buoyed him up above every selfish consideration; he resolved to attach himself to Emilia, if possible, more than ever; and although he was tempted to punish the officiousness of Jolter, by recriminating upon his life and conversation, he generously withstood the impulse of his passion, because he knew that his governor had no other dependance than the good opinion of the commodore. He could not, however, digest in silence the severe expostulations of his aunt; to which he replied by the following letter, addressed to her husband.

‘ SIR,

‘ **T**HOUGH my temper could never stoop to offer, nor, I believe, your disposition deign to receive, that gross incense which the illiberal only expect, and none but the base-minded condescend to pay; my sentiments have always done justice to your generosity, and my intention scrupulously adhered to the dictates of my duty.

'duty. Conscious of this integrity of heart, I cannot but severely feel your lady's unkind (I will not call it ungenerous) recapitulation of the favours I have received; and as I take it for granted, that you knew and approved of her letter, I must beg leave to assure you, that far from being swayed by menaces and reproach, I am determined to embrace the most abject extremity of fortune, rather than submit to such dishonourable compulsion. When I am treated in a more delicate and respectful manner, I hope I shall behave as becomes, Sir, your obliged

' P. PICKLE.'

The commodore, who did not understand those nice distinctions of behaviour, and dreaded the consequence of Peregrine's amour, against which he was strangely prepossessed, seemed exasperated at the insolence and obstinacy of this adopted son; to whose epistle he wrote the following answer, which was transmitted by the hands of Hatchway, who had orders to bring the delinquent along with him to the garrison.

' HARK YE, CHILD!

'YOU need not bring your fine speeches to bear upon me. You only expend your ammunition to no purpose. Your aunt told you nothing but truth; for it is always fair and honourable to be above board, d'ye see. I am informed as how you are in chace of a painted galley, which will decoy you upon the flats of destruction, unless you keep a better lookout, and a surer reckoning, than you have hitherto done; and I have sent Jack Hatchway to see how the land lies, and warn you of your danger: if so be as you will put about ship, and let him steer you into this harbour, you shall meet with a safe birth and friendly reception; but if you refuse to alter your course, you cannot expect any farther assistance from yours, as you behave,

' HAWSER TRUNNION.'

Peregrine was equally piqued and disconcerted at the receipt of this letter, which was quite different from what he had expected; and declared in a resolute

tone to the lieutenant, who brought it, that he might return as soon as he pleased, for he was determined to consult his own inclination, and remain for some time longer where he was.

Hatchway endeavoured to persuade him by all the arguments which his sagacity and friendship could supply, to shew a little more deference for the old man, who was by this time rendered fretful and peevish by the gout, which now hindered him from enjoying himself as usual, and who might, in his passion, take some step very much to the detriment of the young gentleman, whom he had hitherto considered as his own son. Among other remonstrances, Jack observed, that mayhap Peregrine had got under Emilia's hatches, and did not chuse to set her adrift; and if that was the case, he himself would take charge of the vessel, and see her cargo safely delivered; for he had a respect for the young woman; and his needle pointed towards matrimony; and as, in all probability, she could not be much the worse for the wear, he would make shift to scud through life with her under an easy sail.

Our lover was deaf to all his admonitions, and having thanked him for this last instance of his complaisance, repeated his resolution of adhering to his first purpose. Hatchway having profited so little by mild exhortations, assumed a more peremptory aspect, and plainly told him he neither could nor would go home without him; so he had best make immediate preparation for the voyage.

Peregrine made no other reply to this declaration, than by a contemptuous smile, and rose from his seat in order to retire; upon which the lieutenant started up, and posting himself by the door, protested with some menacing gestures, that he would not suffer him to run ahead neither. The other, incensed at his presumption in attempting to detain him by force, tripped up his wooden leg, and laid him on his back in a moment; then walked deliberately towards the park, in order to indulge his reflection, which at that time teemed with disagreeable thoughts. He had not proceeded two hundred steps, when he heard something blowing and stamping behind him; and looking back, perceived the lieutenant at his heels, with rage and indignation in his countenance.

tenance. This exasperated seaman, impatient of the affront he had received, and forgetting all the circumstances of their former intimacy, advanced with great eagerness to his old friend, saying, 'Look ye, brother, you're a saucy boy, and if you was at sea, I would have your backside brought to the davit for your disobedience; but as we are on shore, you and I must crack a pistol at one another; here is a brace, you shall take which you please.'

Peregrine, upon recollection, was sorry for having been laid under the necessity of disobliging honest Jack, and very frankly asked his pardon for what he had done. But this condescension was misinterpreted by the other, who refused any other satisfaction but that which an officer ought to claim; and, with some irreverend expressions, asked if Perry was afraid of his bacon. The youth, inflamed at this unjust insinuation, darted a ferocious look at the challenger, told him he had paid but too much regard to his infirmities; and bid him walk forward to the park, where he would soon convince him of his error, if he thought his concession proceeded from fear.

About this time they were overtaken by Pipes, who having heard the lieutenant's fall, and seen him pocket his pistols, suspected that there was a quarrel in the case, and followed him with a view of protecting his master. Peregrine seeing him arrive, and guessing his intention, assumed an air of serenity, and pretending that he had left his handkerchief at the inn, ordered his man to go thither and fetch it to him in the park, where he would find them at his return. This command was twice repeated before Tom would take any other notice of the message, except by shaking his head; but being urged with many threats and curses to obedience, he gave them to understand that he knew their drift too well to trust them by themselves. 'As for you, Lieutenant Hatchway,' said he, 'I have been your ship-mate, and know you to be a sailor, that's enough; and as for master, I know him to be as good a man as ever stepped betwixt stem and stern; whereby, if you have any thing to say to him, I am your man, as the saying is. Here's my sapling, and I don't value your crackers of a rope's end.' This oration, the long-

est that ever Pipes was known to make, he concluded with a flourish of his cudgel, and enforced with such determined refusals to leave them, that they found it impossible to bring the cause to mortal arbitrement at that time, and strolled about the park in profound silence; during which, Hatchway's indignation subsiding, he all of a sudden thrust out his hand as an advance to reconciliation, which being cordially shaken by Peregrine, a general pacification ensued; and was followed by a consultation about the means of extricating the youth from his present perplexity. Had his disposition been like that of most other young men, it would have been no difficult task to overcome his difficulties; but such was the obstinacy of his pride, that he deemed himself bound in honour to resent the letters he had received; and instead of submitting to the pleasure of the commodore, expected an acknowledgment from him, without which he would listen to no terms of accommodation. 'Had I been his own son,' said he, 'I should have bore his reproof, and sued for forgiveness; but knowing myself to be on the footing of an orphan, who depends entirely upon his benevolence, I am jealous of every thing that can be construed into disrespect, and insist upon being treated with the most punctual regard. I shall now make application to my father, who is obliged to provide for me by the ties of nature, as well as the laws of the land; and if he shall refuse to do me justice, I can never want employment while men are required for his majesty's service.'

The lieutenant, alarmed at this information, begged he would take no new step until he should hear from him; and that very evening set out for the garrison, where he gave Trunnion an account of the miscarriage of his negotiation; told him how highly Peregrine was offended at the letter; communicated the young gentleman's sentiments and resolution; and finally assured him, that unless he should think proper to ask pardon for the offence he had committed, he would, in all appearance, never more behold the face of his godson.

The old commodore was utterly confounded at this piece of intelligence: he had expected all the humility of obedience and contrition from the young man;

man; and instead of that, received nothing but the most indignant opposition, and even found himself in the circumstances of an offender, obliged to make atonement, or forfeit all correspondence with his favourite. These insolent conditions at first threw him into an agony of wrath, and he vented execrations with such rapidity, that he left himself no time to breathe, and had almost been suffocated with his choler. He inveighed bitterly against the ingratitude of Peregrine, whom he mentioned with many opprobrious epithets, and swore that he ought to be keel-hauled for his presumption; but when he began to reflect more coolly upon the spirit of the young gentleman, which had already manifested itself on many occasions, and listened to the suggestions of Hatchway, whom he had always considered as an oracle in his way, his resentment abated, and he determined to take Perry into favour again; this placability being not a little facilitated by Jack's narrative of our hero's intrepid behaviour at the assembly, as well as in the contest with him in the park. But still this plaguy amour occurred like a bug-bear to his imagination; for he held it as an infallible maxim, that woman was an eternal source of misery to man. Indeed, this apothegm he seldom repeated since his marriage, except in the company of a very few intimates, to whose secrecy and discretion he could trust. Finding Jack himself at a nonplus in the affair of Emilia, he consulted Mrs. Trunnion, who was equally surprized and offended, when she understood that her letter did not produce the desired effect; and after having imputed the youth's obstinacy to his uncle's unseasonable indulgence, had recourse to the advice of the parson, who still with an eye to his friend's advantage, counselled them to send the young gentleman on his travels, in the course of which he would, in all probability, forget the amusements of his greener years. The proposal was judicious, and immediately approved; when Trunnion going into his closet, after divers efforts, produced the following billet, with which Jack departed for Wmdor that same afternoon.

'MY GOOD LAD,

'IF I gave offence in my last letter, I'm sorry for't, d'y'e see; I thought it was the likeliest way to bring you

up; but, in time to come, you shall have a larger swing of cable. When you can spare time, I shall be glad if you will make a short trip, and see your aunt, and him who is your loving godfather and humble servant,

'HAWSER TRUNNION.

'P. S. If you want money, you may draw upon me payable at sight.'

CHAP. XXVI.

HE BECOMES MELANCHOLY AND DESPONDENT; IS FAVOURED WITH A CONDESCENDING LETTER FROM HIS UNCLE; RECONCILES HIMSELF TO HIS GOVERNOR, AND SETS OUT WITH EMILIA AND HER FRIEND FOR MRS. GAUNTLET'S HOUSE.

PEREGRINE, fortified as he was with pride and indignation, did not fail to feel the smarting suggestions of his present situation: after having lived so long in an affluent and imperious manner, he could ill brook the thoughts of submitting to the mortifying exigencies of life. All the gaudy schemes of pomp and pleasure, which his luxuriant imagination had formed, began to dissolve; a train of melancholy ideas took possession of his thoughts; and the prospect of losing Emilia was not the least part of his affliction. Though he endeavoured to suppress the chagrin that preyed upon his heart, he could not conceal the disturbance of his mind from the penetration of that amiable young lady, who sympathized with him in her heart, though she could not give her tongue the liberty of asking the cause of his disorder: for, notwithstanding all the ardour of his addresses, he never could obtain from her the declaration of a mutual flame; because, though he had hitherto treated her with the utmost reverence of respect, he had never once mentioned the final aim of his passion. However honourable she supposed it to be, she had discernment enough to foresee, that vanity or interest co-operating with the levity of youth, might one day deprive her of her lover, and she was too proud to give him any handle of exulting at her expence. Although he was received by her with the most distinguished civility, and even an intimacy of friendship, all his solicitations could

never

never extort from her an acknowledgment of love: on the contrary, being of a gay disposition, she sometimes conquered with other admirers, that his attention thus whetted might never abate, and that he might see she had other resources, in case he should flag in his affection.

This being the prudential plan on which she acted, it cannot be supposed that she would condescend to inquire into the state of his thoughts, when she saw him thus affected; but she, nevertheless, imposed that task on her cousin and confidante, who, as they walked together in the park, observed that he seemed to be out of humour. When this is the case, such a question generally increases the disease; at least it had that effect upon Peregrine, who replied somewhat peevishly, 'I assure you, Madam, you never was more mistaken in your observations.'—'I think so too,' said Emilia, 'for I never saw Mr. Pickle in higher spirits!' This ironical encomium completed his confusion; he affected to smile, but it was a smile of anguish, and in his heart he cursed the vivacity of both. He could not for his soul recollect himself, so as to utter one connected sentence; and the suspicion that they observed every circumstance of his behaviour, threw such a damp on his spirits, that he was quite overwhelmed with shame and resentment, when Sophy, casting her eyes towards the gate, said, 'Yonder is your servant, Mr. Pickle, with another man who seems to have a wooden leg.' Peregrine started at this intelligence, and immediately underwent sundry changes of complexion, knowing that his fate, in a great measure, depended upon the information he would receive from his friend.

Hatchway advancing to the company, after a brace of sea bows to the ladies, took the youth aside, and put the commodore's letter into his hand; which threw him into such an agitation, that he could scarce pronounce, 'Ladies, will you give me leave?' When, in consequence of their permission, he attempted to open the billet, he fumbled with such manifest disorder, that his mistress, who watched his motions, began to think there was something very interesting in the message; and so much was she affected with his concern, that she was fain to turn her head another

way, and wipe the tears from her lovely eyes.

Meanwhile Peregrine no sooner read the first sentence than his countenance, which before was overcast with a deep gloom, began to be lighted up, and every feature, unbending by degrees, he recovered his serenity. Having perused the letter, his eyes sparkling with joy and gratitude, he hugged the lieutenant in his arms, and presented him to the ladies as one of his best friends. Jack met with a most gracious reception, and shook Emilia by the hand, telling her, with the familiar appellation of *old acquaintance*, that he did not care how soon he was master of such another clean-going frigate as herself.

The whole company partook of this favourable change that evidently appeared in our lover's recollection, and enlivened his conversation with such an uncommon flow of sprightliness and good-humour, as even made an impression on the iron countenance of Pipes himself, who actually smiled with satisfaction as he walked behind them.

The evening being pretty far advanced, they directed their course homeward; and while the valet attended Hatchway to the inn, Peregrine escorted the ladies to their lodging, where he owned the justness of Sophy's remark, in saying he was out of humour, and told them he had been extremely chagrined at a difference which had happened between him and his uncle, to whom (by the letter which they had seen him receive) he now found himself happily reconciled.

Having received their congratulations, and declined staying to sup with them, on account of the longing desire he had to converse with his friend Jack, he took his leave, and repaired to the inn, where Hatchway informed him of every thing that had happened in the garrison upon his representations. Far from being disgusted, he was perfectly well pleased with the prospect of going aboard, which flattered his vanity and ambition, gratified his thirst after knowledge, and indulged that turn for observation, for which he had been remarkable from his most tender years. Neither did he believe a short absence would tend to the prejudice of his love, but, on the contrary, enhance the value of his heart, because he should return better accomplished, and consequently a more welcome

come offering to his mistress. Elevated with these sentiments, his heart dilated with joy, and the sluices of his natural benevolence being opened by this happy turn of his affairs, he sent his compliments to Mr. Jolter, to whom he had not spoken during a whole week, and desired he would favour Mr. Hatchway and him with his company at supper.

The governor was not weak enough to decline this invitation; in consequence of which he forthwith appeared, and was cordially welcomed by the relenting pupil, who expressed his sorrow for the misunderstanding which had prevailed between them, and assured him that for the future he would avoid giving him any just cause of complaint. Jolter, who did not want affection, was melted by this acknowledgment, which he could not have expected, and earnestly protested, that his chief study had always been, and ever should be, to promote Mr. Pickle's interest and happiness.

The best part of the night being spent in the circulation of a chearful glass, the company broke up; and next morning Peregrine went out with a view of making his mistress acquainted with his uncle's intention of sending him out of the kingdom for his improvement, and of saying every thing which he thought necessary for the interest of his love. He found her at breakfast with her cousin; and as he was very full of the subject of his visit, had scarce fixed himself in his seat, when he brought it upon the carpet, by asking with a smile, if the ladies had any commands for Paris. Emilia at this question began to stare, and her confidante desired to know who was going thither. He no sooner gave them to understand, that he himself intended in a short time to visit that capital, than his mistress with great precipitation wished him a good journey, and affected to talk with indifference about the pleasures he would enjoy in France: but when he seriously assured Sophy, who asked if he was in earnest, that his uncle actually insisted upon his making a short tour, the tears gushed in poor Emilia's eyes, and she was at great pains to conceal her concern, by observing that the tea was so scalding hot, as to make her eyes water. This pretext was too thin to impose upon her lover, or even deceive the observation of her friend Sophy, who,

after breakfast, took an opportunity of quitting the room.

Thus left by themselves, Peregrine imparted to her what he had learned of the commodore's intention, without, however, mentioning a syllable of his being offended at their correspondence; and accompanied his information with such fervent vows of eternal constancy, and solemn promises of a speedy return, that Emily's heart, which had been invaded by a suspicion that this scheme of travelling was the effect of her lover's inconstancy, began to be more at ease; and she could not help signifying her approbation of his design.

This affair being amicably compromised, he asked how soon she proposed to set out for her mother's house; and understanding that her departure was fixed for next day but one, and that her cousin Sophy intended to accompany her in her father's chariot, he repeated his intention of attending her. In the mean time he dismissed his governor and the lieutenant to the garrison, with his compliments to his aunt and the commodore, and a faithful promise of his being with them in six days at farthest.

These previous measures being taken, he, attended by Pipes, set out with the ladies; and they had also a convoy for twelve miles from Sophy's father, who, at parting, recommended them piously to the care of Peregrine, with whom, by this time, he was perfectly well acquainted.

C H A P. XXVII.

THEY MEET WITH A DREADFUL ALARM ON THE ROAD; ARRIVE AT THEIR JOURNEY'S END. PEREGRINE IS INTRODUCED TO EMILY'S BROTHER; THESE TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN MISUNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. PICKLE DÉPARTS FOR THE GARRISON.

AS they travelled at an easy rate, they had performed something more than one-half of their journey when they were benighted near an inn, at which they resolved to lodge; the accommodation was very good, they supped together with great mirth and enjoyment, and it was not till after he had been warned by the yawns of the ladies, that he conducted them to their apartment;

ment; where wishing them good night, he retired to his own, and went to rest.

The house was crowded with country people who had been at a neighbouring fair, and now regaled themselves with ale and tobacco in the yard; so that their consideration, which at any time was but slender, being now overwhelmed by this debauch, they staggered into their respective kennels, and left a lighted candle sticking to one of the wooden pillars that supported the gallery. The flame in a little time laid hold on the wood, which was as dry as tinder, and the whole gallery was on fire, when Peregrine suddenly waked, and found himself almost suffocated. He sprang up in an instant, slipped on his breeches, and throwing open the door of his chamber, saw the whole entry in a blaze.

Heavens! what were the emotions of his soul, when he beheld the volumes of flame and smoke rolling towards the room where his dear Emilia lay! Regardless of his own danger, he darted himself through the thickest of the gloom, when knocking hard, and calling at the same time to the ladies, with the most anxious intreaty to be admitted; the door was opened by Emilia in her shift, who asked, with the utmost trepidation, what was the matter? He made no reply, but snatching her up in his arms, like another *Æneas*, bore her through the flames to a place of safety; where leaving her before she could recollect herself, or pronounce one word, but 'Alas! my cousin Sophy!' he flew back to the rescue of that young lady, and found her already delivered by Pipes; who having been alarmed by the smell of fire, had got up, rushed immediately to the chamber where he knew these companions lodged, and (Emily being saved by her lover) brought off Miss Sophy with the loss of his own shock-head of hair, which was singed off in his retreat.

By this time the whole inn was alarmed; every lodger, as well as servant, exerted himself, in order to stop the progress of this calamity; and there being a well-replenished horse-pond in the yard, in less than an hour the fire was totally extinguished, without having done any other damage than of consuming about two yards of the wooden gallery.

All this time our young gentleman closely attended his fair charge, each of

whom had swooned with apprehension; but as their constitutions were good, and their spirits not easily dissipated, when upon reflection they found themselves and their company safe, and that the flames were happily quenched, the tumult of their fears subsided, they put on their cloaths, recovered their good-humour, and began to rally each other on the trim in which they had been secured. Sophy observed, that now Mr. Pickle had an indisputable claim to her cousin's affection; and therefore she ought to lay aside all affected reserve for the future, and frankly avow the sentiments of her heart. Emily retorted the argument, putting her in mind, that by the same claim Mr. Pipes was intitled to the like return from her. Her friend admitted the force of the conclusion, provided she could not find means of satisfying her deliverer in another shape; and turning to the valet, who happened to be present, asked if his heart was not otherwise engaged. Tom, who did not conceive the meaning of the question, stood silent according to custom; and the interrogation being repeated, answered with a grin, 'Heart-whole as a biscuit, I'll assure you, Mistress.'—'What?' said Emilia, 'have you never been in love, Thomas?'—'Yes, forsooth,' replied the valet without hesitation, 'sometimes of a morning.' Peregrine could not help laughing, and his mistress looked a little disconcerted at this blunt repartee; while Sophy slipping a purse into his hand, told him there was something to purchase a periwig. Tom having consulted his master's eyes, refused the present, saying, 'No, thank ye as much as if I did.' And though she insisted upon his putting it in his pocket, as a small testimony of her gratitude, he could not be prevailed upon to avail himself of her generosity; but following her to the other end of the room, thrust it into her sleeve without ceremony, exclaiming, 'I'll be damned to hell if I do!' Peregrine having checked him for his boorish behaviour, sent him out of the room, and begged that Miss Sophy would not endeavour to debauch the morals of his servant; who, rough and uncultivated as he was, had sense enough to perceive that he had no pretension to any such acknowledgment. But she argued with great vehemence, that she should never be able to make an acknowledgment adequate to the service

nfions;
good,
pated,
them.
nd that
d, the
ey put
good-
her on
cured.
Pickle
ousin's
to lay
uture;
of her
nment,
same
e like
nitted
ed she
g her
rning
tent,
rwise
ccive
ilent
erro-
ith a
I'll
said
love,
olied
imes
not
oked
par-
into
ning
ing
the
uch
ited
is a
he
vail
w-
m,
no-
to
k-
ent
nat
(c-
o,
ad
no
t.
e,
ce
r-
p





Printed at the Act directed by Harrison & Co. Aug. 4. 1781.

vice h
never
until f
nifetti
gation
' to m
' abso
' lowe
' rega
Per
fired,
playin
bettow
fication
trinker
cause
value
attach
be for
ing of
The
session
the wo
recom
her rel
on a
hung
called
testime
receiv
scrape
devoti
and st
acquir
Em
nets o
had in
wards
from
it for
as be
in exc
alledg
of her
assures
not as
the m
refuse
upon
Her e
ed wit
timati
unsear
tlemar
corres
pardon
which
prevail
he ha
So

vice he had done her, and that she should never be perfectly easy in her own mind, until she found some opportunity of manifesting the sense she had of the obligation. 'I do not pretend,' said she, 'to reward Mr. Pipes; but I shall be absolutely unhappy, unless I am allowed to give him some token of my regard.'

Peregrine, thus earnestly solicited, desired, that since she was bent upon displaying her generosity, she would not bestow upon him any pecuniary gratification, but honour him with some trinket, as a mark of consideration; because he himself had such a particular value for the fellow, on account of his attachment and fidelity, that he should be sorry to see him treated on the footing of a common mercenary domestick.

There was not one jewel in the possession of this grateful young lady, that she would not have gladly given as a recompence, or badge of distinction to her rescuer; but his master pitched upon a seal-ring of no great value that hung at her watch, and Pipes being called in, had permission to accept that testimony of Miss Sophy's favour. Tom received it accordingly with sundry scrapes, and having kissed it with great devotion, put it on his little finger, and strutted off, extremely proud of his acquisition.

Emilia, with a most enchanting sweetness of aspect, told her lover, that he had instructed her how to behave towards him; and taking a diamond ring from her finger, desired he would wear it for her sake. He received the pledge as became him, and presented another in exchange, which she at first refused; alledging that it would destroy the intent of her acknowledgment; but Peregrine assured her, he had accepted her jewel, not as a proof of her gratitude, but as the mark of her love; and that if she refused a mutual token, he should look upon himself as the object of her disdain. Her eyes kindled; and her cheeks glowed with resentment at this impudent intimation, which she considered as an unseasonable insult; and the young gentleman perceiving her emotion, stood corrected for his temerity, and asked pardon for the liberty of his remonstrance, which he hoped she would ascribe to the prevalence of that principle alone which he had always taken pride in avowing.

Sophy seeing him disconcerted, in-

terposed in his behalf, and chid her cousin for having practised such unnecessary affectation; upon which Emilia, softened into compliance, held out her finger as a signal of her condescension. Peregrine put on the ring with great eagerness, mumbled her soft white hand in an extasy which would not allow him to confine his embraces to that limb, but urged him to seize her by the waist, and snatch a delicious kiss from her lovely pouting lips; nor would he leave her a butt to the ridicule of Sophy, on whose mouth he instantly committed a rape of the same nature; so that the two friends, countenanced by each other, reprehended him with such gentleness of rebuke, that he was almost tempted to repeat the offence.

The morning being now lighted up, and the servants of the inn on foot, he ordered some chocolate for breakfast, and at the desire of the ladies, sent Pipes to see the horses fed, and the chariot prepared, while he went to the bar and discharged the bill.

These measures being taken, they set out about five o'clock, and having refreshed themselves and their cattle at another inn on the road, proceeded in the afternoon. Without meeting with any other accident, they safely arrived at the place of their destination; where Mrs. Gauntlet expressed her joy at seeing her old friend Mr. Pickle, whom, however, she kindly reproached for the long discontinuance of his regard. Without explaining the cause of that interruption, he protested that his love and esteem had never been discontinued, and that for the future he should omit no occasion of testifying how much he had her friendship at heart. She then made him acquainted with her son, who at that time was in the house, being excused from his duty by furlough.

This young man, whose name was Godfrey, was about the age of twenty, of a middling size, vigorous make, remarkably well shaped, and the scars of the small-pox, of which he bore a good number, added a peculiar manliness to the air of his countenance. His capacity was good, and his disposition naturally frank and easy; but he had been a soldier from his infancy, and his education was altogether in the military style. He looked upon taste and letters as mere pedantry, beneath the consideration of a gentleman, and every

civil station of life as mean, when compared with the profession of arms. He had made great progress in the gymnastick sciences of dancing, fencing, and riding; played perfectly well on the German flute; and, above all things, valued himself upon a scrupulous observance of all the points of honour.

Had Peregrine and he considered themselves upon equal footing, in all probability they would have immediately entered into a league of intimacy and friendship; but this sufficient soldier looked upon his sister's admirer as a young student raw from the university, and utterly ignorant of mankind; while Squire Pickle beheld Godfrey in the light of a needy volunteer, greatly inferior to himself in fortune, as well as every other accomplishment. This mutual misunderstanding could not fail of producing animosities. The very next day after Peregrine's arrival, some sharp repartees passed between them in presence of the ladies, before whom each endeavoured to assert his own superiority. In these contests, our hero never failed of obtaining the victory, because his genius was more acute, and his talents better cultivated than those of his antagonist, who therefore took umbrage at his success, became jealous of his reputation, and began to treat him with marks of scorn and disrespect.

His sister saw, and dreading the consequence of his ferocity, not only took him to task in private for his impolite behaviour, but also intreated her lover to make allowances for the roughness of her brother's education. He kindly assured her, that whatever pains it might cost him to vanquish his own impetuous temper, he would for her sake endure all the mortifications to which her brother's arrogance might expose him; and after having stayed with her two days, and enjoyed several private interviews, during which he acted the part of a most passionate lover, he took his leave of Mrs. Gauntlet over night, and told the young ladies he would call early next morning to bid them farewell. He did not neglect this piece of duty, and found the two friends at breakfast already prepared in the parlour. All three being extremely affected with the thoughts of parting, a most pathetick silence for some time prevailed, till Peregrine put an end to it by lamenting his fate, in being obliged to exile himself so long from

the dear object of his most interesting wish. He begged with the most earnest supplications, that she would now, in consideration of the cruel absence he must suffer, give him the consolation which she had hitherto refused; namely, that of knowing he possessed a place within her heart. The confidante seconded his request, representing that it was now no time to disguise her sentiments, when her lover was about to leave the kingdom, and might be in danger of contracting other connections, unless he was confirmed in his constancy, by knowing how far he could depend upon her love; and, in short, she was plied with such irresistible importunities, that she answered in the utmost confusion, 'Though I have avoided literal acknowledgments, methinks the circumstances of my behaviour might have convinced Mr. Pickle, that I do not regard him as a common acquaintance.'—'My charming Emily!' cried the impatient lover, throwing himself at her feet, 'why will you deal out my happiness in such scanty portions? Why will you thus mince the declaration which would overwhelm me with pleasure, and cheer my lonely reflection, while I sigh amid the solitude of separation?' His fair mistress, melted by this image, replied, with the tears gushing from her eyes, 'I'm afraid I shall feel that separation more severely than you imagine.' Transported at this flattering confession, he pressed her to his breast, and while her head reclined upon his neck, mingled his tears with her's in great abundance, breathing the most tender vows of eternal fidelity. The gentle heart of Sophy could not bear this scene unmoved; she wept with sympathy, and encouraged the lovers to resign themselves to the will of fate, and support their spirits with the hope of meeting again on happier terms. Finally, after mutual promises, exhortations, and endearments, Peregrine took his leave, his heart being so full that he could scarce pronounce the word, *Adieu!* and mounting his horse at the door, set out with Pipes for the garrison.

CHAP. XXVIII.

PEREGRINE IS OVERTAKEN BY MR. GAUNTLET, WITH WHOM HE FIGHTS

FIGHTS A DUEL, AND CONTRACTS AN INTIMATE FRIENDSHIP. HE ARRIVES AT THE GARRISON, AND FINDS HIS MOTHER AS IMPLACABLE AS EVER. HE IS INSULTED BY HIS BROTHER GAM, WHOSE PRECEPTOR HE DISCIPLINES WITH A HORSE-WHIP.

IN order to expel the melancholy images that took possession of his fancy, at parting from his mistress, he called in the flattering ideas of those pleasures he expected to enjoy in France; and before he had rode ten miles, his imagination was effectually amused.

While he thus prosecuted his travels by anticipation, and indulged himself in all the insolvency of hope, at the turning of a lane he was all of a sudden overtaken by Emilia's brother on horseback, who told him he was riding the same way, and should be glad of his company.

This young gentleman, whether prompted by personal pique, or actuated with zeal for the honour of his family, had followed our hero, with a view of obliging him to explain the nature of his attachment to his sister. Peregrine returned his compliment with such disdainful civility, as gave him room to believe that he suspected his errand; and therefore, without farther preamble, he declared his business in these words: 'Mr. Pickle, you have carried on a correspondence with my sister for some time, and I should be glad to know the nature of it.' To this question our lover replied, 'Sir, I should be glad to know what title you have to demand that satisfaction?'—'Sir,' answered the other, 'I demand it in the capacity of a brother, jealous of his own honour, as well as of his sister's reputation; and if your intentions are honourable, you will not refuse it.'—'Sir,' said Peregrine, 'I am not at present disposed to appeal to your opinion for the rectitude of my intentions; and I think you assume a little too much importance, in pretending to judge my conduct.'—'Sir,' replied the soldier, 'I pretend to judge the conduct of every man who interferes with my concerns, and even to chastise him, if I think he acts amiss.'—'Chastise!' cried the youth, with indignation in his looks; 'sure you dare not apply that term to me?'—

'You are mistaken,' said Godfrey, 'I dare do any thing that becomes the character of a gentleman.'—'Gentleman, God wot!' replied the other, looking contemptuously at his equipage, which was none of the most superb; 'a very pretty gentleman, truly!' The soldier's wrath was inflamed by this ironical repetition, the contempt of which his conscious poverty made him feel; and he called his antagonist presumptuous boy, insolent upstart, with other epithets, which Perry retorted with great bitterness. A formal challenge having passed between them, they alighted at the first inn, and walked into the next field, in order to decide their quarrel by the sword. Having pitched upon the spot, helped to pull off each other's boots, and laid aside their coats and waistcoats, Mr. Gauntlet told his opponent, that he himself was looked upon in the army as an expert swordsman, and that if Mr. Pickle had not made that science his particular study, they should be upon a more equal footing in using pistols. Peregrine was too much incensed to thank him for his plain dealing, and too confident of his own skill to relish the other's proposal, which he accordingly rejected: then drawing his sword, he observed, that were he to treat Mr. Gauntlet according to his deserts, he would order his man to punish his audacity with a horse-whip. Exasperated at this expression, which he considered as an indelible affront, he made no reply, but attacked his adversary with equal ferocity and address. The youth parried his first and second thrust, but received the third in the outside of his sword-arm. Though the wound was superficial, he was transported with rage at sight of his own blood, and returned the assault with such fury and precipitation, that Gauntlet, loth to take advantage of his ungarded heat, stood upon the defensive. In the second longe, Peregrine's weapon entering a kind of net-work in the shell of Godfrey's sword, the blade snapped in two, and left him at the mercy of the soldier; who, far from making an insolent use of the victory he had gained, put up his Toledo with great deliberation, like a man who had been used to that kind of rencounters, observed that such a blade as Peregrine's was not to be trusted with a man's life; then advising the owner to treat a gentleman in distress with more

respect for the future, he slipped on his boots, and with sullen dignity of demeanour stalked back to the inn.

Though Pickle was extremely mortified at his miscarriage in this adventure, he was also struck with the behaviour of his antagonist; which affected him the more, as he understood that Godfrey's *fierté* had proceeded from the jealous sensibility of a gentleman declined into the vale of misfortune. Gauntlet's valour and moderation induced him to put a favourable construction on all those circumstances of that young soldier's conduct, which before had given him disgust. Though in any other case he would have indoltriously avoided the least appearance of submission, he followed his conqueror to the inn, with a view of thanking him for his generous forbearance, and of soliciting his friendship and correspondence.

Godfrey had his foot in the stirrup to mount, when Peregrine coming up to him, desired he would defer his departure for a quarter of an hour, and favour him with a little private conversation. The soldier, who mistook the meaning of the request, immediately quitted his horse, and followed Pickle into a chamber, where he expected to find a brace of pistols loaded on the table; but he was very agreeably deceived, when our hero, in the most respectful terms, acknowledged his noble deportment in the field, owned that till then he had misunderstood his character, and begged that he would honour him with his intimacy and correspondence.

Gauntlet, who had seen undoubted proofs of Peregrine's courage, which had considerably raised him in his esteem, and had sense enough to perceive that this concession was not owing to any sordid or sinister motive, embraced his offer with demonstrations of infinite satisfaction. When he understood the terms on which Mr. Pickle was with his sister, he proffered his service in his turn, either as an agent, mediator, or confidante: nay, to give this new friend a convincing proof of his sincerity, he disclosed to him a passion which he had for some time entertained for his cousin, Miss Sophy, though he durst not reveal his sentiments to her father, lest he should be offended at his presumption, and withdraw his protection from the family.

Peregrine's generous heart was wrung with anguish, when he understood that this young gentleman, who was the only son of a distinguished officer, had carried arms for the space of five years, without being able to obtain a subaltern's commission, though he had always behaved with remarkable regularity and spirit, and acquired the friendship and esteem of all the officers under whom he had served.

He would, at that time, with the utmost pleasure, have shared his finances with him; but as he would not run the risk of offending the young soldier's delicacy of honour, by a premature exertion of his liberality, he resolved to insinuate himself into an intimacy with him, before he would venture to take such freedoms; and with that view pressed Mr. Gauntlet to accompany him to the garrison, where he did not doubt of having influence enough to make him a welcome guest. Godfrey thanked him very courteously for his invitation, which he said he could not immediately accept, but promised if he would favour him with a letter, and fix the time at which he proposed to set out for France, he would endeavour to visit him at the commodore's habitation, and from thence give him a convoy to Dover. This new treaty being settled, and a dossil of lint, with a snip of plaster, applied to our adventurer's wound, he parted from the brother of his dear Amelia, to whom, and his friend Sophy, he sent his kindest wishes; and having lodged one night upon the road, arrived next day in the afternoon at the garrison, where he found all his friends in good health, and overjoyed at his return.

The commodore, who was by this time turned of seventy, and altogether crippled by the gout, seldom went abroad; and as his conversation was not very entertaining, had but little company within doors; so that his spirits must have quite stagnated, had not they been kept in motion by the conversation of Hatchway, and received at different times a wholesome fillip from the discipline of his spouse who, by the force of pride, religion, and Coniac, had erected a most terrible tyranny in the house. There was such a quick circulation of domesticks in the family, that every suit of livery had been worn by figures of all dimensions: Trunnion himself had long before this time yield-

ed to the torrent of her arbitrary sway ; though not without divers obstinate efforts to maintain his liberty ; and now, that he was disabled by his infirmities, when he used to hear his empress singing the loud Orthyan song among the servants below, he would often in whispers communicate to the lieutenant, hints of what he would do, if so be as how he was not deprived of the use of his precious limbs. Hatchway was the only person whom the temper of Mrs. Trunnion respected, either because she dreaded his ridicule, or looked upon his person with eyes of affection. This being the situation of things in the garrison, it is not to be doubted that the old gentleman highly enjoyed the presence of Peregrine, who found means to ingratiate himself so effectually with his aunt, that while he remained at home, she seemed to have exchanged the disposition of a tigress for that of a gentle kid : but he found his own mother as implacable, and his father as much hen-pecked, as ever.

Gamaliel, who now very seldom enjoyed the conversation of his old friend the commodore, had some time ago entered into an amicable society, consisting of the barber, apothecary, attorney, and exciseman of the parish, among whom he used to spend the evening at Tunley's, and listen to their disputes upon philosophy and politicks, with great comfort and edification, while his sovereign lady domineered at home as usual, visited with great pomp in the neighbourhood, and employed her chief care in the education of her darling son Gam, who was now in the fifteenth year of his age, and so remarkable for his perverse disposition, that in spite of his mother's influence and authority, he was not only hated, but also despised, both at home and abroad. She had put him under the tuition of the curate, who lived in the family, and was obliged to attend him in all his exercises and excursions. This governor was a low-bred fellow, who had neither experience nor ingenuity, but possessed a large fund of adulation and servile complaisance, by which he had gained the good graces of Mrs. Pickle, and presided over all her deliberations in the same manner as his superior managed those of Mrs. Trunnion.

He had one day rode out to take the air with his pupil, who, as I have al-

ready observed, was odious to the poor people, for having killed their dogs and broken their inclosures, and on account of his hump, distinguished by the title of *my Lord* ; when in a narrow lane they chanced to meet Peregrine on horseback.

The young squire no sooner perceived his elder brother, for whom he had been instructed to entertain the most inveterate grudge, than he resolved to insult him *en passant*, and actually rode against him full gallop. Our hero guessing his aim, fixed himself in his stirrups, and by a dexterous management of the reins, avoided the shock in such a manner, as that their legs only should encounter, by which means my lord was tilted out of his saddle, and in a twinkling laid sprawling in the dirt. The governor, enraged at the disgrace of his charge, advanced with great insolence and fury, and struck at Peregrine with his whip. Nothing could be more agreeable to our young gentleman than this assault, which furnished him with an opportunity of chastising an officious wretch, whose petulance and malice he had longed to punish. He therefore, spurring up his horse towards his antagonist, overthrew him in the middle of a hedge. Before he had time to recollect himself from the confusion of the fall, Pickle alighted in a trice, and exercised his horse-whip with such agility about the curate's face and ears, that he was fain to prostrate himself before his enraged conqueror, and implore his forbearance in the most abject terms. While Peregrine was thus employed, his brother Gam had made shift to rise and attack him in the rear ; for which reason, when the tutor was quelled, the victor faced about, snatched the weapon out of his hand, and having broken it to pieces, remounted his horse, and rode off, without deigning to honour him with any other notice.

The condition in which they returned produced infinite clamour against the conqueror, who was represented as a ruffian who had lain in ambush to make away with his brother, in whose defence the curate was said to have received those cruel stripes, that hindered him from appearing for three whole weeks in the performance of his duty at church.

Complaints were made to the commodore, who having inquired into the circumstances of the affair, approved of what his nephew had done ; adding, with

with many oaths, that, provided Peregrine had been out of the scrape, he wished Crook-back had broke his neck in the fall.

CHAP. XXIX.

HE PROJECTS A PLAN OF REVENGE, WHICH IS EXECUTED AGAINST THE CURATE.

OUR hero, exasperated at the villainy of the curate, in the treacherous misrepresentation he had made of this rencounter, determined to practise upon him a method of revenge, which should be not only effectual, but also unattended with any bad consequence to himself. For this purpose he and Hatchway, to whom he imparted his plan, went to the alehouse one evening, and called for an empty room, knowing there was no other but that which they had chosen for the scene of action. This apartment was a sort of a parlour that fronted the kitchen, with a window towards the yard; where, after they had sat some time, the lieutenant found means to amuse the landlord in discourse, while Peregrine, stepping out into the yard, by the talent of mimicry, which he possessed in a surprizing degree, counterfeited a dialogue between the curate and Tunley's wife. This reaching the ears of the publican, for whose hearing it was calculated, inflamed his naturally jealous disposition to such a degree, that he could not conceal his emotion, but made an hundred efforts to quit the room; while the lieutenant, smoking his pipe with great gravity, as if he neither heard what passed, nor took notice of the landlord's disorder, detained him on the spot by a succession of questions which he could not refuse to answer; though he stood sweating with agony all the time, stretching his neck every instant towards the window through which the voices were conveyed, scratching his head, and exhibiting sundry other symptoms of impatience and agitation. At length, the supposed conversation came to such a pitch of amorous complaisance, that the husband, quite frantick with his imaginary disgrace, rushed out at the door, crying, 'Coming, Sir!' But, as he was obliged to make a circuit round one half of the house, Peregrine had got in by

the window, before Tunley arrived in the yard.

According to the feigned intelligence he had received, he ran directly to the barn, in expectation of making some very extraordinary discovery; and having employed some minutes in rummaging the straw to no purpose, returned in a state of distraction to the kitchen, just as his wife chanced to enter at the other door. The circumstance of her appearance confirmed him in the opinion that the deed was done. As the disease of being hen-pecked was epidemick in the parish, he durst not express the least hint of his uneasiness to her, but resolved to take vengeance on the libidinous priest, who, he imagined, had corrupted the chastity of his spouse.

The two confederates, in order to be certified that their scheme had taken effect, as well as to blow up the flame which they had kindled, called for Tunley, in whose countenance they could easily discern his confusion. Peregrine desired him to sit down and drink a glass with them, began to interrogate him about his family, and among other things, asked him how long he had been married to that handsome wife. This question, which was put with an arch significance of look, alarmed the publican, who began to fear that Pickle had overheard his dishonour; and this suspicion was not at all removed, when the lieutenant, with a sly regard, pronounced, 'Tunley, wan't you noosed 'by the curate?'—'Yes, I was!' replied the landlord, with an eagerness and perplexity of tone, as if he thought the lieutenant knew, that *thereby hung a tale*; and Hatchway supported this suspicion, by answering, 'Nay, as for that matter, the curate may be a very sufficient man in his way.' This transition from his wife to the curate, convinced him that his shame was known to his guests; and in the transport of his indignation, he pronounced with great emphasis, 'A sufficient man! Odds heart! I believe they are all wolves in sheep's cloathing. I wish to God I could see the day, master, when there shall not be a priest, an exciseman, or a custom-house officer, in this kingdom. As for that fellow of a curate, if I do catch him—It don't signify talking—But, by the Lord!—Gentlemen, my service to you.'

The associates being satisfied by this abrupt

abrupt insinuations, that they had so far succeeded in their aim, waited with impatience two or three days in expectation of hearing that Tunley had fallen upon some method of being revenged for this imaginary wrong; but finding that either his invention was too shallow, or his inclination too languid, to gratify their desire of his own accord, they determined to bring the affair to such a crisis, that he should not be able to withstand the opportunity of executing his vengeance. With this view, they one evening hired a boy to run to Mr. Pickle's house, and tell the curate, that Mrs. Tunley being taken suddenly ill, her husband desired he would come immediately and pray with her. Meanwhile, they had taken possession of a room in the house; and Hatchway engaging the landlord in conversation, Peregrine in his return from the yard, observed, as if by accident, that the parson was gone into the kitchen, in order, as he supposed, to catechize Tunley's wife.

The publican started at this intelligence, and under pretence of serving another company in the next room, went out to the barn, where arming himself with a flail, he repaired to a lane through which the curate was under a necessity of passing in his way home. There he lay in ambush, with fell intent; and when the supposed author of his shame arrived, greeted him in the dark with such a salutation, as forced him to stagger backward three paces at least. If the second application had taken effect, in all probability that spot would have been the boundary of the parson's mortal peregrination; but, luckily for him, his antagonist was not expert in the management of his weapon, which by a twist of the thong that connected the legs, instead of pitching upon the head of the astonished curate, descended in an oblique direction on his own pate, with such a swing, that the skull actually rung like an apothecary's mortar, and ten thousand lights seemed to dance before his eyes. The curate recollecting himself during the respite he obtained from this accident, and believing his aggressor to be some thief who lurked in that place for prey, resolved to make a running fight, until he should arrive within cry of his habitation. With this design he raised up

his cudgel for the defence of his head, and betaking himself to his heels, began to roar for help with the lungs of a Stentor. Tunley throwing away the flail, which he durst no longer trust with the execution of his revenge, pursued the fugitive with all the speed he could exert; and the other, either unnerved by fear, or stumbling over a stone, was overtaken before he had run an hundred paces. He no sooner felt the wind of the publican's fist that whistled round his ears, than he fell flat upon the earth at full length, and the cudgel flew from his unclasping hand; when Tunley, springing like a tiger upon his back, rained such a shower of blows upon his carcase, that he imagined himself under the discipline of ten pair of fists at least; yet the imaginary cuckold, not satisfied with annoying the priest in this manner, laid hold on one of his ears with his teeth, and bit so unmercifully, that the curate was found almost entranced with pain by two labourers, at whose approach the assailant retreated unperceived.

The lieutenant had posted himself at the window, in order to see the landlord at his first return; and no sooner perceived him enter the yard, than he called him into the apartment, impatient to learn the effects of their stratagem. Tunley obeyed the summons, and appeared before his guests in all the violence of rage, disorder, and fatigue: his nostrils were dilated more than one-half beyond their natural capacity, his eyes rolled, his teeth chattered, he snored in breathing as if he had been oppressed by the nightmare, and streams of sweat flowed down each side of his forehead.

Peregrine affecting to start at the approach of such an uncouth figure, asked if he had been wrestling with a spirit; upon which he answered with great vehemence, 'Spirit! No, no, master, I have had a roll and tumble with the flesh.—A dog! I'll teach him to come a caterwauling about my doors!' Guessing from this reply, that his aim was accomplished, and curious to know the particulars of the rencounter, 'Well, then,' saith the youth, 'I hope you have prevailed against the flesh, Tunley?'—'Yes, yes,' answered the publican, 'I have cooled his capissens, as the saying is: I have played such a tune about his ears, that I'll be bound
he

' he shan't long for musick this month.
' A goatish, ram-faced rascal! Why,
' he's a perfect parish bull, as I hope
' to live.

Hatchway observing that he seemed to have made a stout battle, desired he would sit down and recover wind; and after he had swallowed a brace of bumpers, his vanity prompted him to expatiate upon his own exploit in such a manner, that the confederates, without seeming to know the curate was his antagonist, became acquainted with every circumstance of the ambuscade.

Tunley had scarce got the better of his agitation, when his wife entering the room, told them by way of news, that some waggish body had sent Mr. Sackbut the curate to pray with her. This name inflamed the husband's choler anew, and forgetting all his complaisance for his spouse, he replied with a rancorous grin, ' Add rabbit him! I doubt not but you found his admonitions deadly comfortable!' The landlady looking at her vassal with a sovereign aspect, ' What crotchets,' said she, ' have you got in your fool's head, I trow? I know no business you have to sit here like a gentleman with your arms a-kimbo, when there's another company in the house to be served.' The submissive husband took the hint, and, without farther expostulation, sneaked out of the room.

Next day it was reported, that Mr. Sackbut had been way-laid, and almost murdered by robbers, and an advertisement was pasted upon the church-door, offering a reward to any person that should discover the assassin; but he reaped no satisfaction from this expedient, and was confined to his chamber a whole fortnight by the bruises he had received.

C H A P. XXX.

MR. SACKBUT AND HIS PUPIL CONSPIRE AGAINST PEREGRINE, WHO BEING APPRIZED OF THEIR DESIGN BY HIS SISTER, TAKES MEASURES FOR COUNTERWORKING THEIR SCHEME, WHICH IS EXECUTED BY MISTAKE UPON MR. GAUNTLET. THIS YOUNG SOLDIER MEETS WITH A CORDIAL RECEPTION FROM THE COMMO-

DORE, WHO GENEROUSLY DECOYS HIM INTO HIS OWN INTEREST.

WHEN he considered the circumstances of the ambuscade, he could not persuade himself that he had been assaulted by a common thief, because it was not to be supposed that a robber would have amused himself in pummelling rather than in rifling his prey; he therefore ascribed his misfortune to the secret enmity of some person who had a design upon his life; and upon mature deliberation, fixed his suspicion upon Peregrine, who was the only man on earth from whom he thought he deserved such treatment. He communicated his conjecture to his pupil, who readily adopted his opinion, and advised him strenuously to revenge the wrong by a like contrivance, without seeking to make a narrower inquiry, lest his enemy should be thereby put upon his guard.

This proposal being relished, they in concert revolved the means of retorting the ambush with interest, and actually laid such a villainous plan for attacking our hero in the dark, that, had it been executed according to their intention, the young gentleman's scheme of travelling would have been effectually marred. But their machinations were overheard by Miss Pickle, who was now in the seventeenth year of her age, and, in spite of the prejudice of education, entertained in secret a most sisterly affection for her brother Perry, though she had never spoke to him, and was deterred by the precepts, vigilance, and menaces of her mother, from attempting any means of meeting him in private. She was not, however, insensible to his praise, which was loudly sounded forth in the neighbourhood, and never failed of going to church, and every other place where she thought she might have an opportunity of seeing this amiable brother. With these sentiments it cannot be supposed that she would hear the conspiracy without emotion. She was shocked at the treacherous barbarity of Gam, and shuddered at the prospect of the danger to which Peregrine would be exposed from their malice. She durst not communicate this plot to her mother, because she was afraid that lady's unaccountable aversion for her first-born would

would hinder her from interposing in his behalf, and consequently render her a sort of accomplice in the guilt of his assassins. She therefore resolved to warn Peregrine of the conspiracy, an account of which she transmitted to him in an affectionate letter, by means of a young gentleman in that neighbourhood, who made his addresses to her at that time, and who, at her request, offered his service to our hero, in defeating the projects of his adversaries.

Peregrine was startled when he read the particulars of their scheme; which was no other than an intention to fall upon him when he should be altogether unprovided against such an attack, cut off his ears, and otherwise mutilate him, in such a manner that he should have no cause to be vain of his person for the future.

Incensed as he was against the brutal disposition of his own father's son, he could not help being moved at the integrity and tenderness of his sister, of whose inclinations towards him he had been hitherto kept in ignorance. He thanked the gentleman for his honourable dealing, and expressed a desire of being better acquainted with his virtues; told him, that now he was cautioned, he hoped there would be no necessity for giving him any farther trouble, and wrote by him a letter of acknowledgment to his sister, for whom he expressed the utmost love and regard, beseeching her to favour him with an interview before his departure, that he might indulge his fraternal fondness, and be blessed with the company and countenance of one at least belonging to his own family.

Having imparted this discovery to his friend Hatchway, they came to a resolution of countermining the plan of their enemies. As they did not chuse to expose themselves to the insinuations of slander, which would have exerted itself at their expence, had they, even in defending themselves, employed any harsh means of retaliation, they invented a method of disappointing and disgracing their foes, and immediately set Pipes at work to forward the preparations.

Miss Pickle having described the spot which the assassins had pitched upon for the scene of their vengeance, our triumvirate intended to have placed a sentinel among the corn, who should come and give them intelligence when the ambus-

cade was laid; and in consequence of that information, they would steal softly towards the place, attended by three or four of the domesticks, and draw a large net over the conspirators, who being entangled in the toil, should be disarmed, fettered, heartily scourged, and suspended between two trees in the snare, as a spectacle to all passengers that should chance to travel that way.

The plan being thus digested, and the commodore made acquainted with the whole affair, the spy was sent upon duty, and every body within doors prepared to go forth upon the first notice. One whole evening did they spend in the most impatient expectation; but on the second the scout crept into the garrison, and assured them, that he had perceived three men skulking behind the hedge, on the road that led to the public-house from which Peregrine and the lieutenant used every night to return about that hour. Upon this intelligence, the confederates set out immediately with all their implements. Approaching the scene with as little noise as possible, they heard the sound of blows; and though the night was dark, perceived a sort of tumultuous conflict on the very spot which the conspirators had possessed. Surprized at this occurrence, the meaning of which he could not comprehend, Peregrine ordered his myrmidons to halt and reconnoitre; and immediately his ears were saluted with an exclamation of, 'You shan't 'scape me, rascal!' The voice being quite familiar to him, he all at once divined the cause of that confusion which they had observed; and running up to the assistance of the exclaiming, found a fellow on his knees, begging his life of Mr. Gauntler, who stood over him with a naked hanger in his hand.

Pickle instantly made himself known to his friend; who told him, that having left his horse at Tunley's, he was in his way to the garrison set upon by three ruffians, one of whom, being the very individual person now in his power, had come behind him, and struck with a bludgeon at his head, which, however, he missed, and the instrument descended on his left shoulder; that upon drawing his hanger, and laying about him in the dark, the other two fled, leaving their companion, whom he had disabled, in the lurch.

Peregrine congratulated him upon his safety, and having ordered Pipes to secure the prisoner, conducted Mr. Gauntlet to the garrison, where he met with a very hearty reception from the commodore, to whom he was introduced as his nephew's intimate friend; not but that, in all likelihood, he would have abated somewhat of his hospitality, had he known that he was the brother of Perry's mistress; but her name the old gentleman had never thought of asking, when he enquired into the particulars of his godson's amour.

The captive being examined, in presence of Trunnion and all his adherents, touching the ambuscade, owned, that being in the service of Gam Pickle, he had been prevailed upon by the solicitations of his master and the curate, to accompany them in their expedition, and undertake the part which he had acted against the stranger, whom he and his employers mistook for Peregrine. In consideration of this frank acknowledgment, and a severe wound he had received in his right-arm, they resolved to inflict no other punishment on this malefactor, than to detain him all night in the garrison, and next morning carry him before a justice of the peace, to whom he repeated all that he had said over-night, and with his own hand subscribed his confession, copies of which were handed about the neighbourhood, to the unspeakable confusion and disgrace of the curate and his promising pupil.

Meanwhile, Trunnion treated the young soldier with uncommon marks of respect, being prepossessed in his favour by this adventure, which he had so gallantly atchieved, as well as by the encomiums that Peregrine bestowed upon his valour and generosity. He liked his countenance, which was bold and hardy; admired his Herculean limbs; and delighted in asking questions concerning the service he had seen.

The day after his arrival, while the conversation turned on this last subject, the commodore, taking the pipe out of his mouth, 'I'll tell you what, brother,' said he, 'five and forty years ago, when I was third lieutenant of the Warwick man of war, there was a very stout young fellow on board, a subaltern officer of marines; his name was not unlike your own, d'ye see! being Guntlet, with a G. I re-

member he and I could not abide one another at first, because, d'ye see, I was a sailor and he a land-man, till we fell in with a Frenchman, whom we engaged for eight glasses, and at length boarded and took. I was the first man that stood on the enemy's deck, and should have come scurvy off, d'ye see, if Guntlet had not jumped to my assistance; but we soon cleared ship, and drove them to close quarters, so that they were obliged to strike; and from that day Guntlet and I were sworn brothers as long as he remained on board. He was exchanged into a marching regiment, and what became of him afterwards, Lord in heaven knows; but this I'll say of him, whether he be dead or alive, he feared no man that ever wore a head, and was, moreover, a very hearty messmate.'

The stranger's breast glowed at this eulogium, which was no sooner pronounced, than he eagerly asked, if the French ship was not the Diligence. The commodore replied with a stare, 'The very same, my lad.'—'Then,' said Gauntlet, 'the person of whom you are pleased to make such honourable mention was my own father.'—'The devil he was!' cried Trunnion, shaking him by the hand; 'I am rejoiced to see a son of Ned Guntlet in my house.'

This discovery introduced a thousand questions, in the course of which the old gentleman learned the situation of his friend's family; and discharged innumerable execrations upon the ingratitude and injustice of the ministry, which had failed to provide for the son of such a brave soldier. Nor was his friendship confined to such ineffectual expressions; he that same evening signified to Peregrine a desire of doing something for his friend. This inclination was so much praised, encouraged, and promoted, by his godson, and even supported by his counsellor Hatchway, that our hero was empowered to present him with a sum of money sufficient to purchase a commission.

Though nothing could be more agreeable to Pickle than this permission, he was afraid that Godfrey's scrupulous disposition would hinder him from subjecting himself to any such obligation; and therefore proposed that he should be decoyed into his own interest by a feign-

ed story, in consequence of which he would be prevailed upon to accept of the money, as a debt which the commodore had contracted of his father at sea. Trunnion made wry faces at this expedient, the necessity of which he could not conceive, without calling in question the common sense of Gauntlet; as he took it for granted, that such offers as those were not to be rejected on any consideration whatever. Besides, he could not digest an artifice, by which he himself must own that he had lived so many years, without manifesting the least intention of doing justice to his creditor. All these objections, however, were removed by the zeal and rhetorick of Peregrine, who represented that it would be impossible to befriend him on any other terms; that his silence hitherto would be imputed to his want of information touching the circumstances and condition of his friend; and that his remembering and insisting upon discharging the obligation, after such an interval of time, when the whole affair was in oblivion, would be the greatest compliment he could pay to his own honour and integrity.

Thus persuaded, he took an opportunity of Gauntlet's being alone with him to broach the affair; telling the young man, that his father had advanced a sum of money for him, when they sailed together, on account of the mess, as well as to stop the mouth of a clamorous creditor at Portsmouth; and that the said sum, with interest, amounted to about four hundred pounds, which he would now, with great thankfulness, repay.

Godfrey was amazed at this declaration; and after a considerable pause replied, that he had never heard his parents mention any such debt; that no memorandum or voucher of it was found among his father's papers; and that, in all probability, it must have been discharged long ago, although the commodore, in such a long course of time and hurry of occupation, might have forgot the repayment: he therefore desired to be excused from accepting what in his own conscience he believed was not his due; and complimented the old gentleman upon his being so scrupulously just and honourable.

The soldier's refusal, which was matter of astonishment to Trunnion, in-

creased his inclination to assist him; and, on pretence of acquitting his own character, he urged his beneficence with such obstinacy, that Gauntlet, afraid of disobliging him, was in a manner compelled to receive a draft for the money, for which he subscribed an ample discharge, and immediately transmitted the order to his mother, whom at the same time he informed of the circumstances by which they had so unexpectedly gained this accession of fortune.

Such a piece of news could not fail of being agreeable to Mrs. Gauntlet; who, by the first post, wrote a polite letter of acknowledgment to the commodore, another to her own son, importing, that she had already sent the draft to a friend in London, with directions to deposit it in the hands of a certain banker, for the purchase of the first ensigncy to be sold; and she took the liberty of sending a third to Peregrine, couched in very affectionate terms, with a kind postscript, signed by Miss Sophy and his charming Emily.

This affair being transacted to the satisfaction of all concerned, preparations were set on foot for the departure of our hero, on whom his uncle settled an annuity of eight hundred pounds, being little less than one half of his whole income. By this time indeed the old gentleman could easily afford to alienate such a part of his fortune, because he entertained little or no company, kept few servants, was remarkably plain and frugal in his house-keeping; Mrs. Trunnion being now some years on the wrong side of fifty, her infirmities began to increase; and though her pride had suffered no diminution, her vanity was altogether subdued by her avarice.

A Swiss valet de chambre, who had already made the tour of Europe, was hired for the care of Peregrine's, own person; Pipes, being ignorant of the French language, as well as otherwise unfit for the office of a fashionable attendant, it was resolved that he should remain in garrison; and his place was immediately supplied by a Parisian lacquey, engaged at London for that purpose. Pipes did not seem to relish this disposition of things; and though he made no verbal objections to it, looked remarkably sour at his successor upon his first arrival; but this sullen fit seemed gradually to wear off; and long be-

fore his master's departure, he had recovered his natural tranquillity and unconcern.

CHAP. XXXI.

THE TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN DISPLAY THEIR TALENTS FOR GAL-
LANTRY, IN THE COURSE OF
WHICH THEY ARE INVOLVED IN
A LUDICROUS CIRCUMSTANCE
OF DISTRESS, AND AFTERWARDS
TAKE VENGEANCE ON THE AU-
THOR OF THEIR MISHAP.

MEANWHILE our hero and his new friend, together with honest Jack Hatchway, made daily excursions into the country, visited the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and frequently accompanied them to the chace; all three being exceedingly caressed on account of their talents, which could accommodate themselves with great facility to the tempers and turns of their entertainers. The lieutenant was a droll in his way, Peregrine possessed a great fund of sprightliness and good-humour, and Godfrey, among his other qualifications already recited, sung a most excellent song; so that the company of this triumvirate was courted in all parties, whether male or female; and if the hearts of our young gentlemen had not been pre-engaged, they would have met with opportunities in abundance of displaying their address in the art of love; not but that they gave loose to their gallantry without much interesting their affections, and amused themselves with little intrigues, which, in the opinion of a man of pleasure, do not affect his fidelity to the acknowledged sovereign of his soul.

In the midst of these amusements, our hero received an intimation from his sister, that she should be overjoyed to meet him next day, at five o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of her nurse, who lived in a cottage hard by her father's habitation, she being debarred from all opportunity of seeing him in any other place by the severity of her mother, who suspected her inclination.

He accordingly obeyed the summons, and went at the time appointed to the place of rendezvous, where he met this affectionate young lady; who, when he entered the room, ran towards him with

all the eagerness of transport; flung her arms about his neck, and shed a flood of tears in his bosom, before she could utter one word, except a repetition of 'My dear, dear brother!' He embraced her with all the piety of fraternal tenderness, wept over her in his turn, assured her that this was one of the happiest moments of his life, and kindly thanked her for having resisted the example and disobeyed the injunctions of his mother's unnatural aversion.

He was ravished to find by her conversation, that she possessed a great share of sensibility and prudent reflection; for she lamented the infatuation of her parents, with the most filial regret; and expressed such abhorrence and concern at the villainous disposition of her younger brother, as a humane sister may be supposed to have entertained. He made her acquainted with all the circumstances of his own fortune; and as he supposed she spent her time very disagreeably at home, among characters which must be shockingly interesting, professed a desire of removing her into some other sphere, where she could live with more tranquillity and satisfaction.

She objected to this proposal, as an expedient that would infallibly subject her to the implacable resentment of her mother, whose favour and affection she at present enjoyed but in a very inconsiderable degree; and they had canvassed divers schemes of corresponding for the future, when the voice of Mrs. Pickle was heard at the door.

Miss Julia (that was the young lady's name) finding herself betrayed, was seized with a violent agitation of fear; and Peregrine scarce had time to encourage her with a promise of protection, before the door of the apartment being flung open, this irreconcilable parent rushed in, and with a furious aspect flew directly at her trembling daughter, when the son interposing, received the first discharge of her fury.

Her eyes gleamed with all the rage of indignation, which choaked up her utterance, and seemed to convulse her whole frame; she twisted her left-hand in his hair, and with the other buffeted him about the face, till the blood gushed from his nostrils and mouth; while he defended his sister from the cruelty of Gam, who assaulted her from another quarter, seeing his brother engaged. This attack lasted several minutes with great

great violence, till at length Peregrine finding himself in danger of being overpowered, if he should remain any longer on the defensive, laid his brother on his back; then he disentangled his mother's hand from his own hair, and having pushed her gently out of the room, bolted the door on the inside; finally, turning to Gam, he threw him out at the window, among a parcel of hogs that fed under it. By this time Julia was almost quite distracted with terror; she knew she had offended beyond all hope of forgiveness, and from that moment considered herself as an exile from her father's house: in vain did her brother strive to console her with fresh protestations of love and protection; she counted herself extremely miserable in being obliged to endure the eternal resentment of a parent with whom she had hitherto lived, and dreaded the censure of the world, which from her mother's misrepresentation she was sensible would condemn her unheard. That she might not, however, neglect any means in her power of averting this storm, she resolved to appease, if possible, her mother's wrath with humiliation, and even appeal to the influence of her father, weak as it was, before she would despair of being forgiven. But the good lady spared her this unnecessary application, by telling her through the key-hole, that she must never expect to come within her father's door again; for from that hour she renounced her, as unworthy of her affection and regard. Julia weeping bitterly, endeavoured to soften the rigour of the sentence, by the most submissive and reasonable remonstrances; but as in her vindication she of necessity espoused her elder brother's cause, her endeavours, instead of soothing, served only to exasperate her mother to an higher pitch of indignation, which discharged itself in invectives against Peregrine, whom she reviled with the epithets of a worthless, abandoned reprobate.

The youth hearing these unjust aspersions, trembled with resentment through every limb, assuring the upbraider that he considered her as an object of compassion; 'For, without all doubt,' said he, 'your diabolical rancour must be severely punished by the thorns of your own conscience, which this very instant taxes you with the malice and falshood of your reproaches. As for my sister, I bless God that you have

not been able to infect her with your unnatural prejudice, which because she is too just, too virtuous, too humane to imbibe, you reject her as an alien to your blood, and turn her out unprovided into a barbarous world. But even there your vicious purpose shall be defeated; that same Providence that screened me from the cruelty of your hate, shall extend it's protection to her, until I shall find it convenient to assert by law that right of maintenance which nature, it seems, hath bestowed upon us in vain. In the mean time, you will enjoy the satisfaction of paying an undivided attention to that darling son, whose amiable qualities have so long engaged and engrossed your love and esteem.'

This freedom of expostulation exalted his mother's ire to mere frenzy; she cursed him with the bitterest imprecations, and raved like a Bedlamite at the door, which she attempted to burst open. Her efforts were seconded by her favourite son, who denounced vengeance against Peregrine, made furious assaults against the lock, which resisted all their applications, until our hero, espying his friends Gauntlet and Pipes stepping over a stile that stood about a furlong from the window, called them to his assistance; giving them to understand how he was besieged, he desired they would keep off his mother, that he might the more easily secure his sister Julia's retreat. The young soldier entered accordingly, and posting himself between Mrs. Pickle and the door, gave the signal to his friend, who lifting up his sister in his arms, carried her safe without the clutches of this she-dragon, while Pipes with his cudgel kept young master at bay.

The mother being thus deprived of her prey, sprung upon Gauntlet like a lioness robbed of her whelps; and he must have suffered sorely in the flesh, had he not prevented her mischievous intent by seizing both her wrists, and so keeping her at due distance. In attempting to disengage herself from his grasp, she struggled with such exertion, and suffered such agony of passion at the same time, that she actually fell into a severe fit, during which she was put to bed, and the confederates retired without farther molestation.

In the mean time, Peregrine was not a little perplexed about the disposal of his sister whom he had rescued. He could

could not endure the thoughts of saddling the commodore with a new expence; and he was afraid of undertaking the charge of Julia, without his benefactor's advice and direction: for the present, however, he carried her to the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose lady was her godmother, where she was received with great tenderness and condolence; and he purposed to inquire for some creditable house, where she might be genteelly boarded in his absence, resolving to maintain her from the savings of his own allowance, which he thought might very well bear such deduction. But this intention was frustrated by the publication of the whole affair, which was divulged next day, and soon reached the ears of Trunnion, who chid his godson for having concealed the adventure; and, with the approbation of his wife, ordered him to bring Julia forthwith to the garrison. The young gentleman, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, explained his design of maintaining her at his own expence, and earnestly begged that he might not be deprived of that satisfaction. But his uncle was deaf to all his intreaties, and insisted upon her living in the garrison, though for no other reason than that of being company to her aunt; who, he observed, was lost for want of conversation.

Julia was accordingly brought home, and settled under the tuition of Mrs. Trunnion; who, whatever face she might put on the matter, could have dispensed with the society of her niece: though she was not without hope of gratifying her pique to Mrs. Pickle, by the intelligence she would receive from the daughter of that lady's œconomy and domestick behaviour. The mother herself seemed conscious of this advantage which her sister-in-law had now gained over her; being as much chagrined at the news of Julia's reception in the garrison, as if she had heard of her own husband's death. She even tortured her invention to propagate calumnies against the reputation of her own daughter, whom she slandered in all companies; she exclaimed against the commodore as an old ruffian who spirited up a rebellion among her children; and imputed the hospitality of his wife, in countenancing them, to nothing else but her inveterate enmity to their mother, whom they had disobligened. She now insisted, in the most peremptory terms, upon her husband's

renouncing all commerce with the old lad of the castle and his adherents; and Mr. Gamaliel having by this time contracted other friendships, readily submitted to her will; nay, even refused to communicate with the commodore one night, when they happened to meet by accident at the publick house.

C H A P. XXXII.

THE COMMODORE SENDS A CHALLENGE TO GAMALIEL, AND IS IMPOSED UPON BY A WAGGISH INVENTION OF THE LIEUTENANT, PEREGRINE, AND GAUNTLET.

THIS affront Trunnion could by no means digest: he advised with the lieutenant upon the subject; and the result of their consultation was a defiance which the old commander sent to Pickle, demanding that he would meet him at such a place on horseback with a brace of pistols, and give satisfaction for the slight he had put upon him.

Nothing could have afforded more pleasure to Jack, than the acceptance of this challenge, which he delivered verbally to Mr. Gamaliel, who was called out from the club at Tunley's for that purpose. The nature of this message had an instantaneous effect upon the constitution of the pacifick Pickle, whose bowels yearned with apprehension, and underwent such violent agitation on the spot, that one would have thought the operation proceeded from some severe joke of the apothecary which he had swallowed in his beer.

The messenger despairing of a satisfactory answer, left him in this woeful condition; and being loth to lose any opportunity of raising the laugh against the commodore, went immediately and communicated the whole affair to the young gentlemen, intreating them, for the love of God, to concert some means of bringing old Hannibal into the field. The two friends relished the proposal, and after some deliberation, it was resolved that Hatchway should tell Trunnion his invitation was accepted by Gamaliel, who would meet him at the place appointed, with his second, to-morrow in the twilight, because if either should fall, the other would have the better chance for escaping in the dark; that

Godfrey

old
and
on-
ub-
d to
one
by

AL-
IS
SH
FE-
T-

by
with
the
efi-
to
ect
h a
for

ore
of
er-
led
hat
age
the
ose
nd
he
he
ere
ad

is-
ful
ny
nt
nd
he
or
ns
d.
al,
e-
n-
a-
ce
w
ld
er
at
y



Plate V.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Sep^r 2. 1781.

Godf
friend
father
care
the
done

Th
the li
with
antag
thoug
fail
ascrib
whic
instan
his c
horse
dled
to lip
the p
more
advi
accid
disd
' th
' th
' ru
' a
' sh
' hi
and
with
from
they
the
wh
effe
led
hav
joy
Ha
can
sec
gro
the
mu
be
ne
mu
or
ar
for
Pe
se
bi
m
bi
hi
po
a

Godfrey should personate old Pickle's friend, and Peregrine represent his own father, while the lieutenant should take care in loading the pistols to keep out the shot, so that no damage might be done in the rencounter.

These circumstances being adjusted, the lieutenant returned to his principal with a most thundering reply from his antagonist, whose courageous behaviour, though it could not intimidate, did not fail to astonish the commodore, who ascribed it to the spirit of his wife, which had inspired him. Trunnion that instant desired his counsellor to prepare his cartridge-box, and order the quietest horse in the stable to be kept ready saddled for the occasion; his eye seemed to lighten with alacrity and pleasure at the prospect of smelling gunpowder once more before his death; and when Jack advised him to make his will, in case of accident, he rejected his counsel with disdain, saying, 'What! dost think that Hawser Trunnion, who has stood the fire of so many floating batteries, runs any risk from the lousy pops of a land-man? Thou shalt see thou shalt see how I'll make him lower his top-sails.' Next day, Peregrine and the soldier provided themselves with horses at the publick-house, from whence, at the destined hour, they rode to the field of battle, each of them being muffled in a great-coat, which, with the dimness of the light, effectually shielded them from the knowledge of the one-eyed commander, who having taken horse, on pretence of enjoying the fresh air, soon appeared with Hatchway in his rear. When they came within sight of each other, the seconds advanced, in order to divide the ground, and regulate the measures of the combat; when it was determined by mutual consent, that two pistols should be discharged on each side, and that if neither should prove decisive, recourse must be had to the broad-swords, in order to ascertain the victory. These articles being settled, the opponents rode forward to their respective stations, when Peregrine cocking his pistol, and presenting, counterfeited his father's voice, bidding Trunnion take care of his remaining eye. The commodore took his advice, being unwilling to hazard his day-light, and very deliberately opposed the patched side of his face to the muzzle of his antagonist's piece, de-

firing him to do his duty without farther jaw. The young man accordingly fired, and the distance being small, the wad of his pistol took place with a smart stroke on the forehead of Trunnion, who mistaking it for a ball, which he thought was lodged in his brain, spurred up his steed in a state of desperation towards his antagonist, and holding his piece within two yards of his body, let it off, without any regard to the laws of battle. Surprized and enraged to see it had made no impression, he hallooed in a terrible tone, 'O, damn ye! you have got your netting stuffed, I feel' and advancing, discharged his second pistol so near his godson's head, that had he not been defended by his great coat, the powder must have scorched his face. Having thus thrown away his fire, he remained at the mercy of Peregrine, who clapping the piece he had in reserve to his head, commanded him to beg his life, and ask pardon for his presumption. The commodore made no reply to this imperious injunction, but dropping his pistol, and unsheathing his broad-sword in an instant, attacked our hero with such incredible agility, that if he had not made shift to ward off the stroke with his piece, the adventure, in all likelihood, would have turned out a very tragical joke. Peregrine finding it would be in vain for him to think of drawing his weapon, or of standing on the defensive against this furious aggressor, very fairly clapped spurs to his nag, and sought his safety in flight. Trunnion pursued him with infinite eagerness, and his steed being the better of the two, would have overtaken the fugitive to his peril, had he not been unfortunately encountered by the boughs of a tree, that happened to stand on his blind-side, and incommoded him so much, that he was fain to quit his sword, and lay hold on the mane, in order to maintain his seat. Perry, perceiving his disaster, wheeled about, and now finding leisure to produce his weapon, returned upon his disarmed foe, brandishing his Ferrara, threatening to make him shorter by the head, if he would not immediately crave quarter, and yield. There was nothing farther from the intention of the old gentleman than such submission, which he flatly refused to pay; alledging, that he had already compelled his enemy to clap on all his sails, and that his own present misfortune

misfortune was owing to accident; all one as if a ship should be attacked, after she had been obliged to heave her guns overboard in a storm.

Before Peregrine had time to answer this remonstrance, the lieutenant interposed, and taking cognizance of the case, established a truce, until he and the other second should discuss and decide upon the merits of the cause. They accordingly retired to a small distance, and after having conferred a few minutes, Hatchway returned, and pronounced the commodore vanquished by the chance of war.

Never was rage more transported than that which took possession of old Hannibal, when he heard the sentence: it was some time before he could utter aught, except the reproachful expression, 'You lie!' which he repeated more than twenty times, in a sort of delirious insensibility. When he recovered the farther use of his speech, he abused the arbitrators with such bitter invectives, renouncing their sentence, and appealing to another trial, that the confederates began to repent of having carried the joke so far; and Peregrine, in order to appease his choler, owned himself overcome.

This acknowledgment calmed the tumult of his wrath, though he could not for some days forgive the lieutenant; and the two young gentlemen rode back to Tunley's; while Hatchway, taking the commodore's horse by the bridle, reconducted him to his mansion, growling all the way to Jack for his unjust and unfriendly decree; though he could not help observing, as how he had made his words good, in making his adversary strike his top-sails: 'And yet,' said he, 'before God! I think the fellow's head is made of a wool-pack; for my shot rebounded from his face like a wad of spun-yarn from the walls of a ship. But if so be that son of a bitch of a tree hadn't come athwart my weather-bow, d'ye see! I'll be damned if I had'n't snapt his main-yard in the slings, and mayhap let out his bulge-water into the bargain.' He seemed particularly vain of this exploit, which dwelt upon his imagination, and was cherished as the child of his old age; for though he could not with decency rehearse it to the young men and his wife at supper, he gave shrewd hints of his own manhood, even

at these years, and attested Hatchway as a voucher for his mettle; while the triumvirate, diverted by his vanity, enjoyed in secret the success of their imposition.

CHAP. XXXIII.

PEREGRINE TAKES LEAVE OF HIS AUNT AND SISTER; SETS OUT FROM THE GARRISON; PARTS WITH HIS UNCLE AND HATCHWAY ON THE ROAD; AND, WITH HIS GOVERNOR, ARRIVES IN SAFETY AT DOVER.

THIS, however, was the last effort of invention which they practised upon him; and every thing being now prepared for the departure of his godson, that hopeful youth in two days took leave of all his friends in the neighbourhood. He was closeted two whole hours with his aunt, who enriched him with many pious advices; recapitulated all the benefits which, through her means, had been conferred upon him since his infancy; cautioned him against the temptations of lewd women, who bring many a man to a morsel of bread; laid strict injunctions upon him to live in the fear of the Lord and the true protestant faith; to eschew quarrels and contention; to treat Mr. Jolter with reverence and regard; and, above all things, to abstain from the beastly sin of drunkenness, which exposed a man to the scorn and contempt of his fellow-creatures, and by divesting him of reason and reflection, renders him fit for all manner of vice and debauchery. She recommended to him economy and the care of his health; bade him remember the honour of his family; and in all the circumstances of his behaviour, assured him, that he might always depend upon the friendship and generosity of the commodore. Finally, presenting him with her own picture set in gold, and a hundred guineas from her privy purse, she embraced him affectionately, and wished him all manner of happiness and prosperity.

Being thus kindly dismissed by Mrs. Trunnion, he locked himself up with his sister Julia, whom he admonished to cultivate her aunt with the most complaisant and respectful attention, without stooping to any circumstance of submission

mission that she should judge unworthy of her practice; he protested that his chief study should be to make her amends for the privilege she had forfeited by her affection for him; intreated her to enter into no engagement without his knowledge and approbation; put into her hand the purse which he had received from his aunt, to defray her pocket expences in his absence; and parted from her, not without tears, after she had for some minutes hung about his neck, kissing him and weeping in the most pathetic silence.

Having performed these duties of affection and consanguinity over night, he went to bed, and was, by his own direction, called at four o'clock in the morning, when he found the post-chaise, coach, and riding-horses, ready at the gate, his friends Gauntlet and Hatchway on foot, the commodore himself almost dressed, and every servant in the garrison assembled in the yard, to wish him a good journey. Our hero shook each of these humble friends by the hand, tipping them at the same time with marks of his bounty; and was very much surprized when he could not perceive his old attendant Pipes among the number. When he expressed his wonder at this disrespectful omission of Tom, some of those present ran to his chamber, in order to give him a call, but his hammock and room were both deserted, and they soon returned with an account of his having eloped. Peregrine was disturbed at this information, believing that the fellow had taken some desperate course in consequence of his being dismissed from his service, and began to wish that he had indulged his inclination, by retaining him still about his person. However, as there was now no other remedy, he recommended him strenuously to the particular favour and distinction of his uncle and Hatchway, in case he should appear again; and as he went out of the gate, was saluted with three cheers by all the domesticks in the family. The commodore, Gauntlet, lieutenant, Peregrine, and Jolter, went into the coach together, that they might enjoy each other's conversation as much as possible, resolving to breakfast at an inn upon the road, where Trunnion and Hatchway intended to bid our adventurer farewell. The valet de chambre

got into the post-chaise, the French lacquey rode one horse and led another, one of the valets of the garrison mounted at the back of the coach; and thus the cavalcade set out on the road to Dover. As the commodore could not bear the fatigue of jolting, they travelled at an easy pace during the first stage; so that the old gentleman had an opportunity of communicating his exhortations to his godson, with regard to his conduct abroad; he advised him, now that he was going into foreign parts, to be upon his guard against the fair weather of the French politesse, which was no more to be trusted than a whirlpool at sea. He observed that many young men had gone to Paris with good cargoes of sense, and returned with a great deal of canvas, and no ballast at all; whereby they became crank all the days of their lives, and sometimes carried their keels above water. He desired Mr. Jolter to keep his pupil out of the clutches of those sharking priests who lie in wait to make converts of all young strangers, and in a particular manner cautioned the youth against carnal conversation with the Parisian dames, who, he understood, were no better than gaudy fire-ships ready primed with death and destruction.

Peregrine listened with great respect, thanking him for his kind admonitions, which he faithfully promised to observe. They halted and breakfasted at the end of the stage, where Jolter provided himself with a horse, and the commodore settled the method of corresponding with his nephew. The minute of parting being arrived, the old commander wrung his godson by the hand, saying, 'I wish thee a prosperous voyage and good cheer, my lad! my timbers are now a little crazy, d'ye see; and God knows if I shall keep afloat till such time as I see thee again; but however, hap what will, thou wilt find thyself in a condition to keep in the line with the best of thy fellows.' He then reminded Gauntlet of his promise to call at the garrison in his return from Dover, and imparted something in a whisper to the governor, while Jack Hatchway, unable to speak, pulled his hat over his eyes, and squeezing Peregrine by the hand, gave him an iron pistol of curious workmanship, as a

N memorial

memorial of his friendship. Our youth, who was not unmoved on this occasion, received the pledge, which he acknowledged with the present of a silver tobacco-box, bought for that purpose; and the two lads of the castle getting into the coach, were driven homewards in a state of silent dejection.

Godfrey and Peregrine seated themselves in the post-chaise, and Jolter, the valet de chambre, and lacquey, bestriding their beasts, they proceeded for the place of their destination, at which they arrived in safety that same night, and bespoke a passage in the packet-boat which was to sail next day.

C H A P. XXXIV.

HE ADJUSTS THE METHOD OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH GAUNTLET; MEETS BY ACCIDENT WITH AN ITALIAN CHARLATAN AND A CERTAIN APOTHECARY, WHO PROVES TO BE A NOTED CHARACTER.

THERE the two friends adjusted the articles of their future correspondence, and Peregrine having written a letter to his mistress, wherein he renewed his former vows of eternal fidelity, it was entrusted to the care of her brother, while Mr. Jolter, at the desire of his pupil, provided an elegant supper, and some excellent Burgundy, that they might spend this eve of his departure with the greater enjoyment.

Things being thus disposed, and a servant employed in laying the cloth, their ears were of a sudden invaded by a strange tumultuous noise in the next room, occasioned by the overthrow of tables, chairs, and glasses, with odd unintelligible exclamations in broken French, and a jargon of threats in the Welch dialect. Our young gentleman ran immediately into the apartment from whence this clamour seemed to proceed, and found a thin, meagre, swarthy figure, gasping in all the agony of fear, under the hands of a squat, thick, hard-featured man, who collared him with great demonstrations of wrath, saying, 'If you was as mighty a magician as Owen Glendower, or the witch of Entor, look you, ay, or as Paul Beor himself, I will meke pold, by the as-

sistance of Got, and in his majesty's naam, to seize, and secure, and confine, and confront you, until such time as you suffer, and endure, and undergo, the pains and penalties of the law, for your diabolical practices. —Shentlements,' added he, turning to our adventurers, 'I take you to witness that I protest, and assert, and avow, that this person is as pig a necromancer as you would desire to behold; and I supplicate, and beseech, and intreat of you, that he may be brought before his petters, and compelled to give an account of his compact and commerce with the imps of darkness, look you; for as I am a christian soul, and hope for joyful resurrection, I have this plessed evening seen him perform such things as could not be done without the aid, and instruction, and connivance, of the tevil.'

Gauntlet seemed to enter into the sentiments of this Welch reformer, and actually laid hold on the delinquent's shoulder, crying, 'Damn the rascal! I'll lay any wager that he's a Jesuit; for none of his order travel without a familiar.' But Peregrine, who looked upon the affair in another point of view, interposed in behalf of the stranger, whom he freed from his aggressors, observing that there was no occasion to use violence; and asked in French what he had done to incur the censure of the informer. The poor foreigner, more dead than alive, answered, that he was an Italian charlatan, who had practised with some reputation in Padua, until he had the misfortune to attract the notice of the Inquisition, by exhibiting certain wonderful performances by his skill in natural knowledge, which that tribunal considered as the effects of sorcery, and persecuted him accordingly; so that he had been fain to make a precipitate retreat into France; where not finding his account in his talents, he was now arrived in England, with a view of practising his art in London; and that in consequence of a specimen which he had given to a company below, the cholerick gentleman had followed him up stairs to his own apartment, and assaulted him in that inhospitable manner. He therefore earnestly begged that our hero would take him under his protection; and if he entertained the least suspicion of his employing preternatural means

means in the operations of his art, he would freely communicate all the secrets in his possession.

The youth dispelled his apprehension, by assuring him that he was in no danger of suffering for his art in England; where, if ever he should be questioned by the zeal of superstitious individuals, he had nothing to do but appeal to the next justice of the peace, who would immediately acquit him of the charge, and punish his accusers for their impertinence and indiscretion.

He then told Gauntlet and the Welchman, that the stranger had a good action against them for an assault, by virtue of an act of parliament, which makes it criminal for any person to accuse another of sorcery and witchcraft, these idle notions being now justly exploded by all sensible men. Mr. Jolter, who had by this time joined the company, could not help signifying his dissent from this opinion of his pupil, which he endeavoured to invalidate by the authority of scripture, quotations from the fathers, and the confession of many wretches who suffered death for having carried on correspondence with evil spirits, together with the evidence of Satan's Invisible World, and Moreton's History of Witchcraft.

The foldier corroborated these testimonies by facts that had happened within the sphere of his own knowledge, and in particular mentioned the case of an old woman of the parish in which he was born, who used to transform herself into the shapes of sundry animals, and was at last killed by small-shot in the character of an hare. The Welchman thus supported, expressed his surprize at hearing that the legislature had shewn such tenderness for criminals of so dark a hue; and offered to prove, by undeniable instances, that there was not a mountain in Wales, which had not been in his memory the scene of necromancy and witchcraft; 'Wherefore,' said he, 'I am assuredly more than above astonished, and confounded, and concerned, that the parliament of Great Britain should in their great wisdoms, and their prudence, and their penetration, give countenance and encouragement, look you, to the works of darkness, and the empire of Pelzepup; offer and above the evidence of holy writ, and those writers who have been quoted

' by that aggrate and learned shentleman, we are informed by profane history, of the pibbles and pranks of the old serpent, in the bortents and oracles of antiquity; as you will find in that most excellent historian Bolypius, and Titus Lilius; ay, and moreover, in the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar himself; who, as the ole world knows, was a most famous, and a most saliant, and a most wise, and a most prudent, and a most fortunate chlestan, and a most renowned orator; ay, and a most elegant writer to boot.'

Peregrine did not think proper to enter the lists of dispute with three such obstinate antagonists; but contented himself with saying, that he believed it would be no difficult matter to impugn the arguments they had advanced; though he did not find himself at all disposed to undertake the task, which must of course break in upon the evening's entertainment. He therefore invited the Italian to supper, and asked the same favour of his accuser, who seemed to have something curious and characteristic in his manner and disposition; resolving to make himself an eye-witness of those surprizing feats, which had given offence to the cholerick Briton. This scrupulous gentleman thanked our hero for his courtesy, but declined communicating with the stranger, until his character should be farther explained; upon which his inviter, after some conversation with the charlatan, assured him that he would himself undertake for the innocence of his art; and then he was prevailed upon to favour them with his company.

In the course of the conversation, Peregrine learned that the Welchman was a surgeon of Canterbury, who had been called into a consultation at Dover, and understanding that his name was Morgan, took the liberty of asking if he was not the person so respectfully mentioned in the Adventures of Roderick Random. Mr. Morgan assumed a look of gravity and importance at this interrogation, and screwing up his mouth, answered, 'Mr. Rantum, my goot Sir, I believe upon my conscience and falsation, is my very goot frient and well-wisher; and he and I have been companions, and messmates, and fellow-sufferers, look you; but nevertheless for all that, perad-

‘venture, he hath not behaved with so much complaisance, and affability, and respect, as I might have expected from him; because he hath revealed, and divulged, and divulged, our private affairs, without my knowledge, and privity, and consent; but as God is my Saviour, I think he had no evil intention in his belly; and though there be certain persons, look you, who, as I am told, take upon them to laugh at his descriptions of my person, deportment, and conversation, I do affirm and maintain, and insist, with my heart, and my blood, and my soul, that those persons are no better than ignorant asses, and that they know not how to discern, and distinguish, and define, true ridicule, or as Aristotle calls it, the *to Gelion*, no more, look you, than a herd of mountain-goats; for I will make bold to observe, and I hope this good company will be of the same opinion, that there is nothing said of me in that performance which is unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman.’

Our young gentleman and his friends acquiesced in the justness of his observation. Peregrine particularly assured him, that from reading the book, he had conceived the utmost regard and veneration for his character; and that he thought himself extremely fortunate in having this opportunity of enjoying his conversation. Morgan, not a little proud of such advances from a person of Peregrine’s appearance, returned the compliment with a profusion of civility, and in the warmth of acknowledgment, expressed a desire of seeing him and his company at his house in Canterbury: ‘I will not pretend, or presume, kind Sir,’ said he, ‘to entertain you according to your merits and deserts; but you shall be as welcome to my poor cottage, and my wife and family, as the Prince of Wales himself; and it shall go hard, if one way or other, I do not find ways and means of making you confess that there is some good fellowship in an Ancient Prison: for though I am no better than a simple apothecary, I have as good blood circulating in my veins as any he in the county; and I can describe, and delineate, and demonstrate, my pedigree to the satisfaction of the Old; and moreover, by God’s good providence and assistance, I can afford

‘to treat my friend with a joint of good mutton, and a pottle of excellent wine, and no tradesman can peer me with a bill.’ He was congratulated on his happy situation, and assured that our youth would visit him on his return from France, provided he should take Canterbury in his route. As Peregrine manifested an inclination of being acquainted with the state of his affairs, he very complaisantly satisfied his curiosity, by giving him to know, that his spouse had left off breeding after having blessed him with two boys and a girl, who were still alive and well; that he lived in good esteem with his neighbours, and by his practice, which was considerably extended immediately after the publication of Roderick Random, had saved some thousand pounds. He had begun to think of retiring among his own relations in Glamorganshire, though his wife had made objection to this proposal, and opposed the execution of it with such obstinacy, that he had been at infinite pains in asserting his own prerogative, by convincing her both from reason and example, that he was king and priest in his own family, and that she owed the most implicit submission to his will. He likewise informed the company, that he had lately seen his friend Roderick, who had come from London on purpose to visit him, after having gained his lawsuit with Mr. Topehall, who was obliged to pay Narcissa’s fortune; that Mr. Random, in all appearance, led a very happy life in the conversation of his father and bed-fellow, by whom he enjoyed a son and daughter; and that Morgan had received in a present from him, a piece of very fine linen of his wife’s own making, several kits of salmon, and two casks of pickled pork, the most delicate he had ever tasted; together with a barrel of excellent herrings for salmagundy, which he knew to be his favourite dish.

This topick of conversation being discussed, the Italian was desired to exhibit a specimen of his art, and in a few minutes conducted the company into the next room, where, to their great astonishment and affright, they beheld a thousand serpents winding along the ceiling. Morgan, struck with this phenomenon, which he had not seen before, began to utter exorcisms with great devotion, Mr. Jolter ran terrified out of the

the room, Gauntlet drew his hanger, and Peregrine himself was disconcerted. The operator perceiving their confusion, desired them to retire, and calling them back in an instant, there was not a viper to be seen. He raised their admiration by sundry other performances; and the Welchman's former opinion and abhorrence of his character began to recur; when, in consideration of the civility with which he had been treated, this Italian imparted to them all the methods by which he had acted such wonders, that were no other than the effects of natural causes curiously combined; so that Morgan became a convert to his skill, asked pardon for the suspicion he had entertained, and invited the stranger to pass a few days with him at Canterbury. The scruples of Godfrey and Jolter were removed at the same time, and Peregrine testified his satisfaction by a handsome gratuity which he bestowed upon their entertainer.

The evening being spent in this sociable manner, every man retired to his respective chamber, and next morning they breakfasted together; when Morgan declared he would stay till he should

see our hero fairly embarked, that he might have the pleasure of Mr. Gauntlet's company to his own habitation: meanwhile, by the skipper's advice, the servants were ordered to carry a store of wine and provision on board in case of accident; and as the packet-boat could not sail before one o'clock, the company walked up hill to visit the castle, where they saw the sword of Julius Cæsar, and Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol; repeated Shakespeare's description, while they surveyed the chalky cliffs on each side; and cast their eyes towards the city of Calais, that was obscured by a thick cloud, which did not much regale their eye-sight, because it seemed to portend foul weather.

Having viewed every thing remarkable in this place, they returned to the pier; where, after the compliments of parting, and an affectionate embrace between the two young gentlemen, Peregrine and his governor stepped aboard, the sails were hoisted, and they went to sea with a fair wind, while Godfrey, Morgan, and the conjuror, walked back to the inn, from whence they set out for Canterbury before dinner.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



P

HE

OV

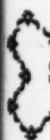
SU

AN

LA

TH

HO



a win

runni

our h

began

quenc

on de

while

disaste

lay at

treatif

cal de

engag

able m

In

to a v

with g

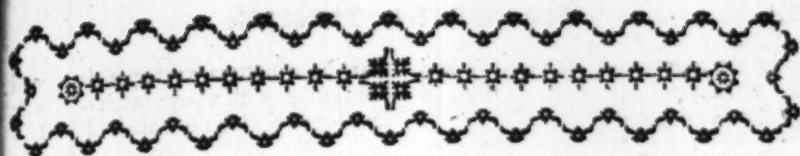
the de

crew

were

fear,

In the



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
PEREGRINE PICKLE.
VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

HE EMBARKS FOR FRANCE; IS OVERTAKEN BY A STORM; IS SURPRIZED WITH THE APPEARANCE OF PIPES; LANDS AT CALAIS, AND HAS AN AFFAIR WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

S CARCE had the vessel proceeded two leagues on the passage, when the wind shifting, blew directly in their teeth; so that they were obliged to haul upon a wind, and alter their course. The sea running pretty high at the same time, our hero, who was below in his cabin, began to be squeamish, and in consequence of the skipper's advice, went upon deck for the comfort of his stomach; while the governor, experienced in these disasters, slipped into bed, where he lay at his ease, amusing himself with a treatise on the Cycloid, with algebrical demonstrations, which never failed to engage his imagination in the most agreeable manner.

In the mean time the wind increased to a very hard gale, the vessel pitched with great violence, the sea washed over the decks, the master was alarmed, the crew were confounded, the passengers were overwhelmed with sickness and fear, and universal distraction ensued. In the midst of this uproar, Peregrine

holding fast by the taffrill, and looking ruefully a-head, the countenance of Pipes presented itself to his astonished view, rising as it were from the hold of the ship. At first he imagined it was a fear-formed shadow of his own brain; though he did not long remain in this error, but plainly perceived it was no other than the real person of Thomas, who jumping on the quarter-deck, took charge of the helm, and dictated to the sailors with as much authority as if he had been commander of the ship. The skipper looked upon him as an angel sent to his assistance, and the crew soon discovering him to be a thorough-bred seaman, notwithstanding his livery-frock, obeyed his orders with such alacrity, that in a little time the confusion vanished, and every necessary step was taken to weather the gale.

Our young gentleman immediately conceived the meaning of Tom's appearance on board, and when the tumult was a little subsided, went up and encouraged him to exert himself for the preservation of the ship, promising to take him again into his service, from which he should never be dismissed, except at his own desire. This assurance had a surprizing effect upon Pipes, who, though he made no manner of reply, thrust the helm into the master's hand, saying, 'Here, you old bum-boat wogman, take hold of the tiller, and keep her thus boy, thus!' and skipped about the vessel, trimming the sails, and managing

naging the ropes with such agility and skill, that every body on deck stood amazed at his dexterity.

Mr. Jolter was far from being unconcerned at the uncommon motion of the vessel, the singing of the wind, and the uproar which he heard above him; he looked towards the cabin-door with the most fearful expectation, in hope of seeing some person who could give some account of the weather, and what was doing upon deck; but not a soul appeared, and he was too well acquainted with the disposition of his own bowels to make the least alteration in his attitude. When he had lain a good while in all the agony of suspense, the boy tumbled headlong into his apartment, with such noise, that he believed the mast had gone by the board, and starting upright in his bed, asked with all the symptoms of horror, what was the cause of that disturbance. The boy, half stunned by his fall, answered in a dolorous tone, 'I'm come to put up the 'dead-lights.' At mention of dead-lights, the meaning of which he did not understand, the poor governor's heart died within him; he shivered with despair. His recollection forsaking him, he fell upon his knees in the bed, and fixing his eyes upon the book which was in his hand, began to pronounce aloud with great fervour, 'The time 'of a complete oscillation in the cycloid, is to the time in which a body 'would fall through the axis of the 'cycloid D V, as the circumference of 'a circle to it's diameter—' He would in all likelihood have proceeded with the demonstration of this proposition, had he not been seized with such a qualm as compelled him to drop the book, and accomodate himself to the emergency of his distemper; he therefore stretched himself at full length, and putting up ejaculations to Heaven, began to prepare himself for his latter-end; when all of a sudden, the noise above was intermitted, and as he could not conceive the cause of this tremendous silence, he imagined that either the men were washed over-board, or that despairing of safety, they had ceased to oppose the tempest. While he was harrowed by this miserable uncertainty, which, however, was not altogether unenlightened by some scattered rays of hope, the master entered the cabin; then he asked with a voice half extinguished by

fear, how matters went upon deck; and the skipper with a large bottle of brandy applied to his mouth, answered in a hollow tone, 'All's over now, master.' Upon which, Mr. Jolter giving himself over for lost, exclaimed with the utmost horror, 'Lord have mercy upon 'us! Christ have mercy upon us!' and repeated this supplication as it were mechanically, until the master undeceived him, by explaining the meaning of what he had said, and assuring him that the squall was over.

Such a sudden transition from fear to joy, occasioned a violent agitation both in his mind and body; and it was a full quarter of an hour before he recovered the right use of his organs. By this time the weather cleared up, the wind began to blow again from the right corner, and the spires of Calais appeared at the distance of five leagues; so that the countenances of all on board were lighted up with joyous expectation; and Peregrine venturing to go down into the cabin, comforted his governor with an account of the happy turn of their affairs.

Jolter, transported with the thought of a speedy landing, began to launch out in praise of that country for which they were bound. He observed, that France was the land of politeness and hospitality, which were conspicuous in the behaviour of all ranks and degrees, from the peer to the peasant; that a gentleman and a foreigner, far from being insulted and imposed upon by the lower class of people, as in England, was treated with the utmost reverence, candour, and respect; that their fields were fertile, their climate pure and healthy, their farmers rich and industrious, and the subjects in general the happiest of men. He would have prosecuted this favourite theme still farther, had not his pupil been obliged to run upon deck, in consequence of certain warnings he received from his stomach.

The skipper seeing his condition, very honestly reminded him of the cold ham and fowls, with a basket of wine which he had ordered to be sent on board, and asked if he would have the cloth laid below. He could not have chosen a more seasonable opportunity of manifesting his own disinterestedness. Peregrine made wry faces at the mention of food, bidding him, for Christ's sake, talk no more on that subject. He then descend-

ed into the cabin, and put the same question to Mr. Jolter, who, he knew, entertained the same abhorrence for his proposal; and meeting with the like reception from him, went between decks, and repeated his courteous proffer to the valet de chambre and lacquey, who lay sprawling in all the pangs of a double evacuation, and rejected his civility with the most horrible loathing. Thus baffled in all his kind endeavours, he ordered his boy to secure the provision in one of his own lockers, according to the custom of the ship.

It being low water when they arrived on the French coast, the vessel could not enter the harbour, and they were obliged to bring to, and wait for a boat, which in less than half an hour came along-side from the shore. Mr. Jolter now came upon deck; and snuffing up the French air with symptoms of infinite satisfaction, asked of the boatman, with the friendly appellation of, *mes enfants*, what they demanded for transporting him and his pupil, with their baggage, to the pier. But how was he disconcerted, when those polite, candid, reasonable watermen, demanded a Louis-d'or for that service! Peregrine, with a sarcastick sneer, observed, that he already began to perceive the justice of his encomiums on the French; and the disappointed governor could say nothing in his own vindication, but that they were debauched by their intercourse with the inhabitants of Dover. His pupil, however, was so much offended at their extortion, that he absolutely refused to employ them, even when they abated one half in their demand, and swore he would stay on board till the packet should be able to enter the harbour, rather than encourage such imposition.

The master, who in all probability had some sort of fellow-feeling with the boatmen, in vain represented, that he could not with safety lie to, or anchor upon a lee-shore; our hero, having consulted Pipes, answered, that he had hired his vessel to transport him to Calais, and that he would oblige him to perform what he had undertaken.

The skipper, very much mortified at this peremptory reply, which was not over and above agreeable to Mr. Jolter, dismissed the boat, notwithstanding the solicitations and condescension of the watermen. Running a little farther in shore, they came to an anchor, and

waited till there was water enough to float them over the bar. Then they stood into the harbour; and our gentleman, with his attendants and baggage, were landed on the pier by the sailors, whom he liberally rewarded for their trouble.

He was immediately plied by a great number of porters; who, like so many hungry wolves, laid hold on his luggage, and began to carry it off piecemeal, without his order or direction. Incensed at this officious insolence, he commanded them to desist, with many oaths and opprobrious terms that his anger suggested; and perceiving that one of them did not seem to pay any regard to what he said, but marched off with his burden, he snatched a cudgel out of his lacquey's hand, and overtaking the fellow in a twinkling, brought him to the ground with one blow. He was instantly surrounded by the whole congregation of this *canaille*, who resented the injury which their brother had sustained, and would have taken immediate satisfaction of the aggressor, had not Pipes, seeing his master involved, brought the whole crew to his assistance, and exerted himself so manfully, that the enemy were obliged to retreat with many marks of defeat, and menaces of interesting the commandant in their quarrel. Jolter, who knew and dreaded the power of the French governor, began to shake with apprehension, when he heard their repeated threats: but they durst not apply to this magistrate; who, upon a fair representation of the case, would have punished them severely for their rapacious and insolent behaviour. Peregrine, without farther molestation, availed himself of his own attendants, who shouldered his baggage, and followed him to the gate; where they were stopped by the centinels, until their names should be registered.

Mr. Jolter, who had undergone this examination before, resolved to profit by his experience, and cunningly represented his pupil as a young English lord. This intimation, supported by the appearance of his equipage, was no sooner communicated to the officer, than he turned out the guard, and ordered his soldiers to rest upon their arms, while his lordship passed in great state to the *Lion d'Argent*, where he took up his lodging for the night, resolving to set

out for Paris next morning in a post-chaise.

The governor triumphed greatly in this piece of complaisance and respect with which they had been honoured, and resumed his beloved topick of discourse, in applauding the method and subordination of the French government, which was better calculated for maintaining order, and protecting the people, than any constitution upon earth. Of their courteous attention to strangers, there needed no other proof than the compliment which had been paid to them, together with the governor's connivance at Peregrine's employing his own servants in carrying the baggage to the inn, contrary to the privilege of the inhabitants.

While he expatiated with a remarkable degree of self-indulgence on this subject, the valet de chambre coming into the room, interrupted his harangue, by telling his master, that their trunks and portmanteaus must be carried to the custom-house, in order to be searched, and sealed with lead, which must remain untouched until their arrival at Paris.

Peregrine made no objection to this practice, which was in itself reasonable enough; but when he understood that the gate was besieged by another multitude of porters, who insisted upon their right of carrying the goods, and also of fixing their own price, he absolutely refused to comply with their demand. Nay, he chastised some of the most clamorous among them with his foot, and told them, that if their custom-house officers had a mind to examine his baggage, they might come to the inn for that purpose. The valet de chambre was abashed at this boldness of his master's behaviour, which the lacquey, shrugging up his shoulders, observed, was *bien à l'Angloise*; while the governor represented it as an indignity to the whole nation, and endeavoured to persuade his pupil to comply with the custom of the place. But Peregrine's natural haughtiness of disposition hindered him from giving ear to Jolter's wholesome advice; and in less than half an hour they observed a file of musqueteers marching up to the gate. At sight of this detachment the tutor trembled, the valet grew pale, and the lacquey crossed himself; but our hero, without exhibiting any other symptoms

than those of indignation, met them on the threshold, and with a ferocious air demanded their business. The corporal who commanded the file answered with great deliberation, that he had orders to convey his baggage to the custom-house; and seeing the trunks standing in the entry, placed his men between them and the owner, while the porters that followed took them up, and proceeded to the Douane without opposition.

Pickle was not mad enough to dispute the authority of this message: but, in order to gall, and specify his contempt for those who brought it, he called aloud to his valet, desiring him, in French, to accompany his things, and see that none of his linen and effects should be stolen by the searchers. The corporal, mortified at this satirical insinuation, darted a look of resentment at the author, as if he had been interested for the glory of his nation; and told him, that he could perceive he was a stranger in France, or else he would have saved himself the trouble of such a needless precaution.

CHAP. II.

HE MAKES A FRUITLESS ATTEMPT
IN GALLANTRY; DEPARTS FOR
BOULOGNE, WHERE HE SPENDS
THE EVENING WITH CERTAIN
ENGLISH EXILES.

HAVING thus yielded to the hand of power, he enquired if there was any other English company in the house; when understanding that a gentleman and lady lodged in the next apartment, and had bespoke a post-chaise for Paris, he ordered Pipes to ingratiate himself with their footman, and, if possible, learn their names and condition, while he and Mr. Jolter, attended by the lacquey, took a turn round the ramparts, and viewed the particulars of the fortification.

Tom was so very successful in his inquiry, that when his master returned, he was able to give him a very satisfactory account of his fellow-lodgers, in consequence of having treated his brother with a bottle of wine. The people in question were a gentleman and his lady lately arrived from England, in their way to Paris. The husband was

a man

a man of good fortune, who had been a libertine in his youth, and a professed declaimer against matrimony. He wanted neither sense nor experience; and piqued himself, in particular upon his art of avoiding the snares of the female sex, in which he pretended to be deeply versed. But, notwithstanding all his caution and skill, he had lately fallen a sacrifice to the attractions of an oyster-wench, who had found means to decoy him into the bands of wedlock; and, in order to evade the compliments and congratulations of his friends and acquaintance, he had come so far on a tour to Paris, where he intended to initiate his spouse in the *beau monde*. In the mean time he chose to live upon the reserve, because her natural talents had as yet received but little cultivation; and he had not the most implicit confidence in her virtue and discretion, which, it seems, had like to have yielded to the addresses of an officer at Canterbury, who had made shift to insinuate himself into her acquaintance and favour.

Peregrine's curiosity being inflamed by this information, he lounged about the yard, in hopes of seeing the dulcinea who had captivated the old bachelor; and at length observing her at a window, took the liberty of bowing to her with great respect. She returned the compliment with a curtsy, and appeared so decent in her dress and manner, that unless he had been previously informed of her former life and conversation, he never would have dreamed that her education was different from that of other ladies of fashion; so easy is it to acquire that external deportment on which people of condition value themselves so much. Not but that Mr. Pickle pretended to distinguish a certain vulgar audacity in her countenance, which in a lady of birth and fortune would have passed for an agreeable vivacity that enlivens the aspect, and gives poignancy to every feature; but as she possessed a pair of fine eyes, and a clear complexion overspread with the glow of health, which never fails of recommending the owner, he could not help gazing at her with desire, and forming the design of making a conquest of her heart. With this view, he sent his compliments to her husband, whose name was Hornbeck, with an intimation, that he proposed to set out next day for Paris; and as he understood that he was resolved

upon the same journey, he should be extremely glad of his company on the road, if he was not better engaged. Hornbeck, who in all probability did not chuse to accommodate his wife with a squire of our hero's appearance, sent a civil answer to his message, professing infinite mortification at his being unable to embrace the favour of this kind offer, by reason of the indisposition of his wife, who, he was afraid, would not be in a condition for some days to bear the fatigue of travelling. This rebuff, which Peregrine ascribed to the husband's jealousy, stifled his project in embryo: he ordered his French servant to take a place for himself in the diligence, where all his luggage was stowed, except a small trunk with some linen and other necessaries, that was fixed upon the post-chaise which they hired of the landlord; and early next morning he and Mr. Jolter departed from Calais, attended by his valet de chambre and Pipes, on horseback. They proceeded without any accident as far as Boulogne, where they breakfasted and visited old father Graham, a Scottish gentleman of the governor's acquaintance, who had lived as a capuchin in that place for the space of threescore years, and during that period conformed to all the austerities of the order with the most rigorous exactness; being equally remarkable for the frankness of his conversation, the humanity of his disposition, and the simplicity of his manners. From Boulogne they took their departure about noon, and as they proposed to sleep that night at Abbé Ville, commanded the postilion to drive with extraordinary speed. Perhaps it was well for his cattle that the axle-tree gave way, and the chaise of course overturned, before they had travelled one third part of the stage.

This accident compelled them to return to the place from whence they set out; and as they could not procure another convenience, they found themselves under the necessity of staying till their chaise could be refitted. Understanding that this operation would detain them a whole day, our young gentleman had recourse to his patience, and demanded to know what they would have for dinner; the garçon or waiter thus questioned, vanished in a moment, and immediately they were surprized with the appearance of a strange figure, which, from the extravagance of its dress and

gesticulation, Peregrine mistook for a madman of the growth of France. This phantom, (which, by the bye, happened to be no other than the cook) was a tall, long-legged, meagre, swarthy fellow, that stooped very much: his cheek-bones were remarkably raised, his nose bent into the shape and size of a powder-horn, and the sockets of his eyes as raw round the edges as if the skin had been pared off. On his head he wore an handkerchief, which had once been white, and now served to cover the upper part of a black periwig, to which was attached a bag, at least a foot square, with a solitaire and rose that stuck upon each side to his ear; so that he looked like a criminal on the pillory. His back was accommodated with a linen waistcoat, his hands adorned with long ruffles of the same piece; his middle was girded by an apron tucked up, that it might not conceal his white silk stockings rolled; and at his entrance he brandished a bloody weapon full three feet in length. Peregrine, when he first saw him approach in this menacing attitude, put himself upon his guard; but being informed of his quality, perused his bill of fare, and having bespoke three or four things for dinner, walked out with Mr. Jolter to view both towns, which they had not leisure to consider minutely before. In their return from the harbour they met with four or five gentlemen, all of whom seemed to look with an air of dejection, and perceiving our hero and his governor to be English by their dress, bowed with great respect as they passed. Pickle, who was naturally compassionate, felt an emotion of sympathy; and seeing a person, who by his habit he judged to be one of their servants, accosted him in English, and asked who the gentlemen were. The lacquey gave him to understand that they were his own countrymen, exiled from their native homes, in consequence of their adherence to an unfortunate and ruined cause; and that they were gone to the sea-side, according to their daily practice, in order to indulge their longing eyes, with a prospect of the white cliffs of Albion, which they must never more approach.

Though our young gentleman differed widely from them in point of political principles, he was not one of those enthusiasts, who look upon every schism from the established articles of faith as

damnable, and exclude the sceptick from every benefit of humanity and Christian forgiveness: he could easily comprehend how a man of the most unblemished morals might, by the prejudice of education, or indispensable attachments, be engaged in such a blame-worthy and pernicious undertaking; and thought that they had already suffered severely for their imprudence. He was affected with the account of their diurnal pilgrimage to the sea-side, which he considered as a pathetick proof of their affliction, and invested Mr. Jolter with the agreeable office of going to them with a compliment in his name, and begging the honour of drinking a glass with them in the evening. They accepted the proposal with great satisfaction and respectful acknowledgment, and in the afternoon waited upon the kind inviter, who treated them with coffee, and would have detained them to supper; but they intreated the favour of his company at the house which they frequented so earnestly, that he yielded to their solicitations, and with his governor was conducted by them to the place, where they had provided an elegant repast, and regaled them with some of the best claret in France.

It was easy for them to perceive that their principal guest was no favourer of their state maxims, and therefore they industriously avoided every subject of conversation which could give the least offence; not but that they lamented their own situation, which cut them off from all their dearest connections, and doomed them to perpetual banishment from their families and friends: but they did not, even by the most distant hint, impeach the justice of that sentence by which they were condemned; although one among them, who seemed to be about the age of thirty, wept bitterly over his misfortune, which had involved a beloved wife and three children in misery and distress; and in the impatience of his grief, cursed his own fate with frantick imprecations. His companions, with a view of beguiling his sorrow, and manifesting their own hospitality at the same time, changed the topick of discourse, and circulated the bumpers with great assiduity; so that all their cares were overwhelmed and forgotten, several drinking French catches were sung, and mirth and good fellowship prevailed.



Plate II.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Aug. 11. 1781.



con
tim
of
ter
his
Pe
as
ma
hea
yer
and
wh
bul
he
to
the
fro
the
tha
log
sou
furi
he
fied
ask
give
rem
not
adv
ties
ano
ed t
feas
p'cl
ch
gen
even
the
chan
men
orde
apar
affir
who
H
havi
Mr.
there
that
tive
ately
unim
thou
any
he w
tates
cons
any
he d

In the midst of this elevation, which commonly unlocks the most hidden sentiment, and dispels every consideration of caution and constraint, one of the entertainers being more intoxicated than his fellows, proposed a toast, to which Peregrine with some warmth excepted, as an unmannerly insult. The other maintained his proposition with indecent heat; and the dispute beginning to grow very serious, the company interposed, and gave judgment against their friend, who was so keenly reproached and rebuked for his impolite behaviour, that he retired in high dudgeon, threatening to relinquish their society, and branding them with the appellation of apostates from the common cause. Mortified at the behaviour of their companion, those that remained were earnest in their apologies to their guests, whom they besought to forgive his intemperance, assuring them with great confidence that he would, upon the recovery of his reflection, wait upon them in person, and ask pardon for the umbrage he had given. Pickle was satisfied with their remonstrances, resumed his good-humour, and the night being pretty far advanced, resisted all their importunities with which he was intreated to see another bottle go round, and was escorted to his own lodgings more than half seas over. Next morning about eight o'clock, he was waked by his valet de chambre, who told him that two of the gentlemen with whom he had spent the evening were in the house, and desired the favour of being admitted into his chamber. He could not conceive the meaning of this extraordinary visit, and ordering his man to shew them into his apartment, beheld the person who had affronted him enter with the gentleman who had reprehended his rudeness.

He who had given the offence, after having made an apology for disturbing Mr. Pickle, told him that his friend there present had been with him early that morning, and proposed the alternative of either fighting with him immediately, or coming to beg pardon for his unmannerly deportment over night; that though he had courage enough to face any man in the field in a righteous cause, he was not so brutal as to disobey the dictates of his own duty and reflection, in consequence of which, and not out of any regard to the other's menaces, which he despised, he had now taken the liber-

ty of interrupting his repose, that he might, as soon as possible, atone for the injury he had done him, which he protested was the effect of intoxication alone, and begged his forgiveness accordingly. Our hero accepted of this acknowledgment very graciously, thanked the other gentleman for the gallant part he had acted in his behalf; and perceiving that his companion was a little irritated at his officious interposition, effected a reconciliation, by convincing him that what he had done was for the honour of the company. He then kept them to breakfast, expressed a desire of seeing their situation altered for the better; and the chaise being repaired, took leave of his entertainers, who came to wish him a good journey, and with his attendants left Boulogne for the second time.

CHAP. III.

PROCEEDS FOR THE CAPITAL.
TAKES UP HIS LODGING AT
BERNAY, WHERE HE IS OVERTAKEN BY MR. HORNBECK,
WHOSE HEAD HE LONGS TO
FORTIFY.

DURING this day's expedition, Mr. Jolter took an opportunity of imparting to his pupil the remarks he had made upon the industry of the French, as an undeniable proof of which he bid him cast his eyes around, and observe with what care every spot of ground was cultivated; and from the fertility of that province, which is reckoned the poorest in France, conceive the wealth and affluence of the nation in general. Peregrine, amazed as well as disgusted at this insatiation, answered, that what he had ascribed to industry was the effect of mere wretchedness; the miserable peasants being obliged to plough up every inch of ground to satisfy their oppressive landlords, while they themselves and their cattle looked like so many images of famine; that their extreme poverty was evident from the face of the country, on which there was not one inclosure to be seen, or any other object, except scanty crops of barley and oats, which could never reward the toil of the husbandman; that their habitations were no better than paltry huts; that in twenty miles of extent,

not

not one gentleman's house appeared; that nothing was more abject and forlorn than the attire of their country people; that the equipage of their travelling chaises was infinitely inferior to that of a dung-cart in England; and that the postilion who then drove their carriage, had neither stockings to his legs, nor a shirt to his back.

The governor finding his charge so intractable, resolved to leave him in the midst of his own ignorance and prejudice; and reserve his observations for those who would pay more deference to his opinion: and indeed this resolution he had often made, and as often broke, in the transports of his zeal, that frequently hurried him out of the plan of conduct which in his cooler moments he had laid down. They halted for a refreshment at Montreuil, and about seven in the evening arrived at a village called Bernay, where while they waited for fresh horses, they were informed by the landlord, that the gates of Abbé Ville were shut every night punctually at eight o'clock; so that it would be impossible for them to get admittance. He said, there was not another place of entertainment on the road where they could pass the night; and therefore, as a friend, he advised them to stay at his house, where they would find the best of accommodation, and proceed upon their journey betimes in the morning.

Mr. Jolter, though he had travelled on that road before, could not recollect whether or not mine host spoke truth; but his remonstrance being very plausible, our hero determined to follow his advice, and being conducted into an apartment, asked what they could have for supper. The landlord mentioned every thing that was eatable in the house, and the whole being engrossed for the use of him and his attendants, he amused himself till such time as it should be dressed, in strolling about the house, which stands in a very rural situation. While he thus loitered away the time that hung heavy on his hands, another chaise arrived at the inn; and, upon inquiry, he found that the new comers were Mr. Hornbeck and his lady. The landlord, conscious of his inability to entertain this second company, came and begged with great humiliation that Mr. Pickle would spare them some part of the victuals he had bespoke; but he refused to part with so much as the wing

of a partridge; though, at the same time, he sent his compliments to the strangers, and giving them to understand how ill the house was provided for their reception, invited them to partake of his supper. Mr. Hornbeck, who was not deficient in point of politeness, and extremely well disposed for a relishing meal, which he had reason to expect from the savoury steam that issued from the kitchen, could not resist this second instance of our young gentleman's civility, which he acknowledged by a message, importing, that he and his wife would do themselves the pleasure of profiting by his courteous offer. Peregrine's cheeks glowed when he found himself on the eve of being acquainted with Mrs. Hornbeck, of whose heart he had already made a conquest in imagination; and he forthwith set his invention at work, to contrive some means of defeating her husband's vigilance.

When supper was ready, he in person gave notice to his guest, and leading the lady into his apartment, seated her in an elbow-chair at the upper end of the table, squeezing her hand, and darting a most insidious glance at the same time. This abrupt behaviour he practised, on the presumption that a lady of her breeding was not to be addressed with the tedious forms that must be observed in one's advances to a person of birth and genteel education. In all probability his calculation was just, for Mrs. Hornbeck gave no signs of discontent at this sort of treatment; but, on the contrary, seemed to consider it as a proof of the young gentleman's regard; and though she did not venture to open her mouth three times during the whole repast, she shewed herself particularly well satisfied with her entertainer, by sundry sly and significant looks, while her husband's eyes were directed another way, and divers loud peals of laughter, signifying her approbation of the sallies which he uttered in the course of their conversation. Her spouse began to be very uneasy at the frank demeanor of his yoke-fellow, whom he endeavoured to check in her vivacity, by assuming a severity of aspect; but whether she obeyed the dictates of her own disposition, which, perhaps, was merry and unreserved, or wanted to punish Mr. Hornbeck for his jealousy of temper; certain it is, her gaiety increased to such a degree, that her husband was grievously

ously alarmed and incensed at her conduct, and resolved to make her sensible of his displeasure, by treading in secret upon her toes. He was, however, so disconcerted by his indignation, that he mistook his mark, and applied the sharp heel of his shoe to the side of Mr. Jolter's foot, comprehending his little toe that was studded with an angry corn, which he invaded with such a sudden jerk, that the governor, unable to endure the torture in silence, started up, and dancing on the floor, reared hideously with repeated bellowings, to the unspeakable enjoyment of Peregrine and the lady, who laughed themselves almost into convulsions at the joke. Hornbeck, confounded at the mistake he had committed, begged pardon of the injured tutor with great contrition, protesting that the blow he had so unfortunately received, was intended for an ugly cur, which he thought had posted himself under the table. It was lucky for him that there was actually a dog in the room, to justify this excuse, which Jolter admitted with the tears running over his cheeks, and the economy of the table was recomposed.

As soon, however, as the strangers could with decency withdraw, this suspicious husband took his leave of the youth, on pretence of being fatigued with his journey, after having, by way of compliment, proposed that they should travel together next day; and Peregrine handed the lady to her chamber, where he wished her good night with another warm squeeze, which she returned. This favourable hint made his heart bound with a transport of joy; he lay in wait for an opportunity of declaring himself, and seeing the husband go down into the yard with a candle, glided softly into his apartment, where he found her almost undressed. Impelled by the impetuosity of his passion, which was still more enflamed by her present luscious appearance, and encouraged by the approbation she had already expressed, he ran towards her with eagerness, crying, 'Zounds, Madam! your charms are irresistible!' and without farther ceremony would have clasped her in his arms, had she not begged him for the love of God to retire, for should Mr. Hornbeck return and find him there, she would be undone for ever. He was not so blinded by his passion, but that he saw the reasonableness of her

fear, and as he could not pretend to crown his wishes at that interview, he avowed himself her lover, assured her that he would exhaust his whole invention in finding a proper opportunity for throwing himself at her feet; and in the mean time he ravished sundry small favours, which she in the hurry of her fright could not withhold from his impudence of address. Having thus happily settled the preliminaries, he withdrew to his own chamber, and spent the whole night in contriving stratagems to elude the jealous caution of his fellow-traveller.

CHAP. IV.

THEY SET OUT IN COMPANY, BREAKFAST AT ABBE VILLE, DINE AT AMIENS, AND ABOUT ELEVEN O'CLOCK ARRIVE AT CHANTILLY, WHERE PEREGRINE EXECUTES A PLAN WHICH HE HAD CONCERTED UPON HORNBECK.

THE whole company by agreement rose and departed before day, and breakfasted at Abbé Ville, where they became acquainted with the finesse of their Bernay landlord, who had imposed upon them, in affirming that they would not have been admitted after the gates were shut. From thence they proceeded to Amiens, where they dined and were pestered by begging friars; and the roads being deep, it was eleven o'clock at night before they reached Chantilly, where they found supper already dressed in consequence of having dispatched the valet de chambre before them on horseback.

The constitution of Hornbeck being very much impaired by a life of irregularity, he found himself so fatigued with his day's journey, which amounted to upwards of an hundred miles, that when he sat down at table, he could scarce sit upright; and in less than three minutes began to nod in his chair. Peregrine, who had foreseen and provided for this occasion, advised him to exhilarate his spirits with a glass of wine; and the proposal being embraced, tipped his valet de chambre the wink; who, according to the instructions he had received, qualified the Burgundy with thirty drops of laudanum, which this unfortunate husband swallowed in one glass.

glass. The dose co-operating with his former drowsiness, lulled him so fast asleep, as it were instantaneously, that it was found necessary to convey him to his own chamber, where his footman undressed and put him to bed. Nor was Jolter (naturally of a sluggish disposition) able to resist his propensity to sleep, without suffering divers dreadful yawns, which encouraged his pupil to administer the same dose to him, which had operated so successfully upon the other Argus. This cordial had not such a gentle effect upon the rugged organs of Jolter, as upon the more delicate nerves of Hornbeck; but discovered itself in certain involuntary startings, and convulsive motions in the muscles of his face; and when his nature at length yielded to the power of this medicine, he sounded the trumpet so loud through his nostrils, that our adventurer was afraid the noise would wake his other patient, and consequently prevent the accomplishment of his aim. The governor was therefore committed to the care of Pipes, who lugged him into the next room, and having stripped off his cloaths, tumbled him into his nest, while the two lovers remained at full liberty to indulge their mutual passion.

Peregrine, in the impatience of his inclination, would have finished the fate of Hornbeck immediately; but his inamorata disapproved of his intention, and represented that their being together by themselves for any length of time, would be observed by her servant, who was kept as a spy upon her actions; so that they had recourse to another scheme, which was executed in this manner: he conducted her into her own apartment, in presence of her footman, who lighted them thither, and wishing her good rest, returned to his own chamber, where he waited till every thing was quiet in the house; then stealing softly to her door, which had been left open for his admission in the dark, he found the husband still secure in the embraces of sleep, and the lady in a loose gown, ready to seal his happiness. He conveyed her to his own chamber; but his guilty passion was not gratified.

The opium which had been given to Jolter, together with the wine he had drank, produced such a perturbation in his fancy, that he was visited with horrible dreams, and among other miserable situations, imagined himself in dan-

ger of perishing in the flames, which he thought had taken hold on his apartment. This vision made such an impression upon his faculties, that he alarmed the whole house with the repeated cries of 'Fire! fire!' and even leaped out of his bed, though he still continued fast asleep. The lovers were very disagreeably disturbed by this dreadful exclamation; and Mrs. Hornbeck running in great confusion to the door, had the mortification to see the footman with a light in his hand, enter her husband's chamber in order to give him notice of this accident. She knew that she would be instantly missed, and could easily divine the consequence, unless her invention could immediately trump up some plausible excuse for her absence.

Women are naturally fruitful of expedients in cases of such emergency; she employed but a few seconds in recollection, and rushing directly towards the apartment of the governor, who still continued to halloo in the same note, exclaimed in a screaming tone, 'Lord have mercy upon us! where! where!' By this time, all the servants were assembled in strange attire; Peregrine burst into Jolter's room, and seeing him stalking in his shirt with his eyes shut, bestowed such a slap upon his back, as in a moment dissolved his dream, and restored him to the use of his senses. He was astonished and ashamed at being discovered in such an indecent attitude; and taking refuge under the cloaths, asked pardon of all present for the disturbance he had occasioned; soliciting, with great humility, the forgiveness of the lady, who to a miracle counterfeited the utmost agitation of terror and surprize. Meanwhile, Hornbeck being awakened by the repeated efforts of his man, no sooner understood that his wife was missing, than all the chimeras of jealousy taking possession of his imagination, he started up in a sort of phrenzy; and snatching his sword, flew straight to Peregrine's chamber; where, though he found not that which he looked for, he unluckily perceived an under-petticoat, which his wife had forgot in the hurry of her retreat. This discovery added fuel to the flame of his resentment. He seized the fatal proof of his dishonour, and meeting his spouse in her return to bed, presented it to her view, saying, with a most expressive countenance, 'Madam, you have dropped your under-pet-

'coat in the next room.' Mrs. Hornbeck, who inherited from nature a most admirable presence of mind, looked earnestly at the object in question, and with incredible serenity of countenance, affirmed that the petticoat must belong to the house, for she had none such in her possession. Peregrine, who walked behind her, hearing this asseveration, immediately interposed; and pulling Hornbeck by the sleeve into his chamber, 'Gads zooks!' said he, 'what business had you with that petticoat! Can't you let a young fellow enjoy a little amour with an innkeeper's daughter, without exposing his infirmities to your wife? Pshaw! that's so malicious; because you have quitted these adventures yourself, to spoil the sport of other people!' The poor husband was so confounded at the effrontery of his wife, and this cavalier declaration of the young man, that his faith began to waver; he distrusted his own conscious diffidence of temper, which, that he might not expose, he expressed no doubts of Peregrine's veracity, but asking pardon for the mistake he had committed, retired. He was not yet satisfied with the behaviour of his ingenious help-mate; but, on the contrary, determined to enquire more minutely into the circumstances of this adventure; which turned out so little to his satisfaction, that he ordered his servant to get every thing ready for his departure by break of day; and when our adventurer rose next morning, he found that his fellow-travellers were gone above three hours, though they agreed to stay all the forenoon, with a view of seeing the Prince of Condé's palace, and to proceed all together for Paris in the afternoon.

Peregrine was a little chagrined, when he understood that he was so suddenly deprived of this untasted morsel; and Jolter could not conceive the meaning of their abrupt and uncivil disappearance; which, after many profound conjectures, he accounted for, by supposing that Hornbeck was some sharper who had run away with an heiress, whom he found it necessary to conceal from the enquiry of her friends.

The pupil, who was well assured of the true motive, allowed his governor to enjoy the triumph of his own penetration, and consoled himself with the hope of seeing his dulcinea again at

some of the publick places in Paris, which he proposed to frequent. Thus comforted, he visited the magnificent stables and palace of Chantilly; and immediately after dinner set out for Paris, where they arrived in the evening, and hired apartments at an hotel in the Fauxbourg St. Germaine, not far from the playhouse.

CHAP. V.

HE IS INVOLVED IN AN ADVENTURE AT PARIS, AND TAKEN PRISONER BY THE CITY GUARD. BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH A FRENCH NOBLEMAN, WHO INTRODUCES HIM IN THE BEAU MONDE.

THEY were no sooner settled in these lodgings, than our hero wrote to his uncle an account of their safe arrival; and sent another letter to his friend Gauntlet, with a very tender billet inclosed for his dear Emilia, to whom he repeated all his former vows of constancy and love.

The next care that ingrossed him, was that of bespeaking several suits of cloaths suitable to the French mode; and in the mean time he never appeared abroad, except in the English coffee-house, where he soon became acquainted with some of his own countrymen, who were at Paris on the same footing with himself. The third evening after his journey, he was engaged in a party of those young sparks, at the house of a noted traiteur, whose wife was remarkably handsome, and otherwise extremely well qualified for alluring customers to her house. *To this lady our young gentleman was introduced as a stranger fresh from England; and he was charmed with her personal accomplishments, as well as with the freedom and gaiety of her conversation. Her frank deportment persuaded him that she was one of those kind creatures, who granted favours to the best bidder; on this supposition he began to be so importunate in his addresses, that the fair Burgeoise was compelled to cry aloud in defence of her own virtue. Her husband ran immediately to her assistance; and finding her in a very alarming situation, flew upon her ravisher with such fury, that he was fain to quit his prey, and turn against the exasperated traiteur,

P - whom

whom he punished without mercy for his impudent intrusion. The lady seeing her yoke-fellow treated with so little respect, espoused his cause; and fixing her nails in his antagonist's face, scarified all one side of his nose. The noise of this encounter brought all the servants of the house to the rescue of their master; and Peregrine's company opposing them, a general battle ensued, in which the French were totally routed, the wife insulted, and the husband kicked down stairs.

The publican, enraged at the indignity which had been offered to him and his family, went out into the street, and implored the protection of the guet, or city guard; which, having heard his complaint, fixed their bayonets, and surrounded the door, to the number of twelve or fourteen. The young gentlemen, flushed with their success, and considering the soldiers as so many London watchmen, whom they had often put to flight, drew their swords, and sallied out, with Peregrine at their head. Whether the guard respected them as foreigners, or inexperienced youths intoxicated with liquor, they opened to right and left, and gave them room to pass without opposition. This complaisance, which was the effect of compassion, being misinterpreted by the English leader, he, out of mere wantonness, attempted to trip up the heels of the soldier that stood next him, but failed in the execution, and received a blow on his breast with the butt end of a fusil, that made him stagger several paces backward. Incensed at this audacious application, the whole company charged the detachment sword in hand, and after an obstinate engagement, in which divers wounds were given and received, every soul of them were taken, and conveyed to the main guard. The commanding officer being made acquainted with the circumstances of the quarrel, in consideration of their youth and national ferocity, for which the French make large allowances, set them all at liberty, after having gently rebuked them for the irregularity and insolence of their conduct: so that all our hero acquired by his gallantry and courage, was a number of scandalous marks upon his visage that confined him a whole week to his chamber. It was impossible to conceal this disaster from Mr. Jolter, who having obtained intel-

ligence of the particulars, did not fail to remonstrate against the rashness of the adventure, which he observed must have been fatal to them, had their enemies been other than Frenchmen, who, of all people under the sun, most rigorously observe the laws of hospitality.

As the governor's acquaintance lay chiefly among Irish and English priests, and a set of low people who live by making themselves necessary to strangers, either in teaching the French language, or executing small commissions with which they are intrusted, he was not the most proper person in the world for regulating the taste of a young gentleman who travelled for improvement, in expectation of making a figure one day in his own country. Being conscious of his own incapacity, he contented himself with the office of a steward, and kept a faithful account of all the money that was disbursed in the course of their family expence; not but that he was acquainted with all the places which were visited by strangers on their first arrival at Paris; and he knew to a liard what was commonly given to the Swiss of each remarkable hotel; though, with respect to the curious painting and statuary that every where abound in that metropolis, he was more ignorant than the domestick that attends for a livre a day.

In short, Mr. Jolter could give a very good account of the stages on the road, and save the expence of Antonini's detail of the curiosities in Paris; he was a connoisseur in ordinaries, from twelve to five and thirty livres; knew all the rates of a fiacre and remise, could dispute with a tailleur or traiteur upon the articles of his bill, and scold the servants in tolerable French. But the laws, customs, and genius of the people, the characters of individuals, and scenes of polished life, were subjects which he had neither opportunities to observe, inclination to consider, nor discernment to distinguish. All his maxims were the suggestions of pedantry and prejudice; so that his perception was obscured, his judgment biased, his address awkward, and his conversation absurd and unentertaining: yet such as I have represented this tutor, is the greatest part of those animals who lead raw boys about the world, under the denomination of travelling governors. Peregrine, therefore, being perfectly well acquaint-

ed with the extent of Mr. Jolter's abilities, never dreamed of consulting him in the disposition of his conduct, but parcelled out his time according to the dictates of his own reflection, and the information and direction of his companions, who had lived longer in France, and consequently were better acquainted with the pleasures of the place.

As soon as he was in a condition to appear à la Françoise, he hired a genteel chariot by the month, made the tour of the Luxembourg gallery, Palais Royal, all the remarkable hotels, churches, and celebrated places in Paris; visited St. Cloud, Marli, Versailles, Trianon, St. Germain, and Fountainbleau; enjoyed the opera, masquerades, Italian and French comedy; and seldom failed of appearing in the publick walks, in hopes of meeting with Mrs. Hornbeck, or some adventure suited to his romantick disposition. He never doubted that his person would attract the notice of some distinguished inamorata, and was vain enough to believe that few female hearts were able to resist the artillery of his accomplishments, should he once find an opportunity of planting it to advantage. He presented himself, however, at all the *specacles* for many weeks, without reaping the fruits of his expectation; and began to entertain a very indifferent idea of the French discernment, which had overlooked him so long; when one day, in his way to the opera, his chariot was stopped by an *embarras* in the street, occasioned by two peasants, who having driven their carts against each other, quarrelled, and went to loggerheads on the spot. Such a rencounter is so uncommon in France, that the people shut up their shops, and from their windows threw cold water upon the combatants, with a view of putting an end to the battle, which was maintained with great fury and very little skill, until one of them receiving an accidental fall, the other took the advantage of this misfortune, and fastening upon him as he lay, began to thump the pavement with his head. Our hero's equipage being detained close by the field of this contention, Pipes could not bear to see the jaws of boxing so scandalously transgressed, and leaping from his station, pulled the offender from his antagonist, whom he raised up, and in the English language encouraged to a second essay, instructing him at the same time, by clenching his

fists according to art, and putting himself in a proper attitude. Thus confirmed, the enraged carman sprung upon his foe, and in all appearance would have effectually revenged the injury he had sustained, if he had not been prevented by the interposition of a lacquey belonging to a nobleman, whose coach was obliged to halt in consequence of the dispute. This footman, who was distinguished by a cane, descending from his post, without the least ceremony or expostulation, began to employ his weapon upon the head and shoulders of the peasant who had been patronized by Pipes; upon which Thomas resenting such ungenerous behaviour, bestowed such a stomacher upon the officious intermeddler, as discomposed the whole œconomy of his entrails, and obliged him to discharge the interjection *Ab!* with demonstrations of great anguish and amazement. The other two footmen who stood behind the coach, seeing their fellow-servant so insolently assaulted, flew to his assistance, and rained a most disagreeable shower upon the head of his aggressor, who had no means of diversion or defence. Peregrine, though he did not approve of Tom's conduct, could not bear to see him so roughly handled, especially as he thought his own honour concerned in the fray, and therefore quitting his machine, came to the rescue of his attendant, and charged his adversaries sword in hand. Two of them no sooner perceived this reinforcement, than they betook themselves to flight; and Pipes having twisted the cane out of the hands of the third, belaboured him so unmercifully, that our hero thought proper to interpose his authority in his behalf. The common people stood aghast at this unprecedented boldness of Pickle, who understanding that the person whose servants he had disciplined, was a general and prince of the blood, went up to the coach, and asked pardon for what he had done, imputing his own behaviour to his ignorance of the other's quality. The old nobleman accepted of his apology with great politeness, thanking him for the trouble he had taken to reform the manners of his domesticks; and guessing from our youth's appearance that he was some stranger of condition, very courteously invited him into the coach, on the supposition that they were both going to the opera. Pickle gladly embraced this opportunity of becoming

acquainted with a person of such rank, and ordering his own chariot to follow, accompanied the count to his *loge*, where he conversed with him during the whole entertainment.

He soon perceived that Peregrine was not deficient in spirit or sense, and seemed particularly pleased with his engaging manner and easy deportment, qualifications for which the English nation is by no means remarkable in France, and therefore the more conspicuous and agreeable in the character of our hero, whom the nobleman carried home that same evening, and introduced to his lady and several persons of fashion who supped at his house. Peregrine was quite captivated by their affable behaviour, and the vivacity of their discourse; and after having been honoured with particular marks of consideration, took his leave, fully determined to cultivate such a valuable acquaintance.

His vanity suggested, that now the time was come when he should profit by his talents among the fair-sex, on whom he resolved to employ his utmost art and address. With this view he assiduously engaged in all parties, to which he had access by means of his noble friend, who let slip no opportunity of gratifying his ambition. He for some time shared in all his amusements, and was entertained in many of the best families of France; but he did not long enjoy that elevation of hope which had flattered his imagination. He soon perceived that it would be impossible to maintain the honourable connections he had made, without engaging every day at quadrille, or in other words, losing his money; for every person of rank, whether male or female, was a professed gamester, who knew and practised all the finess of the art, of which he was entirely ignorant. Besides, he began to find himself a mere novice in French gallantry, which is supported by an amazing volubility of tongue, and obsequious and incredible attention to trifles, a surprizing faculty of laughing out of pure complaisance, and a nothingness of conversation which he could never attain. In short, our hero, who among his own countrymen would have passed for a sprightly entertaining fellow, was considered in the brilliant assemblies of France as a youth of a very phlegmatick disposition. No wonder, then, that his pride was mortified at his own want of

importance, which he did not fail to ascribe to their defect in point of judgment and taste: he conceived a disgust at the mercenary conduct, as well as the shallow intellects of the ladies; and after he had spent some months, and a round sum of money, in fruitless attendance and addresses, he fairly quitted the pursuit, and consoled himself with the conversation of a merry *fille de joye*, whose good graces he acquired by an allowance of twenty Louis per month. That he might the more easily afford this expence, he dismissed his chariot and French lacquey at the same time.

He then entered himself in a noted academy, in order to finish his exercises, and contracted an acquaintance with a few sensible people, whom he distinguished at the coffee-house and ordinary to which he resorted, and who contributed not a little to the improvement of his knowledge and taste: for, prejudice apart, it must be owned, that France abounds with men of consummate honour, profound sagacity, and the most liberal education. From the conversation of such, he obtained a distinct idea of their government and constitution; and though he could not help admiring the excellent order and oeconomy of their police, the result of all his inquiries was self-congratulation on his title to the privileges of a British subject. Indeed this invaluable birth-right was rendered conspicuous by such flagrant occurrences, which fell every day almost under his observation, that nothing but the grossest prejudice could dispute its existence.

CHAP. VI.

ACQUIRES A DISTINCT IDEA OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT; QUARRELS WITH A MOUSQUETAIRE, WHOM HE AFTERWARDS FIGHTS AND VANQUISHES, AFTER HAVING PUNISHED HIM FOR INTERFERING IN HIS AMOROUS RECREATIONS.

AMONG many other instances of the same nature, I believe it will not be amiss to exhibit a few specimens of their administration, which happened during his abode at Paris, that those who have not the opportunity of observing for themselves, or are in danger of

of being influenced by misrepresentation, may compare their own condition with that of their neighbours, and do justice to the constitution under which they live.

A lady of distinguished character having been lampooned by some obscure scribbler, who could not be discovered, the ministry, in consequence of her complaint, ordered no fewer than five and twenty abbés to be apprehended and sent to the Bastile, on the maxim of Herod, when he commanded the innocents to be murdered, hoping that the principal object of his cruelty would not escape in the general calamity; and the friends of those unhappy prisoners durst not even complain of the unjust persecution, but shrugged up their shoulders, and in silence deplored their misfortune, uncertain whether or not they should ever set eyes on them again.

About the same time, a gentleman of family, who had been oppressed by a certain powerful duke that lived in the neighbourhood, found means to be introduced to the king, who receiving his petition very graciously, asked in what regiment he served; and when the memorialist answered, that he had not the honour of being in the service, returned the paper unopened, and refused to hear one circumstance of his complaint; so that far from being redressed, he remained more than ever exposed to the tyranny of his oppressors: nay, so notorious is the discouragement of all those who presume to live independent of court favour and connections, that one of the gentlemen, whose friendship Peregrine cultivated, frankly owned he was in possession of a most romantick place, in one of the provinces, and deeply enamoured of a country life; and yet he durst not reside upon his own estate, left by slackening his attendance upon the great, who honoured him with their protection, he should fall a prey to some rapacious intendant.

As for the common people, they are so much inured to the scourge and insolence of power, that every shabby subaltern, every beggarly cadet of the noblest, every low retainer to the court, insults and injures them with impunity. A certain *ecuyer*, or horse dealer, belonging to the king, being one day under the hands of a barber, who happened to cut the head of a pimple on his face, he started up, and drawing his sword, wounded him desperately in the shoulder.

The poor tradesman, hurt as he was, made an effort to retire, and was followed by this barbarous assassin, who, not contented with the vengeance he had taken, plunged his sword a second time into his body, and killed him on the spot. Having performed this inhuman exploit, he dressed himself with great deliberation, and going to Versailles, immediately obtained a pardon for what he had done; triumphing in his brutality with such insolence, that the very next time he had occasion to be shaved he sat with his sword ready drawn, in order to repeat the murder, in case the barber should commit the same mistake. Yet so tamed are those poor people to subjection, that when Peregrine mentioned this assassination to his own trimmer, with expressions of horror and detestation, the infatuated wretch replied, that without all doubt it was a misfortune, but it proceeded from the gentleman's passion; and observed, by way of encomium on the government, that such vivacity is never punished in France.

A few days after this outrage was committed, our youth, who was a professed enemy to all oppression, being in one of the first *loges* at the comedy, was eye-witness of an adventure which filled him with indignation: a tall, ferocious fellow, in the parterre, without the least provocation, but prompted by the mere wantonness of pride, took hold of the hat of a very decent young man who happened to stand before him, and twirled it round upon his head. The party thus offended turned to his aggressor, and civilly asked the reason of such treatment; but he received no answer; and when he looked the other way, the insult was repeated: upon which he expressed his resentment as became a man of spirit, and desired the offender to walk out with him. No sooner did he thus signify his intention, than his adversary, swelling with rage, cocked his hat fiercely in his face, and fixing his hands in his sides, pronounced with the most imperious tone, 'Hark ye, Mr. Round Periwig, you must know that I am a mousquetaire.' Scarce had this awful word escaped from his lips, when the blood forsook the lips of the poor challenger, who with the most abject submission begged pardon for his presumption, and with difficulty obtained it, on condition that he should immediately quit the place. Having thus exercised his authority,

city, he turned to one of his companions, and with an air of disdainful ridicule, told him he was like to have had an affair with a Bourgeoise; adding, by way of heightening the irony, 'Egad! I believe he's a physician.'

Our hero was so much shocked and irritated at this licentious behaviour, that he could not suppress his resentment, which he manifested by saying to this Hector, 'Sir, a physician may be a man of honour.' To this remonstrance, which was delivered with a very significant countenance, the mousquetaire made no other reply, but that of echoing his assertion with a loud laugh, in which he was joined by his confederates. Peregrine, glowing with resentment, called him a *fanfaron*, and withdrew in expectation of being followed into the street. The other understood the hint, and a rencounter must have ensued, had not the officer of the guard, who overheard what passed, prevented their meeting, by putting the mousquetaire immediately under arrest. Our young gentleman waited at the door of the parterre, until he was informed of this interposition, and then went home very much chagrined at his disappointment; for he was an utter stranger to fear and diffidence on those occasions, and had set his heart upon chastizing the insolence of this bully, who had treated him with such disrespect.

This adventure was not so private but that it reached the ears of Mr. Jolter, by the canal of some English gentlemen who were present when it happened; and the governor, who entertained a most dreadful idea of the mousquetaires, being alarmed at a quarrel, the consequence of which might be fatal to his charge, waited on the British ambassador, and begged he would take Peregrine under his immediate protection. His excellency having heard the circumstances of the dispute, sent one of his gentlemen to invite the youth to dinner; and after having assured him that he might depend upon his countenance and regard, represented the rashness and impetuosity of his conduct so much to his conviction, that he promised to act more circumspectly for the future, and drop all thoughts of the mousquetaire from that moment.

A few days after he had taken this laudable resolution, Pipes, who had

carried a billet to his mistress, informed him, that he had perceived a laced hat lying upon a marble slab in her apartment; and that when she came out of her own chamber to receive the letter, she appeared in manifest disorder.

From these hints of intelligence, our young gentleman suspected, or rather made no doubt of her infidelity; and being by this time well nigh cloyed with possession, was not sorry to find that she had given him cause to renounce her correspondence. That he might therefore detect her in the very breach of duty, and at the same time punish the gallant who had the presumption to invade his territories, he concerted with himself a plan which was executed in this manner. During his next interview with his dulcinea, far from discovering the least sign of jealousy or discontent, he affected the appearance of extraordinary fondness; and after having spent the afternoon with the shew of uncommon satisfaction, told her he was engaged in a party for Fountainbleau, and would set out from Paris that same evening; so that he should not have the pleasure of seeing her again for some days.

The lady, who was very well versed in the arts of her occupation, pretended to receive this piece of news with great affliction, and conjured him with such marks of real tenderness, to return as soon as possible to her longing arms, that he went away almost convinced of her sincerity. Determined, however, to prosecute his scheme, he actually departed from Paris with two or three gentlemen of his acquaintance, who had hired a remise for a jaunt to Versailles; and having accompanied them as far as the village of Paise, returned in the dusk of the evening on foot.

He waited impatiently till midnight, and then arming himself with a case of pocket-pistols, and attended by trusty Tom with a cudgel in his hand, repaired to the lodgings of his suspected innamorata. Having given Pipes his cue, he knocked gently at the door, which was no sooner opened by the lacquey than he bolted in, before the fellow could recollect himself from the confusion occasioned by his unexpected appearance; and leaving Tom to guard the door, ordered the trembling valet to light him up stairs into his lady's apartment. The first object that presented itself to his view, when he entered

tered upon seized nacked, false, rant, death many the stand up in he w the st the d his do maki who ing th with one e last c whom duty rable Me open in th and t about doubl enqui so di other with come her pe her th nuanc ments from own l the ad Th grace outrag whom ed for himsel he ha ance e he car deman parts, Our h to pay place might engag govern

tered the anti-chamber, was a sword upon the table, which he immediately seized, exclaiming in a loud and menacing voice, that his mistress was false, and then in bed with another gallant, whom he would instantly put to death. This declaration, confirmed by many terrible oaths, he calculated for the hearing of his rival; who, understanding his sanguinary purpose, started up in great trepidation, and, naked as he was, dropped from the balcony into the street, while Peregrine thundered at the door for admittance, and guessing his design, gave him an opportunity of making this precipitate retreat. Pipes, who stood sentinel at the door, observing the fugitive descend, attacked him with his cudgel, and sweating him from one end of the street to the other, at last committed him to the guet, by whom he was conveyed to the officer on duty in a most disgraceful and deplorable condition.

Meanwhile, Peregrine having burst open the chamber-door, found the lady in the utmost dread and consternation, and the spoils of her favourite scattered about the room: but his resentment was doubly gratified, when he learned upon enquiry, that the person who had been so disagreeably interrupted, was no other than that individual mousquetaire with whom he had quarrelled at the comedy. He upbraided the nymph with her perfidy and ingratitude, and telling her that she must not expect the continuance of his regard, or the appointments which she had hitherto enjoyed from his bounty, went home to his own lodgings, overjoyed at the issue of the adventure.

The soldier, exasperated at the disgrace he had undergone, as well as at the outrageous insult of the English valet, whom he believed his master had tutored for that purpose, no sooner extricated himself from the opprobrious situation he had incurred, than breathing vengeance against the author of the affront, he came to Peregrine's apartment, and demanded satisfaction upon the ramparts, next morning before sun-rise. Our hero assured him, he would not fail to pay his respects to him at the time and place appointed; and foreseeing that he might be prevented from keeping this engagement by the officious care of his governor, who saw the mousquetaire come

in, he told Mr. Jolter, that the Frenchman had visited him in consequence of an order he had received from his superiors, to make an apology for his rude behaviour to him in the playhouse, and that they had parted very good friends. This assurance, together with Pickle's tranquil and unconcerned behaviour through the day, quieted the terrors which had began to take possession of his tutor's imagination; so that the youth had an opportunity of giving him the slip at night, when he betook himself to the lodgings of a friend, whom he engaged as his second, and with whom he immediately took the field, in order to avoid the search which Jolter, upon missing him, might set on foot.

This was a necessary precaution; for as he did not appear at supper, and Pipes, who usually attended him in his excursions, could give no account of his motions, the governor was dreadfully alarmed at his absence, and ordered his man to run in quest of his master to all the places which he used to frequent, while he himself went to the commissaire, and communicating his suspicions, was accommodated with a party of the horse-guards, who patrolled round all the environs of the city, with a view of preventing the rencounter. Pipes might have directed them to the lady, by whose information they could have learned the name and lodgings of the mousquetaire, and if he had been apprehended, the duel would not have happened; but he did not chuse to run the risk of disabling his master, by intermeddling in the affair, and was moreover very desirous that the Frenchman should be humbled, for he never doubted that Peregrine was more than a match for any two men in France. In this confidence, therefore, he sought his master with great diligence, not with a view of disappointing his intention, but in order to attend him to the battle, that he might stand by him, and see justice done.

While this inquiry was carried on, our hero and his companion concealed themselves among some weeds that grew on the edge of the parapet, a few yards from the spot where he had agreed to meet the mousquetaire; and scarce had the morning rendered objects distinguishable, when they perceived their men advancing boldly to the place. Peregrine

grine seeing them approach, sprung forward to the ground, that he might have the glory of anticipating his antagonist; and swords being drawn, all four were engaged in a twinkling. Pickle's eagerness had well nigh cost him his life; for, without minding his footing, he flew directly to his opposite, and stumbling over a stone, was wounded on one side of his head before he could recover his attitude. Far from being dispirited at this check, it served only to animate him the more; being endowed with uncommon agility, he retrieved his posture in a moment; and having parried a second thrust, returned the longe with such incredible speed, that the soldier had not time to resume his guard, but was immediately run through the bend of his right-arm; and the sword dropping out of his hand, our hero's victory was complete.

Having dispatched his own business, and received the acknowledgment of his adversary; who with a look of infinite mortification observed, that his was the fortune of the day, he ran to part the seconds, just as the weapon was twitted out of his companion's hand: upon which he took his place; and in all likelihood an obstinate dispute would have ensued, had they not been interrupted by the guard, at sight of whom the two Frenchmen scampered off. Our young gentleman and his friend allowed themselves to be taken prisoners by the detachment which had been sent out for that purpose, and were carried before the magistrate; who having sharply reprimanded them for presuming to act in contempt of the laws, set them at liberty, in consideration of their being strangers, cautioning them at the same time to beware of such exploits for the future.

When Peregrine returned to his own lodgings, Pipes seeing the blood trickling down upon his master's neckcloth and solitaire, gave evident tokens of surprise and concern; not for the consequences of the wound, which he did not suppose dangerous, but for the glory of Old England, which he was afraid had suffered in the engagement; for, he could not help saying, with an air of chagrin, as he followed the youth into his chamber, 'I do suppose as how you gave that lubberly Frenchman as good as he brought.'

CHAP. VII.

MR. JOLTER THREATENS TO LEAVE HIM ON ACCOUNT OF HIS MISCONDUCT, WHICH HE PROMISES TO RECTIFY; BUT HIS RESOLUTION IS DEFEATED BY THE IMPETUOSITY OF HIS PASSIONS. HE MEETS ACCIDENTALLY WITH MRS. HORNBECK, WHO ELOPED WITH HIM FROM HER HUSBAND, BUT IS RESTORED BY THE INTERPOSITION OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

THOUGH Mr. Jolter was extremely well pleased at the safety of his pupil, he could not forgive him for the terror and anxiety he had undergone on his account; and roundly told him, that notwithstanding the inclination and attachment he had to his person, he would immediately depart for England, if ever he should hear of his being involved in such another adventure; for it could not be expected that he would sacrifice his own quiet, to an unrequited regard for one who seemed determined to keep him in continual uneasiness and apprehension.

To this declaration Pickle made answer, that Mr. Jolter, by this time, ought to be convinced of the attention he had always paid to his ease and satisfaction; since he well knew that he had ever looked upon him in the light of a friend rather than as a counsellor or tutor; and desired his company in France, with a view of promoting his interest, not for any emolument he could expect from his instruction. This being the case, he was at liberty to consult his own inclinations, with regard to going or staying; though he could not help owning himself obliged by the concern he expressed for his safety, and would endeavour, for his own sake, to avoid giving him any cause of disturbance in time to come.

No man was more capable of moralizing upon Peregrine's misconduct than himself; his reflections were extremely just and sagacious, and attended with no other disadvantage, but that of occurring too late. He projected a thousand salutary schemes of deportment; but, like other projectors, he never had interest enough with the ministry

of his passions to bring any one of them to bear. He had in the heyday of his gallantry, received a letter from his friend Gauntlet, with a kind postscript from his charming Emilia; but it arrived at a very unseasonable juncture, when his imagination was ingrossed by conquests that more agreeably flattered his ambition; so that he could not find leisure and inclination, from that day to honour the correspondence which he himself had solicited. His vanity had by this time disapproved of the engagement he had contracted in the rawness and inexperience of youth; suggesting, that he was born to make such an important figure in life, as ought to raise his ideas above the consideration of any such middling connections, and fix his attention upon objects of the most sublime attraction. These dictates of ridiculous pride had almost effaced the remembrance of his amiable mistress, or at least so far warped his morals and integrity, that he actually began to conceive hopes of her, altogether unworthy of his own character and her deserts.

Meanwhile, being destitute of a toy for the dalliance of his idle hours, he employed several spies, and almost every day made a tour of the publick places in person, with a view of procuring intelligence of Mr. Hornbeck, with whose wife he longed to have another interview. In this course of expectation had he exercised himself a whole fortnight, when chancing to be at the hospital of the invalids with a gentleman lately arrived from England, he no sooner entered the church than he perceived this lady, attended by her spouse, who at sight of our hero changed colour and looked another way, in order to discourage any communication between them. But the young man, who was not so easily repulsed, advanced with great assurance to his fellow-traveller, and taking him by the hand, expressed his satisfaction at this unexpected meeting; kindly upbraiding him for his precipitate retreat from Chantilly. Before Hornbeck could make any reply, he went up to his wife, whom he complimented in the same manner, assuring her with some significant glances, he was extremely mortified that she had put it out of his power to pay his respects to her on his first arrival at Paris; and then turning to her husband, who thought proper to keep close to him in this conference, begged to know

where he could have the honour of waiting upon him; observing, at the same time, that he himself lived *à l'academie de Palsfrenier*.

Mr. Hornbeck, without making any apology for his elopement on the road, thanked Mr. Pickle for his complaisance in a very cool and disobliging manner; saying, that as he intended to shift his lodgings in a day or two, he could not expect the pleasure of seeing him, until he should be settled, when he would call at the academy, and conduct him to his new habitation.

Pickle, who was not unacquainted with the sentiments of this jealous gentleman, did not put much confidence in his promise, and therefore made divers efforts to enjoy a little private conversation with his wife; but he was baffled in all his attempts by the indefatigable vigilance of her keeper, and reaped no other immediate pleasure from this accidental meeting, than that of a kind squeeze while he handed her into the coach. However, as he had been witness to some instances of her invention, and was no stranger to the favourable disposition of her heart, he entertained some faint hopes of profiting by her understanding, and was not deceived in his expectation; for the very next forenoon a Savoyard called at the academy, and put the following billet in his hand.

‘ COIND SUR,

‘ **H**AVING the playfure of
‘ meeting with you at the of-
‘ ficial of anvillheads, I take this lub-
‘ berte of latin you know, that I lotch
‘ at the *hottail de May cong dangle rony*
‘ *Doghousefeter*, with two postis at the
‘ gait, naytheir of um very hole, ware
‘ I shall be at the windore, if in kais
‘ you will be so good as to pass that
‘ way at sicks a cloak in the heavening,
‘ when Mr. Hornbeck goes to the *Cal-*
‘ *shay de Contea*. Prey for the loaf of
‘ Geelus keep this from the nolegs of
‘ my hufsban, ells he will make me
‘ leed a hell upon urth. Being all from,
‘ deer Sur, your most umbell servan
‘ wile

‘ DEBORAH HORNBECK.’

Our young gentleman was ravished at the receipt of this elegant epistle; which

Q was

was directed, *A Monsr Monsr Pickbell, a la Gaddamme de Paul Freny*, and did not fail to obey the summons at the hour of assignation; when the lady, true to her appointment, beckoned him up stairs, and he had the good fortune to be admitted unseen.

After the first transports of their mutual joy at meeting, she told him, that her husband had been very furly and cross ever since the adventure at Chantilly, which he had not yet digested; that he had laid severe injunctions upon her to avoid all commerce with Pickle, and even threatened to shut her up in a convent for life, if ever she should discover the least inclination to renew that acquaintance; that she had been cooped up in her chamber since her arrival at Paris, without being permitted to see the place, or indeed any company, except that of her landlady, whose language she did not understand; so that her spirit being broke, and her health impaired, he was prevailed upon some days ago to indulge her in a few airings, during which she had seen the gardens of the Luxembourg, the Thuilleries and Palais Royal, though at those times when there was no company in the walks; and that it was in one of those excursions she had the happiness of meeting with him. Finally, she gave him to understand, that rather than continue longer in such confinement with the man whom she could not love, she would instantly give him the slip, and put herself under the protection of her lover.

Rash and unthinking as this declaration might be, the young gentleman was so much of a gallant, that he would not baulk the lady's inclinations, and too infatuate by his passion to foresee the consequences of such a dangerous step; he therefore, without hesitation, embraced the proposal, and the coast being clear, they sallied into the street, where Peregrine calling a fiacre, ordered the coachman to drive them to a tavern: but knowing it would not be in his power to conceal her from the search of the lieutenant de police, if she should remain within the walls of Paris, he hired a remise, and carried her that same evening to Villejuif, about four leagues from town, where he staid with her all night; and having boarded her on a genteel pension, and settled the economy of his future visits, returned next day to his own lodgings.

While he thus enjoyed his success, her husband endured the tortures of the damned. When he returned from the coffee-house, and understood that his wife had eloped, without being perceived by any person in the family, he began to rave and foam with rage and jealousy, and in the fury of distraction, accused the landlady of being an accomplice in her escape, threatening to complain of her to the commissaire. The woman could not conceive how Mrs. Hornbeck, who she knew was an utter stranger to the French language, and kept no sort of company, could elude the caution of her husband, and find any refuge in a place where she had no acquaintance, and began to suspect the lodger's emotion was no other than an affected passion to conceal his own practices upon his wife, who had perhaps fallen a sacrifice to his jealous disposition. She therefore spared him the trouble of putting his menaces in execution, by going to the magistrate without any farther deliberation, and giving an account of what she knew concerning this mysterious affair, with certain insinuations against Hornbeck's character, which she represented as peevish and capricious to the last degree.

While she thus anticipated the purpose of the plaintiff, her information was interrupted by the arrival of the party himself, who exhibited his complaint with such evident marks of perturbation, anger, and impatience, that the commissaire could easily perceive that he had no share in the disappearance of his wife; and directed him to the lieutenant de police, whose province it is to take cognizance of such occurrences. This gentleman, who presides over the city of Paris, having heard the particulars of Hornbeck's misfortune, asked if he suspected any individual person as the seducer of his yoke-fellow; and when he mentioned Peregrine as the object of his suspicion, granted a warrant and a detachment of soldiers to search for and retrieve the fugitive.

The husband conducted them immediately to the academy, where our hero lodged, and having rummaged the whole place, to the astonishment of Mr. Jolter, without finding either his wife or the supposed ravisher, accompanied them to all the public-houses in the Fauxbourg; which having examined also without success, he returned to the magistrate in

a state

a state of despair, and obtained a promise of his making such an effectual inquiry, that in three days he should have an account of her, provided she was alive and within the walls of Paris.

Our adventurer, who had foreseen all this disturbance, was not at all surprized when his governor told him what had happened; and conjured him to restore the woman to the right owner, with many pathetick remonstrances touching the heinous sin of adultery, the distraction of the unfortunate husband, and the danger of incurring the resentment of an arbitrary government, which, upon application being made, would not fail of espousing the cause of the injured. He denied, with great effrontery, that he had the least concern in the matter, pretended to resent the deportment of Hornbeck, whom he threatened to chastise for his scandalous suspicion, and expressed his displeasure at the credulity of Jolter, who seemed to doubt the veracity of his asseveration.

Notwithstanding this confident behaviour, Jolter could not help entertaining doubts of his sincerity; and visiting the disconsolate swain, begged he would, for the honour of his country, as well as for the sake of his own reputation, discontinue his addresses to the lieutenant de police, and apply to the British ambassador, who, by dint of friendly admonitions, would certainly prevail upon Mr. Pickle to do him all the justice in his power, if he was really the author of the injury he had sustained. The governor urged this advice with the appearance of so much sympathy and concern, promising to co-operate with all his influence in his behalf, that Hornbeck embraced the proposal, communicated his purpose to the magistrate, who commended the resolution as the most decent and desirable expedient he could use, and then waited upon his excellency, who readily espoused his cause, and sending for the young gentleman that same evening, read him such a lecture in private, as extorted a confession of the whole affair. Not that he assailed him with sour and supercilious maxims, or severe rebuke, because he had penetration enough to discern that Peregrine's disposition was impregnable to all such attacks; but he first of all rallied him upon his intriguing genius; then, in an humorous manner, described the distraction of the poor cuckold, who he owned was justly punished

for the absurdity of his conduct; and lastly, upon the supposition, that it would be no great effort in Pickle to part with such a conquest, especially after it had been for some time possessed, represented the necessity and expediency of restoring her, not only out of regard to his own character, and that of his nation, but also with a view to his ease, which would in a little time be very much invaded by such an incumbrance, that in all probability would involve him in a thousand difficulties and disgusts. Besides, he assured him, that he was already, by order of the lieutenant de police, surrounded with spies, who would watch all his motions, and immediately discover the retreat in which he had disposed his prize. These arguments, and the frank familiar manner in which they were delivered, but, above all, the last consideration, induced the young gentleman to disclose the whole of his proceedings to the ambassador, and promised to be governed by his direction, provided the lady should not suffer for the step she had taken, but be received by her husband with due reverence and respect. These stipulations being agreed to, he undertook to produce her in eight and forty hours; and taking coach immediately, drove to the place of her residence, where he spent a whole day and a night in convincing her of the impossibility of their enjoying each other in that manner. Then returning to Paris, he delivered her into the hands of the ambassador, who having assured her, that she might depend upon his friendship and protection, in case she should find herself aggrieved by the jealous temper of Mr. Hornbeck, restored her to her legitimate lord, whom he counselled to exempt her from that restraint, which in all probability had been the cause of her elopement, and endeavour to conciliate her affection by tender and respectful usage.

The husband behaved with great humility and compliance, protesting that his chief study should be to contrive parties for her pleasure and satisfaction. But no sooner did he regain possession of his stray-sheep, than he locked her up more closely than ever; and after having revolved various schemes for her reformation, determined to board her in a convent, under the inspection of a prudent abbess, who should superintend her morals, and recal her to the paths of

virtue, which she had forsaken. With this view he consulted an English priest of his acquaintance, who advised him to settle her in a monastery at Lisle, that she might be as far as possible from the machinations of her lover; and gave him a letter of recommendation to the superior of a certain convent in that place, for which Mr. Hornbeck set out in a few days with his troublesome charge.

CHAP. VIII.

PEREGRINE RESOLVES TO RETURN TO ENGLAND; IS DIVERTED WITH THE ODD CHARACTERS OF TWO OF HIS COUNTRYMEN, WITH WHOM HE CONTRACTS AN ACQUAINTANCE IN THE APARTMENTS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

IN the mean time, our hero received a letter from his aunt, importing, that the commodore was in a very declining way, and longed much to see him at the garrison; and at the same time he heard from his sister, who gave him to understand that the young gentleman who had for some time made his addresses to her, was become very pressing in his solicitations; so that she wanted to know in what manner she should answer his repeated intreaties. Those two considerations determined the young gentleman to return to his native country; a resolution that was far from being disagreeable to Jolter, who knew that the incumbent on a living, which was in the gift of Trunnion, was extremely old, and that it would be his interest to be upon the spot at the said incumbent's decease.

Peregrine, who had resided about fifteen months in France, thought he was now sufficiently qualified for eclipsing most of his contemporaries in England, and therefore prepared for his departure with infinite alacrity; being moreover inflamed with the most ardent desire of revisiting his friends, and renewing his connections, particularly with Emilia, whose heart he by this time thought he was able to reduce on his own terms.

As he proposed to make the tour of Flanders and Holland in his return to England, he resolved to stay in Paris a week or two after his affairs were settled, in hope of finding some agreeable com-

panion disposed for the same journey, and in order to refresh his memory, made a second circuit round all the places in that capital, where any curious production of art is to be seen. In the course of this second examination he chanced to enter the Palais Royal, just as two gentlemen alighted from a fiacre at the gate, and all three being admitted at the same time, he soon perceived that the strangers were of his own country. One of them was a young man, in whose air and countenance appeared all the uncouth gravity and supercilious self-conceit of a physician piping hot from his studies; while the other, to whom his companion spoke by the appellation of Mr. Pallet, displayed, at first sight, a strange composition of levity and assurance. Indeed, their characters, dress, and address, were strongly contrasted: the doctor wore a suit of black, and a huge tie-wig, neither suitable to his own age, nor the fashion of the country where he then lived; whereas the other, though seemingly turned of fifty, strutted in a gay summer dress of the Parisian cut, with a bag to his own grey hair, and a red feather in his hat, which he carried under his arm. As these figures seemed to promise something entertaining, Pickle entered into conversation with them immediately, and soon discovered that the old gentleman was a painter from London, who had stole a fortnight from his occupation, in order to visit the remarkable paintings of France and Flanders; and that the doctor had taken the opportunity of accompanying him in his tour. Being extremely talkative, he not only communicated these particulars to our hero in a very few minutes after their meeting, but also took occasion to whisper in his ear, that his fellow-traveller was a man of vast learning; and, beyond all doubt, the greatest poet of the age. As for himself, he was under no necessity of making his own eulogium; for he soon gave such specimens of his taste and talents, as left Pickle no room to doubt of his capacity.

While they stood considering the pictures in one of the first apartments, which are by no means the most masterly compositions, the Swiss, who sets up for a connoisseur, looking at a certain piece, pronounced the word '*Magnifique!*' with a note of admiration; upon which Mr. Pallet, who was not at all a critic

in the French language, replied with great vivacity, '*Manufac*, you mean, and a very indifferent piece of manufacture it is; pray, gentlemen, take notice, there is no keeping in those heads upon the back-ground, nor no relief in the principal figure: then you'll observe the shadings are harsh to the last degree—and come a little closer this way—don't you perceive that the fore-shortening of that arm is monstrous—agad, Sir! there is an absolute fracture in the limb—Doctor, you understand anatomy; don't you think that muscle evidently misplaced?—'Hark ye, Mr. What-d'-ye-call-um,' turning to the attendant, 'what is the name of the dauber who painted that miserable performance?' The Swiss imagined that he was all this time expressing his satisfaction, sanctioned his supposed commendation, by exclaiming, '*sans prix*! 'Right,' cried Pallet, 'I could not recollect his name, though his manner is quite familiar to me. We have a few pieces in England, done by that same Sangpree; but there they are in no estimation; we have more taste among us, than to relish the productions of such a miserable gout.—A'n't he an ignorant cock-comb, doctor?' The physician, ashamed of his companion's blunder, thought it was necessary, for the honour of his own character, to take notice of it before the stranger, and therefore answered his question, by repeating this line from Horace,

'Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.'

The painter, who was rather more ignorant of Latin than of French, taking it for granted that this quotation of his friend conveyed an assent to his opinion, 'Very true,' said he, '*Potatoe domine* date, this piece is not worth a single potatoe!' Peregrine was astonished at this surprising perversion of the words and meaning of a Latin line, which at first he could not help thinking was a premeditated joke; but upon second thoughts, he saw no reason to doubt that it was the extemporaneous effect of sheer pertness and ignorance; at which he broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter. Pallet, believing that the gentleman's mirth was occasioned by his arch animadversion upon the work of Sangpree, underwent the same emotion

in a much louder strain, and endeavoured to heighten the jest by more observations of the same nature; while the doctor, confounded at his impudence and want of knowledge, reprimanded him in these words of Homer,

'Siga me tis allos Acbaion touton akoufe muthon.'

This rebuke, the reader will easily perceive, was not calculated for the meridian of his friend's intellects, but uttered with a view of raising his own character in the opinion of Mr. Pickle, who retorted this parade of learning in three verses from the same author, being part of the speech of Polydamus to Hector, importing that it was impossible for one man to excel in every thing. The self-sufficient physician, who did not expect such a repartee from a youth of Peregrine's appearance, looked upon his reply as a fair challenge, and instantly rehearsed forty or fifty lines of the Iliad in a breath. Observing that the stranger made no effort to match this effusion, he interpreted his silence into submission; then, in order to ascertain his victory, insulted him with divers fragments of authors, whom his supposed competitor did not even know by name; while Mr. Pallet stared with admiration at the profound scholarship of his companion. Our young gentleman, far from repining at this superiority, laughed within himself at the ridiculous ambition of the pedantick doctor. He rated him in his own mind as a mere index-hunter, who held the eel of science by the tail, and foresaw an infinite fund of diversion in his solemnity and pride, if properly extracted by means of his fellow-traveller's vanity and assurance. Prompted by these considerations, he resolved to cultivate their acquaintance; and, if possible, amuse himself at their expence in his journey through Flanders, understanding that they were determined upon the same route. In this view he treated them with extraordinary attention, and seemed to pay particular deference to the remarks of the painter, who with great intrepidity pronounced judgment upon every picture in the palace; or, in other words, exposed his own nakedness in every sentence that proceeded from his mouth.

When they came to consider the Murder

der of the Innocents by Le Brun, the Swiss observed, that it was *un beau morceau*; and Mr. Pallet replied, 'Yes, yes, one may see with half an eye, that it can be the production of no other; for *Bormoso's* style, both in colouring and drapery, is altogether peculiar; then his design is tame, and his expression antick and unnatural. Doctor, you have seen my Judgment of Solomon; I think I may without presumption—but, I don't chuse to make comparisons; I leave that odious task to other people, and let my works speak for themselves. France, to be sure, is rich in the arts, but what is the reason? the king encourages men of genius with honour and rewards: whereas, in England, we are obliged to stand upon our own feet, and combat the envy and malice of our brethren. Agad! I have a good mind to come and settle here in Paris; I should like to have an apartment in the Louvre, with a snug pension of so many thousand livres.' In this manner did Pallet proceed with an eternal rotation of tongue, floundering from one mistake to another, until it was the turn of Poussin's Seven Sacraments to be examined. Here again the Swiss, out of the abundance of his zeal, expressed his admiration, by saying these pieces were *impayable*; when the painter turning to him with an air of exultation, 'Pardon me, friend, there you happen to be mistaken, these are none of *impayable's*; but done by Nicholas Poussin. I have seen prints of them in England, so that none of your tricks upon travellers, Mr. Swift or Swath, or what's your name!' He was very much elated by this imaginary triumph of his understanding, which animated him to persevere in his curious observations upon all the other pieces of that celebrated collection; but perceiving that the doctor manifested no signs of pleasure and satisfaction, but rather beheld them with a silent air of disdain, he could not digest his indifference, and asked, with a waggish sneer, if ever he had seen such a number of master-pieces before? The physician, eying him with a look of compassion mingled with contempt, observed that there was nothing there which deserved the attention of any person acquainted with the ideas of the ancients; and that the author of the finest piece now in being, was unworthy

to clean the brushes of one of those great masters, who are celebrated by the Greek and Roman writers. 'O lud! O lud!' exclaimed the painter, with a loud laugh; 'you have fairly brought yourself into a dilemma at last, dear doctor; for it is well known that your ancient Greek and Roman artists knew nothing at all of the matter, in comparison with our modern masters; for this good reason, because they had but three or four colours, and knew not how to paint with oil: besides, which of all your old rusty Grecians would you put upon a footing with the divine Raphael, the most excellent Michael Angelo Bona Roti, the graceful Guido, the bewitching Titian, and above all others, the sublime Rubens; the——' He would have proceeded with a long catalogue of names, which he had got by heart for the purpose, without retaining the least idea of their several qualifications, had he not been interrupted by his friend, whose indignation being kindled by the irreverence with which he mentioned the Greeks, he called him blasphemer, Goth, Boctian; and in his turn, asked with great vehemence, which of those puny moderns could match with Panzenus of Athens, and his brother Phidias, Polyctetus Sicyon, Polygnotus the Thracian, Parrhasius of Epheius, surnamed Abrodaitos or *the Beau*, and Apelles the prince of painters? He challenged him to shew any portrait of these days that could vie with the Helen of Zeuxis the Heracleian, or any composition equal to the sacrifice of Iphigenia, by Timanthes the Sicyonian; not to mention the twelve gods of Aesclepiadon the Athenian, for which Mnason, tyrant of Elatea, gave him about three hundred pounds a-piece; or Homer's Hell by Nicias, who refused sixty talents, amounting to upwards of eleven thousand pounds, and generously made a present of it to his own country. He desired him to produce a collection equal to that in the temple of Delphos, mentioned in the *Ion* of Euripides; where Hercules and his companion Iolaus are represented in the act of killing the Lernaean hydra with golden sickles; *kruseais harpais*, where Bellerophon appears on his winged steed, vanquishing the fire-breathing chimera, *tan puripneousan*; and the war of the giants is described. Here Jupiter stands wielding the red-hot thunder-

bolts, *Keraunos amphipuron*; there Pal-
as, dreadful to the view, *Gorgopon*,
brandisheth her spear against the huge
Esceladus; and Bacchus, with slender
rods, defeats and slays the *gas tek-*
son, or mighty son of earth. The
painter was astonished and confounded
at this rhapsody of names and instances,
which was uttered with surprizing ear-
nestness and rapidity; suspecting at first
that the whole was the creation of his
own brain; but when Pickle, with a
view of flattering the doctor's self-con-
ceit, espoused his side of the question,
and confirmed the truth of every thing
he advanced, Mr. Pallet changed his
opinion, and in emphatick silence adored
the immensity of his friend's under-
standing. In short, Peregrine easily
perceived that they were false enthusiasts,
without the smallest pretensions to taste
and sensibility; and pretended to be in
raptures with they knew not what; the
one thinking it was incumbent upon him
to express transports on seeing the works
of those who had been most eminent in
his profession, whether they did or did
not really raise his admiration; and the
other, as a scholar, deeming it his duty to
magnify the ancients above all compe-
tition, with an affected fervour, which
the knowledge of their excellencies never
inspired. Indeed, our young gentle-
man so successfully accommodated him-
self to the dispositions of each, that long
before their review was finished, he was
become a particular favourite with both.

From the Palais Royal he accompa-
nied them to the cloisters of the Car-
thusians, where they considered the his-
tory of St. Bruno, by Le Sueur, whose
name being utterly unknown to the
painter, he gave judgment against the
whole composition, as pitiful and pal-
try; though in the opinion of all good
judges it is a most masterly performance.

Having satisfied their curiosity in this
place, Peregrine asked them to favour
him with their company at dinner; but
whether out of caution against the in-
nuations of one whose character they
did not know, or by reason of a prior
engagement, they declined his invita-
tion, on pretence of having an appoint-
ment at a certain ordinary, though they
expressed a desire of being farther ac-
quainted with him; and Mr. Pallet took
the freedom of asking his name; which
he not only declared, but promised, as
they were strangers in Paris, to wait

upon them next day in the forenoon, in
order to conduct them to the hotel de
Thoulouse, and the houses of several
other noblemen, remarkable for paint-
ing or curious furniture. They thank-
fully embraced his proposal; and that
same day made enquiry among the En-
glish gentlemen about the character of
our hero; which they found so much to
their satisfaction, that upon their second
meeting, they courted his good graces
without reserve; and as they had heard
of his intended departure, begged ear-
nestly to have the honour of accompa-
nying him through the Low Countries.
He assured them, that nothing could be
more agreeable to him, than the pros-
pect of having such fellow travellers;
and they immediately appointed a day
for setting out on that tour.

CHAP. IX.

HE INTRODUCES HIS NEW FRIENDS
TO MR. JOLTER, WITH WHOM
THE DOCTOR ENTERS INTO A
DISPUTE UPON GOVERNMENT,
WHICH HAD WELL NIGH TER-
MINATED IN OPEN WAR.

MEANWHILE, he not only made
them acquainted with every thing
worth seeing in town, but attended them
in their excursions to all the king's
houses within a day's journey of Paris;
and in the course of these parties, treat-
ed them with an elegant dinner at his
own apartments; where a dispute arose
between the doctor and Mr. Jolter,
which had well nigh terminated in an
irreconcilable animosity. These gen-
tlemen, with an equal share of pride,
pedantry, and saturnine disposition, were
by the accidents of education and com-
pany, diametrically opposite in political
maxims; the one, as we have already
observed, being a bigotted high-church-
man, and the other a rank republican.
It was an article of the governor's creed,
that the people could not be happy, nor
the earth yield it's fruits in abundance,
under a restricted clergy and limited go-
vernment: whereas, in the doctor's opi-
nion, it was an eternal truth, that no
constitution was so perfect as the de-
mocracy, and that no country could
flourish but under the administration
of the mob.

These considerations being premised,

no wonder that they happened to disagree in the freedom of an unreserved conversation, especially as their entertainer took all opportunities of encouraging and enflaming the contention. The first source of their difference was an unlucky remark of the painter, who observed that the partridge of which he was then eating had the finest relish of any he had ever tasted. His friend owned that the birds were the best of the kind he had seen in France; but affirmed, that they were neither so plump nor delicious as those that were caught in England. The governor, considering this observation as the effect of prejudice and inexperience, said, with a sarcastical smile, 'I believe, Sir, you are very well disposed to find every thing here inferior to the productions of your own country.'—'True, Sir,' answered the physician, with a certain solemnity of aspect, 'and not without good reason, I hope.'—'And pray,' resumed the tutor, 'why may not the partridges of France be as good as those of England?'—'For a very plain reason,' replied the other, 'because they are not so well fed. The iron hand of oppression is extended to all animals within the French dominions, even to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. *Kunessin oionoijsi te pasi.*'—'Egad!' cried the painter, 'that is a truth not to be controverted: for my own part, I am none of your tit-bits, one would think, but yet there's a freshness in the English complexion, a *ginsceekye*, I think you call it, so inviting to a hungry Frenchman, that I have caught several in the very act of viewing me with an eye of extreme appetite, as I passed; and as for their curs, or rather their wolves, whenever I set my eyes on one of 'em, "Ah! your humble servant, Mr. Son of a Bitch!" I am upon my guard in an instant. The doctor can testify that their very horses, or more properly their live carrion, that drew our chaise, used to reach back their long necks, and smell at us, as a couple of delicious morsels.' This fally of Mr. Pallet, which was received with a general laugh of approbation, would, in all probability, have stifled the dispute in embryo, had not Mr. Jolter, with a self-applauding snigger, ironically complimented the strangers on their talking like true English-

men. The doctor, affronted at the insinuation, told him with some warmth, that he was mistaken in his conjecture, his affections and ideas being confined to no particular country; for he considered himself as a citizen of the world. He owned himself more attached to England than to any other kingdom, but this preference was the effect of reflection, and not of prejudice; because the British constitution approached nearer than any other to that perfection of government, the democracy of Athens, which he hoped one day to see revived: he mentioned the death of Charles the First, and the expulsion of his son, with raptures of applause; inveighed with great acrimony against the kingly name; and in order to strengthen his opinion, repeated forty or fifty lines from one of the Philippicks of Demosthenes. Jolter hearing him speak so disrespectfully of the higher powers, glowed with indignation. He said his doctrines were detestable, and destructive of all right order, and society; that monarchy was of Divine institution, therefore indefeasible by any human power; and of consequence those events in the English history which he had so liberally commended, were no other than flagrant instances of sacrilege, perfidy, and sedition; that the democracy of Athens was a most absurd constitution, productive of anarchy and mischief, which must always happen when the government of a nation depends upon the caprice of the ignorant hair-brained vulgar; that it was in the power of the most profligate member of the commonwealth, provided he was endowed with eloquence, to ruin the most deserving, by a desperate exertion of his talents upon the populace, who had been often persuaded to act in the most ungrateful and imprudent manner, against the greatest patriots that their country had produced: and finally, he averred, that the liberal arts and sciences had never flourished so much in a republic, as under the encouragement and protection of absolute power; witness the Augustan age, and the reign of Lewis the Fourteenth; nor was it to be supposed, that genius and merit could ever be so amply recompensed by the individuals, or distracted councils of a commonwealth, as by the generosity and magnificence of one, who had the whole treasures at his own command.

Peregrine

Peregrine, who was pleased to find the contest grow warm, observed that there seemed to be a good deal of truth in what Mr. Jolter advanced: and the painter, whose opinion began to waver, looked with a face of expectation at his friend, who modelling his features into an expression of exulting disdain, asked of his antagonist, if he did not think that very power of rewarding merit, enabled an absolute prince to indulge himself in the most arbitrary licence over the lives and fortunes of his people. Before the governor had time to answer this question, Pallet broke forth into an exclamation of, 'By the Lord! that is certainly fact; egad! that was a home thrust, doctor.' When Mr. Jolter chafing this shallow intruder with a contemptuous look, affirmed, that though supreme power furnished a good prince with the means of exerting his virtues, it would not support a tyrant in the exercise of cruelty and oppression; because in all nations the genius of the people must be consulted by their governors, and the burden proportioned to the shoulders on which it is laid. 'Else, what follows?' said the physician. 'The consequence is plain,' replied the governor; 'insurrection, revolt, and his own destruction: for it is not to be supposed that the subjects of any nation would be so abject and pusillanimous, as to neglect the means which Heaven hath put in their power for their own preservation.'—'Gadzooks! you're in the right, Sir,' cried Pallet; 'that, I grant you, must be confessed. Doctor, I'm afraid we have got into the wrong box.' This son of Pzaan, however, far from being of his friend's opinion, observed, with an air of triumph, that he would not only demonstrate the sophistry of the gentleman's last allegation, by argument and facts, but even confute him with his own words. Jolter's eyes kindling at this presumptuous declaration, he told his antagonist, while his lip quivered with resentment, that if his arguments were no better than his breeding, he was sure he would make very few converts to his opinion: and the doctor, with all the insolence of triumph, advised him to beware of disputes for the future, until he should have made himself more master of his subject.

Peregrine both wished and hoped to see the disputants proceed to arguments

of more weight and conviction; and the painter, dreading the same issue, interposed with the usual exclamation of 'For God's sake, gentlemen!' when the governor rose from table in great dudgeon, and left the room, muttering some ejaculation, of which the word coxcomb only could be distinctly heard. The physician being thus left master of the field of battle, was complimented on his victory by Peregrine; and so elevated by his success, that he declaimed a full hour on the absurdity of Jolter's proposition, and the beauty of the democratick administration; canvassed the whole scheme of Plato's republick, with many quotations from that ideal author, touching the *το καλον*; from thence he made a transition to the moral sense of Shaftesbury, and concluded his harangue with the greatest part of that frothy writer's rhapsody, which he repeated with all the violence of enthusiastick agitation; to the unspeakable satisfaction of his entertainer, and the unutterable admiration of Pallet, who looked upon him as something supernatural and divine. So intoxicated was this vain young man with the ironical praises of Pickle, that he forthwith shook off all reserve; and having professed a friendship for our hero, whose taste and learning he did not fail to extol, intimated in plain terms, that he was the only person in these latter ages, who possessed that sublime genius, that portion of the divinity or *Ti Theion*, which immortalized the Grecian Poets; that as Pythagoras affirmed the spirit of Euphorbus had transmigrated into his body, he, the doctor, was strangely possessed with the opinion that he himself was inspired by the soul of Pindar; because, making allowance for the difference of languages in which they wrote, there was a surprizing affinity between his own works and those of that celebrated Theban; and as a confirmation of this truth, he immediately produced a sample of each, which though in spirit and versification as different as the Odes of Horace and our present poet-laureat, Peregrine did not scruple to pronounce altogether congenial; notwithstanding the violence he by this sentence offered to his own conscience, and a certain alarm of his pride, that was weak enough to be disturbed by the physician's ridiculous vanity and presumption, which, not contented with display-

ing his importance in the world of taste and polite literature, manifested itself in arrogating certain material discoveries in the province of physick, which could not fail to advance him to the highest pinnacle of that profession, considering the recommendation of his other talents, together with a liberal fortune which he inherited from his father.

CHAP. X.

THE DOCTOR PREPARES AN ENTERTAINMENT IN THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENTS, WHICH IS ATTENDED WITH DIVERS RIDICULOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

IN a word, our young gentleman, by his insinuating behaviour, acquired the full confidence of the doctor, who invited him to an entertainment, which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honoured with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treater might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confecti^ons which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days.

With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet; and the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron; whom he knew to be egregious coxcombs, and therefore more likely to enhance the joy of the entertainment.

Accordingly, the hour being arrived, he conducted them to the hotel where the physician lodged, after having regaled their expectations with an elegant meal in the genuine old Roman taste; and they were received by Mr. Paller, who did the honours of the house, while his friend superintended the cook below. By this communicative painter, the guests understood that the doctor had met with numerous difficulties in the execution of his design; that no fewer than five cooks had been dismiss-

ed, because they could not prevail upon their own consciences to obey his directions in things that were contrary to the present practice of their art; and that although he had at last engaged a person, by an extraordinary premium, to comply with his orders, the fellow was so astonished, mortified, and incensed, at the commands he had received, that his hair stood on end, and he begged on his knees to be released from the agreement he had made: but finding that his employer insisted upon the performance of his contract, and threatened to introduce him to the commissaire if he should flinch from the bargain, he had, in the discharge of his office, wept, sung, cursed, and capered, for two whole hours without intermission.

While the company listened to this odd information, by which they were prepossessed with strange notions of the dinner, their ears were invaded by a piteous voice, that exclaimed in French, 'For the love of God! dear Sir! for the passion of Jesus Christ! spare me the mortification of the honey and oil!' Their ears still vibrated with the sound, when the doctor entering, was by Peregrine made acquainted with the strangers; to whom he, in the transports of his wrath, could not help complaining of the want of complaisance he had found in the Parisian vulgar, by which his plan had been almost entirely ruined and set aside. The French marquis, who though the honour of his nation was concerned at this declaration, professed his sorrow for what had happened, so contrary to the established character of the people, and undertook to see the delinquents severely punished, provided he could be informed of their names or places of abode. The mutual compliments that passed on this occasion were scarce finished, when a servant coming into the room, announced dinner; and the entertainer led the way into another apartment, where they found a long table, or rather two boards joined together, and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such evident effect upon the nerves of the company, that the marquis made frightful grimaces, under pretence of taking snuff; the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of features; our hero found means to exclude the odour from his sense of smelling, by breathing only through

through his mouth; and the poor painter running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco. The doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact *triclina* of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr. Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner; the marquis and baron stood bowing to each other, on pretence of disputing the lower seat, but in reality, with a view of profiting by the example of one another, for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll; and Peregrine, who enjoyed their confusion, handed the count to the other side, where, with the most mischievous politeness, he insisted upon his taking possession of the upper place.

In this disagreeable and ludicrous suspense, they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulations, until the doctor earnestly intreated them to wave all compliment and form, lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be adjusted. Thus conjured, Peregrine took the lower couch on the left-hand side, laying himself gently down, with his face towards the table. The marquis, in imitation of this pattern (though he would have much rather fasted three days than run the risk of discomposing his dress by such an attitude) stretched himself upon the opposite place, reclining upon his elbow in a most painful and awkward situation, with his head raised above the end of the couch, that the economy of his hair might not suffer by the projection of his body. The Italian, being a thin limber creature, planted himself next to Pickle, without sustaining any misfortune, but that of his stocking being torn by a ragged nail of the seat, as he raised his legs on a level with the rest of his limbs. But the baron, who was neither so wieldy nor

supple in his joints as his companions, flounced himself down with such precipitation, that his feet suddenly tilting up, came in furious contact with the head of the marquis, and demolished every curl in a twinkling, while his own skull, at the same instant, descended upon the side of his couch with such violence, that his perwig was struck off, and the whole room filled with pulvilio.

The drollery of distress that attended this disaster entirely vanquished the affected gravity of our young gentleman, who was obliged to suppress his laughter by cramming his handkerchief in his mouth; for the bare-headed German asking pardon with such ridiculous confusion, and the marquis admitting his apology with such rueful complaisance, were sufficient to awake the mirth of a quietist.

This misfortune being repaired as well as the circumstances of the occasion would permit, and every one settled according to the arrangement already described, the doctor graciously undertook to give some account of the dishes as they occurred, that the company might be directed in their choice; and with an air of infinite satisfaction thus began.—‘This here, gentlemen, is a boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil! I wish for your sakes, gentlemen, it was one of the geese of Ferrara, so much celebrated among the ancients for the magnitude of their livers, one of which is said to have weighed upwards of two pounds; with this food, exquisite as it was, did the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his hounds.’ But I beg pardon, I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary an article at all tables in France. At each end there are dishes of the salacabilia of the Romans; one is made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pine-tops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen livers; the other is much the same as the soup-maigre of this country. Then there is a loin of veal boiled with fennel and caraway-seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and a curious hachis of the lights, liver and blood of an hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons.—Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you to a plate of this soup?’ The

German, who did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition; while the marquis, being asked by the painter which of the *silly-kickabys* he chose, was in consequence of his desire accommodated with a portion of the *soupe-maigre*; and the count, in lieu of spoon-meat, of which he said he was no great admirer, supplied himself with a pigeon, therein conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment.

The Frenchman having swallowed the first spoonful, made a full pause; his throat swelled, as if an egg had stuck in his gullet, his eyes rolled, and his mouth underwent a series of involuntary contractions and dilatations. Pallet, who looked stedfastly at this connoisseur, with a view of consulting his taste, before he himself would venture upon the soup, began to be disturbed at these emotions, and observed with some concern, that the poor gentleman seemed to be going into a fit; when Peregrine assured him, that these were symptoms of extacy, and for farther confirmation, asked the marquis how he found the soup. It was with infinite difficulty that his complaisance could so far master his disgust, as to enable him to answer, 'Altogether excellent, upon my honour!' And the painter being certified of his approbation, lifted the spoon to his mouth without scruple; but far from justifying the eulogium of his taster, when this precious composition diffused itself upon his palate, he seemed to be deprived of all sense and motion, and sat like the leaden statue of some river god, with the liquor flowing out at both sides of his mouth.

The doctor, alarmed at this indecent phenomenon, earnestly enquired into the cause of it; and when Pallet recovered his recollection, and swore that he would rather swallow porridge made of burning brimstone, than such an infernal mess as that which he had tasted; the physician, in his own vindication, assured the company, that, except the usual ingredients, he had mixed nothing in the soup but some *sal-armoniac* instead of the ancient *nitrum*, which could not now be procured; and appealed to the marquis, whether such a *succedaneum* was not an improvement on the whole. The unfortunate *petit-maitre*, driven to

the extremity of his condescension, acknowledged it to be a masterly refinement; and deeming himself obliged, in point of honour, to evince his sentiments by his practice, forced a few more mouthfuls of this disagreeable potion down his throat, till his stomach was so much offended, that he was compelled to start up of a sudden; and, in the hurry of his elevation, overturned his plate into the bosom of the baron. The emergency of his occasions would not permit him to stay and make apologies for this abrupt behaviour; so that he flew into another apartment, where Pickle found him puking, and crossing himself with great devotion; and a chair, at his desire, being brought to the door, he slipped into it more dead than alive, conjuring his friend Pickle to make his peace with the company, and in particular excuse him to the baron, on account of the violent fit of illness with which he had been seized. It was not without reason that he employed a mediator; for when our hero returned to the dining-room, the German got up, and was under the hands of his own lacquey, who wiped the grease from a rich embroidered waistcoat, while he, almost frantick with his misfortune, stamped upon the ground, and in High Dutch cursed the unlucky banquet, and the impertinent entertainer, who all this time, with great deliberation, consoled him for the disaster, by assuring him, that the damage might be repaired with some oil of turpentine and a hot iron. Peregrine, who could scarce refrain from laughing in his face, appeased his indignation, by telling him how much the whole company, and especially the marquis, was mortified at the accident; and the unhappy *salacacab* being removed, the places were filled with two pies, one of dormice liquored with syrup of white poppies, which the doctor had substituted in the room of toasted poppy-seed, formerly eaten with honey, as a desert; and the other composed of a hock of pork baked in honey.

Pallet hearing the first of these dishes described, lifted up his hands and eyes, and with signs of loathing and amazement pronounced, 'A pye made of dormice and syrup of poppies; Lord in heaven! what beastly fellows those Romans were!' His friend checked him for his irreverent exclamation with a severe look, and recommended the

veal, of which he himself cheerfully eat, with such encomiums to the company, that the baron resolved to imitate his example, after having called for a bumper of Burgundy, which the physician, for his sake, wished to have been the true wine of Falernum. The painter seeing nothing else upon the table which he would venture to touch, made a merit of necessity, and had recourse to the veal also; although he could not help saying, that he would not give one slice of the roast-beef of Old England for all the dainties of a Roman emperor's table. But all the doctor's invitations and assurances could not prevail upon his guests to honour the hachis and the goose; and that course was succeeded by another, in which he told them were divers of those dishes, which among the ancients had obtained the appellation of *politeler*, or magnificent. 'That which smokes in the middle,' said he, 'is a sow's stomach, filled with a composition of minced pork, hog's brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlick, anniseed, rue, ginger, oil, wine, and pickle. On the right-hand side are the tears and belly of a sow, just farrowed, fried with sweet wine, oil, flour, lovage, and pepper. On the left is a fricassée of snails, fed, or rather purged, with milk. At that end next Mr. Pallet are fritters of pompions, lovage, origanum, and oil; and here are a couple of pullets, roasted and stuffed in the manner of Appicius.'

The painter, who had by wry faces testified his abhorrence of the sow's stomach, which he compared to a bagpipe, and the snails which had undergone purgation, no sooner heard him mention the roasted pullets, than he eagerly solicited a wing of the fowl; upon which the doctor desired he would take the trouble of cutting them up, and accordingly sent them round, while Mr. Pallet tucked the table-cloth under his chin, and brandished his knife and fork with singular address; but scarce were they set down before him, when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he called aloud, in a manifest disorder, 'Z—ds! this is the essence of a whole bed of garlick!' That he might not, however, disappoint or disgrace the entertainer, he applied his instruments to one of the birds; and when he opened up the cavity, was assaulted by such an irruption of intolerable smells, that, without stay-

ing to disengage himself from the cloth, he sprung away, with an exclamation of, 'Lord Jesus!' and involved the whole table in havoc, ruin, and confusion.

Before Pickle could accomplish his escape, he was sauced with a syrup of the dormouse-pye, which went to pieces in the general wreck; and as for the Italian count, he was overwhelmed by the sow's stomach, which bursting in the fall, discharged it's contents upon his leg and thigh, and scalded him so miserably, that he shrieked with anguish, and grinned with a most ghastly and horrible aspect.

The baron, who sat secure without the vortex of this tumult, was not at all displeased at seeing his companions involved in such a calamity as that which he had already shared; but the doctor was confounded with shame and vexation. After having prescribed an application of oil to the count's leg, he expressed his sorrow for the misadventure, which he openly ascribed to want of taste and prudence in the painter, who did not think proper to return, and make an apology in person; and protested that there was nothing in the fowls which could give offence to a sensible nose, the stuffing being a mixture of pepper, lovage, and assa-fœtida, and the sauce consisting of wine and herring-pickle, which he had used instead of the celebrated garum of the Romans; that famous pickle having been prepared sometimes of the *scombri*, which were a sort of tunny-fish, and sometimes of the *silurus*, or shad-fish: nay, he observed that there was a third kind, called *garum hamation*, made of the guts, gills, and blood of the *thynnus*.

The physician, finding it would be impracticable to re-establish the order of the banquet, by presenting again the dishes which had been discomposed, ordered every thing to be removed, a clean cloth to be laid, and the desert to be brought in.

Meanwhile, he regretted his incapacity to give them a specimen of the *alieus*, or fish meals of the ancients; such as the *jus diabaton*, the conger-eel, which, in Galen's opinion, is hard of digestion; the *cornutta*, or gurnard, described by Pliny in his Natural History, who says, the horns of many of them were a foot and a half in length; the mullet and lamprey, that were in the highest estimation

tion of old; of which last Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one triumphal supper. He observed, that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace, in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mæcenas was invited by the epicure Nasidenus.

*‘ Affertur squillas inter Murena natantes,
&c.’*

And told them, that they were commonly eaten with the *thus syriacum*, a certain anodyne and astringent seed, which qualified the purgative nature of the fish. Finally, this learned physician gave them to understand, that though this was reckoned a luxurious dish in the zenith of the Roman taste, it was by no means comparable, in point of expence, to some preparations in vogue about the time of that absurd voluptuary Heliogabalus, who ordered the brains of six hundred ostriches to be compounded in one mess.

By this time the desert appeared, and the company were not a little rejoiced to see plain olives in salt and water: but what the master of the feast valued himself upon, was a sort of jelly, which he affirmed to be preferable to the hypotrimma of Hesy chius, being a mixture of vinegar, pickle, and honey, boiled to a proper consistence, and candied affa-foetida, which he asserted, in contradiction to Aumulbergius and Lister, was no other than the *laser syriacum*, so precious, as to be sold among the ancients to the weight of a silver-penny. The gentlemen took his word for the excellency of this gum, but contented themselves with the olives, which gave such an agreeable relish to the wine, that they seemed very well disposed to console themselves for the disgraces they had endured; and Pickle, unwilling to lose the least circumstance of entertainment that could be enjoyed in their company, went in quest of the painter, who remained in his penitentials in another apartment, and could not be persuaded to re-enter the banquetting-room until Peregrine undertook to procure his pardon from those whom he had injured. Having assured him of this indulgence, our young gentleman led him in like a criminal, bowing on all hands with an air of humility and contrition; and particularly addressing himself to the count, to whom he swore in English, as God was his Saviour, he had no intent to affront man, woman, or child; but was fain to make

to make the best of his way, that he might not give the honourable company cause of offence, by obeying the dictates of nature in their presence.

When Pickle interpreted this apology to the Italian, Pallet was forgiven in very polite terms, and even received into favour by his friend the doctor, in consequence of our hero's intercession: so that all the guests forgot their chagrin, and paid their respects so piously to the bottle, that in a short time the Champagne produced very evident effects in the behaviour of all present.

CHAP. XI.

THE PAINTER IS PERSUADED TO ACCOMPANY PICKLE TO A MASQUERADE IN WOMAN'S APPAREL; IS ENGAGED IN A TROUBLESOME ADVENTURE, AND WITH HIS COMPANION CONVEYED TO THE BASTILE.

THE painter, at the request of Pickle, who had a design upon the count's sense of hearing, favoured the company with the song of Bumper Squire Jones, which yielded infinite satisfaction to the baron; but affected the delicate ears of the Italian in such a manner, that his features expressed astonishment and disquiet; and by his sudden and repeated journeys to the door, it plainly appeared, that he was in the same predicament with those who, as Shakespeare observes, when the baggage sings in the nose, cannot contain their urine for affection.

With a view, therefore, of vindicating musick from such a barbarous taste, Mr. Pallet had no sooner performed his task, than the count honoured his friends with some favourite airs of his own country, which he warbled with infinite grace and expression, though they had not energy sufficient to engage the attention of the German, who fell fast asleep upon his couch, and snored so loud, as to interrupt and totally annul this ravishing entertainment; so that they were fain to have recourse again to the glass, which made such innovation upon the brain of the physician, that he sung divers odes of Anacreon to a tune of his own composing, and held forth upon the musick and recitative of the ancients with great erudition; while Pallet,

Pallet, having found means to make the Italian acquainted with the nature of his profession, harangued upon painting with wonderful volubility, in a language which (it was well for his own credit) the stranger did not understand.

At length the doctor was seized with such a qualm, that he begged Peregrine to lead him to his chamber; and the baron being waked, retired with the count.

Peregrine being rendered frolicksome with the wine he had drank, proposed that he and Pallet should go to a masquerade, which he recollected was to be given that night. The painter did not want curiosity and inclination to accompany him, but expressed his apprehension of losing him in the ball; an accident which could not fail to be very disagreeable, as he was an utter stranger to the language and the town. To obviate this objection, the landlady, who was of their council, advised him to appear in a woman's dress, which would lay his companion under the necessity of attending him with more care, as he could not with decency detach himself from the lady whom he should introduce; besides, such a supposed connection would hinder the ladies of pleasure from accosting, and employing their seducing arts upon a person already engaged.

Our young gentleman, foreseeing abundance of diversion in the execution of this project, seconded the proposal with such importunity and address, that the painter allowed himself to be habited in a suit belonging to the landlady, who also procured for him a mask of domino, while Pickle provided himself with a Spanish dress. In this disguise, which they put on about eleven o'clock, did they, attended by Pipes, set out in a fiacre for the ball-room, into which Pickle led this supposititious female, to the astonishment of the whole company, who had never seen such an uncouth figure in the appearance of a woman.

After they had taken a full view of all the remarkable masques, and the painter had been treated with a glass of liquor, his mischievous companion gave him the slip, and vanishing in an instant, returned with another mask and a domino over his habit, that he might enjoy Pallet's perplexity, and be at hand to protect him from insult.

The poor painter having lost his

guide, was almost distracted with anxiety, and stalked about the room, in quest of him, with such huge strides and oddity of gesture, that he was followed by a whole multitude, who gazed at him as a preternatural phenomenon. This attendance increased his uneasiness to such a degree, that he could not help uttering a soliloquy aloud, in which he cursed his fate for having depended upon the promise of such a wag; and swore, that if once he was clear of this scrape, he would not bring himself into such a premunire again for the whole kingdom of France.

Divers petit-maitres understanding the masque was a foreigner, who, in all probability could not speak French, made up to him in their turns, in order to display their wit and address, and teased him with several arch questions, to which he made no other answer than, 'No *parly* Francy. Damn your chattering! Go about your business, can't ye?' Among the masques was a nobleman, who began to be very free with the supposed lady, and attempted to plunge his hand into her bosom: but the painter was too modest to suffer such indecent treatment; and when the gallant repeated his efforts in a manner still more indelicate, lent him such a box on the ear, as made the lights dance before him, and created such a suspicion of Pallet's sex, that the Frenchman swore he was either a male or hermaphrodite, and insisted upon a scrutiny, for the sake of his own honour, with such obstinacy of resentment, that the fictitious nymph was in imminent danger, not only of being exposed, but also of undergoing severe chastisement, for having made so free with the prince's ear; when Peregrine, who saw and overheard every thing that passed, thought it was high time to interpose; and accordingly, asserted his pretensions to the insulted lady, who was overjoyed at this proof of his protection.

The affronted gallant persevered in demanding to know who she was, and our hero as strenuously refused to give him that satisfaction: so that high words ensued; and the prince threatening to punish his insolence, the young gentleman, who was not supposed to know his quality, pointed to the place where his own sword used to hang, and snapping his finger's in his face, laid hold on the painter's arm, and led him

to

to another part of the room, leaving his antagonist to the meditations of his own revenge.

Pallet having chid his conductor for his barbarous desertion, made him acquainted with the difficulty in which he had been involved, and flatly telling him, he would not put it in his power to give him the slip again, held fast by his arm during the remaining part of the entertainment, to the no small diversion of the company, whose attention was altogether engrossed in the contemplation of such an awkward, ungainly, stalking apparition. At last, Pickle being tired of exhibiting this raree-show, complied with the repeated desires of his companion, and handed her into the coach; which he himself had no sooner entered, than they were surrounded by a file of musqueteers, commanded by an exempt, who ordering the coach-door to be opened, took his place with great deliberation, while one of his detachment mounted the box, in order to direct the driver.

Peregrine at once conceived the meaning of this arrest, and it was well for him that he had no weapon wherewith to stand upon his defence; for such was the impetuosity and rashness of his temper, that had he been armed, he would have run all risks rather than surrender himself to any odds whatever; but Pallet imagining that the officer was some gentleman who had mistaken their carriage for his own, desired his friend to undeceive the stranger; and when he was informed of the real state of their condition, his knees began to shake, his teeth to chatter, and he uttered a most doleful lamentation, importing his fear of being carried to some hideous dungeon of the Bastile, where he should spend the rest of his days in misery and horror, and never see the light of God's sun, nor the face of a friend; but perish in a foreign land, far removed from his family and connections. Pickle damned him for his pusillanimity, and the exempt hearing a lady bemoaning herself so piteously, expressed his mortification at being the instrument of giving her such pain, and endeavoured to console them, by representing the lenity of the French government, and the singular generosity of the prince, by whose order they were apprehended.

Peregrine, whose discretion seemed to forsake him on all such occasions, ex-

claimed with great bitterness against the arbitrary administration of France, and inveighed with many expressions of contempt against the character of the offended prince, whose resentment, far from being noble, he said, was pitiful, ungenerous, and unjust. To this remonstrance the officer made no reply, but shrugged up his shoulders in silent astonishment at the *hardiesse* of the prisoner, and the *fiacre* was just on the point of setting out, when they heard the noise of a scuffle at the back of the coach, and the voice of Tom Pipes, pronouncing, 'I'll be damn'd if I do!' This trusty attendant had been desired by one of the guard to descend from his station in the rear, but as he resolved to share his master's fate, he took no notice of their intreaties, until they were seconded by force; and that he endeavoured to repel with his heel, which he applied with such energy to the jaws of the soldier who first came in contact with him, that they emitted a crashing sound like a dried walnut between the grinders of a templar in the pit. Exasperated at this outrage, the other saluted Tom's posteriors with his bayonet, which incommoded him so much, that he could no longer keep his post, but, leaping upon the ground, gave his antagonist a chuck under the chin, and laid him upon his back, and then skipping over him with infinite agility, ascended among the crowd of coaches, till he saw the guard mount before and behind upon his master's *fiacre*, which no sooner set forward than he followed at a small distance, to reconnoitre the place where Peregrine should be confined.

After having proceeded slowly through many windings and turnings to a part of Paris, in which Pipes was an utter stranger, the coach stopped at a great gate, with a wicket in the middle, which being opened at the approach of the carriage, the prisoners were admitted, and the guard returning with the *fiacre*, Tom determined to watch in that place all night, that in the morning he might make such observations as might be conducive to the enlargement of his master.

CHAP. XII.

BY THE FIDELITY OF PIPES, JOSEPH IS INFORMED OF HIS PUNISHMENT.

PISISTRATUS. CONFERS WITH THE PHYSICIAN. APPLIES TO THE AMBASSADOR, WHO WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY OBTAINS THE DISCHARGE OF THE PRISONERS, ON CERTAIN CONDITIONS.

THIS plan he executed notwithstanding the pain of his wound, and the questions of the city guard both horse and foot, to which he could make no other answer than, '*Anglois, Anglois!*' and as soon as it was light, taking an accurate survey of the castle (for such it seemed to be) into which Peregrine and Pallet had been conveyed, together with its situation in respect to the river, he went home to the lodgings, and waking Mr. Jolter, gave him an account of the adventure. The governor wrung his hands in the utmost grief and consternation, when he heard this unfortunate piece of news; he did not doubt that his pupil was imprisoned in the Bastille for life; and in the anguish of his apprehension, cursed the day on which he had undertaken to superintend the conduct of such an imprudent young man, who had by reiterated insults provoked the vengeance of such a mild forbearing administration. That he might not, however, neglect any means in his power to extricate him from his present misfortune, he dispatched Thomas to the doctor, with an account of his companion's fate, that they might join their interest in behalf of the captives; and the physician being informed of what had happened, immediately dressed himself, and repaired to Jolter, whom he accosted in these words. 'Now, Sir, I hope you are convinced of your error, in asserting that oppression can never be the effect of arbitrary power. Such a calamity as this could never have happened under the Athenian democracy: nay, even when the tyrant Pisistratus got possession of that commonwealth, he durst not venture to rule with such absolute and unjust dominion. You shall see now that Mr. Pickle and my friend Pallet will fall a sacrifice to the tyranny of lawless power; and in my opinion we shall be accessory to the ruin of this poor enslaved people, if we bestir ourselves in demanding or imploring the release of our unhappy countrymen; as we may thereby prevent the commission of a flagrant crime, which

would fill up the vengeance of Heaven against the perpetrators, and perhaps be the means of restoring a whole nation to the unspeakable fruition of freedom. For my own part, I should rejoice to see the blood of my father spilt in such a glorious cause, provided such a victim would furnish me with the opportunity of dissolving the chains of slavery, and vindicating that liberty which is the birth-right of man. Then would my name be immortalized among the patriot heroes of antiquity, and my memory, like that of Harmodius and Aristogiton, be honoured by statues erected at the publick expence.' This rhapsody, which was delivered with great emphasis and agitation, gave so much offence to Jolter, that without speaking one word, he retired in great wrath to his own chamber, and the republican returned to his lodging, in full hope of his prognostick being verified in the death and destruction of Peregrine and the painter, which must give rise to some renowned revolution, wherein he himself would act a principal part. But the governor, whose imagination was not quite so warm and prolific, went directly to the ambassador, whom he informed of his pupil's situation, and besought to interpose with the French ministry, that he and the other British subject might obtain their liberty.

His excellency asked if Jolter could guess at the cause of his imprisonment, that he might be the better prepared to vindicate or excuse his conduct; but neither he nor Pipes could give the smallest hint of intelligence on that subject; though he furnished himself from Tom's own mouth with a circumstantial account of the manner in which his master had been arrested, as well as of his own behaviour, and the disaster he had received on that occasion. His lordship never doubted that Pickle had brought this calamity upon himself by some unlucky prank he had played at the masquerade; especially when he understood that the young gentleman had drank freely in the afternoon, and been so whimsical as to go thither with a man in woman's apparel: and he that same day waited on the French minister, in full confidence of obtaining his discharge; but met with more difficulty than he expected, the court of France being extremely punctilious in every thing

thing that concerns a prince of the blood. The ambassador was therefore obliged to talk in very high terms, and though the present circumstances of the French politicks would not allow them to fall out with the British administration for trifles, all the favour he could procure, was a promise that Pickle should be set at liberty, provided he would ask pardon of the prince to whom he had given offence. His excellency thought this was but a reasonable condescension, supposing Peregrine to have been in the wrong; and Jolter was admitted to him in order to communicate and reinforce his lordship's advice, which was, that he should comply with the terms proposed. The governor, who did not enter this gloomy fortress without fear and trembling, found his pupil in a dismal apartment, void of all furniture but a stool and trundle-bed. The moment he was admitted, he perceived the youth whistling with great unconcern, and working with his pencil at the bare wall, on which he had delineated a ludicrous figure labelled with the name of the nobleman whom he had affronted, and an English mastiff with his leg lifted up, in the attitude of making water in his shoe. He had been even so pre-tentious as to explain the device with satirical inscriptions in the French language, which when Jolter perused, his hair stood on end with affright. The very turnkey was confounded and over-awed by the boldness of his behaviour, which he had never seen matched by any inhabitant of that place; and actually joined his friend in persuading him to submit to the easy demand of the minister. But our hero, far from embracing the counsel of this advocate, handed him to the door with great ceremony, and dismissed him with a kick on the breech, and to all the supplications, and even tears of Jolter, made no other reply, than that he would stoop to no condescension, because he had committed no crime; but would leave his case to the cognizance and exertion of the British court, whose duty it was to see justice done to its own subjects: he desired, however, that Pallet, who was confined in another place, might avail himself of his own disposition, which was sufficiently pliable. But when the governor desired to see his fellow-prisoner, the turnkey gave him to understand that he had received no orders relating

to the lady, and therefore could not admit him into her apartment; though he was complaisant enough to tell him that she seemed very much mortified at her confinement, and at certain times behaved as if her brain was not a little disordered. Jolter thus baffled in all his endeavours, quitted the Bastille with a heavy heart, and reported his fruitless negotiation to the ambassador, who could not help breaking forth into some acrimonious expressions against the obstinacy and insolence of the young man, who, he said, deserved to suffer for his folly. Nevertheless, he did not desert from his representations to the French ministry, which he found so unyielding, that he was obliged to threaten in plain terms, to make it a national concern, and not only write to his court for instructions, but even advise the council to make reprisals, and send some French gentlemen in London to the Tower.

This intimation had an effect upon the ministry at Versailles, who rather than run the risk of incensing a people whom it was neither their interest nor inclination to disoblige, consented to discharge the offenders, on condition that they should leave Paris in three days after their enlargement. This proposal was readily agreed to by Peregrine, who was now a little more tractable, and heartily tired of being cooped up in such an uncomfortable abode, for the space of three long days, without any sort of communication or entertainment, but that which his own imagination suggested.

CHAP. XIII.

PEREGRINE MAKES HIMSELF MERRY AT THE EXPENCE OF THE PAINTER, WHO CURSES HIS LANDLADY, AND BREAKS WITH THE DOCTOR.

AS he could easily conceive the situation of his companion in adversity, he was unwilling to leave the place, until he had reaped some diversion from his distress; and with that view repaired to the dungeon of the afflicted painter, to which he had by this time free access. When he entered, the first object that presented itself to his eye, was so uncommonly ridiculous, that he could

could scarce preserve that gravity of countenance which he had affected in order to execute the joke he had planned. The forlorn Pallet sat upright in his bed, in a dishabille that was altogether extraordinary. He had laid aside his monstrous hoop, together with his stays, gown, and petticoat; wrapped his lap-pets about his head by way of night-cap, and wore his domino as a loose morning-dress; his grizzled locks hung down about his lack-lustre eyes and tawney neck, in all the disorder of negligence; his grey beard bristled about half an inch, through the remains of the paint with which his visage had been bedaubed; and every feature of his face was lengthened to the most ridiculous expression of grief and dismay. Seeing Peregrine come in, he started up in a sort of frantick extasy, and running towards him with open arms, no sooner perceived the woeful appearance into which our hero had modelled his physiognomy, than he stopped short all of a sudden and the joy which had begun to take possession of his heart, was in a moment dispelled by the most rueful pre-sages; so that he stood in a most ludicrous posture of dejection, like a malefactor at the Old Bailey, when sentence is about to be pronounced. Pickle taking him by the hand, heaved a profound sigh; and after having protested that he was extremely mortified at being pitched upon as the messenger of bad news, told him, with an air of sympathy and infinite concern, that the French court having discovered his sex, had resolved, in consideration of the outrageous indignity he offered in publick to a prince of the blood, to detain him in the Bastile a prisoner for life; and that this sentence was a mitigation obtained by the importunities of the British ambassador; the punishment ordained by law being no other than breaking alive upon the wheel. These tidings aggravated the horrors of the painter to such a degree, that he roared aloud, and skipped about the room in all the extravagance of distraction; taking God and man to witness, that he would rather suffer immediate death than endure one year's imprisonment in such a hideous place; and cursing the hour of his birth, and the moment on which he departed from his own country. 'For my own part,' said his tormentor, in a hypocritical tone, 'I was obliged to swallow the

' bitter pill of making submissions to the prince; who, as I had not presumed to strike him, received acknowledgments; in consequence of which, I shall be this day set at liberty, and there is even one expedient left for the recovery of your freedom. It is, I own, a disagreeable remedy, but one had better undergo a little mortification, than be for ever wretched. Besides, upon second thoughts, I begin to imagine, that you will not, for such a trifle, sacrifice yourself to the unceasing horrors of a solitary dungeon; especially as your condescension will, in all probability, be attended with advantages which you could not otherwise enjoy.' Pallet interrupting him with great eagerness, begged, for the love of God, that he would no longer keep him in the torture of suspense, but mention that same remedy, which he was resolved to swallow, let it be never so unpalatable.

Peregrine, having thus played upon his passions of fear and hope, answered, that as the offence was committed in the habit of a woman, which was a disguise unworthy of the other sex, the French court was of opinion that the delinquent should be reduced to the neuter gender; so that there was an alternative at his own option, by which he had it in his power to regain immediate freedom. 'What!' cried the painter, in despair, 'become a finger? God-zooks! and the devil, and all that! I'll rather lie still where I am, and let myself be devoured by vermin.' Then thrusting out his throat, 'Here is my windpipe,' said he; 'be so good, my dear friend, as to give it a slice or two; if you don't, I shall one of these days be found dangling in my garters. What an unfortunate rascal I am! What a blockhead, and a beast, and a fool was I, to trust myself among such a barbarous ruffian race? Lord forgive you, Mr. Pickle, for having been the immediate cause of my disaster; if you had stood by me from the beginning, according to your promise, I should not have been teized by that coxcomb who has brought me to this pass. And why did I put on this damn'd unlucky dress? Lord curse that chattering Jazabel of a landlady, who advised such a preposterous disguise! a disguise which hath not only brought me to

‘ this pass, but also rendered me abominable to myself, and frightful to others; for when I this morning signified to the turnkey, that I wanted to be shaved, he looked at my beard with astonishment, and crossing himself, muttered his pater-noster, believing me (I suppose) to be a witch, or something worse. And Heaven con-found that loathsome banquet of the ancients, which provoked me to drink too freely, that I might wash away the taste of that accursed sulkicaby!’

Our young gentleman, having heard his lamentation to an end, excused himself for his conduct, by representing that he could not possibly foresee the disagreeable consequences that attended it; and in the mean time, strenuously counselled him to submit to the terms of this enlargement. He observed, that he was now arrived at that time of life, when the lusts of the flesh should be entirely mortified within him, and his greatest concern ought to be the health of his soul, to which nothing could more effectually contribute than the amputation which was proposed: that his body, as well as his mind, would profit by the change, because he would have no dangerous appetite to gratify, and no carnal thoughts to divert him from the duties of his profession; and his voice, which was naturally sweet, would improve to such a degree, that he would captivate the ears of all the people of fashion and taste, and in a little time be celebrated under the appellation of the English Senesino.

These arguments did not fail to make impression upon the painter, who, nevertheless, started two objections to his compliance; namely, the disgrace of the punishment, and the dread of his wife. Pickle undertook to obviate these difficulties, by assuring him, that the sentence would be executed so privately, as never to transpire; and that his wife could not be so unconscionable, after so many years of cohabitation, as to take exceptions to an expedient, by which she would not only enjoy the conversation of her husband, but even the fruits of those talents which the knife would so remarkably refine.

Pallet shook his head at his last remonstrance, as if he thought it would not be altogether convincing to his spouse; but yielded to the proposal, provided her consent could be obtained.

Just as he signified this condescension, the gaoler entered, and addressing himself to the supposed lady, expressed his satisfaction in having the honour to tell her, that she was no longer a prisoner. As the painter did not understand one word of what he said, Peregrine undertook the office of interpreter, and made his friend believe, the gaoler’s speech was no other than an intimation, that the ministry had sent a surgeon to execute what was proposed, and that the instruments and dressings were prepared in the next room. Alarmed and terrified at this sudden appointment, he flew to the other end of the room, and snatching up an earthen chamber-pot, which was the only offensive weapon in the place, put himself in a posture of defence, and with many oaths threatened to try the temper of the barber’s skull, if he should presume to set his nose within the apartment.

The gaoler, who little expected such a reception, concluded that the poor gentlewoman had actually lost her wits, and retreated with precipitation, leaving the door open as he went out. Upon which Pickle, gathering up the particulars of his dress with great dispatch, crammed them into Pallet’s arms, and taking notice that now the coast was clear, exhorted him to follow his footsteps to the gate, where a hackney-coach stood for his reception. There being no time for hesitation, the painter took his advice, and without quitting the utensil, which in his hurry he forgot to lay down, sallied out in the rear of our hero, with all that wildness of terror and impatience which may be reasonably supposed to take possession of a man who flies from perpetual imprisonment. Such was the tumult of his agitation, that his faculty of thinking was for the present utterly overwhelmed, and he saw no object but his conductor, whom he followed by a sort of instinctive impulse, without regarding the keepers and centinels, who, as he passed with his cloaths under one arm, and his chamber-pot brandished above his head, were confounded, and even dismayed, at the strange apparition.

During the whole course of this irruption, he ceased not to cry with great vociferation, ‘ Drive, coachman! drive, in the name of God!’ And the carriage had proceeded the length of a whole street, before he manifested the least sign of reflection; but started like



Plate IV.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Aug. 26. 1781.

the G
open,
and c
At ler
ver th
if Per
all da
unrele
the a
the su
doubt
woul
God
stop
ed in
vanc
noife
them
havin
drew
and
' on
' gu
' th
' th
tidin
out
in
man
' d
' ri
' y
' h
' h
' s
out
wh
oro
pio
wh
hi
ea
le
sta
ca
fi
sp
d
w
c
v
t
n
i
t
v
f
f

the Gorgon's head, with his mouth wide open, and each particular hair crawling and twining like an animated serpent. At length, however, he began to recover the use of his senses, and asked if Peregrine thought him now out of all danger of being retaken. This unrelenting wag, not yet satisfied with the affliction he had imposed upon the sufferer, answered with an air of doubt and concern, that he hoped they would not be overtaken, and prayed to God they might not be retarded by a stop of carriages. Pallet fervently joined in this supplication; and they advanced a few yards farther, when the noise of a coach at full speed behind them invaded their ears; and Pickle having looked out of the window, withdrew his head in seeming confusion, and exclaimed, 'Lord have mercy upon us! I wish that may not be a guard sent after us. Methinks I saw the muzzle of a fusil sticking out of the coach.' The painter hearing these tidings, that instant thrust himself half out at the window, with his helmet still in his hand, bellowing to the coachman as loud as he could roar, 'Drive! damn you, drive! to the gates of Jericho, and ends of the earth! Drive! you raggamuffin, you rascallion, you hell-hound! drive us to the pit of hell, rather than we should be taken!'

Such a phantom could not pass, without attracting the curiosity of the people, who ran to their doors and windows, in order to behold this object of admiration. With the same view that coach, which was supposed to be in pursuit of him, stopped just as the windows of each happened to be opposite; and Pallet looking behind, and seeing three men standing upon the foot-board armed with canes, which his fear converted into fusils, never doubted that his friend's suspicion was just; but, shaking his Jordan at the imaginary guard, swore he would sooner die than part with his precious wife. The owner of the coach, who was a nobleman of the first quality, mistook him for some unhappy woman deprived of her senses; and ordering his coachman to proceed, convinced the fugitive, to his infinite joy, that this was no more than a false alarm. He was not, for all that, freed from anxiety and trepidation; but our young gentleman, fearing his brain would not bear repetition of the same joke, permitted

him to gain his own lodgings without farther molestation.

His landlady meeting him on the stair, was so affected at his appearance, that she screamed aloud, and betook herself to flight; while he, cursing her with great bitterness, rushed into the apartment with the doctor; who, instead of receiving him with cordial embraces, and congratulating him upon his deliverance, gave evident tokens of umbrage and discontent; and even plainly told him, he hoped to have heard that he and Mr. Pickle had acted the glorious part of Cato; an event which would have laid the foundation of such noble struggles, as could not fail to end in happiness and freedom; and that he had already made some progress in an ode that would have immortalized their names, and inspired the flame of liberty in every honest breast. 'There,' said he, 'I would have proved, that great talents, and high sentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and assist each other; and illustrated my assertions with such notes and quotations from the Greek writers, as would have opened the eyes of the most blind and unthinking, and touched the most callous and obdurate heart. O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind must grasp whatever yonder stars survey.—Pray, Mr. Pallet, what is your opinion of that image of the mind's grasping the whole universe? For my own part, I cannot help thinking it the most happy conception that ever entered my imagination.'

The painter, who was not such a flaming enthusiast in the cause of liberty, could not brook the doctor's reflections, which he thought savoured a little too much of indifference and deficiency in point of private friendship; and therefore seized the present opportunity of mortifying his pride, by observing, that the image was, without all doubt, very grand and magnificent; but that he had been obliged for the idea to Mr. Bayes, in the Rehearsal, who values himself upon the same figure, conveyed in these words, 'But all these clouds, when by the eye of reason grasp'd,' &c. Upon any other occasion, the painter would have triumphed greatly in this detection; but such was the flutter and confusion of his spirits, under the apprehension of being retaken, that without farther communication, he retreated to his own room,

room, in order to resume his own dress, which he hoped would alter his appearance in such a manner, as to baffle all search and examination; while the physician remained ashamed and abashed, to find himself convicted of bombast by a person of such contemptible talents. He was offended at this proof of his memory, and so much enraged at his presumption in exhibiting it, that he could never forgive his want of reverence, and took every opportunity of exposing his ignorance and folly in the sequel. Indeed, the ties of private affection were too weak to engage the heart of this republican, whose zeal for the community had entirely swallowed up his concern for individuals. He looked upon particular friendship as a passion unworthy of his ample soul, and was a professed admirer of L. M^{AN}lius, Junius Brutus, and those later patriots of the same name, who shut their ears against the cries of nature, and resisted all the dictates of gratitude and humanity.

CHAP. XIV.

PALLET CONCEIVES AN HEARTY CONTEMPT FOR HIS FELLOW-TRAVELLER, AND ATTACHES HIMSELF TO PICKLE, WHO NEVERTHELESS PERSECUTES HIM WITH HIS MISCHIEVOUS TALENT UPON THE ROAD TO FLANDERS.

IN the mean time, his companion having employed divers pails full of water, in cleansing himself from the squalor of a jail, submitted his face to the barber, tinged his eye-brows with a sable hue, and being dressed in his own cloaths, ventured to visit Peregrine, who was still under the hands of his valet de chambre, and who gave him to understand, that his escape had been connived at, and that the condition of their deliverance was their departure from Paris in three days.

The painter was transported with joy, when he learned that he ran no risk of being retaken; and far from repining at the terms of his enlargement, would have willingly set out on his return to England that same afternoon; for the Bastille had made such an impression upon him, that he started at the sound of every coach, and turned pale at sight

of a French soldier. In the fullness of his heart, he complained of the doctor's indifference, and related what had passed at their meeting with evident marks of resentment and disrespect; which were not at all diminished, when Jolter informed him of the physician's behaviour when he sent for him, to confer about the means of abridging their confinement. Pickle himself was incensed at his want of bowels, and perceiving how much he had sunk in the opinion of his fellow-traveller, resolved to encourage these sentiments of disgust, and occasionally foment the division to a downright quarrel, which he foresaw would produce some diversion, and perhaps expose the poet's character in such a light, as would effectually punish him for his arrogance and barbarity. With this view, he levelled several satirical jokes at the doctor's pedantry and want of taste, which had appeared so conspicuous in the quotations he had got by heart, from ancient authors, in his affected disdain of the best pictures in the world; which, had he been endowed with the least share of discernment, he could not have beheld with such insensibility; and lastly, in his ridiculous banquet, which none but an egregious coxcomb, devoid of all elegance and sense, would have prepared, or presented to rational beings. In a word, our young gentleman played the artillery of his wit against him with such success, that the painter seemed to wake from a dream, and went home with the most hearty contempt for the person he had formerly adored.

Instead of using the privilege of a friend, to enter his apartment without ceremony, he sent in his servant with a message, importing, that he intended to set out from Paris next day, in company with Mr. Pickle, and desiring to know whether or not he was, or would be prepared for the journey. The doctor, struck with the manner, as well as the matter, of this intimation, went immediately to Pallet's room, and demanded to know the cause of such a sudden determination, without his privacy or concurrence; and when he understood the necessity of their affairs, rather than travel by himself, he ordered his baggage to be packed up, and signified his readiness to conform to the emergency of the case; though he was not at all pleased with the cavalier behaviour of Pallet.

Pallet, to whom he threw out some hints of his own importance, and the immensity of his condescension, in favouring him with such marks of regard. But by this time these insinuations had lost their effect upon the painter, who told him, with an arch sneer, that he did not at all question his learning and abilities, and particularly his skill in cookery, which he should never forget while his palate retained it's function; but nevertheless advised him, for the sake of the degenerate eaters of these days, to spare a little of his *sal-armoniack* in the next *filikickaby* he should prepare; and bate somewhat of the devil's dung which he had so plentifully crammed into the roasted fowls, unless he had a mind to convert his guests into patients, with a view of licking himself whole for the expence of the entertainment.

The physician, nettled at these sarcasms, eyed him with a look of indignation and disdain; and being unwilling to express himself in English, left, in the course of the altercation, Pallet should be so much irritated as to depart without him, he vented his anger in Greek. The painter, though by the sound he supposed this quotation to be Greek, complimented his friend upon his knowledge in the Welch language, and found means to rally him quite out of temper; so that he retired to his own chamber in the utmost wrath and mortification, and left his antagonist exulting over the victory he had won.

While these things passed between these originals, Peregrine waited on the ambassador, whom he thanked for his kind interposition, acknowledging the indiscretion of his own conduct, with such appearance of conviction, and promises of reformation, that his excellency freely forgave him for all the trouble he had been put to on his account, fortified him with sensible advices, and assuring him of his continual favour and friendship, gave him, at parting, letters of introduction to several persons of quality belonging to the British court.

Thus distinguished, our young gentleman took leave of all his French acquaintance, and spent the evening with some of those who had enjoyed the greatest share of his intimacy and confidence; while Jolter superintended his domestick concerns, and with infinite joy bespoke a post-chaise and horse, in order to convey him from a place where he lived in

continual apprehension of suffering by the dangerous disposition of his pupil. Every thing being adjusted according to their plan, they and their fellow-travellers next day dined together, and about four in the afternoon took their departure in two chaises, escorted by the valet de chambre, Pipes, and the doctor's lacquey on horseback, well furnished with arms and ammunition, in case of being attacked by robbers on the road.

It was about eleven o'clock at night when they arrived at Senlis, which was the place at which they proposed to lodge, and where they were obliged to knock up the people of the inn, before they could have their supper prepared. All the provision in the house was but barely sufficient to furnish one indifferent meal; however the painter consoled himself for the quantity with the quality of the dishes, one of which was a fricassée of rabbit, a preparation that he valued above all the dainties that ever smoked upon the table of the sumptuous Helio-gabalus.

He had no sooner expressed himself to this effect, than our hero, who was almost incessantly laying traps for diversion at his neighbours expence, laid hold on the declaration; and recollecting the story of Scipio and the muleteer in Gil Blas, resolved to perpetrate a joke upon the stomach of Pallet, which seemed particularly well disposed to an hearty supper. He accordingly digested his plan; and the company being seated at table, affected to gaze with peculiar eagerness at the painter, who had helped himself to a large portion of the fricassée, and began to swallow it with infinite relish. Pallet notwithstanding the keenness of his appetite, could not help taking notice of Pickle's demeanour; and making a short pause in the exercise of his grinders, 'You are surprized,' said he, 'to see me make so much dispatch; but I was extremely hungry, and this is one of the best fricassées I ever tasted: the French are very expert in these dishes, that I must allow; and, upon my conscience, I would never desire to eat a more delicate rabbit than this that lies upon my plate.'

Peregrine made no other reply to this encomium, than the repetition of the word *rabbit!* with a note of admiration, and such a significant shake of the head, as effectually alarmed the other, who instantly suspended the action of his jaws,

jaws, and with the morsel half chewed in his mouth, stared round him with a certain stolidity of apprehension, which is easier conceived than described, until his eyes encountered the countenance of Thomas Pipes; who being instructed, and posted opposite to him for the occasion, exhibited an arch grin, that completed the painter's disorder. Afraid of swallowing his mouthful, and ashamed to dispose of it any other way, he sat some time in a most distressed state of suspense; and being questioned by Mr. Jolter touching his calamity, made a violent effort of the muscles of his gullet, which with difficulty performed their office; and then, with great confusion and concern, asked if Mr. Pickle suspected the rabbit's identity. The young gentleman assuming a mysterious air, pretended ignorance of the matter; observing that he was apt to suspect all dishes of that kind, since he had been informed of the tricks which were commonly played at inns in France, Italy, and Spain; and recounted that passage in *Gil Blas*, which we have hinted at above; saying, he did not pretend to be a connoisseur in animals, but the legs of the creature which composed that fricassée did not, in his opinion, resemble those of the rabbits he had usually seen. This observation had an evident effect upon the features of the painter, who, with certain signs of loathing and astonishment, exclaimed, 'Lord Jesus!' and appealed to Pipes for a discovery of the truth, by asking if he knew any thing of the affair. Tom very gravely replied, that he did suppose the food was wholesome enough, for he had seen the skin and feet of a special ram-cat, new flea'd, hanging upon the door of a small pantry adjoining to the kitchen.

Before this sentence was uttered, Pallet's belly seemed to move in contact with his back-bone, his colour changed, no part but the whites of his eyes were to be seen, he dropped his lower jaw, and fixing his hands in his sides, reached with such convulsive agonies, as amazed and disconcerted the whole company; and what augmented his disorder was the tenacious retention of his stomach, which absolutely refused to part with its contents, notwithstanding all the energy of his abhorrence, which threw him into a cold sweat, and almost into a swoon.

Pickle, alarmed at his condition, as-

sured him it was a genuine rabbit, and that he had tutored Pipes to say otherwise for the joke's sake. But this confession he considered as a friendly artifice of Pickle's compassion, and therefore it had little effect upon his constitution. By the assistance, however, of a large bumper of brandy, his spirits were recruited, and his recollection so far recovered, that he was able to declare, with divers contortions of face, that the dish had a particular rankness of taste, which he had imputed partly to the nature of the French coney, and partly to the composition of their sauces; then he inveighed against the infamous practices of French publicans, attributing such imposition to their oppressive government, which kept them so necessitous, that they were tempted to exercise all manner of knavery upon their unwary guests.

Jolter, who could not find in his heart to let slip any opportunity of speaking in favour of the French, told him, that he was a very great stranger to their police, else he would know, that if upon information to the magistrate it should appear that any traveller, native or foreigner, has been imposed upon or ill-treated by a publican, the offender would be immediately obliged to shut up his house, and if his behaviour had been notorious, he himself would be sent to the galleys, without the least hesitation: 'And as for the dish which has been made the occasion of your present disorder,' said he, 'I will take upon me to affirm it was prepared of a genuine rabbit, which was skinned in my presence; and in confirmation of what I assert, though such fricassées are not the favourites of my taste, I will eat a part of this without scruple.' So saying, he swallowed several mouthfuls of the questioned coney, and Pallet seemed to eye it again with inclination; nay, he even resumed his knife and fork, and being just on the point of applying them, was seized with another qualm of apprehension, that broke out in an exclamation of, 'After all, Mr. Jolter, if it should be a real ram-cat! — Lord have mercy upon me! here is one of the claws.' With these words, he presented the tip of a toe, of which Pipes had snipped off five or six from a duck that was roasted, and purposely scattered them in the fricassée; and the governor could not behold this testimonial without symptoms of uneasiness and remorse.

more; so that he and the painter sat silenced and abashed, and made faces at each other, while the physician, who hated them both, exulted over their affliction, bidding them be of good cheer, and proceed with their meal; for he was ready to demonstrate, that the flesh of a cat was as nourishing and delicious as veal or mutton, provided they could prove that the said cat was not of the boar-kind, and had fed chiefly on vegetable diet, or even confined it's carnivorous appetite to rats and mice, which he affirmed to be dainties of exquisite taste and flavour. He said, it was a vulgar mistake, to think that all flesh-devouring creatures were unfit to be eaten; witness the consumption of swine and ducks, animals that delight in carnage as well as fish, and prey upon each other, and feed on bait and carrion; together with the demand for bear, of which the best hams in the world are made. He then observed that the Negroes on the coast of Guinea, who are healthy and vigorous people, prefer cats and dogs to all other fare; and mentioned from history several sieges, during which the inhabitants, who were blocked up, lived upon these animals, and had recourse even to human flesh, which to his certain knowledge, was in all respects preferable to pork; for, in the course of his studies, he had, for the experiment's sake, eaten a steak cut from the buttock of a person who had been hanged.

This dissertation, far from composing, increased the disquiet in the stomachs of the governor and painter, who hearing the last illustration, turned their eyes upon the orator, at the same instant, with looks of horror and disgust; and the one muttering the term *cannibal*, and the other pronouncing the word *abomination*, they rose from table in a great hurry, and running towards another apartment, jostled with such violence in the passage, that both were overturned by the shock, which also contributed to the effect of their nausea, that mutually defiled them as they lay.

CHAP. XV.

NOR IS THE PHYSICIAN SACRED FROM HIS RIDICULE. THEY REACH ARRAS, WHERE OUR ADVENTURER ENGAGES IN PLAY

WITH TWO FRENCH OFFICERS' WHO NEXT MORNING GIVE THE LANDLORD AN INTERESTING PROOF OF THEIR IMPORTANCE.

THE doctor remained sullen and dejected during the whole journey: not but that he attempted to recover his importance, by haranguing upon the Roman highways, when Mr. Jolter desired the company to take notice of the fine pavement upon which they travelled from Paris into Flanders; but Pallet, who thought he had now gained the ascendancy over the physician, exerted himself in maintaining the superiority he had acquired, by venting various sarcasms upon his self conceit and affectation of learning, and even uttering puns and conundrums upon the remarks which the republican retailed. When he talked of the Flaminian Way, the painter questioned if it was a better pavement than the *Fleminian* way on which they travelled: and the doctor having observed, that this road was made for the convenience of drawing the French artillery into Flanders, which was often the seat of war; his competitor in wit replied with infinite vivacity, 'There are more great guns than the French king knows of drawn along this causeway, doctor.'

Encouraged by the success of these efforts, which tickled the imagination of Jolter, and drew smiles (as he imagined) of approbation from our hero, he sported in many other equivoques of the same nature; and at dinner told the physician, that he was like the root of the tongue, as being curstly down in the mouth.

By this time, such was the animosity subsisting between those quondam friends, that they never conversed together, except with a view of exposing each other to the ridicule or contempt of their fellow-travellers. The doctor was at great pains to point out the folly and ignorance of Pallet in private to Peregrine, who was often conjured in the same manner by the painter, to take notice of the physician's want of manners and taste. Pickle pretended to acquiesce in the truth of their mutual severity, which indeed was extremely just, and by malicious insinuations blew up their contention, with a view of bringing it to open hostility. But both seemed so averse

T

to

to deeds of mortal purpose, that for a long time his arts were baffled, and he could not spirit them up to any pitch of resentment higher than scurrilous repartee.

Before they reached Arras, the city gates were shut, so that they were obliged to take up their lodgings at an indifferent house in the suburbs; where they found a couple of French officers, who had also rode post for Paris so far on their way to Lille. These gentlemen were about the age of thirty, and their deportment distinguished by such an air of insolence, as disgusted our hero; who nevertheless accosted them politely in the yard, and proposed that they should sup together. They thanked him for the honour of his invitation, which, however, they declined, upon pretence of having ordered something for themselves; but promised to wait upon him and his company immediately after their repast.

This they accordingly performed; and after having drank a few glasses of Burgundy, one of them asked, if the young gentleman would for pastime take a hand at quadrille. Peregrine easily divined the meaning of this proposal, which was made with no other view than that of fleecing him and his fellow-travellers; for he well knew to what shifts a subaltern in the French service is reduced, in order to maintain the appearance of a gentleman, and had reason to believe that most of them were sharpers from their youth: but, as he depended a good deal upon his own penetration and address, he gratified the stranger's desire; and a party was instantly formed of the painter, the physician, the proposer, and himself, the other officer having professed himself utterly ignorant of the game; yet in the course of the play he took his station at the back of Pickle's chair, which was opposite to his friend, on pretence of amusing himself with seeing his manner of conducting the cards. The youth was not such a novice but that he perceived the design of this palpable piece of behaviour: which, notwithstanding, he overlooked for the present, with a view of flattering their hopes in the beginning, that they might be more effectually punished by their disappointment in the end.

The game was scarce begun, when by the reflection of a glass he discerned

the officer at his back making signs to his companion; who, by these preconcerted gestures, was perfectly informed of the contents of Peregrine's hand, and of consequence fortunate in the course of play.

Thus they were allowed to enjoy the fruits of their dexterity, until their money amounted to some Louis; when our young gentleman, thinking it high time to do himself justice, signified in very polite terms to the gentleman who stood behind him, that he could never play with ease and deliberation when he was overlooked by any by-stander, and begged that he would have the goodness to be seated.

As this was a remonstrance which the stranger could not with any shew of breeding resist, he asked pardon, and retired to the chair of the physician, who frankly told him, that it was not the fashion of his country for one to submit his hand to the perusal of a spectator; and when, in consequence of this rebuff, he wanted to quarter himself upon the painter, he was refused by a wave of the hand, and shake of the head, with an exclamation of *Pardonnez moi!* which was repeated with such emphasis, as discomposed his effrontery, and he found himself obliged to sit down in a state of mortification.

The odds being thus removed, fortune proceeded in her usual channel; and though the Frenchman, deprived of his ally, endeavoured to practise divers strokes of finesse, the rest of the company observed him with such vigilance and caution, as baffled all his attempts, and in a very little time he was compelled to part with his winning: but having engaged in the match with an intention of taking all advantages, whether fair or unfair, that his superior skill should give him over the Englishman, the money was not refunded without a thousand disputes, in the course of which he essayed to intimidate his antagonist with high words, which were retorted by our hero with such interest, as convinced him that he had mistaken his man, and persuaded him to make his retreat in quiet. Indeed, it was not without cause that they repined at the bad success of their enterprise; because, in all likelihood, they had nothing to depend upon for the present but their own

own industry, and knew not how to defray their expences on the road, except by some acquisition of this kind.

Next morning they rose at day-break, and resolving to anticipate their fellow-lodgers, bespoke post-horses as soon as they could be admitted into the city; so that when our company appeared, their beasts were ready in the yard; and they only waited to discuss the bill, which they had ordered to be made out. The landlord of the inn presented his carte with fear and trembling to one of those ferocious cavaliers, who no sooner cast his eye upon the sum-total, than he discharged a volley of dreadful oaths, and asked if the king's officers were to be treated in that manner. The poor publican protested, with great humility, that he had the utmost respect for his majesty, and every thing that belonged to him; and that, far from consulting his own interest, all that he desired was, to be barely indemnified for the expence of their lodging.

This condescension seemed to have no other effect than that of encouraging their arrogance. They swore his extortion should be explained to the commandant of the town, who would, by making him a publick example, teach other inn-keepers how to behave towards men of honour; and threatened with such confidence of indignation, that the wretched landlord, dreading the consequence of their wrath, implored pardon in the most abject manner, begging with many supplications, that he might have the pleasure of lodging them at his own charge. This was a favour which he with great difficulty obtained; they chid him severely for his imposition, exhorted him to have more regard for his own conscience, as well as for the convenience of his guests; and cautioning him in particular touching his behaviour to the gentlemen of the army, mounted their horses, and rode off in great state, leaving him very thankful for having so successfully appeased the choleric of two officers, who wanted either inclination or ability to pay their bill; for experience had taught him to be apprehensive of all such travellers, who commonly lay the landlord under contribution, by way of atonement for the extravagance of his demands; even after he has professed his willingness to entertain them on their own terms.

C H A P. XVI.

PEREGRINE MORALIZES UPON THEIR BEHAVIOUR, WHICH IS CONDEMNED BY THE DOCTOR, AND DEFENDED BY THE GOVERNOR. THEY ARRIVE IN SAFETY AT LISLE, DINE AT AN ORDINARY, VISIT THE CITADEL. THE PHYSICIAN QUARRELS WITH A NORTH BRITON, WHO IS PUT IN ARREST.

THESE honourable adventurers being gone, Peregrine, who was present during the transaction, informed himself of the particulars from the mouth of the inn-keeper himself, who took God and the saints to witness, that he should have been a loser by their custom, even if the bill had been paid; because he was on his guard against their objections, and had charged every article at an under price: but such was the authority of officers in France, that he durst not dispute the least circumstance of their will; for had the case come under the cognizance of the magistrate, he must in course have suffered by the maxims of their government, which never fail to abet the oppression of the army; and besides, run the risk of incurring their future resentment, which would be sufficient to ruin him from top to bottom.

Our hero boiled with indignation at this instance of injustice and arbitrary power; and turning to his governor, asked if this too was a proof of the happiness enjoyed by the French people. Jolter replied, that every human constitution must in some things be imperfect; and owned, that in this kingdom gentlemen were more countenanced than the vulgar, because it was to be presumed, that their own sentiments of honour and superior qualifications would entitle them to this pre-eminence, which had also a retrospective view to the merit of their ancestors, in consideration of which they were at first ennobled: but he affirmed, that the inn-keeper had misrepresented the magistracy, which in France never failed to punish flagrant outrages and abuse, without respect of persons.

The painter approved of the wisdom of the French government, in bridling the insolence of the mob, by which, he

assured them, he had often suffered in his own person; having been often bespattered by hackney-coachmen, jostled by draymen and porters, and reviled in the most opprobrious terms by the watermen of London, where he had once lost his bag and a considerable quantity of hair, which had been cut off by some rascal in his passage through Ludgate, during the lord mayor's procession. On the other hand, the doctor with great warmth alledged, that those officers ought to suffer death, or banishment at least, for having plundered the people in this manner, which was so impudent and bare-faced, as plainly to prove they were certain of escaping with impunity, and that they were old offenders in the same degree of delinquency. He said, that the greatest man in Athens would have been condemned to perpetual exile, and seen his estate confiscated for publick use, had he dared in such a licentious manner to violate the rights of a fellow-citizen; and as for the little affronts to which a man may be subject, from the petulance of the multitude, he looked upon them as glorious indications of liberty, which ought not to be repressed, and would at any time rejoice to find himself overthrown in a kernel by the insolence of a son of freedom, even though the fall should cost him a limb: adding, by way of illustration, that the greatest pleasure he ever enjoyed, was in seeing a dustman wilfully overturn a gentleman's coach, in which two ladies were bruised, even to the danger of their lives. Pallet, shocked at the extravagance of this declaration, 'If that be the case,' said he, 'I wish you may see every bone in your body broke, by the first carman you meet in the streets of London.'

This argument being discussed, and the reckoning discharged without any deduction, although the landlord, in stating the articles, had an eye to the loss he had sustained by his own countrymen, they departed from Arras, and arrived in safety at Lisle, about two o'clock in the afternoon.

They had scarce taken possession of their lodgings, in a large hotel on the Grande Place, when the inn-keeper gave them to understand, that he kept an ordinary below, which was frequented by several English gentlemen who resided in town; and that dinner was then up-

on the table. Peregrine, who seized all opportunities of observing new characters, persuaded his company to dine in publick; and they were accordingly conducted to the place, where they found a mixture of Scotch and Dutch officers, who had come from Holland to learn their exercises at the academy, and some gentlemen in the French service, who were upon garrison-duty in the citadel. Among these last was a person about the age of fifty, of a remarkable genteel air and polite address, dignified with a Maltese cross, and distinguished by the particular veneration of all those who knew him. When he understood that Pickle and his friends were travellers, he accosted the youth in English, which he spoke tolerably well; and as they were strangers, offered to attend them in the afternoon to all the places worth seeing in Lisle. Our hero thanked him for his excess of politeness, which (he said) was peculiar to the French nation: and struck with his engaging appearance, industriously courted his conversation, in the course of which he learned, that this chevalier was a man of good sense and great experience, that he was perfectly well acquainted with the greatest part of Europe, had lived some years in England, and was no stranger to the constitution and genius of that people.

Having dined, and drank to the healths of the English and French kings, two fiacres were called, in one of which the knight, with one of his companions, the governor, and Peregrine, seated themselves; the other being occupied by the physician, Pallet, and two Scottish officers, who proposed to accompany them in their circuit. The first place they visited was the citadel, round the ramparts of which they walked, under the conduct of the knight, who explained with great accuracy the intention of every particular fortification belonging to that seemingly impregnable fortress; and when they had satisfied their curiosity, took coach again, in order to view the arsenal, which stands in another quarter of the town: but, just as Pickle's carriage had crossed the Promenade, he heard his own name bawled aloud by the painter; and ordering the fiacre to stop, saw Pallet with one half of his body thrust out at the window of the other coach, crying with a terrified look, 'Mr. Pickle, Mr. Pickle! for the

'love of God, halt, and prevent bloodshed, else here will be carnage and cutting of throats!' Peregrine, surprized at this exclamation, immediately alighted; and advancing to the other vehicle, found one of their military companions standing upon the ground, at the farther side of the coach, with his sword drawn, and fury in his countenance; and the physician, with a quivering lip and haggard aspect, struggling with the other who had interposed in the quarrel, and detained him in his place.

Our young gentleman, upon enquiry, found that this animosity had sprung from a dispute that happened upon the ramparts, touching the strength of the fortification, which the doctor, according to custom, under-valued, because it was a modern work; saying, that by the help of the military engines used among the ancients, and a few thousands of pioneers, he would engage to take it in less than ten days after he should sit down before it. The North Briton, who was as great a pedant as the physician, having studied fortification, and made himself master of Cæsar's Commentaries and Polybius, with the observations of Folard, affirmed, that all the methods of besieging practised by the ancients, would be utterly ineffectual against such a plan as that of the citadel of Lisle; and began to compare the Vieux, Aggeres, Arietes, Scorpiones, and Catapultæ of the Romans, with the trenches, mines, batteries, and mortars, used in the present art of war. The republican, finding himself attacked upon what he thought his strong side, summoned all his learning to his aid; and describing the famous siege of Platæa, happened to misquote a passage of Thucydides, in which he was corrected by the other, who having been educated for the church, was also a connoisseur in the Greek language. The doctor, incensed at being detected in such a blunder in presence of Pallet, who he knew would promulgate his shame, told the officer, with great arrogance, that his objection was frivolous, and that he must not pretend to dispute on these matters with one who had considered them with the utmost accuracy and care. His antagonist, piqued at this supercilious insinuation, replied with great heat, that for aught he knew, the doctor might be a very expert apothecary, but that in the

art of war, and knowledge in the Greek tongue, he was no other than an ignorant pretender. This asseveration produced an answer full of virulence, including a national reflection upon the soldier's country; and the contention rose to mutual abuse, when it was suppressed by the admonitions of the other two, who begged they would not expose themselves in a strange place, but behave themselves like fellow-subjects and friends. They accordingly ceased reviling each other, and the affair was seemingly forgot; but after they had resumed their places in the coach, the painter unfortunately asked the meaning of the word *tortise*, which he had heard them mention among the Roman implements of war. This question was answered by the physician, who described the nature of this expedient so little to the satisfaction of the officer, that he contradicted him flatly, in the midst of his explanation; a circumstance which provoked the republican to such a degree, that in the temerity of his passion, he uttered the epithet *impertinent scoundrel!* which was no sooner pronounced, than the Caledonian made manual application to his nose, and leaping out of the coach, stood waiting for him on the plain; while he (the physician) made feeble efforts to join him, being easily retained by the other soldiers; and Pallet, dreading the consequences in which he himself might be involved, bellowed aloud for prevention.

Our hero endeavoured to quiet the commotion, by representing to the Scot, that he had already taken satisfaction for the injury he had received; and telling the doctor that he had deserved the chastisement which was inflicted upon him: but the officer (encouraged perhaps by the confusion of his antagonist) insisted upon his asking pardon for what he had said; and the doctor, believing himself under the protection of his friend Pickle, far from agreeing to such concession, breathed nothing but defiance and revenge: so that the chevalier, in order to prevent mischief, put the soldier under arrest, and sent him to his lodgings, under the care of the other French gentleman and his own companion; they being also accompanied by Mr. Jotter, who having formerly seen all the curiosities of Lisle, willingly surrendered his place to the physician.

C H A P. XVII.

PICKLE ENGAGES WITH A KNIGHT OF MALTA, IN A CONVERSATION UPON THE ENGLISH STAGE, WHICH IS FOLLOWED BY A DISSENTATION ON THE THEATRES OF THE ANCIENTS BY THE DOCTOR.

THE rest of the company proceeded to the arsenal, which having viewed, together with some remarkable churches, they, in their return, went to the comedy, and saw the *Cid* of *Corneille* tolerably well represented. In consequence of this entertainment, the discourse at supper turned upon dramatick performances; and all the objections of *Monf. de Scudery* to the piece they had seen acted, together with the decision of the French academy, were canvassed and discussed. The knight was a man of letters and taste, and particularly well acquainted with the state of the English stage; so that when the painter boldly pronounced sentence against the French manner of acting, on the strength of having frequented a *Covent-Garden* club of critics, and being often admitted by virtue of an order into the pit, a comparison immediately ensued, not between the authors, but the actors of both nations, to whom the chevalier and *Peregrine* were no strangers. Our hero, like a good Englishman, made no scruple of giving the preference to the performers of his own country; who, he alleged, obeyed the genuine impulses of nature, in exhibiting the passions of the human mind; and entered so warmly into the spirit of their several parts, that they often fancied themselves the very heroes they represented. Whereas, the action of the Parisian players, even in their most interesting characters, was generally such an extravagance in voice and gesture, as is no where to be observed but on the stage. To illustrate this assertion, he availed himself of his talent, and mimicked the manner and voice of all the principal performers, male and female, belonging to the French comedy, to the admiration of the chevalier; who, having complimented him upon this surprising modulation, begged leave to dissent in some particulars from the opinion he had avowed. 'That you have good actors in Eng-

land,' said he, 'it would be unjust and absurd in me to deny; your theatre is adorned by one woman, whose sensibility and sweetness of voice is such as I have never observed on any other stage; she has, besides, an elegance of person and expression of features, that wonderfully adapt her for the most engaging characters of your best plays; and I must freely own that I have been as highly delighted and as deeply affected by a *Monimia* and *Belvidera* at London, as ever I was by a *Cornelia* and *Cleopatra* at Paris. Your favourite actor is a surprizing genius. You can, moreover, boast of several comick actors who are perfect masters of buffoonery and grimace; though, to be free with you, I think in these qualifications you are excelled by the players of Amsterdam. Yet one of your graciosos I cannot admire, in all the characters he assumes. His utterance is a continual sing-song, like the chanting of vespers, and his action resembles that of heaving ballast into the hold of a ship. In his outward deportment, he seems to have confounded the ideas of dignity and insolence of mien; acts the crafty, cool, designing *Crookback*, as a lord, shallow, blustering *Hector*; in the character of the mild patriot *Brutus*, loses all temper and decorum; nay, so ridiculous is the behaviour of him and *Cassius* at their interview, that setting foot to foot, and grinning at each other, with the aspect of two cobblers enraged, they thrust their left sides together, with repeated shocks, that the hilts of their swords may clash for the entertainment of the audience, as if they were a couple of *Merry Andrews*, endeavouring to raise the laugh of the vulgar, on some scaffold at *Bartholomew fair*. The despair of a great man who falls a sacrifice to the infernal practices of a subtle traitor, that enjoyed his confidence, this English *Æolus* represents, by beating his own forehead, and bellowing like a bull; and, indeed, in almost all his most interesting scenes, performs such strange shakings of the head, and other antick gesticulations, that when I first saw him act, I imagined the poor man laboured under that paralytical disorder, which is known by the name of *St. Vitus's dance*. In short, he seemed to be a stranger to the more refined

refined sensations of the soul, consequently his expression is of the vulgar kind, and he must often sink under the idea of the poet; so that he has recourse to such violence of affected agitation, as imposes upon the undiscerning spectator, but to the eye of taste, evinces him a mere player of that class whom your admired Shakspeare justly compares to nature's journeyman tearing a passion to rags. Yet this man, in spite of all these absurdities, is an admirable Falstaff, exhibits the character of the eighth Henry to the life, is reasonably applauded in the Plain Dealer, excels in the part of Sir John Brute, and would be equal to many humorous situations in low comedy, which his pride will not allow him to undertake. I should not have been so severe upon this actor, had I not seen him extolled by his partizans with the most ridiculous and fulsome manifestations of praise, even in those very circumstances where, in (as I have observed) he chiefly failed.

Pickle, not a little piqued to hear the qualifications of such a celebrated actor in England treated with such freedom and disrespect, answered with some asperity, that the chevalier was a true critic, more industrious in observing the blemishes than in acknowledging the excellence of those who fell under his examination.

It was not to be supposed, that one actor could shine equally in all characters; and though his observations were undoubtedly very judicious, he himself could not help wondering that some of them had always escaped his notice, though he had been an assiduous frequenter of the playhouse. 'The player in question,' said he, 'has, in your own opinion, a considerable share of merit in the characters of comick life; and as to the manners of the great personages in tragedy, and the operation of the grand passions of the soul, I apprehend, they may be variously represented, according to the various complexion and cultivation of different men. A Spaniard, for example, though impelled by the same passion, will express it very differently from a Frenchman; and what is looked upon as graceful vivacity and address by the one, would be considered as impertinence and foppery by the other; nay, so op-

posite is your common deportment from that of some other nations, that one of your own countrymen, in the relation of his travels, observes, that the Persians, even of this age, when they see any man perform unnecessary gestures, say he is either a fool or a Frenchman. The standard of demeanour being thus unsettled, a Turk, a Moor, an Indian, or inhabitant of any country, whose customs and dress are widely different from ours, may, in his sentiments, possess all the dignity of the human heart, and be inspired by the noblest passion that animates the soul, and yet excite the laughter rather than the respect of an European spectator.

When I first beheld your famous Parisian stage-heroine, in one of her principal parts, her attitudes seemed so violent, and she tossed her arms around with such extravagance, that she put me in mind of a wind-mill under the agitation of a hard gale; while her voice and features exhibited the lively representation of an English scold. The action of your favourite male performer was in my opinion equally unnatural; he appeared with the affected airs of a dancing-master; at the most pathetick junctures of his fate, he lifted up his hands above his head, like a tumbler going to vault, and spoke as if his throat had been obstructed by an hair-brush; yet, when I compared their manners with those of the people before whom they performed, and made allowance for that exaggeration which obtains on all theatres, I was insensibly reconciled to their method of performance, and I could distinguish abundance of merit beneath that oddity of appearance.

The chevalier perceiving Peregrine a little irritated at what he had said, asked pardon for the liberty he had taken, in censuring the English players; assuring him that he had an infinite veneration for the British learning, genius, and taste, which were so justly distinguished in the world of letters; and that notwithstanding the severity of his criticism, he thought the theatre of London much better supplied with actors than that of Paris. The young gentleman thanked him for his polite condescension, at which Pallet exulted, saying, with a shake of the head, 'I believe so too, Monsieur!' and the physician, impatient

impatient of the dispute in which he had borne no share, observed, with a supercilious air, that the modern stage was altogether beneath the notice of one who had an idea of ancient magnificence and execution; that plays ought to be exhibited at the expence of the state, as those of Sophocles were by the Athenians; and that proper judges should be appointed, for receiving or rejecting all such performances as are offered to the publick.

He then described the theatre at Rome, which contained eighty thousand spectators; gave them a learned disquisition into the nature of the persona, or mask, worn by the Roman actors, which he said was a machine that covered the whole head, furnished on the inside with a brazen concavity, that by reverberating the sound, as it issued from the mouth, raised the voice, so as to render it audible to such an extended audience. He explained the difference between the saltator and declamator, one of whom acted, while the other rehearsed the part; and from thence took occasion to mention the perfection of their pantomimes, who were so amazingly distinct in the exercise of their art, that a certain prince of Pontus being at the court of Nero, and seeing one of them represent a story, begged him of the emperor, in order to employ him as an interpreter among barbarous nations, whose language he did not understand. Nay, divers cynick philosophers, who had condemned this entertainment unseen, when they chanced to be eye-witnesses of their admirable dexterity, expressed their sorrow for having so long debarred themselves of such rational enjoyment.

He dissented, however, from the opinion of Peregrine; who, as a proof of their excellence, had advanced, that some of the English actors fancied themselves the very thing they represented, and recounted a story from Lucian, of a certain celebrated pantomime, who, in acting the part of Ajax in his phrenzy, was transported into a real fit of delirium, during which he tore to pieces the cloaths of that actor who stalked before him, beating the stage with iron shoes, in order to increase the noise; snatched an instrument from one of the musicians, and broke it over the head of him who represented Ulysses; and running to the consular bench, mistook a couple of senators for the sheep which were to be

slain. The audience applauded him to the skies; but so conscious was the mimic of his own extravagance, when he recovered the use of his reason, that he actually fell sick with mortification; and being afterwards desired to re-act the piece, flatly refused to appear in any such character, saying, that the shortest follies were the best, and that it was sufficient for him to have been a madman once in his life.

CHAP. XVIII.

AN ADVENTURE HAPPENS TO PIPES, IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH HE IS DISMISSED FROM PEREGRINE'S SERVICE. THE WHOLE COMPANY SET OUT FOR GHENT IN THE DISLIGENCE. OUR HERO IS CAPTIVATED BY A LADY IN THAT CARRIAGE; INTERESTS HER SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR IN HIS BEHALF.

THE doctor being fairly engaged on the subject of the ancients, would have proceeded the Lord knows how far, without hesitation, had not he been interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Jolter, who in great confusion told them, that Pipes having affronted a soldier, was then surrounded in the street, and would certainly be put to death, if some person of authority did not immediately interpose in his behalf.

Peregrine no sooner learned the danger of his trusty squire, than snatching up his sword, he ran down stairs, and was followed by the chevalier, intreating him to leave the affair to his management. Within ten yards of the door, they found Tom with his back to a wall, defending himself manfully with a mopstick against the assault of three or four soldiers, who at sight of the Maltese cross desisted from the attack, and were taken into custody by order of the knight. One of the aggressors being an Irishman, begged to be heard with great importunity, before he should be sent to the guard; and by the mediation of Pickle, was accordingly brought into the hotel, with his companions, all three bearing upon their heads and faces evident marks of their adversary's prowess and dexterity. The spokesman being confronted with Pipes, informed the company, that having by accident met with Mr. Pipes, whom he considered as

his countryman, though fortune had disposed of them in different services, he invited him to drink a glass of wine; and accordingly carried him to a cabaret, where he introduced him to his comrades; but in the course of the conversation, which turned upon the power and greatness of the kings of France and England, Mr. Pipes had been pleased to treat his Most Christian Majesty with great disrespect; and when he (the entertainer) expostulated with him in a friendly manner about his impolite behaviour, observing, that he being in the French service, would be under the necessity of resenting his abuse, if he did not put a stop to it before the other gentlemen of the cloth should comprehend his meaning, he had set them all three at defiance, dishonoured him in particular with the opprobrious epithet of *rebel to his native king and country*, and even drank (in broken French) to the perdition of Lewis and all his adherents! that, compelled by this outrageous conduct, he, as the person who had recommended him to their society, had, in vindication of his own character, demanded satisfaction of the delinquent, who on pretence of fetching a sword, had gone to his lodging, from whence he all of a sudden sallied upon them with a mop-stick, which he employed in the annoyance of them all without distinction, so that they were obliged to draw in their own defence.

Pipes being questioned by his master, with regard to the truth of this account, owned that every circumstance of it was justly represented; saying, he did not value their cheese-toasters a pinch of oakum; and that if the gentleman had not shot in betwixt them, he would have trimmed them to such a tune, that they should not have had a whole yard to square. Peregrine reprimanded him sharply for his unmannerly behaviour, and insisted upon his asking pardon of those he had injured upon the spot. But no consideration was efficacious enough to produce such concession; to this command he was both deaf and dumb, and the repeated threats of his master had no more effect than if they had been addressed to a marble statue. At length our hero, incensed at his obstinacy, started up, and would have chastised him with manual operation, had not he been prevented by the chevalier, who found means to moderate his indigna-

tion so far, that he contented himself with dismissing the offender from his service; and after having obtained the discharge of the prisoners, gave them a Louis to drink, by way of recompence for the disgrace and damage they had sustained.

The knight perceiving our young gentleman very much ruffled at this accident, and reflecting upon the extraordinary deportment and appearance of his valet, whose hair had by this time adopted a grizzled hue, imagined he was some favourite domestick, who had grown grey in the service of his master's family, and that, of consequence, he was uneasy at the sacrifice he had made. Swayed by this conjecture, he earnestly solicited in his behalf; but all he could obtain, was a promise of re-admitting him into favour on the terms already proposed, or at least on condition that he should make his acknowledgment to the chevalier, for his want of reverence and respect for the French monarch.

Upon this condescension, the culprit was called up stairs, and made acquainted with the mitigation of his fate; upon which he said, he would down on his marrow-bones to his own master, but would be damn'd before he would ask pardon of e'er a Frenchman in Christendom. Pickle, exasperated at this blunt declaration, ordered him out of his presence, and charged him never to appear before his face again; while the officer in vain employed all his influence and address to appease his resentment, and about midnight took his leave, with marks of mortification at his want of success.

Next day the company agreed to travel through Flanders in the diligence, by the advice of Peregrine, who was not without hope of meeting with some adventure or amusement in that carriage; and Jolter took care to secure places for them all. It being resolved that the valet de chambre and the doctor's man should attend the vehicle on horseback; and as for the forlorn Pipes, he was left to reap the fruits of his own stubborn disposition, notwithstanding the united efforts of the whole triumvirate, who endeavoured to procure his pardon.

Every previous measure being thus taken, they set out from Lille about six in the morning, and found themselves in the company of a female adventurer, a very handsome young lady, a capuchin,

chin, and a Rotterdam Jew. Our young gentleman being the first of this society that entered, surveyed the strangers with an attentive eye, and seated himself immediately behind the beautiful unknown, who at once attracted his attention. Pallet seeing another lady unengaged, in imitation of his friend, took possession of her neighbourhood; the physician paired with the priest, and Jolter sat down by the Jew.

The machine had not proceeded many furlongs, when Pickle, accosting the fair incognita, congratulated himself upon his happiness, in being the fellow-traveller of so charming a lady. She, without the least reserve or affectation, thanked him for his compliment, and replied with a sprightly air, that now they were embarked in one common bottom, they must club their endeavours to make one another as happy as the nature of their situation would permit them to be. Encouraged by this frank intimation, and captivated by her fine black eyes and easy behaviour, he attached himself to her from that moment; and in a little time the conversation became so particular, that the capuchin thought proper to interfere in the discourse, in such a manner as gave the youth to understand, that he was there on purpose to superintend her conduct. He was doubly rejoiced at this discovery, in consequence of which he hoped to profit in his addresses, not only by the young lady's restraint, that never fails to operate in behalf of the lover, but also by the corruptibility of her guardian, whom he did not doubt of rendering propitious to his cause. Flushed with these expectations, he behaved with uncommon complacency to the father, who was charmed with the affability of his carriage, and on the faith of his generosity abated of his vigilance so much, that our hero carried on his suit without farther molestation; while the painter, in signs and loud bursts of laughter, conversed with his dulcinea, who was perfectly well versed in these simple expressions of satisfaction, and had already found means to make a dangerous invasion upon his heart.

Now were the governor and physician unemployed, while their friends interested themselves in this agreeable manner. Jolter no sooner perceived the Hollander was a Jew, than he entered into an investigation of the Hebrew tongue, in

which he was a connoisseur; and the doctor at the same time attacked the mendicant on the ridiculous maxims of his order, together with the impositions of priest-craft in general, which (he observed) prevailed so much among those who profess the Roman Catholick religion.

Thus coupled, each committee enjoyed their own conversation apart, without any danger of encroachment; and all were so intent upon their several topics, that they scarce allowed themselves a small interval in viewing the desolation of Menin, as they passed through that ruined frontier. About twelve o'clock they arrived at Courtray, where the horses are always changed, and the company halt an hour for refreshment. Here Peregrine handed his charmer into an apartment, where she was joined by the other lady; and on pretence of seeing some of the churches in town, put himself under the direction of the capuchin, from whom he learned that the young lady was wife to a French gentleman, to whom she had been married about a year, and that she was now on her journey to visit her mother, who lived in Brussels, and who at that time laboured under a lingering distemper, which, in all probability, would soon put a period to her life. He then launched out in praise of her daughter's virtue and conjugal affection; and lastly told him, that he was her father confessor, and pitched upon to be her conductor through Flanders, by her husband, who, as well as his wife, placed the utmost confidence in his prudence and integrity.

Pickle easily comprehended the meaning of this insinuation, and took the hint accordingly. He tickled the priest's vanity with extraordinary encomiums upon the disinterested principles of his order, which were detached from all worldly pursuits, and altogether devoted to the eternal salvation of mankind. He applauded their patience, humility, and learning, and lavished a world of praise upon their talent in preaching, which (he said) had more than once operated so powerfully upon him, that had he not been restrained by certain considerations which he could not possibly waive, he should have embraced their tenets, and begged admission into their fraternity: but, as the circumstances of his fate would not permit him to take such

a salutory

a salutary measure for the present, he intreated the good father to accept a small token of his love and respect, for the benefit of that convent to which he belonged. So saying, he pulled out a purse of ten guineas, which the capuchin observing, turned his head another way, and lifting up his arm, displayed a pocket almost as high as his collar-bone, in which he deposited the money.

This proof of affection for the order produced a sudden and surprizing effect upon the friar. In the transport of his zeal he wrung the semi-convert's hand, showered a thousand benedictions upon his head, and exhorted him with the tears flowing from his eyes, to perfect the great work which the finger of God had begun in his heart; and as an instance of his concern for the welfare of his precious soul, the holy brother promised to recommend him strenuously to the pious admonitions of the young woman under his care, who was a perfect saint upon earth, and endued with the peculiar gift of mollifying the hearts of obdurate sinners. 'O father!' cried the hypocritical projector, who by this time perceived that his money was not thrown away, 'if I could be favoured but for one half hour with the private instruction of that inspired devotee, my mind presages, that I should be a strayed sheep brought back into the fold, and that I should find easy entrance at the gates of heaven! There is something supernatural in her aspect; I gaze upon her with the most pious fervor, and my whole soul is agitated with tumults of hope and despair!' Having pronounced this rhapsody with transport half natural and half affected, the priest assured him, that these were operations of the spirit, which must not be repressed; and comforted him with the hope of enjoying the blessed interview which he desired; protesting, that as far as his influence extended, his wish should be that very evening indulged. The gracious pupil thanked him for his benevolent concern, which he swore should not be squandered upon an ungrateful object; and the rest of the company interrupting the conversation, they returned in a body to the inn, where they dined all together, and the ladies were persuaded to be our hero's guests.

As the subjects on which they had been engaged before dinner were not

exhausted, each brace resumed their former theme, when they were replaced in the diligence. The painter's mistress finished her conquest, by exerting her skill in the art of ogling, accompanied by frequent bewitching sighs, and some tender French songs, that she sung with such pathetick expression, as quite melted the resolution of Pallet, and utterly subdued his affection: and he, to convince her of the importance of her victory, gave a specimen of his own talents, by entertaining her with that celebrated English ditty, the burden of which begins with, 'The pigs they lie with their arses bare.'

CHAP. XIX.

HE MAKES SOME PROGRESS IN HER AFFECTIONS; IS INTERRUPTED BY A DISPUTE BETWEEN JOLTER AND A JEW; APPEASES THE WRATH OF THE CAPUCHIN, WHO PROCURES FOR HIM AN INTERVIEW WITH HIS FAIR ENSLAYER, IN WHICH HE FINDS HIMSELF DECEIVED.

PEREGRINE, meanwhile, employed all his insinuation and address in practising upon the heart of the capuchin's fair charge. He had long ago declared his passion, not in the superficial manner of a French gallant, but with all the ardour of an enthusiast. He had languished, vowed, flattered, kissed her hand by stealth, and had no reason to complain of his reception. Though by a man of less sanguine disposition, her particular complaisance would have been deemed equivocal, and perhaps nothing more than the effect of French breeding and constitutional vivacity; he gave his own qualifications credit for the whole, and with these sentiments carried on the attack with such unabating vigour, that she was actually prevailed upon to accept a ring, which he presented as a token of his esteem; and every thing proceeded in a most prosperous train, when they were disturbed by the governor and Israelite, who in the heat of disputation raised their voices, and poured forth such effusions of gutturals, as set our lover's teeth on edge. As they spoke in a language unknown to every one in the carriage but themselves, and looked at each

other with mutual animosity and rancour, Peregrine desired to know the cause of their contention. Upon which, Jolter exclaimed in a furious tone, 'This learned Levite, forsooth, has the impudence to tell me that I don't understand Hebrew; and affirms, that the word *Benoni* signifies *child of joy*; whereas I can prove, and indeed have already said enough to convince any reasonable man, that in the Septuagint it is rightly translated into *son of my sorrow*.' Having thus explained himself to his pupil, he turned to the priest, with intention to appeal to his determination; but the Jew pulled him by the sleeve with great eagerness, saying, 'For the love of God be quiet, the capuchin will discover who we are!' Jolter, offended at this conjunction, echoed, 'Who we are!' with great emphasis; and repeating *nos poma natamur*, asked ironically, 'to which' of the tribes the Jew thought he belonged. The Levite affronted at his comparing him to a ball of horse-dung, replied with a most significant grin, 'To the tribe of Issachar.' His antagonist, taking the advantage of his unwillingness to be known by the friar, and prompted by revenge for the freedom he had used, answered in the French language, that the judgment of God was still manifest upon their whole race, not only in their being in the state of exiles from their native land, but also in the spite of their hearts and perversity of their dispositions, which demonstrate them to be the genuine offspring of those who crucified the Saviour of the world.

His expectation was, however, defeated; the priest himself was too deeply engaged, to attend to the debates of other people. The physician, in the pride and insolence of his learning, had undertaken to display the absurdity of the Christian faith; having already (as he thought) confuted the capuchin, touching the points of belief in which the Roman Catholics differ from the rest of the world. But not contented with the imaginary glory he had gained, he began to strike at the fundamentals of religion; and the father, with incredible forbearance, suffered him to make very free with the doctrine of the Trinity: but, when he levelled the shafts of his ridicule at the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, the good man's patience forsook him, his eyes

seemed to kindle with indignation, he trembled in every joint, and uttered with a loud voice, 'Thou art an abominable—I will not call thee heretic, for thou art worse (if possible) than a Jew; you deserve to be inclosed in a furnace seven times heated, and I have a good mind to lodge an information against you with the Governor of Ghent, that you may be apprehended and punished as an impious blasphemer.'

This menace operated like a charm upon all present. The doctor was confounded; the governor dismayed; the Levite's teeth chattered; the painter was astonished at the general confusion, the cause of which he could not comprehend; and Pickle himself, not a little alarmed, was obliged to use all his interest and assiduity in appeasing this son of the church; who, at length, in consideration of the friendship he professed for the young gentleman, consented to forgive what had passed, but absolutely refused to sit in contact with such a profane wretch, whom he looked upon as a fiend of darkness, sent by the enemy of mankind to poison the minds of weak people; so that, after having crossed himself, and muttered certain exorcisms, he insisted upon the doctor's changing places with the Jew, who approached the offended ecclesiastick in an agony of fear.

Matters being thus compromised, the conversation flowed in a more general channel; and without the intervention of any other accident, or bone of contention, the carriage arrived at the city of Ghent about seven in the evening. Supper being bespoke for the whole company, our adventurer and his friends went out to take a superficial view of the place, leaving his new mistress to the pious exhortations of her confessor, whom (as we have already observed) he had secured in his interest. This zealous mediator spoke so warmly in his commendation, and interested her conscience so much in the affair, that she could not refuse her helping hand to the great work of his conversion, and promised to grant the interview he desired.

This agreeable piece of intelligence, which the capuchin communicated to Peregrine at his return, elevated his spirits to such a degree, that he shone at supper with uncommon brilliance, in a

thousand

thousand sallies of wit and pleasantry, to the admiration and delight of all present, especially of his fair Fleming, who seemed quite captivated by his person and behaviour.

The evening being thus spent to the satisfaction of all parties, the company broke up, and retired to their several apartments; when our lover, to his unspeakable mortification, learned that the two ladies were obliged to lie in the same room, all the other chambers of the inn being pre-occupied. When he imparted this difficulty to the priest, that charitable father, who was very fruitful in expedients, assured him, that his spiritual concerns should not be obstructed by such a slender impediment; and accordingly availed himself of his prerogative, by going into his daughter's chamber when she was almost undressed, and leading her into his own, on pretence of administering salutary food for her soul. Having brought the two votaries together, he prayed for success to the operations of grace, and left them to their mutual meditations, after having conjured them in the most solemn manner to let no impure sentiments, or temptations of the flesh, interfere with the hallowed design of their meeting.

The reverend intercessor being gone, and the door fastened on the inside, the pseudo-convert, transported with his passion, threw himself at his Amanda's feet; and begging she would spare him the tedious form of addresses, which the nature of their interview would not permit him to observe, began with all the impetuosity of love to make the most by the occasion. But whether she was displeased by the intrepidity and assurance of his behaviour, thinking herself intitled to more courtship and respect, or was really better fortified with chastity than he or his procurer had supposed her to be, certain it is, she expressed resentment and surprize at his boldness and presumption, and upbraided him with having imposed upon the charity of the friar. The young gentleman was really as much astonished at this rebuff, as she pretended to be at his declaration, and earnestly entreated her to consider how precious the moments were, and for once sacrifice superfluous ceremony, to the happiness of one who adored her with such a flame, as could not fail to consume his vitals, if she would not deign to bless him with her favour. Notwith-

standing all his tears, vows, and supplications, his personal accomplishments, and the tempting opportunity, all that he could obtain, was an acknowledgment of his having made an impression upon her heart, which she hoped the dictates of her duty would enable her to erase. This confession he considered as a delicate consent; and obeying the impulse of his love, snatched her up in his arms, with an intention of seizing that which she declined to give; when this French Lucretia, unable to defend her virtue any other way, screamed aloud; and the capuchin, setting his shoulder to the door, forced it open, and entered in an affected extasy of amazement. He lifted up his hands and eyes, and pretended to be thunderstruck at the discovery he had made; then, in broken exclamations, professed his horror at the wicked intention of our hero, who had covered such a damnable scheme with the mask of religion.

In short, he performed his cue with such dexterity, that the lady believing him in earnest, begged he would forgive the stranger, on account of his youth and education, which had been tainted by the errors of heresy; and he was on these considerations content to accept the submission of our hero, who, far from renouncing his expectations, notwithstanding this mortifying repulse, confided so much in his own talents, and the confession which his mistress had made, that he resolved to make another effort, to which nothing could have prompted him but the utmost turbulence of untruly desire.

CHAP. XX.

HE MAKES ANOTHER EFFORT TOWARDS THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF HIS WISH, WHICH IS POSTPONED BY A STRANGE ACCIDENT.

HE directed his valet de chambre, who was a thorough-paced pimp, to kindle some straw in the yard, and then pass by the door of her apartment, crying with a loud voice, that the house was on fire. This alarm brought both ladies out of their chambers in a moment, and Peregrine taking the advantage of their running to the street-door, entered the room and concealed himself under

under a large table that stood in an unobserved corner. The nymphs, as soon as they understood the cause of his Mercury's supposed affright, returned to their apartment, and having said their prayers, undressed themselves and went to bed. This scene, which fell under the observation of Pickle, did not at all contribute to the cooling of his concupiscence, but on the contrary inflamed him to such a degree, that he could scarce restrain his impatience, until by her breathing deep, he concluded the fellow-lodger of his Amanda was asleep. This welcome note no sooner saluted his ears, than he crept to his charmer's bed-side, and placing himself on his knees, gently laid hold on her white hand, and pressed it to his lips. She had just begun to close her eyes, and enjoy the agreeable oppression of slumber, when she was roused by this rape, at which she started, pronouncing, in a tone of surprize and dismay, 'My God! who's that?' The lover, with the most insinuating humility, besought her to hear him; vowing that his intention in approaching her thus, was not to violate the laws of decency, or that indelible esteem which she had engraven on his heart; but to manifest his sorrow and contrition for the umbrage he had given, to pour forth the overflowings of his soul, and tell her that he neither could nor would survive her displeasure. These and many more pathetick protestations, accompanied with sighs and tears, and other expressions of grief, which our hero had at command, could not fail to melt the tender heart of the amiable Fleming, already prepossessed in favour of his qualifications. She sympathized so much with his affliction, as to weep in her turn, when she represented the impossibility of her rewarding his passion; and he, seizing the favourable moment, reinforced his solicitations with such irresistible transports, that her resolution gave way, she began to breathe quick, expressed her fear of being overheard by the other lady, and with an ejaculation of, 'O Heavens! I'm undone!' suffered him, after a faint struggle, to make a lodgment upon the covered way of her bed. Her honour, however, was secured for the present, by a strange sort of knocking upon the wainscot, at the other end of the room, hard by the bed in which the female adventurer lay.

Surprized at this circumstance, the

lady begged him for Heaven's sake to retreat, or her reputation would be ruined for ever: but when he represented to her, that her character would run a much greater risk, if he should be detected in withdrawing, she consented with great trepidation to his stay, and they listened in silence to the sequel of the noise that alarmed them. This was no other than an expedient of the painter, to awaken his dulcinea, with whom he had made an assignation, or at least interchanged such signals as he thought amoured to a firm appointment. His nymph being disturbed in her first sleep, immediately understood the sound, and true to the agreement, rose, and unbolting the door as softly as possible, gave him admittance, leaving it open for his more commodious retreat.

While this happy gallant was employed in disengaging himself from the dishabille in which he had entered, the capuchin suspecting that Peregrine would make another attempt upon his charge, had crept silently to the apartment, in order to reconnoitre, lest the adventure should be atchieved without his knowledge; a circumstance that would deprive him of the profits he might expect from his privacy and concurrence. Finding the door unlatched, his suspicion was confirmed, and he made no scruple of creeping into the chamber on all fours; so that the painter having stripped himself to the shirt, in groping about for his dulcinea's bed, chanced to lay his hand upon the shaven crown of the father's head, which, by a circular motion, the priest began to turn round in his grasp, like a ball in a socket, to the surprize and consternation of poor Pallet, who having neither penetration to comprehend the cause, nor resolution to withdraw his fingers from this strange object of his touch, stood sweating in the dark, and venting ejaculations with great devotion. The friar tired with this exercise, and the painful posture in which he stooped, raised himself gradually upon his feet, heaving up at the same time the hand of the painter, whose terror and amazement increased to such a degree at this unaccountable elevation, that his faculties began to fail; and his palm in the confusion of his fright sliding over the priest's forehead, one of his fingers happened to slip into his mouth, and was immediately secured between the capuchin's teeth, with as firm a fixtune as if

It had been screwed in a blacksmith's vice. The painter was so much disordered by this sudden snap, which tortured him to the bone, that forgetting all other considerations, he roared aloud, 'Morder! a fire! a trap, a trap! help, Christians! for the love of God, help!' Our hero, confounded by these exclamations, which he knew would soon fill the room with spectators, and incensed at his own mortifying disappointment, was obliged to quit the untasted banquet; and approaching the cause of his misfortune, just as his tormentor had thought proper to release his finger, discharged such a hearty slap between his shoulders, as brought him to the ground with hideous bellowing; then retiring unperceived, to his own chamber, was one of the first who returned with a light, on pretence of having been alarmed with his cries. The capuchin had taken the same precaution, and followed Peregrine into the room, pronouncing *Benedicite*, and crossing himself with many marks of astonishment. The physician and Jolter appearing at the same time, the unfortunate painter was found lying naked on the floor, in all the agony of horror and dismay, blowing upon his left-hand, that hung dangling from the elbow. The circumstance of his being found in that apartment, and the attitude of his affliction, which was extremely ridiculous, provoked the doctor to a smile, and produced a small relaxation in the serenity of the governor's countenance; while Pickle, testifying surprize and concern, lifted him from the ground, and enquired into the cause of his present situation. Having, after some recollection, and fruitless endeavours to speak, recovered the use of his tongue, he told them, that the house was certainly haunted by evil spirits, by which he had been conveyed (he knew not how) into that apartment, and afflicted with all the tortures of hell: that one of them had made itself sensible of his feeling, in the shape of a round ball of smooth flesh, which turned round under his hand, like an astronomer's globe, and then rising up to a surprizing height, was converted into a machine that laid hold on his finger, by a snap, and having pinned him to the spot, he continued for some moments in unspeakable agony. At last he said the engine seemed to melt away from his finger, and he received a sudden thwack upon his shoulders, as

if discharged by the hand of a giant, which overthrew him in an instant upon the floor. The priest hearing this strange account, pulled out of one of his pouches a piece of consecrated candle, which he lighted immediately, and muttered certain mysterious conjurations. Jolter, imagining that Pallet was drunk, shook his head, saying, he believed the spirit was no where but in his own brain. The physician for once condescended to be a wag, and looking towards one of the beds, observed, that, in his opinion, the painter had been misled by the flesh, and not by the spirit. The fair Fleming lay in silent astonishment and affright; and her fellow-lodger, in order to acquit herself of all suspicion, exclaimed with incredible volubility against the author of this uproar, who (she did not doubt) had concealed himself in the apartment with a view of perpetrating some wicked attempt upon her precious virtue, and was punished and prevented by the immediate interposition of Heaven. At her desire, therefore, and at the earnest solicitation of the other lady, he was conducted to his own bed; and the chamber being evacuated, they locked their door, fully resolved to admit no more visitants for that night: while Peregrine, mad with seeing the delicious morsel snatched (as it were) from his very lip, stalked through the passage, like a ghost, in hope of finding some opportunity of re-entering, till the day beginning to break, he was obliged to retire, curling the idiotical conduct of the painter, which had so unluckily interfered with his delight.

C H A P. XXI.

THEY DEPART FROM GHENT. OUR HERO ENGAGES IN A POLITICAL DISPUTE WITH HIS MISTRESS, WHOM HE OFFENDS, AND PACIFIES WITH SUBMISSION. HE PRACTISES AN EXPEDIENT TO DETAIN THE CARRIAGE AT ALOST, AND CONFIRMS THE PRIEST IN HIS INTEREST.

NEXT day, about one o'clock, after having seen every thing remarkable in town, and been present at the execution of two youths, who were hanged for ravishing a whore, they took their departure from Ghent; in the same carriage

carriage which had brought them thither; and the conversation turning upon the punishment they had seen inflicted, the Flemish beauty expressed great sympathy and compassion for the unhappy sufferers, who (as she had been informed) had fallen victims to the malice of the accuser. Her sentiments were espoused by all the company, except the French lady of pleasure; who, thinking the credit of the sisterhood concerned in the affair, bitterly inveighed against the profligacy of the age, and particularly the base and villainous attempts of man upon the chastity of the weaker sex; saying, with a look of indignation directed to the painter, that for her own part, she should never be able to manifest the acknowledgment she owed to Providence, for having protected her last night from the wicked aims of unbridled lust. This observation introduced a series of jokes, at the expence of Pallet, who hung his ears, and sat with a silent air of dejection, fearing that through the malevolence of the physician, his adventure might reach the ears of his wife. Indeed, though we have made shift to explain the whole transaction to the reader, it was an inextricable mystery to every individual in the diligence; because the part which was acted by the capuchin was known to himself alone; and even he was utterly ignorant of Pickle's being concerned in the affair; so that the greatest share of the painter's sufferings were supposed to be the exaggerations of his own extravagant imagination.

In the midst of their discourse on this extraordinary subject, the driver told them, that they were now on the very spot where a detachment of the allied army had been intercepted and cut off by the French; and stopping the vehicle, entertained them with a local description of the battle of Melle. Upon this occasion, the Flemish lady, who, since her marriage, had become a keen partisan for the French, gave a minute detail of all the circumstances, as they had been represented to her by her husband's brother, who was in the action. This account, which sunk the number of the French to sixteen, and raised that of the allies to twenty thousand men, was to discreditable to truth, as well as to the laudable partiality of Peregrine, that he ventured to contradict her assertions; and a fierce dispute commenced,

that not only regarded the present question, but also comprehended all the battles in which the Duke of Marlborough had commanded against Lewis the Fourteenth. In the course of these debates, she divested the great general of all the glory he had acquired, by affirming, that every victory he gained was purposely lost by the French generals, in order to bring the schemes of Madame de Maintenon into discredit; and as a particular instance, alledged that while the citadel of Lisle was besieged, Lewis said, in presence of the dauphin, that if the allies should be obliged to raise the siege, he would immediately declare his marriage with that lady; upon which, the son sent private orders to Marshal Boufflers to surrender the place. This strange allegation was supported by the asseverations of the priest and the courtesan, and admitted as truth by the governor, who pretended to have heard it from good authority: while the doctor sat neutral, as one who thought it scandalous to know the history of such modern events. The Israelite, being a true Dutchman, lifted himself under the banners of our hero; who, in attempting to demonstrate the absurdity and improbability of what they had advanced, raised such a hue and cry against himself, and being insensibly heated in the altercation, irritated his Amanda to such a degree, that her charming eyes kindled with fury, and he saw great reason to think, that if he did not fall upon some method to deprecate her wrath, she would in twinkling sacrifice all her esteem for him, to her own zeal for the glory of the French nation. Moved by this apprehension, his ardour cooled by degrees, and he insensibly detached himself from the argument, leaving the whole care of supporting it to the Jew; who, finding himself deserted, was fain to yield with discretion; so that the French remained masters of the field, and their young heroine resumed her good humour.

Our hero having prudently submitted to the superior intelligence of her first enslaver, began to be harassed with the fears of losing her for ever; and set his invention at work, to contrive some means of indemnifying himself for his afflictions, presents, and the disappointment he had already undergone. On pretence of enjoying a freer air, he mounted the box, and employed his education

attention and generosity with such success, that the driver undertook to disabie the diligence from proceeding beyond the town of Aloft for that day; and in consequence of his promise, gently overturned it when they were but a mile short of that baiting place. He had taken his measures so discreetly, that this accident was attended with no other inconvenience than a fit of fear that took possession of the ladies, and the necessity to which they were reduced by the declaration of the coachman, who, upon examining the carriage, assured the company that the axle-tree had given way, and advised them to walk forward to the inn, while he would jog after them at a slow pace, and do his endeavour the damage should be immediately repaired. Peregrine pretended to be very much concerned at what had happened, and even cursed the driver for his inadvertency, expressing infinite impatience to be at Brussels, and wishing that this misfortune might not detain them another night upon the road; but when his under-trapper, according to his instructions, came afterwards to the inn, and gave them to understand that the workman he had employed could not possibly reit the machine in less than six hours, the crafty youth affected to lose all temper, stormed at his emissary, whom he reviled in the most opprobrious terms, and threatened to cane for his misconduct. The fellow protested, with great humility, that their being overturned was owing to the failure of the axle-tree, and not to his want of care or dexterity in driving; though rather than be thought the cause of incommoding him, he would enquire for a post-chaise, in which he might depart for Brussels immediately. This expedient Pickle rejected, unless the whole company could be accommodated in the same manner; and he had been previously informed by the driver, that the town could not furnish more than one vehicle of that sort. His governor, who was quite ignorant of his scheme, represented that one night would soon be passed; and exhorted him to bear this small disappointment with a good grace, especially as the house seemed to be well provided for their entertainment, and the company so much disposed to be sociable. The capuchin, who had found his account in cultivating the acquaintance of the young stran-

ger, was not ill-pleased at this event, which might, by protracting the term of their intercourse, yield him some opportunity of profiting still farther by his liberality: he therefore joined Mr. Jolter in his admonitions, congratulating himself upon the prospect of enjoying his conversation a little longer than he had expected. Our young gentleman received a compliment to the same purpose from the Hebrew, who had that day exercised his gallantry upon the French coquette, and was not without hope of reaping the fruits of his attention; his rival, the painter, being quite disgraced and dejected by the adventure of last night. As for the doctor, he was too much ingrossed in the contemplation of his own importance, to interest himself in the affair, or its consequences, farther than by observing, that the European powers ought to establish publick games, like those that were celebrated of old in Greece; in which case, every state would be supplied with such dextrous charioteers, as would drive a machine at full speed, within a hair's breadth of a precipice, without any danger of it's being overthrown. Peregrine could not help yielding to their remonstrances, and united complaisance, for which he thanked them in very polite terms; and his passion seeming to subside, proposed they should amuse themselves in walking round the ramparts. He hoped to enjoy some private conversation with his admired Fleming, who had this whole day behaved with remarkable reserve. The proposal being embraced, he (as usual) handed her into the street, and took all opportunities of promoting his suit; but they were attended to closely by her father confessor, that he foresaw it would be impracticable to accomplish his aim, without the connivance of that ecclesiastick. This he was obliged to purchase with another purse, which he offered, and was accepted as a charitable atonement for his criminal behaviour during the interview which the friar had procured for the good of his soul. The benefaction was no sooner made, than the pious mendicant edged off by little and little, till he joined the rest of the company, leaving his generous patron at full liberty to prosecute his purpose. It is not to be doubted that our adventurer made a good use of this occasion: he practised a thousand flowers

of rhetoric, and actually exhausted his whole address, in persuading her to have compassion upon his misery, and indulge him with another private audience, without which he should run distracted, and be guilty of extravagances, which, in the humanity of her disposition, she would weep to see. But, instead of complying with his request, she chid him severely for his presumption, in persecuting her with his vicious addresses. She assured him, that although she had secured a chamber for herself in this place, because she had no ambition to be better acquainted with the other lady, he would be in the wrong to disturb her with another nocturnal visit; for she was determined to deny him admittance. The lover was comforted by this hint, which he understood in the true acceptation; and his passion being inflamed by the obstacles he had met with, his heart beat high with the prospect of possession. These raptures of expectation produced an inquietude, which disabled him from bearing that share of the conversation for which he used to be distinguished. His behaviour at supper was a vicissitude of startings and reveries. The capuchin, imputing this disorder to a second repulse from his charge, began to be invaded with the apprehension of being obliged to refund, and in a whisper forbade our hero to despair.

C H A P. XXII.

THE FRENCH COQUETTE ENTRAPS THE HEART OF THE JEW, AGAINST WHOM PALLET ENTERS INTO A CONSPIRACY; BY WHICH PEREGRINE IS AGAIN DISAPPOINTED, AND THE HEBREW'S INCONTINENCE EXPOSED.

MEANWHILE, the French lady, balked in her design upon her English ally, who was so easily disheartened, and hung his ears in manifest dependence, rather than run the risk of making a voyage that should be altogether impracticable, resolved to place her charms upon the Dutch merchant. She had already made such impression upon his heart, that he cultivated her with peculiar complacency, gazed upon her with a most rapturous gaze, and unbended his aspect into a

grin that was truly Israelitish. The painter saw, and was offended at this correspondence, which he considered as an insult upon his misfortune, as well as an evident preference of his rival; and conscious of his own timidity, swallowed an extraordinary glass, that his invention might be stimulated, and his resolution raised to the contrivance and execution of some scheme of revenge. The wine, however, failed in the expected effect; and without inspiring him with the plan, served only to quicken his desire of vengeance; so that he communicated his purpose to his friend Peregrine, and begged his assistance; but our young gentleman was too intent upon his own affair, to mind the concerns of any other person; and he declining to be engaged in the project, Pallet had recourse to the genius of Pickle's valet de chambre, who readily embarked in the undertaking, and invented a plan, which was executed accordingly.

The evening being pretty far advanced, and the company separated into their respective apartments, Pickle repaired, in all the impatience of youth and desire, to the chamber of his chamber, and finding the door unbolted, entered in a transport of joy. By the light of the moon, which shone through the window, he was conducted to her bed, which he approached in the utmost agitation; and perceiving her to all appearance asleep, essayed to wake her with a gentle kiss; but this method proved ineffectual, because she was determined to save herself the confusion of being an accomplice in his guile. He repeated the application, murmured a most passionate salutation in her ear, and took such other gentle methods of signifying his presence, as persuaded him that he was resolved to sleep, in spite of all his endeavours. Flushed with this agreeable supposition, he locked the door, in order to prevent interruptions, and stealing himself under the cloaths, forgot tune at defiance, while he held the creature circled in his arms.

Nevertheless, near as he seemed to be to the happy accomplishment of his desire, his hope was again frustrated with a fearful noise, which in a moment awakened his Amanda in a fright, and for the present engaged all his attention. His valet de chambre, whom Pallet had consulted as a confidant, his

his revenge against the lady of pleasure and her Jewish gallant, had hired of certain Bohemians, who chanced to lodge at the inn, a jack-ass adorned with bells, which, when every body was retired to rest, and the Hebrew supposed to be bedded with his mistress, they led up stairs into a long thoroughfare, from which the chambers were detached on each side. The painter, perceiving the lady's door ajar, according to his expectation, mounted this animal, with intention to ride into the room, and disturb the lovers in the midst of their mutual endearments; but the ass, true to its kind, finding himself bestrid by an unknown rider, instead of advancing in obedience to his conductor, retreated backward to the other end of the passage, in spite of all the efforts of the painter, who spurred and kicked, and pummelled to no purpose. It was the noise of this contention between Pallet and the ass, which invaded the ears of Peregrine and his mistress, neither of whom could form the least rational conjecture about the cause of such strange disturbance, which increased as the animal approached their apartment. At length, the bourique's retrograde motion was obstructed by the door, which it forced open in a twinkling, with one kick, and entered with such complication of sound, as terrified the lady almost into a fit, and threw her lover into the utmost perplexity and confusion. The painter, finding himself thus violently intruded into the bed-chamber of he knew not whom, and dreading the resentment of the possessor, who might discharge a pistol at him as a robber who had broke into his apartment, was overwhelmed with consternation, and redoubled his exertion to accomplish a speedy retreat, sweating all the time with fear, and putting up petitions to Heaven for his safety; but his obstinate companion, regardless of his situation, instead of submitting to his conduct, began to turn round like a millstone, the united sound of his feet and bells producing a most surprising concert. The unfortunate rider, whirling about in this manner, would have quitted his seat, and left the beast to his own amusement, but the rotation was so rapid, that the terror of a severe fall hindered him from attempting to dismount, and in the desperation of his heart, he seized one of its ears, which

he pinched so unmercifully, that the creature set up his throat, and brayed aloud. This hideous exclamation was no sooner heard by the fair Fleming, already chilled with panick, and prepared with superstition, than believing herself visited by the devil, who was permitted to punish her for her infidelity to the marriage-bed, she uttered a scream, and began to repeat her pater-noster with a loud voice. Her lover, finding himself under the necessity of retiring, started up, and flung with the most violent pangs of rage and disappointment, ran directly to the spot from whence this diabolical noise seemed to proceed. There encountering the ass, he discharged such a volley of blows at him and his rider, that the creature carried him off at a round trot, and they roared in unison all the way. Having thus cleared the room of such disagreeable company, he went back to his mistress, and assuring her, that this was only some foolish prank of Pallet, took his leave, with a promise of returning after the quiet of the inn should be established.

In the mean time the noise of the bourique, the cries of the painter, and the lady's scream, had alarmed the whole house; and the ass, in the precipitation of his retreat, seeing people with lights before him, took shelter in the apartment for which he was at first designed, just as the Levite, aroused at the uproar, had quitted his dulcinea, and was attempting to recover his own chamber unperceived. Seeing himself opposed by such an animal, mounted by a tall, meagre, lantern-jaw'd figure, half-naked, with a white night-cap upon his head, which added to the natural paleness of his complexion, the Jew was sorely troubled in mind, and believing it to be an apparition of Balaam and his ass, fled backward with a nimble pace, and crept under the bed, where he lay concealed. Mr. Jolter, and the priest, who were the foremost of those who had been aroused by the noise, were not unmoved when they saw such a spectacle rushing into his chamber, from whence the lady of pleasure began to shriek. The governor made a full halt, and the capethin discovered no inclination to proceed. They were, however, by the pressure of the crowd that followed them, thrust forward to the door, through which the vision entered; and there Jolter, with great ceremony, complinced

plimented his reverence with the *pas*, beseeching him to walk in. The mendicant was too courteous and humble to accept this preeminence, and a very earnest dispute ensued; during which the ass, in the course of his circuit, shewed himself audacious, and in a trice decided the contest; for, struck with this second glimpse, both, at one instant, sprung backward with such force, as overturned their next men, who communicated the impulse to those that stood behind them, and these again to others: so that the whole passage was strewn with a long file of people, that lay in a line, like the sequel and dependance of a pack of cards. In the midst of this havoc, our hero returned from his own room with an air of astonishment, asking the cause of this uproar. Receiving such hints of intelligence as Jolter's confirmation would permit him to give, he snatched the candle out of his hand, and advanced into the haunted chamber without hesitation, being followed by all present, who broke forth into a long and loud peal of laughter, when they perceived the ludicrous source of their disquiet. The painter himself made an effort to join their mirth, but he had been so harrowed by fear, and smarted so much with the pain of the discipline he had received from Pickle, that he could not, with all his endeavour, vanquish the rueliness of his countenance. His attempt served only to increase the awkwardness of his situation, which was not at all mended by the behaviour of the coquette, who, furious with her disappointment, slipped on a petticoat and bed-gown, and springing upon him, like another Hecuba, with her nails, deprived all one side of his nose of the skin, and would not have left him an eye to see through, if some of the company had not rescued him from her unmerciful talons. Provoked at this outrage, as well as by her behaviour to him in the diligence, he publicly explained his intention in entering her chamber in this equipage; and missing the Hebrew among the spectators, assured them that he must have absconded somewhere in the apartment. In pursuance of this intimation, the room was immediately searched, and the mortified Levite pulled by the heels from his lurking-place; so that Pallet had the good fortune, at last, to transfer the

laugh from himself to his rival and the French innamorata, who accordingly underwent the ridicule of the whole audience.

CHAP. XXIII.

PALLET ENDEAVOURING TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY OF THE TREATMENT HE HAD RECEIVED, FALLS OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

NEVERTHELESS, Pallet was still confounded, and chagrined by one consideration, which was no other than that of his having been so roughly handled in the chamber belonging, (as he found upon enquiry) to the handsome young lady, who was under the capuchin's direction. He recollected, that the door was fast locked, when his beast burst it open; and he had no reason to believe that any person followed him in his irruption; on the other hand, he could not imagine, that such a gentle creature would either attempt to commit, or be able to execute such a desperate assault as that which his body had sustained; and her demeanor was so modest and circumspect, that he durst not harbour the least suspicion of her virtue.

These reflections bewildered him in the labyrinth of thought: he rummaged his whole imagination, endeavouring to account for what had happened. At length he concluded, that either Peregrine, or the devil, or both, must have been at the bottom of the whole affair, and determined, for the satisfaction of his curiosity, to watch our hero's motions, during the remaining part of the night, so narrowly that his conduct, mysterious as it was, should not be able to elude his penetration.

With these sentiments he retired to his own room, after the ass had been restored to the right owners, and the priest had visited and confirmed his ward, who had been almost distracted with fear. Silence no sooner prevailed again, than he crawled darkling towards her door, and huddled himself up in an obscure corner, from whence he might observe the ingress or egress of any human creature. He had not long remained in this posture, when, fatigued with this adventure, and that of the preceding

preceding night, his faculties were gradually overpowered with slumber; and falling fast asleep, he began to snore like a whole congregation of presbyterians. The Flemish beauty, hearing this discordant noise in the passage, began to be afraid of some new alarm, and very prudently bolted the door: so that when her lover wanted to repeat his visit, he was not only surprized and incensed at this disagreeable serenade, the author of which he did not know; but when compelled by his passion, which was by this time wound to the highest pitch, he ventured to approach the entrance, he had the extreme mortification to find himself shut out. He durst not knock or signify his presence in any other manner, on account of the lady's reputation, which would have greatly suffered, had the snorer been waked by his endeavours. Had he known that the person who thus thwarted his views was the painter, he would have taken some effectual step to remove him; but he could not conceive what should induce Pallet to take up his residence in that corner; nor could he use the assistance of a light, to distinguish him, because there was not a candle burning in the house.

It is impossible to describe the rage and vexation of our hero, while he continued thus tantalized upon the brink of bliss, after his desire had been exasperated by the circumstances of his two former disappointments. He ejaculated a thousand execrations against his own fortune; cursed all his fellow-travellers without exception; vowed revenge against the painter, who had twice confounded his most interesting scheme; and was tempted to execute immediate vengeance upon the unknown cause of his present miscarriage. In this agony of distraction did he sweat two whole hours in the passage, though not without some faint hope of being delivered from his tormentor, who (he imagined) upon waking, would undoubtedly shift his quarters, and leave the field free to his designs; but when he heard the cock repeat his salutation to the morn, which began to open on the rear of night, he could no longer restrain his indignation. Going to his own chamber, he filled a basin with cold water, and standing at some distance, discharged it full in the face of the gaping snorer, who, over and above the surprize occasioned by the application, was almost suffocated by the li-

quor that entered his mouth, and ran down into his wind-pipe. While he gasped like a person half drowned, without knowing the nature of his disaster, or remembering the situation in which he fell asleep, Peregrine retired to his own door, and, to his no small astonishment, from a long howl that invaded his ears, learned that the patient was no other than Pallet, who had now, for the third time, baulked his good fortune.

Enraged at the complicated trespasses of this unfortunate offender, he rushed from his apartment with a horse-whip, and encountering the painter in his flight, overturned him in the passage. There he exercised the instrument of his wrath with great severity, on pretence of mistaking him for some presumptuous cur, which had disturbed the repose of the inn; nay, when he called aloud for mercy in a supplicating tone, and his chastiser could no longer pretend to treat him as a quadruped, such was the virulence of the young gentleman's indignation, that he could not help declaring his satisfaction, by telling Pallet he had richly deserved the punishment he had undergone, for his madness, folly, and impertinence, in contriving and executing such idle schemes, as had no other tendency than that of plaguing his neighbours.

Pallet protested, with great vehemence, that he was innocent, as the child unborn, of an intention to give umbrage to any person whatever, except the Israelite and his doxy, who he knew had incurred his displeasure. "But, as 'God is my Saviour!' said he, 'I believe I am persecuted with witchcraft, and begin to think that damned priest is an agent for the devil; for he has been but two nights in our company, during which I have not closed an eye; but, on the contrary, have been tormented by all the fiends of hell.'" Pickle peevishly replied, that his torments had been occasioned by his own foolish imagination; and asked how he came to howl in that corner. The painter, who did not think proper to own the truth, said he had been transported thither by some preternatural conveyance, and foused in water by an invisible hand. The youth, in hope of profiting by his absence, advised him to retire immediately to his bed, and by sleep strive to comfort his brain, which seemed to be not a little disordered by the

want of that refreshment. Pallet himself began to be very much of the same way of thinking; and, in compliance with such wholesome counsel, betook himself to rest, muttering prayers all the way for the recovery of his own understanding.

Pickle attended him to his chamber, and locking him up, put the key in his own pocket, that he might not have it in his power to interrupt him again: but in his return he was met by Mr. Jolter and the doctor, who had been a second time alarmed by the painter's cries, and come to enquire about this new adventure. Half frantick with such a series of disappointments, he cursed them in his heart for their unseasonable appearance. When they questioned him about Pallet, he told them he had found him stark staring mad, howling in a corner, and wet to the skin, and conducted him to his room, where he was now a-bed. The physician hearing this circumstance, made a merit of his vanity; and, under pretence of concern for the patient's welfare, desired he might have an opportunity of examining the symptoms of his disorder, without loss of time; alledging, that many diseases might have been stifled in the birth, which afterwards baffled all the endeavours of the medical art. The young gentleman accordingly delivered the key, and once more withdrew into his own chamber, with a view of seizing the first occasion that should present itself of renewing his application to his Amanda's door; while the doctor, in his way to Pallet's apartment, hinted to the governor his suspicion, that the patient laboured under that dreadful symptom called the hydrophobia, which he observed had sometimes appeared in persons who were not previously bit by a mad dog. This conjecture he founded upon the howl he uttered when he was soured with water, and began to recollect certain circumstances of the painter's behaviour for some days past, which now he could plainly perceive had prognosticated some such calamity. He then ascribed the distemper to the violent frights he had lately undergone; affirmed that the affair of the Battle had made such a violent encroachment upon his understanding, that his manner of thinking and speaking was entirely altered. By a theory of his own invention, he explained the effects of fear upon a loose system

of nerves, and demonstrated the *modus* in which the animal spirits operate upon the ideas and power of imagination.

This disquisition, which was communicated at the painter's door, might have lasted till breakfast, had not Jolter reminded him of his own maxim, *Veni-enti occurrere morbo*; upon which he put the key to immediate use, and they walked softly towards the bed, where the patient lay extended at full length in the arms of sleep. The physician took notice of his breathing hard, and his mouth being open; and from these diagnosticks declared, that the liquidum nervosum was intimately affected, and the saliva impregnated with the spiculated particles of the virus, howsoever contracted. This sentence was still farther confirmed by the state of his pulse, which being full and slow, indicated an oppressed circulation, from a loss of elasticity in the propelling arteries. He proposed that he should immediately suffer a second aspersion of water, which would not only contribute to the cure, but also certify them beyond all possibility of doubt, with regard to the state of the disease: for it would evidently appear, from the manner in which he would bear the application, whether or not his horror of water amounted to a confirmed hydrophobia. Mr. Jolter, in compliance with this proposal, began to empty a bottle of water, which he found in the room in a basin; when he was interrupted by the prescriber, who advised him to use the contents of the chamber-pot, which being impregnated with salt, would operate more effectually than pure element. Thus directed, the governor lifted up the vessel, which was replete with medicine, and with one turn of his hand discharged the whole healing inundation upon the ill-omen'd patient, who waking in the utmost distraction of horror, yelled most hideously, just at the time when Peregrine had brought his mistress to a pailey, and entertained hopes of being admitted into her chamber.

Terrified at this exclamation, he instantly broke off the treaty, beseeching him to retire from the door, that his honour might receive no injury from his being found in that place: and he had just enough of recollection left to see the necessity of obeying the order, in conformity to which he retreated well nigh deprived of his senses, and almost persuaded,

suaded, that so many unaccountable disappointments must have proceeded from some supernatural cause, of which the idiot Paller was no more than the involuntary instrument.

Meanwhile, the doctor having ascertained the malady of the patient, whose cries, interrupted by frequent sobs and sighs, he interpreted into the barking of a dog; and having no more salt water at hand, resolved to renew the bath with such materials as chance would afford. He actually laid hold of the bottle and basin; but by this time the painter had recovered the use of his senses so well, as to perceive his drift; and starting up like a frantick Bedlamite, ran directly to his sword, swearing with many horrid imprecations, that he would murder them both immediately, if he should be hanged before dinner. They did not chuse to wait the issue of his threat, but retired with such precipitation, that the physician had almost dislocated his shoulder, by running against one side of the entry. Jolter having pulled the door after him, and turned the key, betook himself to flight, roaring aloud for assistance. His colleague seeing the door secured, valued himself upon his resolution, and exhorted him to return; declaring, that for his own part, he was more afraid of the madman's teeth than of his weapon; and admonishing the governor to re-enter, and execute what they had left undone. 'Go in,' said he, 'without fear or apprehension, and if any accident shall happen to you, either from his flaver or his sword, I will assist you with my advice, which from this station I can more coolly and distinctly administer, than I should be able to supply, if my ideas were disturbed, or my attention engaged in any personal concern.'

Jolter, who could make no objection to the justness of the conclusion, frankly owned that he had no inclination to try the experiment; observing, that self-preservation was the first law of nature; that his connections with the unhappy lunatick were but slight; and that it could not be reasonably expected that he would run such risks for his service, as were declined by one who had set out with him from England on the footing of a companion. This insinuation introduced a dispute upon the nature of benevolence, and the moral sense, which

(the republican argued) existed independent of any private consideration, and could never be affected by any contingent circumstance of time and fortune; while the other, who abhorred his principles, asserted the duties and excellence of private friendship, with infinite rancour of altercation.

During the hottest of the argument, they were joined by the capuchin, who being astonished to see them thus virulently engaged at the door, and to hear the painter bellowing within the chamber, conjured them, in the name of God, to tell him the cause of that confusion, which had kept the whole house in continual alarm during the best part of the night, and seemed to be the immediate work of the devil and his angels. When the governor gave him to understand, that Paller was visited with an evil spirit, he muttered a prayer of St. Antonio de Padua, and undertook to cure the painter, provided he could be secured so as that he might, without danger to himself, burn part of a certain relick under his nose, which he assured them was equal to the miraculous power of Eleazar's ring. They expressed great curiosity to know what this treasure was; and the priest was prevailed upon to tell them in confidence, that it was a collection of the pairings of the nails belonging to those two madmen, whom Jesus purged of the legion of devils that afterwards entered the swine. So saying, he pulled from one of his pockets a small box, containing about an ounce of the pairings of an horse's hoof; at sight of which, the governor could not help smiling, on account of the grossness of the imposition. The doctor asked, with a supercilious smile, whether those maniacs whom Jesus cured, were of the sorrel complexion, or dapple grey; for, from the texture of these pairings, he could prove, that the original owners were of the quadruped order, and even distinguish, that their feet had been fortified with shoes of iron.

The mendicant, who bore an inveterate grudge against this son of Elias, ever since he had made to free with the catholick religion, replied, with great bitterness, that he was a wretch with whom no Christian ought to communicate; that the vengeance of Heaven would one day overtake him, on account of his profanity; and that his heart was shod with a metal much harder than iron,

which

which nothing but hell-fire would be able to melt.

It was now broad day, and all the servants of the inn were a-foot. Peregrine, seeing it would be impossible to obtain any sort of indemnification for the time he had lost; and the perturbation of his spirits hindering him from enjoying repose, which was, moreover, obstructed by the noise of Pallet and his attendants, put on his cloaths at once, and in exceeding ill humour, arrived at the spot where this triumvirate stood debating about the means of overpowering the furious painter, who still continued his song of oaths and execrations, and made sundry efforts to break open the door. Chagrined as our hero was, he could not help laughing when he heard how the patient had been treated; and his indignation changing into compassion, he called to him through the key-hole, desiring to know the reason of his distracted behaviour. Pallet no sooner recognized his voice, than lowering his own to a whimpering tone, 'My dear friend,' said he, 'I have at last detected the ruffians who have persecuted me so much. I caught them in the fact of suffocating me with cold water; and by the Lord I will be revenged, or may I never live to finish my Cleopatra. For the love of God! open the door, and I will make that conceited Pagan, that pretender to taste, that false devotee of the ancients, who poisons people with sillickabias and devil's dung; I say, I will make him a monument of my wrath, and an example to all the cheats and impostures of the faculty; and as for that thick-headed, insolent pedant, his confederate, who emptied my own jordan upon me while I slept, he had better have been in his beloved Paris, botching schemes for his friend the pretender, than incur the effects of my resentment. Gadsoodikins! I won't leave him a wind-pipe for the hangman to stop, at the end of another rebellion.'

Pickle told him, his conduct had been so extravagant, as to confirm the whole company in the belief, that he was actually deprived of his senses; on which supposition, Mr. Jolter and the doctor had acted the part of friends, in doing that which they thought most conducive to his recovery; so that their concern merited his thankful acknowledgment,

instead of his frantick menaces; that for his own part, he would be the first to condemn him, as one utterly bereft of his wits, and give orders for his being secured as a madman, unless he would immediately give a proof of his sanity, by laying aside his sword, composing his spirits, and thanking his injured friends for their care of his person.

This alternative quieted his transports in a moment; he was terrified at the apprehension of being treated like a bedlamite, being dubious of the state of his own brain; and, on the other hand, had conceived such an horror and antipathy for his tormentors, that, far from believing himself obliged by what they had done, he could not even think of them without the utmost rage and detestation. He therefore, in the most tranquil voice he could assume, protested, that he never was less out of his senses than at present, though he did not know how long he might retain them, if he should be considered in the light of a lunatick; that in order to prove his being *compos mentis*, he was willing to sacrifice the resentment he so justly harboured against those who, by their malice had brought him to this pass: but, as he apprehended, it would be the greatest sign of madness he could exhibit, to thank them for the mischief they had brought upon him, he desired to be excused from making any such confession; and swore he would endure every thing, rather than be guilty of such mean absurdity.

Peregrine held a consultation upon this reply, when the governor and physician strenuously argued, against any capitulation with a maniac, and proposed that some method might be taken to seize, fetter, and convey him into a dark room, where he might be treated according to the rules of art. But the capuchin understanding the circumstances of the case, undertook to restore him to his former state, without having any recourse to such violent measures. Pickle, who was a better judge of the affair than any person present, opened the door without farther hesitation, and displayed the poor painter standing with a woeful countenance, shivering in his shirt, which was as wet as if he had been dragged through the Dender; a spectacle which gave such offence to the chaste eyes of the Hebrew's mistress, who was by this time one of the spectators, that

that she turned her head another way, and withdrew to her own room, exclaiming against the indecent practices of men.

Pallet, seeing the young gentleman enter, ran to him, and, shaking him by the hand, called him his best friend, and said he had rescued him from those who had a design against his life. The priest would have produced his parings, and applied them to his nose; but was hindered by Pickle, who advised the patient to shift himself, and put on his cloaths. This being done, with great order and deliberation, Mr. Jolter, who with the doctor had kept a wary distance, in expectation of seeing some strange effects of his distraction, began to believe that he had been guilty of a mistake, and accused the physician of having misled him by his false diagnosis. The doctor still insisted upon his former declaration; assuring him, that although Pallet enjoyed a short interval for the present, the delirium would soon recur, unless they would profit by this momentary calm, and order him to be blooded, blistered, and purged, with all imaginary dispatch.

The governor, however, notwithstanding this caution, advanced to the injured party, and begged pardon for the share he had in giving him such disturbance. He declared in the most solemn manner, that he had no other intention than that of contributing towards his welfare; and that his behaviour was the result of the physician's prescription, which he affirmed was absolutely necessary for the recovery of his health.

The painter, who had very little gall in his disposition, was satisfied with his apology; but his resentment, which was before divided, now glowed with double fire against his first fellow-traveller, whom he looked upon as the author of all the mischances he had undergone, and marked out for his vengeance accordingly. Yet the doors of reconciliation were not shut against the doctor, who, with great justice, might have transferred this load of offence from himself to Peregrine; who was, without doubt, the source of the painter's misfortune: but, in that case, he must have owned himself mistaken in his medical capacity; and he did not think the friendship of Pallet important enough to be relieved by such condescension; so that he resolved to neglect him entirely, and gradually forget the former

correspondence, he had maintained with a person whom he deemed so unworthy of his notice.

CHAP. XXIV.

PEREGRINE, ALMOST DISTRACTED WITH HIS DISAPPOINTMENTS, CONJURES THE FAIR FLEMING TO PERMIT HIS VISITS AT BRUSSELS. SHE WITHDRAWS FROM HIS PURSUIT.

THINGS being thus adjusted, and all the company dressed, they went to breakfast about five in the morning; and in less than an hour after were seated in the diligence, where a profound silence prevailed; Peregrine, who used to be the life of the society, being extremely pensive and melancholy on account of his mishap; the Israelite and his dulcinea dejected in consequence of their disgrace; the poet absorbed in lofty meditation; the painter in schemes of revenge; while Jolter, rocked by the motion of the carriage, made himself amends for the want of rest he had sustained; and the mendicant, with his fair charge, were infected by the cloudy aspect of our youth, in whose disappointment each of them, for different reasons, bore no inconsiderable share. This general languor and recess from all bodily exercise, disposed them all to receive the gentle yoke of slumber; and in half an hour after they had embarked, there was not one of them awake, except our hero and his mistress, unless the capuchin was pleased to counterfeit sleep, in order to indulge our young gentleman with an opportunity of enjoying some private conversation with his beautiful ward.

Peregrine did not neglect the occasion; but, on the contrary, seized the first minute, and, in gentle murmurs, lamented his hard hap in being thus the sport of fortune. He assured her, (and that with great sincerity) that all the cross accidents of his life had not cost him one half of the vexation and keenness of chagrin which he had suffered last night; and that now he was on the brink of parting from her, he should be overwhelmed with the blackest despair, if she would not extend her compassion so far as to give him an opportunity of sighing at her feet in Brussels, during

the few days his affairs would permit him to spend in that city.

This young lady, with an air of mortification, expressed her sorrow for being the innocent cause of his anxiety; said, she hoped last night's adventure would be a salutary warning to both their souls; for she was persuaded, that her virtue was protected by the intervention of Heaven; that whatever impression it might have made upon him, she was enabled by it to adhere to that duty from which her passion had begun to swerve; and beseeching him to forget her for his own peace, gave him to understand, that neither the plan she had laid down for her own conduct, nor the dictates of her honour, would allow her to receive his visits, or carry on any other correspondence with him, while she was restricted by the articles of her marriage-vow.

This explanation produced such a violent effect upon her admirer, that he was for some minutes deprived of the faculty of speech; which he no sooner recovered, than he gave vent to the most unbridled transports of passion. He taxed her with barbarity and indifference; told her, that she had robbed him of his reason and internal peace; that he would follow her to the ends of the earth, and cease to live sooner than cease to love her; that he would sacrifice the innocent fool who had been the occasion of all this disquiet, and murder every man whom he considered as an obstruction to his views. In a word, his passions, which had continued so long in a state of the highest fermentation, together with the want of that repose which calms and quiets the perturbation of the spirits, had wrought him up to a pitch of real distraction. While he uttered these delirious expressions, the tears ran down his cheeks; and he underwent such agitation, that the tender heart of the fair Fleming was affected with his condition; and, while her own face was bedewed with the streams of sympathy, she begged him, for Heaven's sake, to be composed; and promised, for his satisfaction, to abate somewhat of the rigour of her purpose. Consoled by this kind declaration, he recollected himself; and taking out his pencil, gave her his address, when she had assured him, that he should hear from her in four and twenty hours at farthest, after their separation.

Thus soothed, he regained the empire of himself, and by degrees recovered his serenity. But this was not the case with his Amanda, who, from this sample of his disposition, dreaded the impetuosity of his youth, and was effectually deterred from entering into any engagement that might subject her peace and reputation to the rash effects of such a violent spirit. Though she was captivated by his person and accomplishments, she had reflected enough to foresee, that the longer she countenanced his passion, her own heart would be more and more irretrievably engaged, and the quiet of her life the more exposed to continual interruption. She therefore profited by these considerations, and a sense of religious honour, which helped her to withstand the suggestions of inclination; and resolved to amuse her lover with false hopes, until she should have it in her power to relinquish his conversation, without running any risk of suffering by the inconsiderate follies of his love. It was with this view, that she desired he would not insist upon attending her to her mother's house, when the diligence arrived at Brussels; and he, caajoled by her artifice, took a formal leave of her, together with the other strangers, fixing his habitation at the inn to which he and his fellow-travellers had been directed, in the impatient expectation of receiving a kind summons from her within the limited time.

Meanwhile, in order to divert his imagination, he went to see the Stadthouls, park, and arsenal; took a superficial view of the booksellers cabinet of curiosities, and spent the evening at the Italian opera, which was at that time exhibited for the entertainment of Prince Charles of Lorrain, then governor of the Low Countries. In short, the stated period was almost elapsed, when Peregrine received a letter to this purpose.

SIR,

IF you knew what violence I do my own heart, in declaring, that I have withdrawn myself for ever from your addresses, you would surely applaud the sacrifice I make to virtue, and strive to imitate this example of self-denial. Yes, Sir, Heaven hath lent me grace to struggle with my guilty passion, and henceforth to avoid the dangerous sight of him who in-

inspired it. I therefore conjure you, by the regard you ought to have for the eternal welfare of us both, as well as by the esteem and affection you profess, to war with your unruly inclination, and desist from all attempts of frustrating the laudable resolution I have made. Seek not to invade the peace of one who loves you, to disturb the quiet of a family that never did you wrong, and to alienate the thoughts of a weak woman from a deserving man, who, by the most sacred claim, ought to have the full possession of her heart.

This billet, without either date or subscription, banished all remains of discretion from the mind of our hero, who ran instantly to the landlord in all the ecstacy of madness, and demanded to see the messenger who brought the letter, on pain of putting his whole family to the sword. The innkeeper, terrified by his looks and menaces, fell upon his knees, protesting, in the face of Heaven, that he was utterly ignorant and innocent of any thing that could give him offence, and that the billet was brought by a person whom he did not know, and who retired immediately, saying it required no answer. He then gave utterance to his fury in a thousand imprecations and invectives against the writer, whom he dishonoured with the appellation of a coquette, a jilt, an adventurer, who, by means of a pimping priest, had defrauded him of his money. He denounced vengeance against the mendicant, whom he swore he would destroy, if ever he should set eyes on him again. The painter unluckily appearing during this paroxysm of rage, he seized him by the throat, saying, he was ruined by his accursed folly; and, in all likelihood, poor Pallet would have been strangled, had not Jolter interposed in his behalf, beseeching his pupil to have mercy upon the sufferer, and with infinite anxiety desiring to know the cause of this violent assault. He received no answer, but a string of incoherent curses. When the painter, with unspeakable astonishment, took God to witness that he had done nothing to disoblige him, the governor began to think, in sad earnest, that Peregrine's vivacity had at length risen to the transports of actual madness, and was himself almost distracted with this

supposition. That he might the better judge what remedy ought to be applied, he used his whole influence, and practised all his eloquence upon the youth, in order to learn the immediate cause of his delirium. He employed the most pathetic intreaties, and even shed tears in the course of his supplication; so that Pickle (the first violence of the hurricane being blown over) was ashamed of his own imprudence, and retired to his chamber, in order to recollect his dissipated thoughts: there he shut himself up, and for the second time perusing the fatal epistle, began to waver in his opinion of the author's character and intention. He sometimes considered her as one of those nymphs, who, under the mask of innocence and simplicity, practise upon the hearts and purses of unwary and unexperienced youths: this was the suggestion of his wrath, inflamed by disappointment; but, when he reflected upon the circumstances of her behaviour, and recalled her particular charms to his imagination, the severity of his censure gave way, and his heart declared in favour of her sincerity. Yet even this consideration aggravated the sense of his loss, and he was in danger of relapsing into his former distraction, when his passion was a little becalmed by the hope of seeing her again, either by accident, or in the course of a diligent and minute enquiry, which he forthwith resolved to set on foot. He had reason to believe that her own heart would espouse his cause, in spite of her virtue's determination, and did not despair of meeting with the capuchin, whose good offices he knew he could at any time command. Comforted with these reflections, the tempest of his soul subsided. In less than two hours he joined his company, with an air of composure, and asked the painter's forgiveness for the freedom he had taken; the cause of which he promised hereafter to explain. Pallet was glad of being reconciled on any terms to one whose countenance supported him in equilibrio with his antagonist the doctor; and Mr. Jolter was rejoiced beyond measure at his pupil's recovery.

C H A P. XXV.

PEREGRINE MEETS WITH MRS. HORNBECK, AND IS CONSOLATED

FOR HIS LOSS. HIS VALET DE CHAMBRE IS EMBROILED WITH HER DUENNA; WHOM, HOWEVER, HE FINDS MEANS TO APPEASE.

EVERY thing having thus resumed its natural channel, they dined together in great tranquillity. In the afternoon, Peregrine, on pretence of staying at home to write letters, while his companions were at the coffee-house, ordered a coach to be called, and with his valet de chambre, who was the only person acquainted with the present state of his thoughts, set out for the Promenade, to which all the ladies of fashion resort in the evening, during the summer season, in hopes of seeing his fugitive among the rest.

Having made a circuit round the walk, and narrowly observed every female in the place, he perceived at some distance, the livery of Hornbeck upon a lacquey that stood at the back of a coach: upon which, he ordered his man to reconnoitre the said carriage, while he pulled up his glasses, that he might not be discovered, before he should have received some intelligence, by which he might conduct himself on this unexpected occasion, that already began to interfere with the purpose of his coming thither, though it could not dispute his attention with the idea of his charming unknown.

His Mercury having made his observations, reported, that there was nobody in the coach but Mrs. Hornbeck and an elderly woman, who had all the air of a duenna, and that the servant was not the same footman who had attended them in France. Encouraged by this information, our hero ordered himself to be driven close up to that side of their convenience on which his old mistress sat, and accosted her with the usual salutation. This lady no sooner beheld her gallant, than her cheeks reddened with a double glow; and she exclaimed, 'Dear brother, I am overjoyed to see you! Pray come into our coach.' He took the hint immediately; and complying with her request, embraced this new sister with great affection.

Perceiving that her attendant was very much surprized and alarmed at this unexpected meeting, she, in order to banish her suspicion, and at the same time give her lover his cue, told him that his

brother (meaning her husband) was gone to the Spa for a few weeks, by the advice of physicians, on account of his ill state of health; and that, from his last letter, she had the pleasure to tell him, he was in a fair way of doing well. The young gentleman expressed his satisfaction at this piece of news; observing, with an air of fraternal concern, that if his brother had not made too free with his constitution, his friends in England would have had no occasion to repine at his absence and want of health, by which he was banished from his own country and connections. He then asked, with an affectation of surprize, why she had not accompanied her spouse; and was given to understand, that his tenderness of affection would not suffer him to expose her to the fatigues of the journey, which lay among rocks that were almost inaccessible.

The duenna's doubts being eased by this preamble of conversation, he changed the subject to the pleasures of the place; and among other such questions, enquired if she had as yet visited Versailles. This is a publick-house, situated upon the canal at the distance of about two miles from town, and accommodated with tolerable gardens for the entertainment of company. When she replied in the negative, he proposed to accompany her thither immediately; but the governante, who had hitherto sat silent, objected to this proposal; telling him in broken-English, that as the lady was under her care, she could not answer to Mr. Hornbeck for allowing her to visit such a suspicious place. As for that matter, Madam, said the confident gallant, give yourself no trouble; the consequences shall be at my peril, and I will undertake to insure you against my brother's resentment. So saying, he directed the coachman to the place, and ordered his own to follow, under the auspices of his valet de chambre; while the old gentlewoman, over-ruled by his assurance, quietly submitted to his authority.

Being arrived at the place, he handed the ladies from the coach, and then, for the first time, observed that the duenna was lame; a circumstance of which he did not scruple to take the advantage: for they had scarce alighted, and drank a glass of wine, when he advised his sister to enjoy a walk in the garden; and although

although the attendant made shift to keep them almost always in view, they enjoyed a detached conversation, in which Peregrine learned, that the true cause of her being left behind at Brussels, whilst her husband proceeded to Spa, was his dread of the company and familiarities of that place, to which his jealousy durst not expose her; and that she had lived three weeks in a convent at Lille, from which she was delivered by his own free motion, because indeed he could no longer exist without her company; and lastly, our lover understood, that her governante was a mere dragon, who had been recommended to him by a Spanish merchant, whose wife she attended to her dying day; but she very much questioned whether or not her fidelity was proof enough against money and strong waters. Peregrine assured her the experiment should be tried before parting; and they agreed to pass the night at Versailles, provided his endeavours should succeed.

Having exercised themselves in this manner, until his duenna's spirits were pretty much exhausted, that she might be the better disposed to recruit them with a glass of liquor, they returned to their apartment, and the cordial was recommended and received in a bumper: but as it did not produce such a visible alteration as the sanguine hopes of Pickle had made him expect, and the old gentlewoman observed that it began to be late, and that the gates would be shut in a little time, he filled up a parting glass, and pledged her in equal quantity. Her blood was too much chilled to be warmed even by this extraordinary dose, which made immediate innovation in the brain of our youth, who in the gaiety of his imagination overwhelmed this She Argus with such profusion of gallantry, that she was more intoxicated with his expressions than with the spirits she had drank. When in the course of toying he dropped a purse into her bosom, she seemed to forget how the night wore, and with the approbation of her charge, assented to his proposal of having something for supper.

This was a great point which our adventurer had gained, and yet he plainly perceived that the governante mistook his meaning, by giving herself credit for all the passion he had professed. As this error could be rectified by no other

means than those of plying her with the bottle, until her distinguishing faculties should be overpowered, he promoted a quick circulation. She did him justice, without any manifest signs of inebriation, so long, that his own eyes began to reel in the sockets; and he found that before his scheme could be accomplished, he should be effectually unfitted for all the purposes of love. He therefore had recourse to his valet de chambre, who understood the hint as soon as it was given, and readily undertook to perform the part, of which his master had played the prelude. This affair being settled to his satisfaction, and the night at odds with morning, he took an opportunity of imparting to the ear of this aged dulcinea a kind of whisper, importing a promise of visiting her, when his sister should be retired to her own chamber, and an earnest desire of leaving her door unlocked.

This agreeable intimation being communicated, he conveyed a caution of the same nature to Mrs. Hornbeck, as he led her to her apartment; and darkness and silence no sooner prevailed in the house, than he and his trusty squire set out on their different voyages. Every thing would have succeeded according to their wish, had not the valet de chambre suffered himself to fall asleep at the side of his innamorata, and in the agitation of a violent dream, exclaimed in a voice so unlike that of her supposed adorer, that she distinguished the difference at once. Waking him with a pinch and a loud shriek, she threatened to prosecute him for a rape, and reviled him with all the epithets her rage and disappointment could suggest.

The Frenchman finding himself detected, behaved with great temper and address: he begged she would compose herself, on account of her own reputation, which was extremely dear to him; protesting, that he had a most inviolable esteem for her person. His representations had weight with the duenna; who, upon recollection, comprehended the whole affair, and thought it would be her interest to bring matters to an accommodation. She therefore admitted the apologies of her bed-fellow, provided he would promise to atone by marriage for the injury she had sustained; and in this particular he set her heart at ease by repeated vows, which he uttered with surprizing volubility,

bility, though without any intention to perform the least title of their contents.

Peregrine, who had been alarmed by her exclamations, and run to the door with a view of interposing, according to the emergency of the case, overhearing the affair thus compromised, returned to his mistress, who was highly entertained with an account of what had passed, foreseeing, that for the future she would be under no difficulty or restriction from the severity of her guard.

C H A P. XXVI.

HORNBECK IS INFORMED OF HIS WIFE'S ADVENTURE WITH PEREGRINE, FOR WHOM HE PREPARES A STRATAGEM, WHICH IS RENDERED INEFFECTUAL BY THE INFORMATION OF PIPES. THE HUSBAND IS DUCKED FOR HIS INTENTION, AND OUR HERO APPREHENDED BY THE PATROLE.

THERE was another person, however, still ungained; and that was no other than her footman, whose secrecy our hero attempted to secure in the morning by an handsome present, which he received with many professions of gratitude and devotion to his service; yet this complaisance was nothing but a cloak used to disguise the design he harboured of making his master acquainted with the whole transaction. Indeed, this lacquey had been hired, not only as a spy upon his mistress, but also as a check on the conduct of the governante, with promise of ample reward, if ever he should discover any sinister or suspicious practices in the course of her behaviour. As for the footman, whom they had brought from England, he was retained in attendance upon the person of his master, whose confidence he had lost, by advising him to gentle methods of reclaiming his lady, when her irregularities had subjected her to his wrath.

The Flemish valet, in consequence of the office he had undertaken, wrote to Hornbeck by the first post, giving an exact detail of the adventure at Versailles, with such a description of the pretended brother, as left the husband no room to think he could be any other

person than his first dishonourer; and exasperated him to such a degree, that he resolved to lay an ambush for this invader, and at once disqualify him from disturbing his repose, by maintaining farther correspondence with his wife.

Meanwhile the lovers enjoyed themselves without restraint, and Peregrine's plan of enquiry after his dear unknown was for the present postponed. His fellow-travellers were confounded at his mysterious motions, which filled the heart of Jolter with anxiety and terror. This careful conductor was fraught with such experience of his pupil's disposition, that he trembled with the apprehension of some sudden accident, and lived in continual alarm, like a man that walks under the wall of a nodding tower. Nor did he enjoy any alleviation of his fears, when, upon telling the young gentleman, that the rest of the company were desirous of departing for Antwerp, he answered, they were at liberty to consult their own inclinations; but for his own part, he was resolved to stay in Brussels a few days longer. By this declaration the governor was confirmed in the opinion of his having some intrigue upon the anvil. In the bitterness of his vexation, he took the liberty of signifying his suspicion, and reminding him of the dangerous dilemmas to which he had been reduced by his former precipitation.

Peregrine took his caution in good part, and promised to behave with such circumspection as would screen him from any troublesome consequences for the future; but, nevertheless, behaved that same evening in such a manner, as plainly shewed, that his prudence was nothing else than vain speculation. He had made an appointment to spend the night, as usual, with Mrs. Hornbeck; and about nine o'clock hastened to her lodgings, when he was accosted in the street by his old discarded friend Thomas Pipes; who, without any other pre-
amble, told him, that for all he had turned him adrift, he did not chuse to see him run full sail into his enemy's harbour, without giving him timely notice of the danger. 'I'll tell you what,' said he, 'mayhap you think I want to curry favour, that I may be taken in tow again; if you do, you have made a mistake in your reckoning. I am old enough to be laid up,
' and

'and have wherewithal to keep my planks from the weather. But this here is the affair; I have known you since you were no higher than a marble spike, and shouldn't care to see you deprived of your rigging at these years: whereby I am informed by Hornbeck's man, whom I this afternoon fell in with by chance, as how his master has got intelligence of your boarding his wife, and has steered privately into this port, with a large compliment of hands, in order, d'ye see, to secure you while you are under the hatches. Now if so be as how you have a mind to give him a salt eel for his supper, here am I without hope of fee or reward, ready to stand by you as long as my timbers will stick together; and if I expect any recompence, may I be bound to eat oakum and drink bilge water for life.'

Startled at this information, Peregrine examined him upon the particulars of his discourse with the lacquey; and when he understood that Hornbeck's intelligence flowed from the canal of his Flemish footman, he believed every circumstance of Tom's report, thanked him for this warning, and after having reprimanded him for his misbehaviour at Lisle, assured him that it should be his own fault if ever they should part again. He then deliberated with himself whether or no he should resort the purpose upon his adversary; but when he considered that Hornbeck was not the aggressor, and made that unhappy husband's case his own, he could not help acquitting his intention of revenge, though, in his opinion, it ought to have been executed in a more honourable manner; and therefore he determined to chastise him for his want of spirit. Nothing, surely, can be more insolent and unjust than this determination, which induced him to punish a person for his want of courage to redress the injury which he himself had done to his reputation and peace; and yet this barbarity of decision is authorized by the opinion and practice of mankind.

With these sentiments he returned to the inn, and putting a pair of pistols in his pocket, ordered his valet de chambre and Pipes to follow him at a small distance, so as that they should be within call in case of necessity; then posted himself within thirty yards of his dul-

cinea's door. There he had not been above half an hour, when he perceived four men take their stations on the other side, with a view, as he guessed, to watch for his going in, that he might be taken unaware. But when they had tarried a considerable time in that corner, without reaping the fruits of their expectation, their leader, persuaded that the gallant had gained admittance by some secret means, approached the door with his followers; who, according to the instructions they had received, no sooner saw it opened, than they rushed in, leaving their employer in the street, where he thought his person would be least endangered. Our adventurer seeing him alone, advanced with speed, and clapping a pistol to his breast, commanded him to follow his footsteps, without noise, on pain of immediate death.

Terrified at this sudden apparition, Hornbeck obeyed in silence; and in a few minutes they arrived at the quay, where Pickle halting, gave him to understand that he was no stranger to his villainous design. Told him, that if he conceived himself injured by any circumstance of his conduct, he would now give him an opportunity of resenting the wrong, in a manner becoming a man of honour. 'You have a sword about you,' said he; 'or if you don't chuse to put the affair on that issue, here is a brace of pistols; take which you please.' Such an address could not fail to disconcert a man of his character. After some hesitation, he in a faltering accent denied that his design was to mutilate Mr. Pickle, but that he thought himself entitled to the benefit of the law, by which he would have obtained a divorce, if he could have procured evidence of his wife's infidelity; and with that view he had employed people to take advantage of the information he had received. With regard to his alternative, he declined it entirely, because he could not see what satisfaction he should enjoy, in being shot through the head, or run through the lungs, by a person who had already wronged him in an irreparable manner. Lastly, his fear made him propose, that the affair should be left to the arbitration of two creditable men, altogether unconcerned in the dispute.

To these remonstrances, Peregrine replied, in the style of a hot-headed young man,

man, conscious of his own unjustifiable behaviour, that every gentleman ought to be a judge of his own honour; and therefore he would submit to the decision of no umpire whatsoever; that he would forgive his want of courage, which might be a natural infirmity, but his mean dissimulation he could not pardon; that, as he was certified of the rascally intent of his ambuscade, by undoubted intelligence, he would treat him, not with a retaliation of his own treachery, but with such indignity as a scoundrel deserves to suffer, unless he would make one effort to maintain the character he assumed in life: so saying, he again presented his pistol, which being rejected as before, he called his two ministers, and ordered them to duck him in the canal.

This command was pronounced and executed almost in the same breath, to the unspeakable terror and disorder of the poor shivering patient; who, having undergone the immersion, ran about like a drowned rat, squeaking for assistance and revenge. His cries were overheard by the patrol, who, chancing to pass that way, took him under their protection, and, in consequence of his complaint and information, went in pursuit of our adventurer and his attendants, who were soon overraken and surrounded. Rash and inconsiderate as the young gentleman was, he did not pretend to stand upon the defensive against a file of musqueteers; although Pipes had drawn his cutlase at their approach, but surrendered himself without opposition, and was conveyed to the main guard, where the commanding officer, engaged by his appearance and address, treated him with all imaginable respect. Hearing the particulars of his adventure, he assured him that the prince would consider the whole as a *tour de jeunesse*, and order him to be released without delay.

Next morning, when this gentleman gave in his report, he made such a favourable representation of the prisoner, that our hero was on the point of being discharged, when Hornbeck preferred a complaint, accusing him of a purposed assassination, and praying that such punishment should be inflicted upon him, as his highness should think adequate to the nature of the crime. The prince, perplexed with this petition, in consequence of which he foresaw that he must disoblige a British subject, sent for the

plaintiff, of whom he had some knowledge, and in person exhorted him to drop the prosecution, which would only serve to propagate his own shame. But Hornbeck was too much incited to listen to any proposal of that kind, and peremptorily demanded justice against the prisoner, whom he represented as an obscure adventurer, who had made repeated attempts upon his honour and his life. Prince Charles told him, that what he had advised was in the capacity of a friend; but, since he insisted upon his acting as a magistrate, the affair should be examined, and determined according to the dictates of justice and truth.

The prisoner being dismissed with this promise, the defendant was in his turn brought before the judge, whose prepossession in his favour was in a great measure weakened by what his antagonist had said to the prejudice of his birth and reputation.

CHAP. XXVII.

PEREGRINE IS RELEASED. JOLTER CONFOUNDED AT HIS MYSTERIOUS CONDUCT. A CONTEST HAPPENS BETWEEN THE POET AND PAINTER, WHO ARE RECONCILED BY THE MEDIATION OF THEIR FELLOW-TRAVELLERS.

OUR hero, understanding from some expressions which escaped the prince, that he was considered in the light of a sharper and assassin, begged that he might have the liberty of sending for some vouchers, that would probably vindicate his character from the malicious aspersions of his adversary. This permission being granted, he wrote a letter to his governor, desiring that he would bring to him the letters of recommendation which he had received from the British ambassador at Paris, and such other papers as he thought conducive to evince the importance of his situation.

The billet was given in charge to one of the subaltern officers on duty, who carried it to the inn, and demanded to speak with Mr. Jolter. Pallet, who happened to be at the door, when this messenger arrived, and heard him enquire for the tutor, ran directly to that gentle-

gentleman's apartment, and in manifest disorder told him, that a huge fellow of a soldier, with a monstrous pair of whiskers, and a fur-cap as big as a bushel, was asking for him at the door. The poor governor began to shake at this intimation, though he was not conscious of having committed any thing that could attract the attention of the state. When the officer appeared at his chamber-door, his confusion increased to such a degree, that his perception seemed to vanish, and the subaltern repeated the purport of his errand three times, before he could comprehend his meaning or venture to receive the letter which he presented. At length, he summoned all his fortitude, and having perused the epistle, his terror sunk into anxiety. His ingenious fear immediately suggested, that Peregrine was confined in a dungeon, for some outrage he had committed. He ran with great agitation to a trunk, and taking out a bundle of papers, followed his conductor, being attended by the painter, to whom he had hinted his apprehension. When they passed through the guard, which was under arms, the hearts of both died within them; and when they came into the presence, there was such an expression of awful horror in the countenance of Jolter, that the prince observing his dismay, was pleased to encourage him with an assurance that he had nothing to fear. Thus comforted, he recollected himself so well as to understand his pupil, when he desired him to produce the ambassador's letters; some of which being open, were immediately read by his highness, who was personally acquainted with the writer, and knew several of the noblemen to whom they were addressed. These recommendations were so warm, and represented the young gentleman in such an advantageous light, that the prince, convinced of the injustice his character had suffered by the misrepresentation of Hornbeck, took our hero by the hand, asked pardon for the doubts he had entertained of his honour, declared him from that moment at liberty, ordered his domesticks to be enlarged, and offered him his countenance and protection, as long as he should remain in the Austrian Netherlands. At the same time, he cautioned him against indiscretion in the course of his gallantries, and took his word and honour, that he

should drop all measures of resentment against the person of Hornbeck, during his residence in that place.

The delinquent, thus honourably acquitted, thanked the prince in the most respectful manner for his generosity and candour, and retired with his two friends, who were amazed and bewildered in their thoughts at what they had seen and heard, the whole adventure still remaining without the sphere of their comprehension, which was not at all enlarged by the unaccountable appearance of Pipes, who, with the valet de chambre, joined them at the castle-gate. Had Jolter been a man of a luxuriant imagination, his brain would undoubtedly have suffered in the investigation of his pupil's mysterious conduct, which he strove in vain to unravel; but his intellects were too solid to be affected by the miscarriage of his invention; and as Peregrine did not think proper to make him acquainted with the cause of his being apprehended, he contented himself with supposing that there was a lady in the case.

The painter, whose imagination was of a more flimsy texture, formed a thousand chimerical conjectures, which he communicated to Pickle in imperfect insinuations; hoping, by his answers and behaviour, to discover the truth; but the youth, in order to tantalize him, eluded all his enquiries, with such appearance of industry and art, as heightened his curiosity, while it disappointed his aim, and inflamed him to such a degree of impatience, that his wit began to be unsettled. Then Peregrine was fain to recompose his brain, by telling him in confidence that he had been arrested as a spy. This secret he found more intolerable than his former uncertainty; he ran from one apartment to another, like a goose in the agonies of egg-laying, with an intention of disburdening his important load; but, Jolter being engaged with his pupil, and all the people of the house ignorant of the only language he could speak, he was compelled, with infinite reluctance, to address himself to the doctor, who was at that time shut up in his own chamber. Having knocked at the door to no purpose, he peeped through the key-hole, and saw the physician sitting at a table, with a pen in one hand, and a paper before him, his head reclined upon his other hand, and his

eyes fixed upon the cieling, as if he had been entranced. Pallet, concluding that he was under the power of convulsion, endeavoured to force the door open; and the noise of his efforts recalled the doctor from his reverie. This poetical republican, being so disagreeably disturbed, started up in a passion, and opening the door, no sooner perceived who had interrupted him, than he flung it in his face with great fury, and cursed him for his impertinent intrusion, which had deprived him of the most delightful vision that ever regaled the human fancy. He imagined (as he afterwards imparted to Peregrine) that as he enjoyed himself in walking through the flowery plain of Parnassus, he was met by a venerable sage, whom, by a certain divine vivacity, that lightened from his eyes, he instantly knew to be the immortal Pindar. He was immediately struck with reverence and awe, and prostrated himself before the apparition, which taking him by the hand, lifted him gently from the ground; and, with words more sweet than the honey of the Hybla bees, told him, that of all the moderns, he alone was visited by that celestial impulse by which he himself had been inspired, when he produced his most applauded odes. So saying, he led him up the sacred hill, persuaded him to drink a copious draught of the waters of the Hippocrene, and then presented him to the harmonious Nine, who crowned his temples with a laurel wreath.

No wonder that he was enraged to find himself cut off from such sublime society. He raved in Greek against the invader; who was so big with his own purpose, that, unmindful of the disgrace he had sustained, and disregarding all the symptoms of the physician's displeasure, he applied his mouth to the door, in an eager tone—'I'll hold you any wager,' said he, 'that I guess the true cause of Mr. Pickle's imprisonment.' To this challenge he received no reply; and therefore repeated it, adding—'I suppose you imagine he was taken up for fighting a duel, or affronting a nobleman, or lying with some man's wife, or some such matter; but, egad! you was never more mistaken in your life; and I'll lay my Cleopatra against your Homer's head, that in four and twenty hours you shall see the light on the true reason.'

The favourite of the muses, exaspe-

rated at this vexatious perseverance of the painter, who he imagined had come to tease and insult him—'I would,' said he, 'sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius, were I assured that any person had been taken up for extirpating such a troublesome Gosh as you are from the face of the earth. As for your boasted Cleopatra, which you say was drawn from your own wife, I believe the copy has as much of the original as the original. But, were it mine, it should be hung up in the temple of Cloacina, as the picture of that goddess; for any other apartment would be disgraced by its appearance.' 'Hark ye, Sir!' replied Pallet, enraged in his turn at the contemptuous mention of his darling performance, 'you may make as free with my wife as you think proper; but ware my works; those are the children of my fancy, conceived by the glowing imagination and formed by the art of my own hands; and you yourself are a Gosh, and a Turk, and a Tatar, and an impudent pretending jackanapes, to treat with such disrespect a production which, in the opinion of all the connoisseurs of the age, will, when finished, be a master-piece in its kind, and do honour to human genius and skill. So I say, again and again, (and I care not though your friend Playtor heard me) that you have no more taste than a drayman's horse, and that those foolish notions of the ancients ought to be drubbed out of you with a good cudgel, that you might learn to treat men of parts with more veneration. Perhaps you may not always be in the company of one who will halloo for assistance, when you are on the brink of being chastised for your insolence, as I did, when you brought upon yourself the resentment of that Scotch who, by the Lord! would have paid you both scot and lot, as Falstaff says, if the French officer had not put him in arrest.'

The physician, to this declamation, which was conveyed through the key-hole, answered; that he (the painter) was a fellow so infinitely below his consideration, that his conscience upbraided him with no action of his life, except that of chusing such a wretch for his companion and fellow traveller; that he had viewed his character through the medium of good-nature and compassion, which

which had prompted him to give Pallet an opportunity of acquiring some new ideas under his immediate instruction; but he had abused his goodness and condescension in such a flagrant manner, that he was now determined to discard him entirely from his acquaintance, and desired him, for the present, to take himself away, on pain of being kicked for his presumption.

Pallet was too much incensed to be intimidated by this threat, which he retorted with great virulence, defying him to come forth, that it might appear which of them was best skilled in that pedestrian exercise, which he immediately began to practise against the door with such thundering application, as reached the ears of Pickle and his governor, who coming out into the passage, and seeing him thus employed, asked him if he had forgot the chamber-pots of Alost, that he ventured to behave in such a manner, as entitled him to a second prescription of the same nature.

The doctor understanding that there was company at hand, opened the door in a twinkling; and springing upon his antagonist, like a tiger, a fierce contention would have ensued, to the infinite satisfaction of our hero, had not Jolter, to the manifest peril of his own person, interposed, and partly by force, and partly by exhortations, put a stop to the engagement before it was fairly begun. After having demonstrated the indecency of such a vulgar rencounter between two fellow-citizens in a foreign land, he begged to know the cause of their dissension, and offered his good offices towards an accommodation. Peregrine also, seeing the fray was finished, expressed himself to the same purpose; and the painter, for obvious reasons, declining an explanation, his antagonist told the youth what a mortifying interruption he had suffered by the impertinent intrusion of Pallet, and gave him a detail of the particulars of his vision, as above recited. The arbiter owned, the provocation was not to be endured; and decreed, that the offender should make some atonement for his transgression. Upon which the painter observed, that howsoever he might have been disposed to make acknowledgements, if the physician had signified his displeasure like a gentleman, the complainant had now forfeited all claim to any such concessions, by the vulgar manner in which

he had reviled him and his productions; observing, that if he (the painter) had been inclined to retort his slanderous insinuations, the republican's own works would have afforded ample subject for his ridicule and censure.

After divers disputes and representations, peace was at length concluded, on condition that, for the future, the doctor should never mention Cleopatra, unless he could say something in her praise; and that Pallet, in consideration of his having been the first aggressor, should make a sketch of the physician's vision, to be engraved and prefixed to the next edition of his odes.

C H A P. XXVIII.

THE TRAVELLERS DEPART FOR ANTWERP, AT WHICH PLACE THE PAINTER GIVES A LOOSE TO HIS ENTHUSIASM.

OUR adventurer, baffled in all his efforts to retrieve his lost Amanda, yielded at length to the remonstrances of his governor and fellow-travellers, who, out of pure complaisance to him, had exceeded their intended stay by six days at least; and a couple of post-chaises, with three riding horses, being hired, they departed from Brussels in the morning, dining at Mechlin, and arrived about eight in the evening at the venerable city of Antwerp. During this day's journey, Pallet was elevated to an uncommon flow of spirits, with the prospect of seeing the birth-place of Rubens, for whom he professed an enthusiastic admiration. He swore, that the pleasure he felt was equal to that of a Mussulman, on the last day of his pilgrimage to Mecca; and that he already considered himself a native of Antwerp, being so intimately acquainted with their so justly boasted citizen, from whom, at certain junctures, he could not help believing himself derived, because his own pencil adopted the manner of that great man with surprising facility, and his face wanted nothing but a pair of whiskers and a beard to exhibit the express image of the Fleming's countenance. He told them he was so proud of this resemblance, that, in order to render it more striking, he had at one time of his life resolved to keep his face shaven from the

razor; and in that purpose had persevered, notwithstanding the continual reprehensions of Mrs. Pallet, who being then with child, said, his aspect was so hideous, that she dreaded a miscarriage every hour, until she threatened, in plain terms, to dispute the sanity of his intellects, and apply to the chancellor for a committee.

The doctor, on this occasion, observed, that a man who is not proof against the solicitations of a woman, can never expect to make a great figure in life; that painters and poets ought to cultivate no wives but the muses; or if they are, by the accidents of fortune, encumbered with families, they should carefully guard against that pernicious weakness, falsely honoured with the appellation of *natural affection*, and pay no manner of regard to the impertinent customs of the world. Granting that you had been, for a short time, deemed a lunatic, said he, you might have acquitted yourself honourably of that imputation, by some performance that would have raised your character above all censure. Sophocles himself, that celebrated tragic poet, who, for the sweetness of his versification, was siled *μυρία*, or *the bee*, in his old age suffered the same accusation from his own children, who seeing him neglect his family affairs, and devote himself entirely to poetry, carried him before the magistrate, as a man whose intellects were so much impaired by the infirmities of age, that he was no longer fit to manage his domestic concerns; upon which the reverend bard produced his tragedy of *Οιδίπους επί κολώνη*, as a work he had just finished; which being perused, instead of being declared unsound of understanding, he was dismissed with admiration and applause. I wish your beard and whiskers had been sanctioned by the like authority; though I am afraid you would have been in the predicament of those disciples of a certain philosopher, who drank decoctions of cummin seeds, that their faces might adopt the paleness of their master's complexion; hoping, that in being as wan, they would be as learned as their teacher. The painter, stung with this sarcasm, replied—Or like those virtuosos, who, by repeating Greek, eating blizickaby, and pretending to see visions, think

‘they equal the ancients in taste and genius.’ The physician retorted, Pallet rejoined, and the altercation continued, until they entered the gates of Antwerp; when the admirer of Rubens broke forth into a rapturous exclamation, which put an end to the dispute, and attracted the notice of the inhabitants, many of whom, by shrugging up their shoulders, and pointing to their foreheads, gave shrewd indications that they believed him a poor gentleman disordered in his brain.

They had no sooner alighted at the inn, than this pseudo-enthusiast proposed to visit the great church, in which he had been informed some of his master's pieces were to be seen; and was remarkably chagrined, when he understood that he could not be admitted till next day. He rose next morning, by day-break, and disturbed his fellow-travellers in such a noisy and clamorous manner, that Peregrine determined to punish him with some new infliction; and while he put on his cloaths, actually formed the plan of promoting a duel between him and the doctor; in the management of which, he promised himself store of entertainment, from the behaviour of both.

Being provided with one of those domesticks who are always in waiting to offer their services to strangers on their first arrival, they were conducted to the house of a gentleman who had an excellent collection of pictures; and though the greatest part of them were painted by his favourite artist, Pallet condemned them all, by the lump, because Pickle had told him before-hand, that there was not one performance of Rubens among the number.

The next place they visited, was what is called the academy of painting, furnished with a number of paltry pieces, in which our painter recognized the style of Peter Paul, with many expressions of admiration, on the same sort of previous intelligence.

From this repository they went to the great church; and being led to the tomb of Rubens, the whimsical painter fell upon his knees, and worshipped, with such appearance of devotion, that the attendant, scandalized at his superstition, pulled him up, observing, with great warmth, that the person buried in that place was so saint, but as great a sinner as himself; and that if he was spiritually disposed,

disposed, there was a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, at the distance of three yards on the right-hand, to which he might retire. He thought it was incumbent upon him to manifest some extraordinary inspiration, while he resided on the spot where Rubens was born; and therefore his whole behaviour was an affectation of rapture, expressed in distracted exclamations, convulsive starts, and uncouth gesticulations. In the midst of his frantick behaviour, he saw an old capuchin with a white beard mount the pulpit, and hold forth to the congregation with such violence of emphasis and gesture as captivated his fancy; and bawling aloud—'Zounds! what an excellent Paul preaching at Arhens!' he pulled a pencil and a small memorandum-book from his pocket, and began to take a sketch of the orator, with great eagerness and agitation, saying—'Egad! friend Raphael, we shall see whether you or I have got the best knack of trumping up an apostle.' This appearance of disrespect gave offence to the audience, which began to murmur against this heretic libertine; when one of the priests belonging to the choir, in order to prevent any ill consequence from their displeasure, came and told him in the French language, that such liberties were not permitted in their religion, and advised him to lay aside his implements, lest the people should take umbrage at his design, and be provoked to punish him as a profane scoffer at their worship.

The painter seeing himself addressed by a friar, who, while he spoke, bowed with great complaisance, imagined that he was a begging brother, come to supplicate his charity; and his attention being quite engrossed by the design he was making, he patted the priest's shaven crown with his hand, saying—'*Oter tams, oter tams*' and then resumed his pencil with great earnestness. The ecclesiastick perceiving that the stranger did not comprehend his meaning, pulled him by the sleeve, and explained himself in the Latin tongue: upon which Pallet, provoked at this intrusion, cursed him aloud for an impudent beggarly son of a whore; and taking out a shilling, flung it upon the pavement, with manifest signs of indignation.

Some of the common people, enraged to see their religion contemned, and their priests insulted at the very altar, rose from their seats; and surrounding the

astonished painter, one of the number snatched his book from his hand, and tore it into a thousand pieces. Frightened as he was, he could not help crying—'Fire and faggots! all my favourite ideas are gone to wreck!' and was in danger of being very roughly handled by the crowd, had not Peregrine stepped in, and assured them, that he was a poor unhappy gentleman, who laboured under a transport of the brain. Those who understood the French language communicated this information to the rest, so that he escaped without any other chastisement, than that of being obliged to retire. And as they could not see the famous descent from the cross till after the service was finished, they were conducted by their domestick to the house of a painter, where they found a beggar standing for his picture, and the artist actually employed in representing a huge louse that crawled upon his shoulder. Pallet was wonderfully pleased with this circumstance, which he said was altogether a new thought, and an excellent hint; of which he would make his advantage: and in the course of his survey of this Fleming's performances, perceiving a piece in which two flies were engaged upon the carcase of a dog half devoured, he ran to his brother brush, and swore he was worthy of being a fellow-citizen of the immortal Rubens. He then lamented, with many expressions of grief and resentment, that he had lost his common-place-book, in which he had preserved a thousand conceptions of the same sort, formed by the accidental objects of his senses and imagination; and took an opportunity of telling his fellow-travellers, that in execution he had equalled, if not excelled, the two ancient painters who vied with each other in the representation of a turban and a bunch of grapes; for he had exhibited the image of a certain object so like to nature, that the bare sight of it set a whole hog-stye in an uproar.

When he had examined and applauded all the productions of this minute artist, they returned to the great church, and were entertained with the view of that celebrated master-piece of Rubens, in which he has introduced the portraits of himself and his whole family. The doors that conceal this capital performance were no sooner unfolded, than our enthusiast debarred the use of speech, by a previous covenant with his friend

Pickle,

Pickle, lifted up his hands and eyes, and putting himself in the attitude of Hamlet, when his father's ghost appears, adored in silent extasy and awe. He even made a merit of necessity, and when they had withdrawn from the place, protested that his whole faculties were swallowed up in love and admiration. He now professed himself more than ever enamoured of the Flemish school, raved in extravagant encomiums, and proposed that the whole company should pay homage to the memory of the divine Rubens, by repairing forthwith to the house in which he lived, and prostrating themselves on the floor of his painting-room.

As there was nothing remarkable in the tenement, which had been rebuilt more than once since the death of that great man, Peregrine excused himself from complying with the proposal, on pretence of being fatigued with the circuit they had already performed. Jolter declined it for the same reason; and the question being put to the doctor, he refused his company with an air of disdain. Pallet, piqued at his contemptuous manner, asked if he would not go and see the habitation of *Pindoor*, provided he was in the city where that poet lived; and when the physician observed that there was an infinite difference between the men—"That I'll allow," replied the painter, "for the devil a poet ever lived in Greece or Troy, that was worthy to clean the pencils of our beloved Rubens." The physician could not with any degree of temper and forbearance hear this outrageous blasphemy, for which, he said, Pallet's eyes ought to be picked out by owls; and the dispute arose, as usual, to such scurrilities of language and indecency of behaviour, that passengers began to take notice of their animosity, and Peregrine was obliged to interpose for his own credit.

CH A P. XXIX.

PEREGRINE ARTFULLY FOMENTS A QUARREL BETWEEN PALLET AND THE PHYSICIAN, WHO FIGHT A DUEL ON THE RAM-
PARTS.

THE painter betook himself to the house of the Flemish Raphael, and the rest of the company went back to

their lodgings; where the young gentleman, taking the advantage of being alone with the physician, recapitulated all the affronts he had sustained from the painter's petulance, aggravating every circumstance of the disgrace, and advising him, in the capacity of a friend, to take care of his honour, which could not fail to suffer in the opinion of the world, if he allowed himself to be insulted with impunity, by one so much his inferior in every degree of consideration.

The physician assured him, that Pallet had hitherto escaped chastisement, by being deemed an object unworthy his resentment, and in consideration of the wretch's family, for which his compassion was interested; but that repeated injuries would inflame the most benevolent disposition: and although he could find no precedent of duelling among the Greeks and Romans, whom he considered as the patterns of demerour, Pallet should no longer avail himself of his veneration for the ancients, but be punished for the very next offence he should commit.

Having thus spirited up the doctor to a resolution from which he could not decently swerve, our adventurer acted the incendiary with the other party also; giving him to understand, that the physician treated his character with such contempt, and behaved to him with such insolence, as no gentleman ought to bear: that for his own part, he was every day put out of countenance by their mutual animosity, which appeared in nothing but vulgar expressions, more becoming shoe-boys and oyster-women than men of honour and education; and therefore he should be obliged, contrary to his inclination, to break off all correspondence with them both, if they would not fall upon some method to retrieve the dignity of their characters.

These representations would have had little effect upon the timidity of the painter, who was likewise too much of a Grecian to approve of single combat in any other way than that of boxing, as exercise in which he was well skilled, had not they been accompanied with an insinuation, that his antagonist was no Hector, and that he might humble him into any concession, without running the least personal risk. Animated by this assurance, our second Rubens let the trumpet of defiance to his mouth; and

swore

swore he valued not his life a rush, when his honour was concerned; and intreated Mr. Pickle to be the bearer of a challenge, which he would instantly commit to writing.

The mischievous fomentor highly applauded this manifestation of courage, by which he was at liberty to cultivate his friendship and society; but declined the office of carrying the billet, that his tenderness of Pallet's reputation might not be misrepresented into an officious desire of promoting quarrels. At the same time he recommended Tom Pipes, not only as a very proper messenger on this occasion; but also as a trusty second in the field. The magnanimous painter took his advice; and retiring to his chamber, penned a challenge in these terms.

‘SIR,

‘WHEN I am heartily provoked, I fear not the devil himself; much less—I will not call you a pedantick coxcomb, nor an unmannerly fellow, because these are the hippythers of the vulgar: but, remember, such as you are, I nyther love you nor fear you; but on the contrary, expect satisfaction for your audacious behaviour to me on divers occasions; and will, this evening, in the twilight, meet you on the ramparts with sword and pistol, where the Lord have mercy on the soul of one of us; for your body shall find no favour with your incensed desfer, till death,

‘LAYMAN PALLET.’

This resolute defiance, after having been submitted to the perusal, and honoured with the approbation of our youth, was committed to the charge of Pipes; who according to his orders, delivered it in the afternoon; and brought for answer, that the physician would attend him at the appointed time and place.

The challenger was evidently discomposed at the unexpected news of this acceptance, and ran about the house in great disorder, in quest of Peregrine, to beg his farther advice and assistance; but understanding that the youth was engaged in private with his adversary, he began to suspect some collusion, and cursed himself for his folly and precipitation. He even entertained some thoughts

of retracting his invitation, and submitting to the triumph of his antagonist: but before he would stoop to this opprobrious condescension, he resolved to try another expedient, which might be the means of saving both his character and person. In this hope he visited Mr. Jolter, and very gravely desired he would be so good as to undertake the office of his second, in a duel which he was to fight that evening with the physician.

The governor, instead of answering his expectation, in expressing fear and concern, and breaking forth into exclamations of—‘Good God! gentlemen, what d’ye mean? You shall not murder one another while it is in my power to prevent your purpose. I will go directly to the governor of the place, who shall interpose his authority.’ I say, instead of these and other friendly menaces of prevention, Jolter heard the proposal with the most phlegmatick tranquillity, and excused himself from accepting the honour he intended for him, on account of his character and situation, which would not permit him to be concerned in any such encounters. Indeed, this mortifying reception was owing to a previous hint from Peregrine; who, dreading some sort of interruption from his governor, had made him acquainted with his design, and assured him, that the affair should not be brought to any dangerous issue.

Thus disappointed, the dejected challenger was overwhelmed with perplexity and dismay; and in the terrors of death or mutilation, resolved to deprecate the wrath of his enemy, and conform to any submission he should propose; when he was accidentally encountered by our adventurer, who with demonstrations of infinite satisfaction, told him in confidence, that his billet had thrown the doctor into an agony of consternation; that the acceptance of his challenge was a mere effort of despair, calculated to confound the ferocity of the sender, and dispose him to listen to terms of accommodation; that he had imparted the letter to him with fear and trembling, on pretence of engaging him as a second, but in reality, with a view of obtaining his good offices in promoting a reconciliation: ‘But, perceiving the situation of his mind, added our hero, I thought it would be more for your honour to baffle his expectation, and therefore

‘therefore I readily undertook the task of attending him to the field, in full assurance, that he will there humble himself before you, even to prostration. In this security, you may go and prepare your arms, and bespeak the assistance of Pipes, who will squire you in the field, while I keep myself up, that our correspondence may not be suspected by the physician.’ Pallet’s spirits, that were sunk to dejection, rose at this encouragement to all the insolence of triumph; he again declared his contempt of danger, and his pistols being loaded and accommodated with new flints by his trusty armour-bearer, waited, without flinching, for the hour of battle.

On the first approach of twilight, somebody knocked at his door, and Pipes having opened it at his desire, he heard the voice of his antagonist pronounce—‘Tell Mr. Pallet, that I am going to the place of appointment.’ The painter was not a little surprized at this anticipation, which so ill agreed with the information he had received from Pickle; and his concern beginning to recur, he fortified himself with a large bumper of brandy, which, however, did not overcome the anxiety of his thoughts. Nevertheless, he set out on the expedition with his second, betwixt whom and himself the following dialogue passed in their way to the ramparts. ‘Mr. Pipes,’ said the painter, with disordered accent, ‘methinks the Doctor was in a pestilent hurry with that message of his.’—‘Ey, ey,’ answered Tom, ‘I do suppose he longs to be foul of you.’—‘What!’ replied the other, ‘d’ye think he thirsts after my blood?’—‘To be sure he does,’ said Pipes, thrusting a large quid of tobacco in his cheek, with great deliberation. ‘If that be the case,’ cried Pallet, beginning to shake, ‘he is no better than a cannibal, and no Christian ought to fight on an equal footing.’ Tom observing his emotion, eyed him with a frown of indignation, saying, ‘You an’t afraid, are you?’—‘God forbid!’ replied the challenger, flaming with fear. ‘What should I be afraid of? The worst he can do is to take my life, and then he’ll be answerable both to God and man for the murder: don’t you think he will?’—‘I think no such matter,’ answered the second; ‘if so be as how he puts a brace

of bullets through your bows, and kills you fairly, it is no more matter than if I was to bring down a noddy from the main top-sail yard.’ By this time Pallet’s teeth chattered with such violence, that he could scarce pronounce this reply—‘Mr. Thomas, you seem to make very light of a man’s life; but I trust in the Almighty, I shall not so easily be brought down. Sure many a man has fought a duel, without losing his life! Do you imagine that I run such hazard of falling by the hand of my adversary?’—‘You may, or may not,’ said the unconcerned Pipes, ‘just as it happens.’—‘What then? Death is a debt that every man owes, according to the song; and if you set foot to foot, I think one of you must go to pot.’—‘Foot to foot!’ exclaimed the terrified painter, ‘that’s downright butchery; and I’ll be damn’d before I fight any man on earth in a such a barbarous way. What! d’ye take me to be a savage beast?’ This declaration he made while they ascended the ramparts. His attendant perceiving the physician and his second at the distance of an hundred paces before them, gave him notice of their appearance, and advised him to make ready and behave like a man. Pallet in vain endeavoured to conceal his panic, which discovered itself in an universal trepidation of body; and the lamentable tone in which he answered this exhortation of Pipes, saying—‘I do behave like a man; but you would have me act the part of a brute. Are they coming this way?’ When Tom told them that they had faced about, and admonished him to advance, the nerves of his arm refused their office, he could not hold out his pistol, and instead of going forward, retreated with an insensibility of motion; till Pipes, placing himself in the rear, set his own back to that of his principal, and swore he should not budge an inch farther in that direction.

While the valet thus tutored the painter, his master enjoyed the terrors of the physician, which were more ridiculous than those of Pallet, because he was intent upon disguising them. His declaration to Pickle in the morning, would not suffer him to start any objections when he received the challenger, and finding that the young gentleman made no offer of mediating the affair, but

but rather congratulated him on the occasion, when he communicated the painter's billet, all his efforts consisted in oblique hints and general reflections upon the absurdity of duelling, which was first introduced among civilized nations by the barbarous Huns and Longobards. He likewise pretended to ridicule the use of fire-arms, which confounded all the distinctions of skill and address, and deprived a combatant of the opportunity of signalizing his personal prowess.

Pickle assented to the justness of his observations; but at the same time represented the necessity of complying with the customs of the world, (ridiculous as they were) on which a man's honour and reputation depend. So that, seeing no hopes of profiting by that artifice, the republican's agitation became more and more remarkable; and he proposed in plain terms, that they should contend in armour, like the combatants of ancient days; for it was but reasonable, that they should practise the manner of fighting, since they adopted the disposition of those iron times.

Nothing could have afforded more diversion to our hero, than the sight of two such duellists cased in iron; and he wished that he had promoted the quarrel in Brussels, where he could have hired the armour of Charles the Fifth, and the valiant Duke of Parma, for their accommodation: but as there was no possibility of furnishing them cap-a-pee at Antwerp, he persuaded him to conform to the modern use of the sword, and meet the painter on his own terms; and suspecting that his fear would supply him with other excuses for declining the combat, he comforted him with some distant insinuations, to the prejudice of his adversary's courage, which would in all probability evaporate before any mischief could happen.

Notwithstanding this encouragement, he could not suppress the reluctance with which he went to the field, and cast many a wistful look over his left shoulder, to see whether or not his adversary was at his heels. When by the advice of his second, he took possession of the ground, and turned about with his face to the enemy, it was not so dark, but that Peregrine could perceive the unusual paleness of his countenance, and the sweat standing in large drops upon his forehead; nay, there was a mani-

fest disorder in his speech, when he regretted his want of the Pila and Parma, with which he would have made a rattling noise, to astonish his foe, in springing forward, and singing the hymn to battle, in the manner of the ancients.

In the mean time, observing the hesitation of his antagonist, who, far from advancing, seemed to recoil, and even struggle with his second, he guessed the situation of the painter's thoughts; and collecting all the manhood that he possessed, seized the opportunity of profiting by his enemy's consternation. Striking his sword and pistol together, he advanced in a sort of trot, raising a loud howl, in which he repeated, in lieu of the Spartan song, part of the strophe from one of Pindar's Pythia, beginning with *Ek theon gor makanaï pasai Broteis aretais*, &c. This imitation of the Greeks had all the desired effect upon the painter, who seeing the physician running towards him like a fury, with a pistol in his right-hand, which was extended, and hearing the dreadful yell he uttered, and the outlandish words he pronounced, was seized with an universal palsy of his limbs. He would have dropped down upon the ground, had not Pipes supported and encouraged him to stand upon his defence. The doctor, contrary to his expectation, finding that he had not flinched from the spot, though he had now performed one half of his career, put in practice his last effort, by firing his pistol; the noise of which no sooner reached the ears of the affrighted painter, than he recommended his soul to God, and roared for mercy with great vociferation.

The republican, overjoyed at this exclamation, commanded him to yield, and surrender his arms, on pain of immediate death; upon which he threw away his pistols and sword, in spite of all the admonitions and even threats of his second, who left him to his fate, and went up to his master, stopping his nose with signs of loathing and abhorrence.

The victor having won the *Spolia Opima*, granted him his life on condition, that he would on his knees supplicate his pardon, acknowledge himself inferior to his conqueror in every virtue and qualification, and promise for the future to merit his favour by submission and respect. These insolent terms were readily embraced by the unfortunate

fortunate challenger; who fairly owned, that he was not at all calculated for the purposes of war; and that henceforth he would contend with no weapon but his pencil. He begged with great humility, that Mr. Pickle would not think the worse of his morals for this defect of courage, which was a natural infirmity inherited from his father, and suspend his opinion of his talents, until he should have an opportunity of contemplating the charms of his Cleopatra, which would be finished in less than three months.

Our hero observed, with an affected air of displeasure, that no man could be justly condemned for being subject to the impressions of fear; and therefore his cowardice might easily be forgiven: but there was something so presumptuous, dishonest, and disingenuous, in arrogating a quality to which he knew he had not the smallest pretension, that he could not forget his misbehaviour all at once, though he would condescend to communicate with him as formerly, in hopes of seeing a reformation in his conduct. Pallet protested, that there was no dissimulation in the case; for he was ignorant of his own weakness, until his resolution was put to the trial: he faithfully promised to demean himself, during the remaining part of the tour, with that conscious modesty and penitence which became a person in his condition; and, for the present, implored the assistance of Mr. Pipes, in disembarassing him from the disagreeable consequence of his fear.

CHAP. XXX.

THE DOCTOR EXULTS IN HIS VICTORY. THEY SET OUT FOR ROTTERDAM, WHERE THEY ARE ENTERTAINED BY TWO DUTCH GENTLEMEN IN A YACHT, WHICH IS OVERTURNED IN THE MAEZE, TO THE MANIFEST HAZARD OF THE PAINTER'S LIFE. THEY SPEND THE EVENING WITH THEIR ENTERTAINERS, AND NEXT DAY VISIT A CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

TOM was accordingly ordered to minister to his occasions; and the conqueror, elated with his success, which he in a great measure attributed to his

manner of attack, and the hymn which he howled, told Peregrine, that he was now convinced of the truth of what Pindar sung in these words, *Ofsa de mu phileke Zeus, atuzontai Boan Pieriden aionta*; for he had no sooner begun to repeat the mellifluous strains of that divine poet, than the wretch his antagonist was confounded, and his nerves unstrung.

On their return to the inn, he expatiated on the prudence and tranquillity of his own behaviour, and ascribed the consternation of Pallet to the remembrance of some crime that lay heavy upon his conscience: for, in his opinion, a man of virtue and common sense could not possibly be afraid of death, which is not only the peaceful harbour that receives him, shattered on the tempestuous sea of life, but also the eternal seal of his fame and glory, which it is no longer in his power to forfeit and forego. He lamented his fate, in being doomed to live in such degenerate days, when war is become a mercenary trade; and ardently wished, that the day would come, when he should have such an opportunity of signalizing his courage in the cause of liberty, as that of Marathon, where an handful of Athenians, fighting for their freedom, defeated the whole strength of the Persian empire. 'Would to Heaven!' said he, 'my muse were blessed with an occasion to emulate that glorious testimony on the trophy in Cyprus, erected by Cimon, for two great victories gained on the same day over the Persians by sea and land; in which it is very remarkable, that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions.' He then repeated it with all the pomp of declamation, and signified his hope, that the French would one day invade us with such an army as that which Xerxes led into Greece, that it might be in his power to devote himself, like Leonidas, to the freedom of his country.

This memorable combat being thus determined, and every thing that was remarkable in Antwerp surveyed, they sent their baggage down the Scheldt to Rotterdam, and set out for the same place in a post-waggon, which that same evening brought them in safety to the banks of the Maere. They put up at an Eng-

his house of entertainment, remarkable for the modesty and moderation of the landlord; and next morning the doctor went in person, to deliver letters of recommendation to two Dutch gentlemen, from one of his acquaintance at Paris. Neither of them happened to be at home when he called; so that he left a message at their lodgings; with his address; and in the afternoon they waited upon the company, and after many hospitable professions, one of the two invited them to spend the evening at his house.

Meanwhile they had provided a pleasure-yacht, in which they proposed to treat them with an excursion upon the Maeze. This being almost the only diversion that place affords, our young gentleman relished the proposal; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Jolter, who declined the voyage on account of the roughness of the weather, they went on board without hesitation, and found a collation prepared in the cabin. While they tacked to and fro in the river, under the impulse of a mackarel breeze, the physician expressed his satisfaction, and Pallet was ravished with the entertainment. But the wind increasing, to the unspeakable joy of the Dutchmen, who had now an opportunity of shewing their dexterity in the management of the vessel, the guests found it inconvenient to stand upon deck, and impossible to sit below, on account of the clouds of tobacco smoke which rolled from the pipes of their entertainers, in such volumes as annoyed them even to the hazard of suffocation. This fumigation, together with the extraordinary motion of the ship, began to affect the head and stomach of the painter, who begged earnestly to be set on shore: but the Dutch gentlemen, who had no idea of his sufferings, insisted, with surprizing obstinacy of regard, upon his staying until he should see an instance of the skill of their mariners; and bringing him on deck, commanded the men to carry the vessel's lee gun-wale under water. This nicety of navigation they instantly performed, to the admiration of Pickle, the discomposure of the doctor, and terror of Pallet, who blessed himself from the courtesy of a Dutchman, and prayed to Heaven for his deliverance.

While the Hollanders enjoyed the reputation of this feat, and the distress of the painter at the same time, the yacht was overtaken by a sudden squall, that

overset her in a moment, and flung every man overboard into the Maeze, before they could have the least warning of their fate, much less, time to provide against the accident. Peregrine, who was an expert swimmer, reached the shore in safety; the physician, in the agonies of despair, laid fast hold on the trunk-breeches of one of the men, who dragged him to the other side; the entertainers landed at the bomb-keys, smoking their pipes all the way with great deliberation; and the poor painter must have gone to the bottom, had not he been encountered by the cable of a ship, that lay at anchor near the scene of their disaster. Though his senses had forsaken him, his hands fastened by instinct on this providential occurrence, which he held with such a convulsive grasp, that when a boat was sent out to bring him on shore, it was with the utmost difficulty that his fingers were disengaged. He was carried into a house, deprived of the use of speech, and bereft of all sensation; and being suspended by the heels, a vast quantity of water ran out of his mouth. This evacuation being made, he began to utter dreadful groans, which gradually increased to a continued roar; and after he had regained the use of his senses, he underwent a delirium that lasted several hours. As for the treaters, they never dreamed of expressing the least concern to Pickle or the physician for what had happened, because it was an accident so common as to pass without notice.

Leaving the care of the vessel to the seamen, the company retired to their respective lodgings, in order to shift their cloaths; and in the evening our travellers were conducted to the house of their new friend; who, with a view of making his invitation the more agreeable, had assembled to the number of twenty or thirty Englishmen, of all ranks and degrees, from the merchant to the perwig-maker's apprentice.

In the midst of this congregation stood a chafing-dish with live coals, for the convenience of lighting their pipes, and every individual was accommodated with a spitting-box. There was not a mouth in the apartment unfurnished with a tube, so that they resembled a convocation of chimeras breathing fire and smok; and our gentlemen were fain to imitate their example in their own defence. It is not to be supposed that the conversation was

either very sprightly or polite; the whole entertainment was of the Dutch cast, frowzy and phlegmatick: and our adventurer, as he returned to his lodging, tortured with the head-ach, and disgusted with every circumstance of his treatment, cursed the hour in which the doctor had saddled them with such troublesome companions.

Next morning by eight o'clock these polite Hollanders returned the visit, and after breakfast, attended their English friends to the house of a person that possessed a very curious cabinet of curiosities, to which they had secured our company's admission. The owner of this collection was a cheesemonger, who received them in a wollen night-cap, with straps buttoned under his chin. As he understood no language but his own, he told them, by the canal of one of their conductors, that he did not make a practice of shewing his curiosities; but understanding that they were Englishmen, and recommended to his friends, he was content to submit them to their perusal. So saying, he led them them up a dark stair-case, into a small room, decorated with a few paltry figures in plaister of Paris, two or three miserable landscapes, the skins of an otter, seal, and some fishes stuffed; and in one corner stood a glass-case, furnished with newts, frogs, lizards, and serpents, preserved in spirits; a human foetus, a calf with two heads, and about two dozen of butterflies pinned upon paper.

The virtuoso having exhibited these particulars, eyed the strangers with a look soliciting admiration and applause; and as he could not perceive any symptom of either in their gestures or countenances, withdrew a curtain, and displayed a waincot chest of drawers, in which he gave them to understand was something that would agreeably amuse the imagination. Our travellers, regaled with this notice, imagined that they would be entertained with the sight of some curious medals, or other productions of antiquity; but how were they disappointed, when they saw nothing but a variety of shells, disposed in whimsical figures, in each drawer. After he had detained them full two hours with a tedious commentary upon the shape, size, and colour of each department, he, with a supercilious smiler, desired that the English gentlemen would frankly and candidly declare whether his cabinet, or

that of Mynheer Sloane, at London, was the most valuable. When this request was signified in English to the company, the painter instantly exclaimed, 'By the Lord! they are not to be named of a day. And as for that matter, I would not give one corner of Saltero's coffee-house, at Chelsea, for all the trash he hath shewn.' Peregrine, unwilling to mortify any person who had done his endeavour to please him, observed, that what he had seen was very curious and entertaining; but that no private collection in Europe was equal to that of Sir Hans Sloane, which, exclusive of presents, had cost an hundred thousand pounds. The two conductors were confounded at this asseveration, which being communicated to the cheesemonger, he shook his head with a significant grin; and though he did not chuse to express his incredulity in words, gave our hero to understand, that he did not much depend upon his veracity.

From the house of this Dutch naturalist, they were dragged all round the city, by the painful civility of their attendants, who did not quit them till the evening was well advanced, and then not till after they had promised to be with them before ten o'clock next day, in order to conduct them to a country-house, situated in a pleasant village on the other side of the river.

Pickle was already so much fatigued with their hospitality, that, for the first time of his life, he suffered a dejection of spirits; and resolved, at any rate, to avoid the threatened persecution of tomorrow. With this view he ordered his servants to pack up some cloaths and linen in a portmanteau; and in the morning embarked with his governor, in the treck skuyt, for the Hague, whether he pretended to be called by some urgent occasion, leaving his fellow-travellers to make his apology to their friends; and assuring them, that he would not proceed for Amsterdam without their society. He arrived at the Hague in the forenoon, and dined at an ordinary frequented by officers and people of fashion; where being informed, that the princess would see company in the evening, he dressed himself in a rich suit of the Parisian cut, and went to court without any introduction. A person of his appearance could not fail to attract the notice of such a small circle. The prince himself, understand-

ing

ing he was an Englishman and a stranger, went up to him without ceremony, and having welcomed him to the place, conversed with him for some minutes on the common topics of discourse.

C H A P. XXXI.

THEY PROCEED TO THE HAGUE; FROM WHENCE THEY DEPART FOR AMSTERDAM, WHERE THEY SEE A DUTCH TRAGEDY. VISIT THE MUSICK-HOUSE, IN WHICH PEREGRINE QUARRELS WITH THE CAPTAIN OF A MAN OF WAR. THEY PASS THROUGH HAARLEM, IN THEIR WAY TO LEYDEN. RETURN TO ROTTERDAM, WHERE THE COMPANY SEPARATES, AND OUR HERO, WITH HIS ATTENDANTS, ARRIVES IN SAFETY AT HARWICH.

BEING joined by their fellow-travellers, in the morning, they made a tour to all the remarkable places in this celebrated village; saw the foundery, the Stadthouse, the Spinhuis, Vauxhall, and Count Bentinck's gardens, and in the evening went to the French comedy, which was directed by a noted harlequin, who had found means to flatter the Dutch taste so effectually, that they extolled him as the greatest actor that ever appeared in the province of Holland. This famous company did not represent regular theatrical pieces, but only a sort of impromptu, in which this noted player always performed the greatest part of the entertainment. Among other sallies of wit that escaped him, there was one circumstance so remarkably adapted to the disposition and genius of his audience, that it were pity to pass it over in silence. A windmill being exhibited on the scene, harlequin, after having surveyed it with curiosity and admiration, asks of one of the millers the use of that machine; and being told, that it was a windmill, observes with some concern, that as there was not the least breath of wind, he could not have the pleasure of seeing it turn round. Urged by this consideration, he puts himself into the attitude of a person wrapped in profound meditation; and having continued a few seconds in this posture, runs to the miller with great eagerness and joy, and

telling him that he had found an expedient to make his mill work, very fairly unbuttons his breeches; then presenting his posteriors to the sails of the machine, certain explosions are immediately heard, and the arms of the mill begin to turn round, to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators, who approve the joke with loud peals of applause.

Our travellers staid a few days at the Hague, during which the young gentleman waited on the British ambassador, to whom he was recommended by his excellency at Paris, and lost about thirty guineas at billiards to a French adventurer, who decoyed him into the snare by keeping up his game. Then they departed in a post-waggon for Amsterdam, being provided with letters of introduction to an English merchant residing in that city, under whose auspices they visited every thing worth seeing, and among other excursions went to see a Dutch tragedy acted; an entertainment which, of all others, had the strangest effect upon the organs of our hero; the dress of their chief personages was so antick, their manner so awkwardly absurd, and their language so ridiculously unfit for conveying the sentiments of love and honour, that Peregrine's nerves were diuretically affected with the complicated absurdity, and he was compelled to withdraw twenty times before the catastrophe of the piece.

The subject of this performance was the famous story of Scipio's continence and virtue, in restoring the fair captive to her lover. The young Roman hero was represented by a broad-faced Batavian, in a burgo-master's gown, and a fur-cap, sitting smoking his pipe at a table furnished with a cann of beer, a drinking-glass, and a plate of tobacco: the lady was such a person as Scipio might very well be supposed to give away, without any great effort of generosity; and indeed the Celtiberian prince seemed to be of that opinion; for, upon receiving her from the hand of the victor, he discovered none of those transports of gratitude and joy which Livy describes in recounting this event. The Dutch Scipio, however, was complainant enough in his way; for he desired her to sit at his right-hand, by the appellation of *Ya frau*, and with his own fingers filling a clean pipe, presented it to Mynheer Allucio the lover. The rest of the economy of the piece was in the same

same taste; which was so agreeable to the audience, that they seemed to have shaken off their natural phlegm, in order to applaud the performance.

From the play our company adjourned to the house of their friend, where they spent the evening; and the conversation turning upon poetry, a Dutchman who was present, and understood the English language, having listened very attentively to the discourse, lifted up with both hands the greatest part of a Cheshire-cheese that lay upon the table, saying, 'I do know vat is boetrie. Mine brotre be a great boet, and ave wrought a book as dick as all dat.' Pickle, diverted with this method of estimating an author according to the quantity of his works, enquired about the subjects of this bard's writings; but of these his brother could give no account, or other information, but that there was little market for the commodity, which hung heavy upon his hands, and induced him to wish he had applied himself to another trade.

The only remarkable scene in Amsterdam, which our company had not seen, was the Spuyl, or musick-houses, which, by the connivance of the magistrates, are maintained for the recreation of those who might attempt the chastity of creditable women, if they were not provided with such conveniences. To one of these night-houses did our travellers repair, under the conduct of the English merchant, and were introduced into such another place as the ever memorable coffee-house of Moll King; with this difference, that the company here were not so riotous as the Bucks of Covent-Garden, but formed themselves into a circle, within which some of the number danced to the musick of a scurvy organ, and a few other instruments, that uttered tunes very suitable to the disposition of the hearers, while the whole apartment was shrouded with clouds of smoke impervious to the view. When our gentlemen entered, the floor was occupied by two females and their gallants, who, in the performance of their exercise, lifted their legs like so many oxen at plough; and the pipe of one of those hoppers happening to be exhausted, in the midst of his saraband, he very deliberately drew forth his tobacco-box, filling and lighting it again, without any interruption to the dance. Peregrine being unchecked by the pre-

sence of his governor, who was too tender of his own reputation to attend them in this expedition, made up to a sprightly French girl that sat in seeming expectation of a customer, and prevailing upon her to be his partner, led her into the circle, and, in his turn, took the opportunity of dancing a minuet, to the admiration of all present. He intended to have exhibited another specimen of his ability in this art, when a captain of a Dutch man of war chancing to come in, and seeing a stranger engaged with the lady whom, it seems, he had bespoke for his bed-fellow, he advanced, without any ceremony, and seizing her by the arm, pulled her to the other side of the room. Our adventurer, who was not a man to put up with such a brutal affront, followed the ravisher with indignation in his eyes; and pushing him on one side, retook the subject of their contest, and led her back to the place from whence she had been dragged. The Dutchman, enraged at the youth's presumption, obeyed the first dictates of his choler, and lent his rival a hearty box on the ear; which was immediately repaid with interest, before our hero could recollect himself sufficiently to lay his hand upon his sword, and beckon the aggressor to the door.

Notwithstanding the confusion and disorder which this affair produced in the room, and the endeavours of Pickle's company, who interposed, in order to prevent bloodshed, the antagonists reached the street; and Peregrine drawing, was surprized to see the captain advance against him with a long knife, which he preferred to the sword that hung by his side. The youth, confounded at this preposterous behaviour, desired him, in the French tongue, to lay aside that vulgar implement, and approach like a gentleman: but the Hollander, who neither understood the proposal, nor would have complied with his demand had he been made acquainted with his meaning, rushed forward like a desperado, before his adversary could put himself on his guard; and if the young gentleman had not been endued with surprizing agility, his nose would have fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the assailant. Finding himself in such imminent jeopardy, he leaped to one side, and the Dutchman passing him, in the force of his career, he with one nimble kick made such application to his enemy's heels, that he flew like lightning

ing into the canal, where he had almost perished by pitching upon one of the posts with which it was faced.

Peregrine having performed this exploit, did not stay for the captain's coming on shore, but retreated with all dispatch, by the advice of his conductor; and next day embarked, with his companions, in the *Skuyt*, for Haarlem; where they dined, and in the evening arrived at the ancient city of Leyden; where they met with some English students, who treated them with great hospitality. Not but that the harmony of the conversation was that same night interrupted by a dispute that arose between one of those young gentleman and the physician, about the cold and hot methods of prescription in the gout and rheumatism; and proceeded to such a degree of mutual reviling, that Pickle, ashamed and incensed at his fellow-traveller's want of urbanity, espoused the other's cause, and openly rebuked him for his unmannerly petulance, which (he said) rendered him unfit for the purposes, and unworthy of the benefit of society. This unexpected declaration overwhelmed the doctor with amazement and confusion; he was instantaneously deprived of his speech, and during the remaining part of the *partie*, sat in silent mortification. In all probability he deliberated with himself, whether or not he should expostulate with the young gentleman on the freedom he had taken with his character in a company of strangers; but as he knew he had not a Pallet to deal with, he very prudently suppressed that suggestion, and in secret chewed the cud of resentment.

After they had visited the physick garden, the university, the anatomical hall, and every other thing that was recommended to their view, they returned to Rotterdam, and held a consultation upon the method of transporting themselves to England. The doctor, whose grudge against Peregrine was rather inflamed than allayed by our hero's indifference and neglect, had tampered with the simplicity of the painter, who was proud of his advances towards a perfect reconciliation; and now took the opportunity of parting with our adventurer, by declaring that he and his friend Mr. Pallet were resolved to take their passage in a trading sloop, after he had heard Peregrine object against that tedious, disagreeable, and uncertain me-

thod of conveyance. Pickle immediately saw his intention; and, without using the least argument to dissuade them from their design, or expressing the smallest degree of concern at their separation, very coolly wished them a prosperous voyage, and ordered his baggage to be sent to Helvoetsluys. There he himself, and his retinue, went on board of the packet next day, and, by the favour of a fair wind, in eighteen hours arrived at Harwich.

C H A P. XXXII.

PEREGRINE DELIVERS HIS LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION AT LONDON, AND RETURNS TO THE GARRISON, TO THE UNSPEAKABLE JOY OF THE COMMODORE AND HIS WHOLE FAMILY.

NOW that our hero found himself on English ground, his heart dilated with the proud recollection of his own improvement since he left his native soil. He began to recognize the interesting ideas of his tender years; he enjoyed, by anticipation, the pleasure of seeing his friends in the garrison, after an absence of eighteen months; and the image of his charming Emily, which other less worthy considerations had depressed, resumed the full possession of his breast. He remembered, with shame, that he had neglected the correspondence with her brother, which he himself had solicited, and in consequence of which he had received a letter from that young gentleman while he lived at Paris. In spite of these conscientious reflections, he was too self-sufficient to think he should find any difficulty in obtaining forgiveness for such sins of omission; and began to imagine, that his passion would be prejudicial to the dignity of his situation, if it could not be gratified upon terms which formerly his imagination durst not conceive.

Sorry I am, that the task I have undertaken, lays me under the necessity of divulging this degeneracy in the sentiments of our imperious youth, who was now in the heyday of his blood, flushed with the consciousness of his own qualifications, vain of his fortune, and elated on the wings of imaginary expectation. Though he was deeply enamoured of Miss Gauntlet, he was far from proposing

posing her heart as the ultimate aim of his gallantry, which (he did not doubt) would triumph over the most illustrious females of the land, and at once regale his appetite and ambition.

Meanwhile, being willing to make his appearance at the garrison equally surprising and agreeable, he cautioned Mr. Jolter against writing to the commodore; who had not heard of them since their departure from Paris, and hired a post-chaise and horses for London. The governor going out to give orders about the carriage, inadvertently left a paper book open upon the table; and his pupil casting his eyes upon the page, chanced to read these words. 'Sept. 15. Arrived in safety, by the blessing of God, in this unhappy kingdom of England. And thus concludes the journal of my last peregrination.' Peregrine's curiosity being inflamed by this extraordinary conclusion, he turned to the beginning, and perused several sheets of a diary, such as is commonly kept by that class of people known by the denomination of travelling governors, for the satisfaction of themselves and the parents or guardians of their pupils, and for the edification and entertainment of their friends.

That the reader may have a clear idea of Mr. Jolter's performance, we shall transcribe the transactions of one day, as he had recorded them; and that abstract will be a sufficient specimen of the whole plan and execution of the work.

'May 3. At eight o'clock set out from Boulogne in a post-chaise: the morning hazy and cold. Fortified my stomach with a cordial. Recommended ditto to Mr. P. as an antidote against the fog. Mem. He refused it. The hither horse greased in the off-pastern of the hind-leg. Arrive at Samers. Mem. This last was a post and a half, i. e. three leagues, or nine English miles. The day clears up. A fine champaign country, well stored with corn. The postilion says his prayers in passing by a wooden crucifix upon the road. Mem. The horses staled in a small brook that runs in a bottom betwixt two hills. Arrive at Cormont. A common post. A dispute with my pupil, who is obstinate, and swayed by an unlucky prejudice. Proceed to Montreuil, where we dine on choice pigeons. A very moderate charge. No chamber-pot in the room,

owing to the negligence of the maid. This is an ordinary post. Set out again for Nampont. Troubled with flatulencies and indigestion. Mr. P. is fullen, and seems to mistake an eructation for the breaking of wind backwards. From Nampont depart for Bernay, at which place we arrive in the evening, and propose to stay all night. N. B. The two last are double posts, and our cattle very willing, though not strong. Sup on a delicate ragout and excellent partridges, in company with Mr. H. and his spouse. Mem. the said H. trod upon my corn by mistake. Discharge the bill, which is not very reasonable. Dispute with Mr. P. about giving money to the servant: he insists upon my giving a twenty-four sol piece; which is too much by two thirds, in all conscience. N. B. She was a pert baggage, and did not deserve a liard.'

Our hero was so much disoblged with certain circumstances of this amusing and instructing journal, that, by way of punishing the author, he interlined these words betwixt two paragraphs, in a manner that exactly resembled the tutor's hand-writing; 'Mem. Had the pleasure of drinking myself into a sweet intoxication, by toasting our lawful king, and his royal family, among some worthy English fathers of the society of Jesus.'

Having taken this revenge, he set out for London, where he waited upon those noblemen to whom he had letters of recommendation from Paris; and was not only graciously received, but even loaded with caresses and proffers of service, because they understood he was a young gentleman of fortune, who, far from standing in need of their countenance or assistance, would make an useful and creditable addition to the number of their adherents. He had the honour of dining at their tables, in consequence of pressing invitations, and of spending several evenings with the ladies, to whom he was particularly agreeable, on account of his person, address, and bleeding freely at play.

Being thus initiated in the beau monde, he thought it was high time to pay his respects to his generous benefactor the commodore; and accordingly departed one morning, with his train, for the garrison, at which he arrived in safety the same night. When he entered the

gate, which was opened by a new servant that did not know him, he found his old friend Hatchway stalking in the yard, with a night-cap on his head, and a pipe in his mouth; and advancing to him, took him by the hand before he had any intimation of his approach. The lieutenant, thus saluted by a stranger, stared at him in silent astonishment, till he recollected his features, which were no sooner known; than dashing the pipe upon the pavement, he exclaimed, 'Smite my cross-trees! th'art welcome to port!' and hugged him in his arms with great affection. He then, by a cordial squeeze, expressed his satisfaction at seeing his old ship-mate Tom, who applying his whistle to his mouth, the whole castle echoed with his performance.

The servants hearing the well-known sound, poured out in a tumult of joy; and understanding that their young master was returned, raised such a peal of acclamation, as astonished the commodore and his lady, and inspired Julia with such an interesting presage, that her heart began to throb with violence. Running out in the hurry and perturbation of her hope, she was so much overwhelmed at sight of her brother, that she actually fainted in his arms. But from this trance she soon awaked; and Peregrine having testified his pleasure and affection, went up stairs, and presented himself before his godfather and aunt. Mrs. Trunnion rose and received him with a gracious embrace, blessing God for his happy return from a land of impiety and vice, in which she hoped his morals had not been corrupted, nor his principles of religion altered or impaired. The old gentleman being confined to his chair, was struck dumb with pleasure at his appearance; and having made divers ineffectual efforts to get up, at length discharged a volley of curses against his own limbs, and held out his hand to his godson, who kissed it with great respect.

After he had finished his apostrophe to the gout, which was the daily and hourly subject of his execrations, 'Well, my lad,' said he, 'I care not how soon I go to bottom, now I behold thee safe in harbour again: and yet, I tell thee damn'd lye; I would I could keep afloat, until I should see a lusty boy of thy begetting. Odds my timbers!

'I love thee so well, that I believe thou art the spawn of my own body; though I can give no account of thy being put upon the stocks.' Then turning his eye upon Pipes, who by this time had penetrated into his apartment, and addressed him with the usual salutation of, 'What cheer?'—'Ahey!' cried he, 'are you there, you herring-faced son of a sea-calf? What a slippery trick you played your old commander! But come, you dog, there's my fist; I forgive you, for the love you bear to my godson. Go man your tackle, and hoist a cask of strong beer into the yard, knock out the bung, and put a pump in it, for the use of all my servants and neighbours: and, d'ye hear! let the patereroes be fired, and the garrison illuminated, as rejoicings for the safe arrival of your master. By the Lord! if I had the use of these damn'd shambling shanks, I would dance a hornpipe with the best of you.'

The next object of his attention was Mr. Jolter, who was honoured with particular marks of distinction, and the repeated promise of enjoying the living in his gift, as an acknowledgment of the care and discretion with which he had superintended the education and morals of our hero. The governor was so affected by the generosity of his patron, that the tears ran down his cheeks, while he expressed his gratitude; and the infinite satisfaction he felt, in contemplating the accomplishments of his pupil.

Meanwhile, Pipes did not neglect the orders he had received: the beer was produced, the gates were thrown open for the admission of all comers, the whole house was lighted up, and the patereroes were discharged in repeated volleys. Such phenomena could not fail to attract the notice of the neighbourhood. The club at Fanley's were astonished at the report of the guns, which produced various conjectures among the members of that sagacious society. The landlord observed, that in all likelihood the commodore was visited by hobgoblins, and ordered the guns to be fired in token of distress, as he had acted twenty years before, when he was annoyed by the same grievance. The exciseman, with a waggish sneer, expressed his apprehension of Trunnion's death, in consequence of which, the patereroes might be discharged with an equivocal

B b

intent,

intent, either as signals of his lady's sorrow or rejoicing. The attorney signified a suspicion of Hatchway's being married to Miss Pickle, and that the firings and illuminations were in honour of the nuptials: upon which Gamaliel discovered some faint signs of emotion, and taking the pipe from his mouth, gave it as his opinion, that his sister was brought to bed.

While they were thus bewildered in the maze of their own imaginations, a company of countrymen, who sat drinking in the kitchen, and whose legs were more ready than their invention, sallied out to know the meaning of these exhibitions. Understanding that there was a butt of strong beer abroad in the yard; to which they were invited by the servants, saved themselves the trouble and expence of returning to spend the evening at the public-house, and lifted themselves under the banner of Tom Pipes, who presided as director of this festival.

The news of Peregrine's return being communicated to the parish, the parson, and three or four neighbouring gentlemen, who were well-wishers to our hero, immediately repaired to the garriſon, in order to pay their compliments on this happy event, and were detained to supper. An elegant entertainment was prepared by the direction of Miss Julia, who was an excellent housewife; and the commodore was so invigorated with joy, that he seemed to have renewed his age.

Among those who honoured the occasion with his presence was Mr. Clover, the young gentleman that made his addresses to Peregrine's sister. His heart was so big with his passion, that while the rest of the company were ingrossed by their cups, he seized an opportunity of our hero's being detached from the conversation, and in the impatience of his love, conjured him to consent to his happiness; protesting, that he would comply with any terms of settlement that a man of his fortune could embrace, in favour of a young lady who was absolute mistress of his affection.

Our youth thanked him very politely for his favourable sentiments and honourable intention towards his sister, and told him, that at present he saw no reason to obstruct his desire; that he would consult Julia's own inclinations, and

confer with him about the means of gratifying his wish: but in the mean time begged to be excused from discussing any point of such importance to them both. Reminding him of the jovial purpose on which they were happily met, he promoted such a quick circulation of the bottle, that their mirth grew noisy and obstreperous; they broke forth into repeated peals of laughter, without any previous incitement, except that of claret. These explosions were succeeded by bacchanalian songs, in which the old gentleman himself attempted to bear a share; the sedate governor snaped time with his fingers, and the parish priest assisted in the chorus with a most expressive nakedness of countenance. Before midnight, they were almost all pinned to their chairs, as if they had been fixed by the power of incantment; and what rendered the confinement still more unfortunate, every servant in the house was in the same situation; so that they were fain to take their repose as they sat, and nodded at each other like a congregation of anabaptists.

Next day, Peregrine communed with his sister on the subject of her match with Mr. Clover, who (she told him) had offered to settle a jointure of four hundred pounds, and take her to wife, without any expectation of a dowry. She, moreover, gave him to understand, that in his absence she had received several messages from her mother, commanding her to return to her father's house; but that she had refused to obey these orders, by the advice and injunction of her aunt and the commodore, which were indeed seconded by her own inclination; because she had all the reason in the world to believe, that her mother only wanted an opportunity of treating her with severity and rancour. The resentment of that lady had been carried to such indecent lengths, that seeing her daughter at church one day, she rose up, before the parson entered, and reviled her with great bitterness, in the face of the whole congregation.

C H A P. XXXIII.

SEES HIS SISTER HAPPILY MARRIED. VISITS EMILIA, WHO RECEIVES

CRIVES HIM ACCORDING TO HIS
DESERTS.

HER brother being of opinion, that Mr. Clover's proposal was not to be neglected, especially as Julia's heart was engaged in his favour, communicated the affair to his uncle, who, with the approbation of Mrs. Trunnion, declared himself well satisfied with the young man's addresses, and desired that they might be buckled with all expedition, without the knowledge or concurrence of her parents, to whom (on account of their unnatural barbarity) she was not bound to pay the least regard. Though our adventurer entertained the same sentiments of the matter, and the lover dreading some obstruction, earnestly begged the immediate condescension of his mistress, she could not be prevailed upon to take such a material step, without having first solicited the permission of her father, resolved, nevertheless, to comply with the dictates of her own heart, should his objections be frivolous or unjust.

Urged by this determination, her admirer waited upon Mr. Gamaliel at the publick-house, and with the appearance of great deference and respect, made him acquainted with his affection for his daughter, communicated the particulars of his fortune, with the terms of settlement he was ready to make; and in conclusion told him, that he would marry her without a portion. This last offer seemed to have some weight with the father, who received it with civility, and promised in a day or two, to favour him with a final answer to his demand. He, accordingly, that same evening consulted his wife; who being exasperated at the prospect of her daughter's independency, argued with the most virulent expostulation against the match, as an impudent scheme of her own planning, with a view of insulting her parents, towards whom she had already been guilty of the most vicious disobedience. In short, she used such remonstrances, as not only averted this weak husband's inclination from the proposal which he had relished before, but even instigated him to apply for a warrant to apprehend his daughter, on the supposition that she was about to bestow herself in marriage without his privity or consent.

The justice of peace to whom this ap-

plication was made, though he could not refuse the order, yet, being no stranger to the malevolence of the mother, which, together with Gamaliel's simplicity, was notorious in the county, he sent an intimation of what had happened to the garrison; upon which a couple of centinels were placed on the gate, and at the pressing solicitation of the lover, as well as the desire of the commodore, her brother and aunt, Julia was wedded without farther delay; the ceremony being performed by Mr. Jolter, because the parish-priest prudently declined any occasion of giving offence, and the curate was too much in the interest of their enemies to be employed in that office.

This domestick concern being settled to the satisfaction of our hero, he escorted her next day to the house of her husband, who immediately wrote a letter to her father, declaring his reasons for having thus superceded his authority; and Mrs. Pickle's mortification was unspeakable.

That the new-married couple might be guarded against all insult, our young gentleman and his friend Hatchway, with their adherents, lodged in Mr. Clover's house for some weeks; during which they visited their acquaintance in the neighbourhood, according to custom. When the tranquillity of their family was perfectly established, and the contract of marriage executed in the presence of the old commodore and his lady, who gave her niece five hundred pounds to purchase jewels and cloaths, Mr. Peregrine could no longer restrain his impatience to see his dear Emily; and told his uncle, that next day he proposed to ride across the country, in order to visit his friend Gauntlet, whom he had not heard of a long time.

The old gentleman, looking stedfastly in his face, 'Ah! damn your cunning!' said he, 'I find the anchor holds fast: I did suppose as how you would have slipt your cable, and changed your birth; but, I see, when a young fellow is once brought up by a pretty wench, he may man his capstans and viol block, if he wool; but he'll as soon heave up the Pike of Teneriffe, as bring his anchor aweigh! Odds heartlikins! had I known the young woman was Ned Gauntlet's daughter, I shouldn't have thrown out signal for leaving off chace.'

Our adventurer was not a little surprized to hear the commodore talk in this style; and immediately conjectured, that his friend Godfrey had informed him of the whole affair. Instead of listening to this approbation of his flame, with those transports of joy which he would have felt, had he retained his former sentiments, he was chagrined at Trunnion's declaration, and offended at the presumption of the young soldier, in presuming to disclose the secret with which he had intrusted him. Reddening with these reflections, he assured the commodore, that he never had serious thoughts of matrimony: so that if any person had told him he was under any engagement of that kind, he had abused his ear; for he protested, that he would never contract such attachment, without his knowledge and express permission.

Trunnion commended him for his prudent resolution, and observed, that though no person mentioned to him what promises had passed betwixt him and his sweetheart, it was very plain that he had made love to her; and therefore, it was to be supposed, that his intentions were honourable: for he could not believe he was such a rogue in his heart, as to endeavour to debauch the daughter of a brave officer, who had served his country with credit and reputation. Notwithstanding this remonstrance, which Pickle imputed to the commodore's ignorance of the world, he set out for the habitation of Mrs. Gauntlet, with the unjustifiable sentiments of a man of pleasure, who sacrifices every consideration to the desire of his ruling appetite; and as Winchester lay in his way, resolved to visit some of his friends who lived in that place. It was in the house of one of these, that he was informed of Emilia's being then in town with her mother; upon which he excused himself from staying to drink tea, and immediately repaired to their lodgings, according to the directions he had received.

When he arrived at the door, instead of undergoing that perturbation of spirits, which a lover in his interesting situation might be supposed to feel, he suffered no emotion but that of vanity and pride, favoured with an opportunity of self-gratification, and entered his Emilia's apartment with the air of a

conceited petit-maitre, rather than that of the respectful admirer, when he visits the object of his passion after an absence of seventeen months.

The young lady having been very much disobliged at his mortifying neglect of her brother's letter, had summoned all her own pride and resolution to her aid; and by means of a happy disposition, so far overcame her chagrin at his indifference, that she was able to behave in his presence with apparent tranquillity and ease. She was even pleased to find, that he had by accident chosen a time for his visit, when she was surrounded by two or three young gentlemen, who professed themselves her admirers. Our gallant was no sooner announced, than she collected all her coquetry, put on the gayest air she could assume, and contrived to giggle just as he appeared at the room door. The compliments of salutation being performed, she welcomed him to England in a careless manner; asked the news of Paris; and, before he could make any reply, desired one of the other gentlemen to proceed with the sequel of that comical adventure, in the relation of which he had been interrupted.

Peregrine smiled within himself at this behaviour, which (without all doubt) he believed she had affected to punish him for his unkind silence while he was abroad; being fully persuaded that her heart was absolutely at his devotion. On this supposition, he practised his Parisian improvements on the art of conversation, and uttered a thousand prettinesses in the way of compliment, with such incredible rotation of tongue, that his rivals were struck dumb with astonishment; and Emilia fretted out of all temper, at seeing herself deprived of the prerogative of the sex. He persisted, however, in this surprising loquacity, until the rest of the company thought proper to withdraw, and then contracted his discourse into the focus of love, which now put on a very different appearance from that which it had formerly worn. Instead of that awful veneration which her presence used to inspire, that chastity of sentiment and delicacy of expression, he now gazed upon her with the eyes of a libertine, he glowed with the impatience of desire, talked in a strain that barely kept within the bounds of decency, and attempted to

snatch

snatch such favours as she, in the tenderness of mutual acknowledgment, had once vouchsafed to bestow.

Grieved and offended as she was, at this palpable alteration in his carriage, she disdained to remind him of his former deportment, and with dissembled good-humour, rallied him on the progress he had made in gallantry and address: but far from submitting to the liberties he would have taken, she kept her person sacred from his touch, and would not even suffer him to ravish a kiss of her fair hand: so that he reaped no other advantage from the exercise of his talents, during this interview, which lasted a whole hour, than that of knowing he had over-rated his own importance, and that Emily's heart was not a garri-son likely to surrender at discretion.

At length his addresses were interrupted by the arrival of the mother, who had gone abroad to visit by herself; and the conversation becoming more general, he understood that Godfrey was at London, soliciting for a lieutenantancy that had fallen vacant in the regiment to which he belonged; and that Miss Sophy was at home with her father.

Though our adventurer had not met with all the success he expected in his first visit, he did not despair of reducing the fortress, believing that in time there would be a mutiny in his favour; and accordingly carried on the siege for several days, without profiting by his perseverance: till at length, having attended the ladies to their own house in the country, he began to look upon this adventure as time mispent, and resolved to discontinue his attack, in hopes of meeting with a more favourable occasion; being, in the mean time, ambitious of displaying, in an higher sphere, those qualifications which his vanity told him were at present misapplied.

CHAP. XXXIV.

HE ATTENDS HIS UNCLE WITH GREAT AFFECTION, DURING A FIT OF ILLNESS. SETS OUT AGAIN FOR LONDON. MEETS WITH HIS FRIEND GODFREY, WHO IS PREVAILED UPON TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO BATH; ON THE ROAD TO WHICH PLACE THEY CHANCE TO DINE WITH A PERSON, WHO ENTERTAINS

HIM WITH A CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF A CERTAIN COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS.

THUS determined, he took leave of Emilia and her mother, on pretence of going to London upon some urgent business, and returned to the garri-son, leaving the good old lady very much concerned, and the daughter incensed at his behaviour, which was the more unexpected, because Godfrey had told them that the commodore approved of his nephew's passion.

Our adventurer found his uncle so ill of the gout, which, for the first time, had taken possession of his stomach, that his life was in imminent danger, and the whole family in disorder: he therefore took the reins of government in his own hands, sent for all the physicians in the neighbourhood, and attended him in person with the most affectionate care, during the whole fit, which lasted a fortnight, and then retired before the strength of his constitution.

When the old gentleman recovered his health, he was so penetrated with Peregrine's behaviour, that he actually would have made over to him his whole fortune, and depended upon him for his own subsistence, had not our youth opposed the execution of the deed with all his influence and might, and even persuaded him to make a will, in which his friend Hatchway, and all his other adherents, were liberally remembered, and his aunt provided for on her own terms. This material point being settled, he, with his uncle's permission, departed for London, after having seen the family affairs established under the direction and administration of Mr. Jolter and the lieutenant: for, by this time, Mrs. Trunnion was wholly occupied with her spiritual concerns.

On his first arrival at London, he sent a card to the lodgings of Gauntlet, in consequence of a direction from his mother; and that young gentleman waited on him next morning, though not with that alacrity of countenance and warmth of friendship, which might have been expected from the intimacy of their former connection. Nor was Peregrine himself actuated by the same unreserved affection for the soldier, which he had formerly entertained. Godfrey, over and above the offence he had taken at Pickle's omission in point of corre-

sponding

Spending with him, had been informed, by a letter from his mother, of the youth's cavalier behaviour to Emilia, during his last residence at Winchester; and our young gentlemen (as we have already observed) was disgusted at the supposed discovery which the soldier had made, in his absence, to the commodore. They perceived their mutual umbrage at meeting, and received each other with that civility of reserve, which commonly happens between two persons, when their friendship is in the wane.

Gauntlet at once divined the cause of the other's displeasure; and in order to vindicate his own character, after the first compliments were passed, took the opportunity of enquiring after the health of the commodore, to tell Peregrine, that while he tarried at the garrison, in his return from Dover, the subject of the conversation, one night, happening to turn on our hero's passion, the old gentleman had expressed his concern about that affair; and, among other observations, said, he supposed the object of his love was some paltry hussy, whom he had picked up when he was a boy at school. Upon which, Mr. Hatchway assured him, that she was a young woman of as good a family as any in the county; and after having preposessed him in her favour, ventured (out of the zeal of his friendship) to tell who she was: wherefore the discovery was not to be imputed to any other cause; and he hoped Mr. Pickle would acquit him of all share in the transaction.

Peregrine was very well pleased to be thus undeceived; his countenance immediately cleared up; the formality of his behaviour relaxed into his usual familiarity; he asked pardon for his unmannerly neglect of Godfrey's letter, which, he protested, was not owing to any disregard, or abatement of friendship, but to a hurry of youthful engagements, in consequence of which he had procrastinated his answer from time to time, until he was ready to return in person.

The young soldier was contented with this apology; and as Pickle's intention with respect to his sister was still dubious and undeclared, he did not think it was incumbent upon him, as yet, to express any resentment on that score; but was wise enough to foresee, that the renewal of his intimacy with our young gentle-

man, might be the means of reviving that flame which had been dissipated by a variety of new ideas. With these sentiments he laid aside all reserve, and their communication immediately resumed its former channel. Peregrine made him acquainted with all the adventures in which he had been engaged since their parting: and he, with the same confidence, related the remarkable incidents of his own fate; among other things, giving him to understand, that upon obtaining a commission in the army, the father of his dear Sophy, without once enquiring about the occasion of his promotion, had not only favoured him with his countenance in a much greater degree than heretofore, but also contributed his interest, and even promised the assistance of his purse, in procuring for him a lieutenantancy, which he was then soliciting with all his power; whereas, if he had not been enabled, by a most accidental piece of good fortune, to lift himself into the sphere of an officer, he had all the reason in the world to believe that this gentleman, and all the rest of his wealthy relations, would have suffered him to languish in obscurity and distress; and, by turning his misfortune into reproach, made it a plea for their own want of generosity and friendship.

Peregrine understanding the situation of his friend's affairs, would have accommodated him upon the instant with a sum to accelerate the passage of his commission through the offices; but, being too well acquainted with his scrupulous disposition to manifest his benevolence in that manner, he found means to introduce himself to one of the gentlemen of the war-office, who was so well satisfied with the arguments he used in behalf of his friend, that Godfrey's business was transacted in a very few days, though he himself knew nothing of his interest being thus reinforced.

By this time, the season at Bath was begun; and our hero, panting with the desire of distinguishing himself at that resort of the fashionable world, communicated his design of going thither to his friend Godfrey, whom he importuned to accompany him in the excursion: and leave of absence from his regiment being obtained, by the influence of Peregrine's new quality-friends, the two companions departed from London in a post-chaise, attended, as usual, by the valet

de chambre and Pipes, who were become almost as necessary to our adventurer as any two of his own organs.

At the inn, when they alighted for dinner, Godfrey perceived a person walking by himself in the yard, with a very pensive air; and upon observing him more narrowly, recognized him to be a professed gamester, whom he had formerly known at Tunbridge. On the strength of this acquaintance, he accosted the peripatetic, who knew him immediately; and in the fullness of his grief and vexation, told him, that he was now on his return from Bath, where he had been stripped by a company of sharpers, who resented that he should presume to trade upon his own bottom.

Peregrine, who was extremely curious in his enquiries, imagining that he might learn some useful and entertaining anecdotes from this artist, invited him to dinner, and was accordingly fully informed of all the political systems at the Bath. He understood, that there was at London one great company of adventurers, who employed agents in all the different branches of imposition throughout the whole kingdom of England, allowing these ministers a certain proportion of the profits accruing from their industry and skill, and reserving the greatest share for the benefit of the common stock, which was chargeable with the expence of fitting out individuals in their various pursuits, as well as with the loss sustained in the course of their adventures. Some, whose persons and qualifications are by the company judged adequate to the task, exert their talents in making love to ladies of fortune, being accommodated with money and accoutrements for that purpose, after having given their bonds, payable to one or other of the directors, on the day of marriage, for certain sums, proportioned to the dowries they are to receive. Others, versed in the doctrine of chances, and certain secret expedients, frequent all those places where games of hazard are allowed; and such as are masters in the arts of billiards, tennis, and bowls, are continually lying in wait, in all the scenes of these diversions, for the ignorant and unwary. A fourth class attend horse-races, being skilled in those mysterious practices, by which the knowing ones are taken in. Nor is this community unfurnished with those who lay wanton wives and

old rich widows under contribution, and extort money, by prostituting themselves to the embraces of their own sex, and then threatening their admirers with prosecution. But their most important returns are made by that body of their undertakers who exercise their understandings in the innumerable stratagems of the card-table, at which no sharper can be too infamous to be received, and even caressed, by persons of the highest rank and distinction. Among other articles of intelligence, our young gentleman learned, that those agents, by whom their guest was broke and expelled from Bath, had constituted a bank against all sporters, and monopolized the advantage in all sorts of play. He then told Gauntlet, that if he would put himself under his direction, he would return with them, and lay such a scheme as would infallibly ruin the whole society at billiards, as he knew that Godfrey excelled them all in his knowledge of that game.

The soldier excused himself from engaging in any party of that kind; and after dinner the travellers parted; but, as the conversation between the two friends turned upon the information they had received, Peregrine projected a plan for punishing those villainous pests of society, who prey upon their fellow-creatures; and it was put in execution by Gauntlet in this manner.

C H A P. XXXV.

GODFREY EXECUTES A SCHEME AT BATH, BY WHICH A WHOLE COMPANY OF SHARPS IS RUINED.

ON the evening after their arrival at Bath, Godfrey, who had kept himself up all day for that purpose, went in boots to the billiard-table; and two gentlemen being at play, began to bet with so little appearance of judgment, that one of the adventurers then present was inflamed with the desire of profiting by his inexperience; and when the table was vacant, invited him to take a game for amusement. The soldier, assuming the air of a self-conceited dupe, answered, that he did not chuse to throw away his time for nothing, but, if he pleased, would piddle for a crown a game. This declaration was very agreeable to the other,

other, who wanted to be farther confirmed in the opinion he had conceived of the stranger, before he would play for any thing of consequence. The *partie* being accepted, Gauntlet put off his coat, and beginning with seeming eagerness, won the first game, because his antagonist kept up his play with a view of encouraging him to wager a greater sum. The soldier purposely hit at the hook, the stakes were doubled, and he was again victorious, by the permission of his competitor. He now began to yawn; and observing, that it was not worth his while to proceed in such a childish manner, the other swore, in an affected passion, that he would play with him for twenty guineas. The proposal being embraced, (through the connivance of Godfrey) the money was won by the sharper, who exerted his dexterity to the utmost, fearing that otherwise his adversary would decline continuing the game.

Godfrey thus conquered, pretended to lose his temper, cursed his own ill luck, swore that the table had a cast, and that the balls did not run true, changed his mast, and with great warmth challenged his enemy to double the sum. The gamester, with feigned reluctance, complied with his desire; and having got the first two hazards, offered to lay one hundred guineas to fifty on the game. The odds were taken; and Godfrey having allowed himself to be overcome, began to rage with great violence, broke the mast to pieces, threw the balls out at the window, and, in the fury of his indignation, defied his antagonist to meet him to-morrow, when he should be refreshed from the fatigue of travelling. This was a very welcome invitation to the gamester, who imagining that the soldier would turn out a most beneficial prize, assured him, that he would not fail to be there next forenoon, in order to give him his revenge.

Gauntlet went home to his lodgings, fully certified of his own superiority; and took his measures with Peregrine, touching the prosecution of their scheme; while his opponent made a report of his success to the brethren of the gang, who resolved to be present at the decision of the match, with the view of taking advantage of the stranger's passionate disposition.

Affairs being thus concerted on both sides, the players met, according to ap-

pointment, and the room was immediately filled with spectators, who either came thither by accident, curiosity, or design. The match was fixed for one hundred pounds a game; the principals chose their instruments, and laid aside their coats, and one of the knights of the order proffered to lay another hundred on the head of his associate. Godfrey took him upon the instant. A second worthy of the same class, seeing him so eager, challenged him to treble the sum; and his proposal met with the same reception, to the astonishment of the company, whose expectation was raised to a very interesting pitch. The game was begun, and the soldier having lost the first hazard, the odds were offered by the confederacy with great vociferation: but nobody would run such a risk, in favour of a person who was utterly unknown. The sharper having gained the second also, the noise increased to a surprizing clamour, not only of the gang, but likewise of almost all the spectators, who desired to lay two to one against the brother of Emilia.

Peregrine, who was present, perceiving the cupidity of the association sufficiently inflamed, all of a sudden opened his mouth, and answered their bets to the amount of twelve-hundred pounds; which were immediately deposited on both sides, in money and notes: so that this was, perhaps, the most important game that ever was played at billiards. Gauntlet seeing the agreement settled, struck his antagonist's ball into the pocket in a twinkling, though it was in one of those situations which are supposed to be against the striker. The betters were a little discomposed at this event, for which, however, they consoled themselves, by imputing the success to accident; but when at the very next stroke he sprung it over the table, their countenances underwent an instantaneous distraction of feature, and they waited, in the most dreadful suspense, for the next hazard, which being likewise taken with infinite ease by the soldier, the blood forsook their cheeks, and the interjection *Zounds!* pronounced with a look of consternation, and in a tone of despair, proceeded from every mouth at the same instant of time. They were overwhelmed with horror and astonishment, at seeing three hazards taken in as many strokes, from a person

of their friend's dexterity; and shrewdly suspected, that the whole was a scheme pre-concerted for their destruction; on this supposition, they changed the note, and attempted to hedge for their own indemnification, by proposing to lay the odds in favour of Gauntlet; but so much was the opinion of the company altered by that young gentleman's success, that nobody would venture to espouse the cause of his competitor, who chancing to improve his game by the addition of another lucky hit, diminished the concern, and revived the hopes of his adherents. But this gleam of fortune did not long continue: Godfrey collected his whole art and capacity, and augmenting his score to number ten, indulged himself with a view of the whole fraternity. The visages of these professors had adopted different shades of complexion at every hazard he had taken; from their natural colour they had shifted into a fallow hue; from thence into pale; from pale into yellow, which degenerated into a mahogany tint; and now they saw seventeen hundred pounds of their stock depending upon a single stroke, they stood like so many swarthy Moors, jaundiced with terror and vexation. The fire which naturally glowed in the cheeks and nose of the player, seemed utterly extinct, and his carbuncles exhibited a livid appearance, as if a gangrene had already made some progress in his face: his hand began to shake, and his whole frame was seized with such trepidation, that he was fain to swallow a bumper of brandy, in order to re-establish the tranquillity of his nerves. This expedient, however, did not produce the desired effect; for he aimed the ball at the lead with such discomposure, that it struck on the wrong side, and came off at an angle which directed it full in the middle hole. This fatal accident was attended with an universal groan, as if the whole universe had gone to wreck; and notwithstanding that tranquillity, for which adventurers are so remarkable, this loss made such an impression upon them all, that each in particular manifested his chagrin, by the most violent emotions. One turned up his eyes to Heaven, and bit his nether lip; another gnawed his fingers, while he stalked across the room; a third blasphemed with horrid imprecations; and he who played the party sneaked off, grinding

his teeth together, with a look that baffles all description, and as he crossed the threshold, exclaiming, 'A damned bite, by G—d!'

The victors, after having insulted them, by asking if they were disposed for another chance, carried off their winning with the appearance of great composure, though in their hearts they were transported with unspeakable joy; not so much on account of the booty they had gained, as in consideration of having so effectually destroyed such a nest of pernicious miscreants.

Peregrine believing, that now he had found an opportunity of serving his friend, without giving offence to the delicacy of his honour, told him upon their arrival at their lodgings, that fortune had at length enabled him to become in a manner independant, or at least make himself easy in his circumstances, by purchasing a company with the money he had won. So saying, he put his share of the success in Gauntlet's hand, as a sum that of right belonged to him, and promised to write in his behalf to a nobleman, who had interest enough to promote such a quick rise in the service.

Godfrey thanked him for his obliging intention, but absolutely refused, with great loftiness of demeanour, to appropriate to his own use any part of the money which Pickle had gained, and seemed affronted at the other's entertaining a sentiment so unworthy of his character. He would not even accept, in the way of loan, such an addition to his own stock, as would amount to the price of a company of foot; but expressed great confidence in the future exertion of that talent which had been blessed with such a prosperous beginning. Our hero finding him thus obstinately deaf to the voice of his own interest, resolved to govern himself in his next endeavours of friendship, by his experience of this ticklish punctilio; and, in the mean time, gave a handsome benefaction to the hospital, out of these first-fruits of the success in play, and reserved two hundred pounds for a set of diamond earrings and solitaire, which he intended for a present to Miss Emily.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE TWO FRIENDS ECLIPSE ALL
THEIR COMPETITORS IN GAL-

CE LANTRY,

LANTRY, AND PRACTISE A
PLEASANT PROJECT OF REVENGE
UPON THE PHYSICIANS OF THE
PLACE.

THE fame of their exploits against the sharpeners was immediately diffused through all companies at the Bath; so that when our adventurers appeared in publick, they were pointed out by an hundred extended fingers, and considered as consummate artists in all the different species of finesse, which they would not fail to practise with the first opportunity. Nor was this opinion of their characters any obstacle to their reception into the fashionable parties in the place; but, on the contrary, such a recommendation, which (as I have already hinted) never fails to operate for the advantage of the possessor.

This first adventure, therefore, served them as an introduction to the company at Bath, who were not a little surprized to find their expectations baffled by the conduct of the two companions; because, far from engaging deeply at play, they rather shunned all occasions of gallantry, in which our hero shone unrivalled. His external qualifications, exclusive of any other merit, were strong enough to captivate the common run of the female sex; and these, reinforced with a sprightfulness of conversation, and a most insinuating address, became irresistible, even by those who were fortified with pride, caution, or indifference. But among all the nymphs of this gay place, he did not meet with one object that disputed the empire of his heart with Emilia, and therefore he divided his attachment according to the suggestions of vanity and whim; so that, before he had resided a fortnight at the Bath, he had set all the ladies by the ears, and furnished all the hundred tongues of scandal with full employment. The splendor of his appearance excited the enquiries of envy; which, instead of discovering any circumstance to his prejudice, was cursed with the information of his being a young gentleman of a good family, and heir to an immense fortune.

The countenance of some of his quality-friends, who arrived at Bath, confirmed this piece of intelligence: upon which his acquaintance was courted and cultivated with great assiduity; and he

met with such advances from some of the fair-sex, as rendered him extremely fortunate in his amours. Nor was his friend Godfrey a stranger to favours of the same kind; his accomplishments were exactly calculated for the meridian of female taste; and with certain individuals of that sex, his muscular frame, and the robust connection of his limbs, were more attractive than the delicate proportions of his companion. He accordingly reigned paramount among those inamoratas who were turned of thirty, without being under the necessity of proceeding by tedious addresses; and was thought to have co-operated with the waters, in removing the sterility of certain ladies, who had long undergone the reproach and disgust of their husbands: while Peregrine set up his throne among those who laboured under the disease of celibacy, from the pangs of fifteen, who, with a fluttering heart, tosses her head, bridges up, and giggles involuntarily at the sight of an handsome young man, to the staid maiden of twenty-eight, who with a demure aspect moralizes on the vanity of beauty, the folly of youth, and simplicity of woman, and expatiates on friendship, benevolence, and good sense, in the style of a Platonick philosopher.

In such a diversity of dispositions, his conquests were attended with all the heart-burnings, animosities, and turmoils of jealousy and spite. The younger class took all opportunities of mortifying their seniors in publick, by treating them with that indignity which (contrary to the general privilege of age) is by the consent and connivance of mankind, levelled against those who have the misfortune to come under the denomination of old maids; and these last retorted their hostilities in the private machinations of slander, supported by experience and subtilty of invention. Not one day passed, in which some new story did not circulate, to the prejudice of one or other of those rivals.

If our hero, in the long-room, chanced to quit one of the moralists, with whom he had been engaged in conversation, he was immediately accosted by a number of the opposite faction; who, with ironical smiles, upbraided him with cruelty to the poor lady he had left; exhorted him to have compassion on her sufferings; and turning their eyes towards the object of their intercession, broke forth

into an universal peal of laughter. On the other hand, when Peregrine, in consequence of having danced with one of the minors over-night, visited her in the morning, the Platonists immediately laid hold on the occasion, tasked their imaginations, associated ideas, and with sage insinuations retailed a thousand circumstances of the interview, which never had any foundation in truth. They observed, that if girls are determined to behave with such indiscretion, they must lay their accounts with incurring the censure of the world; that she in question was old enough to act more circumspectly; and wondered that her mother would permit any young fellow to approach the chamber, while her daughter was naked in bed. As for the servants peeping through the key-hole, to be sure it was an unlucky accident; but people ought to be upon their guard against such curiosity, and give their domesticks no cause to employ their penetration. These, and other such reflections, were occasionally whispered as secrets among those who were known to be communicative; so that, in a few hours, it became the general topick of discourse; and as it had been divulged under injunctions of secrecy, it was almost impossible to trace the scandal to its origin; because every person concerned must have promulgated her own breach of trust, in discovering her author of the report.

Peregrine, instead of allaying, rather exasperated this contention, by an artful distribution of his attention among the competitors; well knowing, that should his regard be converged into one point, he would soon forfeit the pleasure he enjoyed in seeing them at variance; for both parties would join against the common enemy, and his favourite would be persecuted by the whole coalition. He perceived, that among the secret agents of scandal, none were so busy as the physicians; a class of animals who live in this place, like so many ravens hovering about a carcase, and even ply for employment, like scullers at Hungerford Stairs. The greatest part of them have correspondents in London, who make it their business to enquire into the history, character, and distemper, of every one that repairs to Bath for the benefit of the waters; and if they cannot procure interest to recommend their medical friends to these patients before

they set out, they at least furnish them with a previous account of what they could collect, that their correspondents may use this intelligence for their own advantage. By these means, and the assistance of flattery and assurance, they often insinuate themselves into the acquaintance of strangers, and by consulting their dispositions, become necessary and subservient to their prevailing passions. By their connection with apothecaries and nurses, they are informed of all the private occurrences in each family; and therefore enabled to gratify the rancour of malice, amuse the spleen of peevish indisposition, and entertain the eagerness of impertinent curiosity.

In the course of these occupations, which frequently affected the reputation of our two adventurers, this whole body fell under the displeasure of our hero; who, after divers consultations with his friend, concerted a stratagem, which was practised upon the faculty in this manner. Among those who frequented the pump-room, was an old officer, whose temper, naturally impatient, was, by repeated attacks of the gout, which had almost deprived him of the use of his limbs, sublimated into a remarkable degree of virulence and perverseness: he imputed the inveteracy of his distemper to the mal-practice of a surgeon who had administered to him, while he laboured under the consequences of an unfortunate amour; and this supposition had inspired him with an insurmountable antipathy to all the professors of the medical art, which was more and more confirmed by the information of a friend at London, who had told him, that it was a common practice among the physicians at Bath, to dissuade their patients from drinking the water, that the cure, and of consequence their attendance, might be longer protracted.

Thus prepossessed, he had come to Bath, and, conformable to a few general instructions he had received, used the waters without any farther direction, taking all occasions of manifesting his hatred and contempt of the sons of *Æsculapius*, both by speech and gesticulations, and even by pursuing a regimen quite contrary to that which he knew they prescribed to others who seemed to be exactly in his condition. But he did not find his account in this method, how successful soever it may have been in other cases. His complaints,

plaints, instead of vanishing, were every day more and more enraged; and, at length, he was confined to his bed, where he lay blaspheming from morn to night, and from night to morn; though still more determined than ever to adhere to his former maxims.

In the midst of his torture, which was become the common joke of the town, being circulated through the industry of the physicians, who triumphed in his disaster, Peregrine, by means of Mr. Pipes, employed a country fellow, who had come to market, to run with great haste, early one morning, to the lodgings of all the doctors in town, and desire them to attend the colonel with all imaginable dispatch. In consequence of this summons, the whole faculty put themselves in motion: and three of the foremost arriving at the same instant of time, far from complimenting one another with the door, each separately essayed to enter, and the whole triumvirate stuck in the passage. While they remained thus wedged together, they descried two of their brethren posting towards the same goal, with all the speed that God had enabled them to exert; upon which they came to a parley, and agreed to stand by one another. This covenant being made, they disentangled themselves, and enquiring about the patient, were told by the servant, that he had just fallen asleep.

Having received this intelligence, they took possession of his anti-chamber, and shut the door, while the rest of the tribe posted themselves on the outside, as they arrived; so that the whole passage was filled, from the top of the stair-case to the street-door; and the people of the house, together with the colonel's servant, struck dumb with astonishment. The three leaders of this learned gang had no sooner made their lodgment good, then they began to consult about the patient's malady, which every one of them pretended to have considered with great care and assiduity. The first who gave his opinion said, the distemper was an obstinate arthritis; the second affirmed, that it was no other than a confirmed pox; and the third swore it was an inveterate scurvy. This diversity of opinions was supported by a variety of quotations from medical authors, ancient as well as modern; but these were not of sufficient authority, or at least not explicit enough to decide the

dispute; for there are many schisms in medicine, as well as in religion, and each sect can quote the fathers in support of the tenets they profess. In short, the contention rose to such a pitch of clamour, as not only alarmed the brethren on the stair, but also awaked the patient from the first nap he had enjoyed in the space of ten whole days. Had it been simply waking, he would have been obliged to them for the noise that disturbed him; for, in that case he would have been relieved from the tortures of hell fire, to which in his dream he fancied himself exposed: but this dreadful vision had been the result of that impression which was made upon his brain, by the intolerable anguish of his joints; so that when he waked, the pain, instead of being allayed, was rather aggravated by a great acuteness of sensation; and the confused vociferation in the next room, invading his ears at the same time, he began to think his dream was realized; and, in the pangs of despair, applied himself to a bell that stood by his bedside, which he rung with great violence and perseverance.

This alarm put an immediate stop to the disputation of the three doctors, who, upon this notice of his being awake, rushed into his chamber without ceremony; and two of them seizing his arms, the third made the like application to one of his temples. Before the patient could recollect himself from the amazement which had laid hold on him, at this unexpected irruption, the room was filled by the rest of the faculty, who followed the servant that entered, in obedience to his master's call; and the bed was, in a moment, surrounded by these gaunt ministers of death. The colonel seeing himself beset with such an assemblage of solemn visages and figures, which he had always considered with the utmost detestation and abhorrence, was incensed to a most inexpressible degree of indignation; and so inspired by his rage, that though his tongue denied it's office, his other limbs performed their function; he disengaged himself from the triumvirate, who had taken possession of his body, sprung out of bed with incredible agility, and seizing one of his crutches, applied it so effectually to one of the three, just as he stooped to examine the patient's water, that his tie-periwig dropped into the pot, while he himself fell motionless on the floor.

This significant explanation disconcerted the whole fraternity; every man turned his face, as it were by instinct, towards the door; and the retreat of the community being obstructed by the efforts of individuals, confusion and tumultuous uproar ensued: for the colonel, far from limiting his prowess to the first exploit, handled his weapon with astonishing vigour and dexterity, without respect of persons; so that few or none of them had escaped without marks of his displeasure, when his spirits failed, and he sunk down again, quite exhausted, on his bed. Favoured by this respite, the discomfited faculty collected their hats and wigs, which had fallen off in the fray; and perceiving the assailant too much enfeebled to renew the attack, set up their throats together, and loudly threatened to prosecute him severely for such an outrageous assault.

By this time the landlord had interposed; and enquiring into the cause of the disturbance, was informed of what had happened by the complainants, who at the same time giving him to understand, that they had been severally summoned to attend the colonel that morning, he assured them, that they had been imposed upon by some wag, for his lodger had never dreamed of consulting any one of their profession.

Thunderstruck at this declaration, the general clamour instantaneously ceased; and each, in particular, at once comprehending the nature of the joke, they sneaked silently off with the loss they had sustained, in unutterable shame and mortification; while Peregrine and his friend, who took care to be passing that way by accident, made a full stop at sight of such an extraordinary efflux, and enjoyed the countenance and condition of every one as he appeared: nay, even made up to some of those who seemed most affected with their situation, and mischievously tormented them with questions touching this unusual congregation; then, in consequence of the information they received from the landlord and the colonel's valet, subjected the sufferers to the ridicule of all the company in town. As it would have been impossible for the authors of this farce to keep themselves concealed from the indefatigable enquiries of the physicians, they made no secret of their having directed the whole; though they

took care to own it in such an ambiguous manner, as afforded no handle of prosecution.

C H A P. XXXVII.

PEREGRINE HUMBLES A NOTED
HECTOR, AND MEETS WITH A
STRANGE CHARACTER AT THE
HOUSE OF A CERTAIN LADY.

AMONG those who never failed to reside at Bath, during the season, was a certain person, who, from the most abject misery, had by his industry and art at play, amassed about fifteen thousand pounds; and though his character was notorious, insinuated himself so far into the favour of what is called the best company, that very few private parties of pleasure took place, in which he was not principally concerned. He was of a gigantick stature, a most intrepid countenance; and his disposition, naturally overbearing, had in the course of his adventures and success, acquired a most intolerable degree of insolence and vanity. By the ferocity of his features, and audacity of his behaviour, he had obtained a reputation for the most undaunted courage, which had been confirmed by divers adventures, in which he had humbled the most assuming heroes of his own fraternity: so that he now reigned chief Hector of the place, with unquestioned authority.

With this son of Fortune was Peregrine one evening engaged at play, and so successful, that he could not help informing his friend of his good luck. Godfrey hearing the description of the loser, immediately recognized the person, whom he had known at Tunbridge; and assuring Pickle, that he was a sharper of the first water, cautioned him against any farther connection with such a dangerous companion; who (he affirmed) had suffered him to win a small sum, that he might be encouraged to lose a much greater upon some other occasion.

Our young gentleman treasured up this advice; and though he did not scruple to give the gamester an opportunity of retrieving his loss, when he next day demanded his revenge, he absolutely refused to proceed, after he had refunded his winning. The other, who considered him as a hot-headed unthinking youth,

YOUTH, endeavoured to enflame his pride to a continuance of the game, by treating his skill with scorn and contempt; and, among other sarcastick expressions, advised him to go to school again, before he pretended to engage with masters of the art. Our hero, incensed at his arrogance, replied with great warmth, that he knew himself sufficiently qualified for playing with men of honour, who deal upon the square, and hoped he should always deem it infamous, either to learn or practise the tricks of a professed gamester. 'Blood and thunder! meaning me, Sir!' cried this artist, raising his voice, and curling his visage into a most intimidating frown. 'Zounds! I'll cut the throat of any scoundrel who has the presumption to suppose, that I don't play as honourably as e'er a nobleman in the kingdom: and I insist upon an explanation from you, Sir; or, by hell and brimstone! I shall expect other sort of satisfaction.' Peregrine (whose blood by this time boiled within him) answered without hesitation: 'Far from thinking your demand unreasonable, I will immediately explain myself without reserve, and tell you, that, upon unquestionable authority, I believe you to be an impudent rascal, and common cheat.'

The Hector was so amazed and confounded at the freedom of this declaration, which he thought no man on earth would venture to make in his presence, that for some minutes he could not recollect himself; but at length, whispered a challenge in the ear of our hero, which was accordingly accepted. When they arrived next morning upon the field, the gamester arming his countenance with all his terrors, advanced with a sword of a monstrous length, and putting himself in a posture, called aloud in a most terriffick voice, 'Draw, damn ye! draw; I will this instant send you to your fathers.' The youth was not slow in complying with his desire; his weapon was unsheathed in a moment, and he began the attack with such unexpected spirit and address, that his adversary, having made shift with great difficulty to parry the first pass, retreated a few paces, and demanded a parley; in which he endeavoured to persuade the young man, that to lay a man of his character under the necessity of chastizing his insolence, was the most

rash and inconsiderate step that he could possibly have taken; but that he had compassion upon his youth, and was willing to spare him, if he would surrender his sword, and promise to ask pardon in publick for the offence he had given. Pickle was so much exasperated at this unparalleled effrontery, that without deigning to make the least reply, he flung his own hat in the proposer's face, and renewed the charge with such undaunted agility, that the gamester, finding himself in manifest hazard of his life, betook himself to his heels, and fled homewards with incredible speed, being closely pursued by Peregrine, who having sheathed his sword, pelted him with stones as he ran, and compelled him to go, that same day, into banishment from Bath, where he had domineered so long.

By this atchievement, which was the subject of astonishment to all the company, who had looked upon the fugitive as a person of heroick courage, our adventurer's reputation was rendered formidable in all it's circumstances; although he thereby disoblged a good many people of fashion, who had contracted an intimacy of friendship with the exile, and who resented his disgrace, as if it had been the misfortune of a worthy man. These generous patrons, however, bore a very small proportion to those who were pleased with the event of the duel; because, in the course of their residence at Bath, they had either been insulted or defrauded by the challenger. Nor was this instance of our hero's courage unacceptable to the ladies, few of whom could now resist the united force of such accomplishments. Indeed, neither he nor his friend Godfrey would have found much difficulty in picking up an agreeable companion for life: but Gauntlet's heart was pre-engaged to Sophy; and Pickle, exclusive of his attachment to Emily, which was stronger than he himself imagined, possessed such a share of ambition, as could not be satisfied with the conquest of any female he beheld at Bath.

His visits were, therefore, promiscuous, without any other view than that of amusement; and though his pride was flattered by the advances of the fair whom he had captivated, he never harboured one thought of proceeding beyond the limits of common gallantry, and carefully avoided all particular ex-

planations.

planations. But what, above all other enjoyments, yielded him the most agreeable entertainment, was the secret history of characters, which he learned from a very extraordinary person, with whom he became acquainted in this manner.

Being at the house of a certain lady, on a visiting day, he was struck with the appearance of an old man, who no sooner entered the room than the mistress of the house very kindly desired one of the wits present to roast the old parrot. This petit-maitre, proud of the employment, went up to the senior, who had something extremely peculiar and significant in his countenance, and saluting him with divers fashionable compliments, accosted him in these words: "Your servant, you old rascal. I hope to have the honour of seeing you hanged. I vow to Gad! you look extremely shocking, with these gummy eyes, lantern-jaws, and toothless chaps. What! you squint at the ladies, you old rotten medlar?" "Yes, yes, we understand your clogging; but you must content yourself with a cook-maid, sink me! I see you want to sit. These withered thanks of your's tremble under these burdens; but you must have a little patience, old Hircio; in due you must. I intend to mortify you a little longer, curse me!"

The company was so tickled with this address, which was delivered with much grimace and gesticulation, that they burst out into a loud fit of laughter, which they fathered upon a monkey that was chained in the room; and when the peal was over, the wit renewed his attack, in these words: "I suppose you are fool enough to think this mirth was occasioned by Pug; ay, there he is; you had best survey him; he is of your own family, switch me! but the laugh was at your expence; and you ought to thank Heaven for making you so ridiculous." While he uttered these ingenious ejaculations, the old gentleman bowed alternately to him and the monkey, that seemed to grin and chatter in imitation of the beau; and with an arch solemnity of visage, pronounced, "Gentlemen, as I have not the honour to understand your compliments, they will be much better bestowed on each other." So saying, he seated himself, and had the satisfaction to see the laugh returned upon the aggressor, who re-

mained confounded and abashed, and in a few minutes left the room, muttering, as he retired, "The old fellow grows scurrilous, stop my breath!"

While Peregrine wondered in silence at this extraordinary scene, the lady of the house perceiving his surprize, gave him to understand, that the ancient visitant was utterly bereft of the sense of hearing: that his name was Cadwallader Crabtree; his disposition altogether misanthropical; and that he was admitted into company on account of the entertainment he afforded by his sarcastick observations, and the pleasant mistakes to which he was subject from his infirmity. Nor did our hero wait a long time for an illustration of this odd character. Every sentence he spoke was replete with gull; nor did his satire consist in general reflections, but in a series of remarks, which had been made through the medium of a most whimsical peculiarity of opinion.

Among those who were present at this assembly was a young officer, who having by dint of interest obtained a seat in the lower house, thought it incumbent upon him to talk of affairs of state; and accordingly regaled the company with an account of a secret expedition which the French were busied in preparing; assuring them, that he had it from the mouth of the minister, to whom it had been transmitted by one of his agents abroad. In descending upon the particulars of the armament, he observed, that they had twenty ships of the line, ready manned and victualled at Brest, which were destined for Toulon, where they would be joined by as many more; and from thence proceed to the execution of their scheme, which he imparted as a secret not fit to be divulged.

This piece of intelligence being communicated to all the company except Mr. Crabtree, who suffered by his loss of hearing, that cynick was soon after accosted by a lady, who, by means of an artificial alphabet, formed by a certain conjunction and disposition of the fingers, asked if he had heard any extraordinary news of late. Cadwallader, with his usual complaisance, replied that he supposed she took him for a courier or spy, by teizing him eternally with that question. He then expatiated upon the foolish curiosity of mankind, which, he said, must either proceed from idleness or want of ideas; and repeated, almost

verbatim,

verbatim, the officer's information; a vague ridiculous report invented by some ignorant coxcomb, who wanted to give himself airs of importance, and believed only by those who were utterly unacquainted with the politicks and strength of the French nation.

In confirmation of what he had advanced, he endeavoured to demonstrate how impossible it must be for that people to fit out even the third part of such a navy, so soon after the losses they had sustained during the war; and confirmed his proof by asserting, that, to his certain knowledge, the harbours of Brest and Toulon could not at that time produce a squadron of eight ships of the line.

The member, who was an utter stranger to this misanthrope, hearing his own asseverations treated with such contempt, glowed with confusion and resentment, and raising his voice, began to defend his own veracity with great eagerness and trepidation, mingling with his arguments many blustering invectives against the insolence and ill-manners of his supposed contradictor, who sat with the most mortifying composure of countenance, till the officer's patience was quite exhausted; and then, to the manifest increase of his vexation, he was informed, that his antagonist was so deaf, that, in all probability, the last trumpet would make no impression upon him, without a previous renovation of his organs.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

HE CULTIVATES AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE MISANTHROPE, WHO FAVOURS HIM WITH A SHORT SKETCH OF HIS OWN HISTORY.

PEREGRINE was extremely well pleased with this occasional rebuke, which occurred so seasonably, that he could scarce believe it accidental. He looked upon Cadwallader as the greatest curiosity he had ever known, and cultivated the old man's acquaintance with such insinuating address, that in less than a fortnight he obtained his confidence. As they one day walked into the fields together, the man-hater disclosed himself in these words. 'Though the term of our communication has

been but short, you must have perceived, that I treat you with uncommon marks of regard; which, I assure you, is not owing to your personal accomplishments, nor the pains you take to oblige me; for the first I overlook, and the last I see through: but there is something in your disposition which indicates a rooted contempt for the world; and I understand you have made some successful efforts in exposing one part of it to the ridicule of the other. It is upon this assurance, that I offer you my advice and assistance, in prosecuting other schemes of the same nature; and to convince you that such an alliance is not to be rejected, I will now give you a short sketch of my history, which will be published after my death in forty-seven volumes of my own compiling.

I was born about forty miles from this place, of parents, who having a very old family-name to support, bestowed their whole fortune on my elder brother; so that I inherited of my father little else than a large share of choler, to which I am indebted for a great many adventures that did not always end to my satisfaction. At the age of eighteen I was sent up to town, with a recommendation to a certain peer, who found means to amuse me with the promise of a commission for seven whole years; and 'tis odds but I should have made my fortune by my perseverance, had not I been arrested, and thrown into the Marshalsea by my landlord, on whose credit I had subsisted three years, after my father had renounced me as an idle vagabond. There I remained six months, among those prisoners who have no other support than chance charity; and contracted a very valuable acquaintance, which was of great service to me in the future emergencies of my life.

I was no sooner discharged, in consequence of an act of parliament for the relief of insolvent debtors, than I went to the house of my creditor, whom I cudgelled without mercy; and that I might leave nothing undone of those things which I ought to have done, my next stage was to Westminster Hall, where I waited until my patron came forth from the house, and saluted him with a blow that laid him senseless on the pavement: but my retreat was not so fortunate as I could have wished;

wished; the chairmen and lacquies in waiting having surrounded and disarmed me in a trice, I was committed to Newgate, and loaded with chains; and a very sagacious gentleman, who was afterwards hanged, having far in judgment upon my case, pronounced me guilty of a capital crime, and foretold my condemnation at the Old Bailey. His prognostick, however, was disappointed; for nobody appearing to prosecute me at the next sessions, I was discharged by order of the court. It would be impossible for me to recount, in the compass of one day's conversation, all the particular exploits in which I bore a considerable share. Suffice it to say, I have been, at different times, prisoner in all the gaols within the bills of mortality. I have broke from every round-house on this side Temple-bar. No bailiff, in the days of my youth and desperation, durst execute a writ upon me without a dozen followers; and the justices themselves trembled when I was brought before them.

I was once maimed by a carman, with whom I quarrelled, because he ridiculed my leek on St. David's day; my skull was fractured by a butcher's cleaver, on the like occasion. I have been run through the body five times, and lost the tip of my left-ear by a pistol-bullet. In a rencounter of this kind, having left my antagonist for dead, I was wise enough to make my retreat into France; and a few days after my arrival at Paris, entered into conversation with some officers on the subject of politics; a dispute arose, in which I lost my temper, and spoke so irreverently of the *Grand Monarque*, that next morning I was sent to the Bastille, by virtue of a *Lettre de Cachet*. There I remained for some months, deprived of all intercourse with rational creatures; a circumstance for which I was not sorry, as I had the more time to project schemes of revenge against the tyrant who confined me, and the wretch who had betrayed my private conversation: but tired, at length, with these fruitless suggestions, I was fain to unbend the severity of my thoughts by a correspondence with some industrious spiders, who had hung my dungeon with their ingenious labours.

I considered their work with such

attention, that I soon became an adept in the mystery of weaving, and furnished myself with as many useful observations and reflections on that art, as will compose a very curious Treatise, which I intend to bequeath to the Royal Society, for the benefit of our woollen manufacture; and this with a view to perpetuate my own name, rather than befriend my country; for, thank Heaven! I am weaned from all attachments of that kind, and look upon myself as one very little obliged to any society whatsoever. Although I presided with absolute power over this long-legged community, and distributed rewards and punishments to each, according to his deserts, I grew impatient of my situation; and my natural disposition, one day, prevailing like a fire which had long been smothered, I wreaked the fury of my indignation upon my innocent subjects, and in a twinkling destroyed the whole race. While I was employed in this general massacre, the turn-key, who brought me food, opened the door, and perceiving my transport, shrugged up his shoulders, and leaving my allowance, went out pronouncing, "*Le pauvre diable! la tete lui tourne.*" My passion no sooner subsided, than I resolved to profit by this opinion of the gaoler, and from that day counterfeited lunacy with such success, that in less than three months I was delivered from the Bastille, and sent to the galleys, in which they thought my bodily vigour might be of service, although the faculties of my mind were decayed. Before I was chained to the oar, I received three hundred stripes by way of welcome, that I might thereby be rendered more tractable, notwithstanding I used all the arguments in my power to persuade them, I was only mad north, north-west; and when the wind was southerly, knew a hawk from an hand-saw.

In our second cruise we had the good fortune to be overtaken by a tempest, during which the slaves were unbound, that they might contribute the more to the preservation of the galley, and have a chance for their lives, in case of shipwreck. We were no sooner at liberty, than making ourselves masters of the vessel, we robbed the officers, and ran her on shore among rocks on the coast of Portugal; from whence

D d

I hast-

I hastened to Lisbon, with a view of obtaining my passage in some ship bound for England, where, by this time, I hoped my affair was forgotten.

But before this scheme could be accomplished, my evil genius led me into company; and being intoxicated, I began to broach doctrines on the subject of religion, at which some of the *partie* were scandalized and incensed; and I was next day dragged out of bed by the officers of the inquisition, and conveyed to a cell in the prison belonging to that tribunal.

At my first examination my resentment was strong enough to support me under the torture, which I endured without flinching; but my resolution abated, and my zeal immediately cooled, when I understood from a fellow prisoner, who groaned on the other side of the partition, that in a short time there would be an *Auto da Fe*; in consequence of which I should, in all probability, be doomed to the flames, if I would not renounce my heretical errors; and submit to such penance as the church should think fit to prescribe.

This miserable wretch was convicted of Judaism, which he had privately practised, by connivance, for many years, until he had amassed a fortune sufficient to attract the regard of the church. To this he fell a sacrifice, and accordingly prepared himself for the stake; while I, not at all ambitious of the crown of martyrdom, resolved to temporize; so that when I was brought to the question the second time, I made a solemn recantation. As I had no worldly fortune to obstruct my salvation, I was received into the bosom of the church, and, by way of penance, enjoined to walk barefoot to Rome, in the habit of a pilgrim.

During my peregrination through Spain, I was detained as a spy, until I could procure credentials from the inquisition at Lisbon; and behaved with such a resolution and reserve, that, after being released, I was deemed a proper person to be employed in quality of a secret intelligencer at a certain court. This office I undertook without hesitation; and being furnished with money and bills of credit, crossed the Pyrenees, with intention to revenge myself upon the Spaniards,

for the severities I had undergone during my captivity.

Having therefore effectually disguised myself by a change of dress, and a large patch on one eye, I hired an equipage, and appeared at Bologna in quality of an itinerant physician; in which capacity I succeeded tolerably well, till my servants decamped in the night with my baggage, and left me in the condition of Adam. In short, I have travelled over the greatest part of Europe, as a beggar, pilgrim, priest, soldier, gamester, and quack; and felt the extremes of indigence and opulence, with the inclemency of weather, in all its vicissitudes. I have learned that the characters of mankind are every where the same; that common sense and honesty bear an infinitely small proportion to folly and vice; and that life is at best a paltry province.

After having suffered innumerable hardships, dangers, and disgraces, I returned to London, where I lived some years in a garret, and picked up a subsistence, such as it was, by vending purges in the streets, from the back of a pious horse; in which situation, I used to harangue the mob in broken English, under pretence of being an High-German doctor.

At last an uncle died, by whom I inherit an estate of three hundred pounds per annum; though, in his life-time, he would not have parted with a six-pence, to save my soul and body from perdition.

I now appear in the world, not as a member of any community, or what is called a social creature; but merely as a spectator, who entertains himself with the grimaces of a jack-pudding, and banquets his spleen in beholding his enemies at loggerheads. That I may enjoy this disposition, abstracted from all interruption, danger, and participation; I feign myself deaf; an expedient by which I not only avoid all disputes, and their consequences, but also become master of a thousand little secrets, which are every day whispered in my presence, without any suspicion of their being overheard. You saw how I handled that shallow politician at my Lady Plausible's the other day. The same method I practise upon the crazed Torf,

‘ the bigot Whig, the four supercilious
 ‘ pedant, the petulant critick, the bluf-
 ‘ tering coward, the fawning tool, the
 ‘ pert pimp, sly sharper, and every other
 ‘ species of knaves and fools with which
 ‘ this kingdom abounds.

‘ In consequence of my rank and
 ‘ character I obtain free admission to
 ‘ the ladies, among whom I have ac-
 ‘ quired the appellation of the Scanda-
 ‘ lous Chronicle. As I am considered
 ‘ (while silent) in no other light than
 ‘ that of a foot-stool or elbow-chair,
 ‘ they divest their conversation of all
 ‘ restraint before me, and gratify my
 ‘ sense of hearing with strange things,
 ‘ which (if I could prevail upon myself
 ‘ to give the world that satisfaction)
 ‘ would compose a curious piece of se-
 ‘ cret history, and exhibit a quite dif-
 ‘ ferent idea of characters from what is
 ‘ commonly entertained.

‘ By this time, young gentleman,
 ‘ you may perceive, that I have it in my

‘ power to be a valuable correspondent;
 ‘ and that it will be your interest to de-
 ‘ serve my confidence.’

Here the misanthrope left of speak-
 ing, desirous to know the sentiments of
 our hero, who embraced the proffered
 alliance, in a transport of joy and sur-
 prize; and the treaty was no sooner con-
 cluded, than Mr. Crabtree began to per-
 form articles, by imparting to him a
 thousand delicious secrets, from the pos-
 session of which he promised himself in-
 numerable scenes of mirth and enjoy-
 ment. By means of this associate, whom
 he considered as the ring of Gyges, he
 foresaw that he should be enabled to pe-
 netrate not only into the chambers, but
 even to the inmost thoughts of the female
 sex. In order to ward off suspicion,
 they agreed to revile each other in pub-
 lick, and meet at a certain private ren-
 dezvous, to communicate their mutual
 discoveries, and concert their future
 operations.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

T
lat
to
thi
the
Fo
arg
alt
be
fi
“
“
“
“
di
be
re
in
re
on
m
in

TO LORD —————

MY LORD,

THE turn which your lordship gave to the conversation of last night, having laid me under the necessity of vindicating the step I have lately taken in publishing Memoirs of my Life, I think I have a right to demand your opinion of the motives which I then explained; and this I ask by way of appeal to your judgment from the sentiments of those who might perhaps think my inducements were weak or frivolous. For, though no person in the company attempted to invalidate the arguments I advanced, I could perceive that one gentleman was not altogether convinced of the rectitude of that measure: you may remember he dropped several dissenting hints, couched in the modest expressions of, 'With submission to your ladyship's better judgment.—But, to be sure, you would not have taken such a step without first weighing the consequences.—Your provocations were certainly very great, although the world is apt to put the worst constructions upon every thing.'—And other such prudential insinuations, that are often more disconcerting than the displayed objections of a declared antagonist; because they seem to import something of great weight, which personal respect endeavours to suppress. These sententious fragments made such impression upon my mind, that I have been all night long tasking my recollection, in order to discover the weak side of my defence; but, as one always sees through the mist of partiality in one's own concerns, I must have recourse to your discernment, and seriously insist upon knowing how far you approve the justification of,

My lord,

your lordship's

most obedient servant,

A N S W E R.

MADAM,

I Cannot help observing, that the serious manner in which you ask my opinion of the motives which induced you to publish your Memoirs, is exactly of a piece with the conduct of those who consult their friends, for approbation rather than advice, and by a disappointment in their expectations of applause, are more than ever wedded to their own inventions. How would your ladyship look, should I now,

I now, in consequence of your demand, assume the air of a severe moralizer, and tell you, that the step you have taken, was altogether precipitate and inexcusable; that you have unnecessarily avowed your own indiscretion, incurred the resentment of individuals, and attracted the reproaches of a censorious world; and that, over and above these disadvantages, you have subjected yourself for ever to a life of domestic disquiet, by incensing the tyrant of whom you complain, beyond a possibility of forgiveness or reconciliation? Would not all the resentment of a disappointed author take possession of your ladyship; overcast that cheerfulness of countenance with a sullen frown, and lighten from those fair eyes in gleams of displeasure? No, you would be more surprized than offended at my observations. You would believe you had been all along deceived in your opinion of my delicacy and understanding: you would be mortified at the discovery of your own mistake, and look upon me with compassion, as one of those tame, timid rationalists, who being naturally phlegmatick and fearful, are utter strangers to the refined sensations of the human heart, incapable of doing justice to those melting tenderneesses which they never felt, and too irresolute to withstand the torrent of ignorant, malicious, or wrong-headed clamour, when it affects a character in which their friendship ought to be interested. Your sentiments, I own, would in that case be just, excepting that I should engage your ladyship's pity, in deserving your contempt, and instead of being despised as a cold friend, be still regarded by you, as a weak and timorous well-wisher. If your character suffered cruelly from misrepresentations; if your foibles were magnified and multiplied with all the aggravation of envy and fiction; if the qualities of your heart were decried or traduced, and even your understanding called in question; I agree with your ladyship, that it was not only excusable, but highly necessary, to publish a detail of your conduct, which would acquit you of all or most of those scandalous imputations. This task you have (in my opinion) performed, to the satisfaction of all the intelligent and unprejudiced part of mankind. He must be very deficient in candour and feeling, who, in reading your Memoirs, is not interested in your favour; who does not espouse the cause of beauty, innocence, and love; who does not see that as you once were, you would still have continued to be the pattern of conjugal faith and felicity; had not the cross accidents of fortune forced you from the natural bias of your disposition: who does not excuse the tenderness, which youth and sensibility, so circumstanced, could not possibly resist; and who does not freely forgive the fault, when he considers the particulars of the temptation. He must be void of all taste and reflection, who does not admire your spirit, elegance, and sense; and dead to all the finer movements of the soul, if he is not agitated, thrilled, and transported, with the pathetick circumstances of your story. Some people, who are your ladyship's friends, and highly entertained with the performance, have wished you had spared yourself some unnecessary confessions, which they thought could serve no end, but that of affording a handle to your enemies for censure and defamation: I myself, I own, was of the same opinion, until you convinced me, that in suppressing one circumstance which might be afterwards discovered, your sincerity through the whole piece would have been called in question. And what have you avowed, that your most malicious foes dare blame, except your dis-

regard

regard of an unnatural contract, which (though authorized by the laws of your country) was imposed upon your necessity, youth, and inexperience? Nor was this conduct the result of vicious levity and intemperance: you had already given undeniable proofs of your constancy and conjugal virtue, to the first lord of your affections, who was the choice of your love, and to whom your heart was unalterably wedded. Your natural sensibility had been, by his extraordinary care, tenderness, and attention, cherished and improved to such a degree of delicacy, as could not possibly relish the attachment of the common run of husbands. No wonder, then, that you was uneasy under a second engagement so much unlike the first; that every circumstance of the contract appeared to you in the most aggravating light, and made a suitable impression upon your imagination; and that you was not insensible to those attractions which had formerly captivated your heart, nor able to resist the flattering insinuations, incredible assiduity, and surprizing perseverance, of an artful lover. And sure he could not have chosen a more favourable opportunity to prefer his addresses: your passions were unusually intendered by grief; you was dissatisfied with your domestick situation; you was solitary for want of that intimate connection in which you had been so happy before, and your breast glowed with the most pathetick susceptibility, while you was yet a stranger to the insidious wiles of man. In such distress the mind longs for sympathy and consolation; it seeks to repose itself upon the tender friendship of some kind partner, that will share and alleviate it's sorrows. Such a comforter appeared in the accomplished youth: your judgment was pleased with his qualifications; his demeanour acquired your esteem; your friendship was engaged by his sincerity; and your affection was insensibly subdued. In short, every thing conspired to promote his suit, and my wonder is not that he succeeded, but that you held out so long. Your sentiments with regard to those who have inveighed against your performance, are altogether conformable to that goodness and benevolent disposition, which I have always admired and esteemed. As for writers who have exercised their pens in abusing your ladyship, they are either objects of mirth or compassion. They, poor harmless creatures, in their hearts, wish you no evil. Their business is to eat, honestly if they can—but, at any rate, to eat. I am fully persuaded, that for a very small sum you might engage the whole tribe to refute their own revilings, and bellow with all their might in your praise. It would really be uncharitable as well as absurd, to express the least resentment against such feeble antagonists, who are literally the beings of a summer-day: they are the noisy insects, which the sun of merit never fails to produce; the shadows that continually accompany success; and, indeed, a man might as well fight with his own shadow, as attempt to chastise such unsubstantial phantoms. But of all the emotions of your heart, that which I am at present tempted chiefly to applaud, is the sorrow you express for having been obliged, in your own justification, to vilify and expose the man to whom your fate is inseparably connected; and the laudable resolution you have taken to live amicably with him for the future, provided he shall persist in that conduct, which he hath of late chosen to maintain. On the whole, though you may have inflamed the virulence of envy and malice, roused the resentment of some whose folly and ingratitude you had occasion to display, and incurred the censure of those who think it their duty to

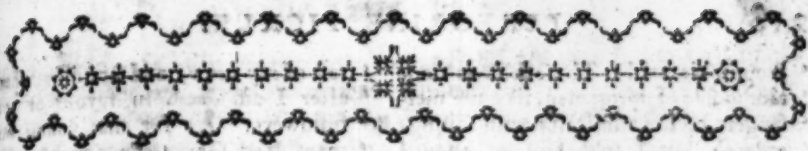
exclaim

exclaim against the least infringement of the nuptial tie, howsoever un-
equally imposed; your Memoirs will always be perused with pleasure
by all readers of taste and discernment, and your fame as a beauty and
author, long survive the ill offices of prejudice and personal animosity.
And now that I have performed the task enjoined, give me leave to add,
that I have the honour to be,

Madam,

your most devoted

humble servant,



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
P E R E G R I N E P I C K L E.
VOLUME THE THIRD.

C H A P. I.

PEREGRINE ARRIVES AT THE GARRISON, WHERE HE RECEIVES THE LAST ADMONITIONS OF COMMODORE TRUNNION, WHO NEXT DAY RESIGNS HIS BREATH, AND IS BURIED ACCORDING TO HIS OWN DIRECTIONS. SOME GENTLEMEN IN THE COUNTRY MAKE A FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO ACCOMMODATE MATTER SEETWIXT MR. GAMALIEL PICKLE AND HIS ELDEST SON.



ABOUT four o'clock in the morning our hero arrived at the garrison, where he found his generous uncle in extremity, supported in bed by Julia on one side, and Lieutenant Hatchway on the other, while Mr. Jolter administered spiritual consolation to his soul, and between whiles comforted Mrs. Trunnion, who, with her maid, sat by the fire, weeping with great decorum; the physician having just taken his last fee, and retired, after pronouncing the fatal prognostick, in which he anxiously wished he might not be mistaken.

Though the commodore's speech was interrupted by a violent hiccup, he still retained the use of his senses; and when Peregrine approached, stretched out his hand with manifest signs of satisfaction.

The young gentleman, whose heart overflowed with gratitude and affection, could not behold such a spectacle unmoved. He endeavoured to conceal his tenderness, which, in the wildness of his youth, and in the pride of his disposition, he considered as a derogation from his manhood; but, in spite of all his endeavours, the tears gushed from his eyes, while he kissed the old man's hand; and he was so utterly disconcerted by his grief, that when he attempted to speak, his tongue denied it's office: so that the commodore, perceiving his disorder, made a last effort of strength, and consoled him in these words. 'Swab the spray from your bowsprit, my good lad, and coil up your spirits. You must not let the top-lifts of your heart give way, because you see me ready to go down at these years; many a better man has foundered before he has made half my way; tho' I trust, by the mercy of God, I shall be sure in port in a very few glasses, and fast moored in a most blessed riding: for my good friend Jolter has overhauled the journal of my sins; and by the observation he hath taken of the state of my soul, I hope I shall happily conclude my voyage, and be brought up in the latitude of heaven. Here has been a doctor that wanted to stow me chock-full of physick; but when a man's hour is come, what signifies his taking his departure with a 'pothecary's

E c 'shop

shop in his hold? Those fellows come along-side of dying men, like the messengers of the admiralty with sailing-orders: but I told him as how I could slip my cable without his direction or assistance, and so he hawled off in dudgeon. This cursed hiccup makes such a rippling in the current of my speech, that mayhap you don't understand what I say. Now, while the sucker of my wind-pump will go, I would willingly mention a few things, which I hope you will set down in the log-book of your remembrance, when I am stiff, d'ye see. There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire; I desire you will keep her tight, warm, and easy in her old age: she's an honest heart in her own way; and thof she goes a little crank and humour-some, by being often over-stowed with Nantz and religion, she hath been a faithful ship-mate to me, and I dare say never turned in with another man, since we first embarked in the same bottom.—Jack Hatchway, you know the trim of her as well as e'er a man in England, and I believe she has a kindness for you; whereby, if you two will grapple in the way of matrimony, when I am gone, I do suppose that my godson, for love of me, will allow you to live in the garrison all the days of your life.

Peregrine assured him, he would with pleasure comply with any request he should make, in behalf of two persons whom he esteemed so much. The lieutenant, with a waggish sneer, which even the gravity of the situation could not prevent, thanked them both for their goodwill, telling the commodore, he was obliged to him for his friendship, in seeking to promote him to the command of a vessel which he himself had wore out in the service: that notwithstanding, he should be content to take charge of her, though he could not help being shy of coming after such an able navigator.

Trunnion, exhausted as he was, smiled at this sally; and, after some pause, resumed his admonitions in this manner. 'I need not talk of Pipes, because I know you'll do for him, without my recommendation; the fellow has sailed with me in many a hard gale, and I'll warrant him as stout a seaman as ever set face to the weather: but I hope you will take care of the

rest of my crew, and not disfranchise them after I am dead, in favour of new followers. As for that young woman, Ned Gauntlet's daughter, I'm informed as how she is an excellent wench, and has a respect for you; whereby, if you run her on board in an unlawful way, I leave my curse upon you, and trust you will never prosper in the voyage of life: but, I believe you are more of an honest man, than to behave so much like a pirate. I beg of all love, you would take care of your constitution, and beware of running foul of harlots, who are no better than so many mermaids, that sit upon rocks in the sea, and hang out a fair face for the destruction of passengers; thof I must say, for my own part, I never met with any of those sweet fingers, and yet I have gone to sea for the space of thirty years. But howsomever, clear your course of all such brimstone bitches. Shun going to law as you would shun the devil, and look upon all attorneyes as devouring sharks, or ravenous fish of prey. As soon as the breath is out of my body, let minute guns be fired, till I am safe under ground. I would also be buried in the red jacket I had on when I boarded and took the *Renummy*. Let my pistols, cutlafs, and pocket-comb, be laid in the coffin along with me. Let me be carried to the grave by my own men, rigged in the black caps and white shirts which my barge's crew were wont to wear; and they must keep a good look-out, that none of your pilfering rascallions may come and heave me up again, for the sake of what they can get, until the carcass is belayed by a tomb-stone. As for the motto, or what you call it, I leave that to you and Mr. Jolter, who are scholars; but I do desire, that it may not be engraved in the Greek or Latin lingos, and much less in the French, which I abominate, but in plain English, that when the angel comes to pipe all hands, at the great day, he may know that I am a British man, and speak to me in my mother tongue. And now I have no more to say, but God in heaven have mercy upon my soul, and send you all fair weather, wheresoever you are bound!' So saying, he regarded every individual around him with a look of

complacency, and closing his eye, composed himself to rest, while the whole audience (Pipes himself not excepted) were melted with sorrow; and Mrs. Trunnion consented to quit the room; that she might not be exposed to the unspeakable anguish of seeing him expire.

His last moments, however, were not so near as they imagined; he began to dose, and enjoyed small intervals of ease till next day in the afternoon; during which remissions, he was heard to pour forth many pious ejaculations; expressing his hope, that, for all the heavy cargo of his sins, he should be able to surmount the puttock-shrouds of despair, and get aloft to the cross-trees of God's good favour. At last, his voice sunk so low, as not to be distinguished; and having laid about an hour, almost without any perceptible signs of life, he gave up the ghost, with a groan which announced his decease.

Julia was no sooner certified of this melancholy event, than she ran to her aunt's chamber, weeping aloud; and immediately a very decent concert was performed by the good widow and her attendants. Peregrine and Hatchway retired till the corpse should be laid out; and Pipes having surveyed the body, with a face of rueful attention, 'Well fare thy soul, old Hawser Trunnion!' said he: 'man and boy I have known thee these five and thirty years; and sure a truer heart never broke biscuit. Many a hard gale hast thou weathered; but now thy spells are all over, and thy hull fairly laid up. A better commander I'd never desire to serve; and who knows but I may help to set up thy standing rigging in another world?'

All the servants of the house were affected with the loss of their old master; and the poor people in the neighbourhood assembled at the gate, and by repeated howlings, expressed their sorrow for the death of their charitable benefactor. Peregrine, though he felt every thing which love and gratitude could inspire on this occasion, was not so much overwhelmed with affliction, as to be incapable of taking the management of the family into his own hands. He gave directions about the funeral with great discretion, after having paid the compliments of condolence to his aunt, whom he consoled with the assurance of his inviolable esteem and affec-

tion. He ordered a suit of mourning to be made for every person in the garrison, and inviting all the neighbouring gentlemen to the burial, not even excepting his father and brother Gam, who did not however honour the ceremony with their presence; nor was his mother humane enough to visit her sister-in-law in her distress.

In the method of interment, the commodore's injunctions were obeyed to a tittle; and at the same time our hero made a donation of fifty pounds to the poor of the parish, as a benefaction which his uncle had forgot to bequeath.

Having performed these obsequies with the most pious punctuality, he examined the will, to which there was no addition since it had been first executed; adjusted the payment of all the legacies; and being sole executor, took an account of the estate to which he had succeeded, and which, after all deductions, amounted to thirty thousand pounds. The possession of such a fortune, of which he was absolute master, did not at all contribute to the humiliation of his spirit, but inspired him with new ideas of grandeur and magnificence, and elevated his hope to the highest pinnacle of expectation.

His domestick affairs being settled, he was visited by almost all the gentlemen of the country, who came to pay their compliments of congratulation, on his accession to the estate; and some of them offered their good offices towards a reconciliation betwixt his father and him, induced by the general detestation which was entertained for his brother Gam, who was by this time looked upon by his neighbours as a prodigy of insolence and malice. Our young squire thanked them for their kind proposal, which he accepted; and old Gamaliel, at their intreaties, seemed very well disposed to an accommodation: but, as he would not venture to declare himself, before he had consulted his wife, his favourable disposition was rendered altogether ineffectual, by the instigations of that implacable woman; and our hero resigned all expectation of being reunited to his father's house. His brother, as usual, took all opportunities of injuring his character, by false aspersions and stories misrepresented, in order to prejudice his reputation: nor was his sister Julia suffered to enjoy her good fortune in peace. Had he unde-

er gone such persecution from an alien to his blood, the world would have heard of his revenge; but, notwithstanding his indignation, he was too much tinctured by the prejudices of consanguinity, to lift his arm in judgment against the son of his own parents; and this consideration abridged the term of his residence at the garrison, where he had proposed to stay for some months.

CHAP. II.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN HAVING SETTLED HIS DOMESTICK AFFAIRS, ARRIVES IN LONDON, AND SETS UP A GAY EQUIPAGE. HE MEETS WITH EMILIA, AND IS INTRODUCED TO HER UNCLE.

HIS aunt, at the earnest solicitations of Julia and her husband, took up her quarters at the house of that affectionate kinswoman, who made it her chief study to comfort and cherish the disconsolate widow; and Jolter, in expectation of the living, which was not yet vacant, remained in garrison, in quality of land-steward upon our hero's country estate. As for the lieutenant, our young gentleman communed with him in a serious manner, about the commodore's proposal of taking Mrs. Trunnion to wife; and Jack, being quite tired of the solitary situation of a bachelor, which nothing but the company of his old commander could have enabled him to support so long, far from discovering aversion to the match, observed with an arch smile, that it was not the first time he had commanded a vessel in the absence of Captain Trunnion; and therefore, if the widow was willing, he would cheerfully stand by her helm; and, as he hoped the duty would not be of long continuance, do his endeavour to steer her safe into the port, where the commodore might come on board, and take charge of her again.

In consequence of this declaration, it was determined that Mr. Hatchway should make his addresses to Mrs. Trunnion, as soon as decency would permit her to receive them; and Mr. Clover and his wife promised to exert their influence in his behalf. Meanwhile, Jack was desired to live at the castle as usual, and assured, that it should be put wholly in his possession, as soon as he should

be able to accomplish this matrimonial scheme.

When Peregrine had settled all these points to his own satisfaction, he took leave of all his friends, and repairing to the great city, purchased a new chariot and horses, put Pipes and another lacquey into rich liveries, took elegant lodgings in Pall Mall, and made a most remarkable appearance among the people of fashion. It was owing to this equipage, and the gaiety of his personal deportment, that common fame, which is always a common liar, represented him as a young gentleman who had just succeeded to an estate of five thousand pounds per annum, by the death of an uncle; that he was intitled to an equal fortune at the decease of his own father, exclusive of two considerable jointures, which would devolve upon him at the demise of his mother and aunt. This report (false and ridiculous as it was) he could not find in his heart to contradict; not but that he was sorry to find himself so misrepresented: but his vanity would not allow him to take any step that might diminish his importance in the opinion of those who courted his acquaintance, on the supposition that his circumstances were actually as affluent as they were said to be. Nay, so much was he infatuated by this weakness, that he resolved to encourage the deception, by living up to the report; and accordingly engaged in the most expensive parties of pleasure; believing that, before his present finances should be exhausted, his fortune would be effectually made, by the personal accomplishments he should have occasion to display to the beau monde, in the course of his extravagance. In a word, vanity and pride were the ruling foibles of our adventurer, who imagined himself sufficiently qualified to retrieve his fortune in various shapes, long before he could have any idea of want or difficulty. He thought he should have it in his power, at any time, to make prize of a rich heiress, or opulent widow: his ambition had already aspired to the heart of a young handsome duchess's dowager, to whose acquaintance he had found means to be introduced; or, should matrimony chance to be unsuitable to his inclinations, he never doubted, that by the interest he might acquire among the nobility, he should be favoured with some lucrative post, that would amply

recompense

recompense him for the liberality of his disposition. There are many young men who entertain the same expectations, with half the reason he had to be so presumptuous.

In the midst of these chimerical calculations, his passion for Emilia did not subside; but, on the contrary, began to rage to such an inflammation of desire, that her idea interfered with every other reflection, and absolutely disabled him from prosecuting the other lofty schemes which his imagination had projected. He therefore laid down the honest resolution of visiting her in all the splendor of his situation, in order to practise upon her virtue with all his art and address, to the utmost extent of his influence and fortune. Nay, so effectually had his guilty passion absorbed his principles of honour, conscience, humanity, and regard for the commodore's last words, that he was base enough to rejoice at the absence of his friend Godfrey, who being then with his regiment in Ireland, could not dive into his purpose, or take measures for frustrating his vicious design.

Fraught with these heroick sentiments, he determined to set out for Suffex in his chariot and six, attended by his valet de chambre and two footmen; and as he was now sensible, that in his last essay he had mistaken his cue, he determined to change his battery, and sap the fortress by the most submissive, soft, and insinuating behaviour.

On the evening that preceded this purposed expedition, he went into one of the boxes at the playhouse, as usual, to shew himself to the ladies; and in reconnoitring the company through a glass, (for no other reason, but because it was fashionable to be purblind) perceived his mistress very plainly dressed, in one of the seats above the stage, talking to another young woman of a very homely appearance. Though his heart beat the alarm with the utmost impatience at sight of his Emilia, he was for some minutes deterred from obeying the impulse of his love, by the presence of some ladies of fashion, who, he feared, would think the worse of him, should they see him make his compliment in publick to a person of her figure. Nor would the violence of his inclination have so far prevailed over his pride, as to lead him thither, had not he recollected, that his quality friends would look upon her as

some handsome Abigail, with whom he had an affair of gallantry, and of consequence give him credit for the intrigue.

Encouraged by this suggestion, he complied with the dictates of love, and flew to the place where his charmer sat. His air and dress were so remarkable, that it was almost impossible he should have escaped the eyes of a curious observer, especially as he had chosen a time for coming in, when his entrance could not fail to attract the notice of the spectators; I mean, when the whole house was hushed in attention to the performance on the stage. Emilia, therefore, perceived him at his first approach; she found herself discovered by the direction of his glass, and guessing his intention by his abrupt retreat from the box, summoned all her fortitude to her aid, and prepared for his reception. He advanced to her with an air of eagerness and joy, tempered with modesty and respect, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing her, with a seeming reverence of regard. Though she was extremely well pleased at this unexpected behaviour, she suppressed the emotions of her heart, and answered his compliments with affected ease and unconcern, such as might denote the good-humour of a person who meets by accident with an indifferent acquaintance. After having certified himself of her own good health, he very kindly enquired about her mother and Miss Sophy; gave her to understand, that he had lately been favoured with a letter from Godfrey; that he had actually intended to set out next morning on a visit to Mrs. Gauntlet, which (now that he was so happy as to meet with her) he would postpone, until he should have the pleasure of attending her to the country. After having thanked him for his polite intention, she told him, that her mother was expected in town in a few days, and that she herself had come to London some weeks ago, to give her attendance upon her aunt, who had been dangerously ill, but was now pretty well recovered.

Although the conversation of course turned upon general topics, during the entertainment he took all opportunities of being particular with his eyes, through which he conveyed a thousand tender protestations. She saw, and inwardly rejoiced at the humility of his looks; but far from rewarding it with one approving

proving glance, she industriously avoided this ocular intercourse, and rather coquetted with a young gentleman that ogled her from the opposite box. Peregrine's penetration easily detected her sentiments, and he was nettled at her dissimulation, which served to confirm him in his unwarrantable designs upon her person. He persisted in his assiduities with indefatigable perseverance: when the play was concluded, handed her and her companion to an hackney-coach, and with difficulty was permitted to escort them to the house of Emilia's uncle, to whom our hero was introduced by the young lady, as an intimate friend of her brother Godfrey.

The old gentleman, who was no stranger to the nature of Peregrine's connection with his sister's family, prevailed upon him to stay supper, and seemed particularly well pleased with his conversation and deportment, which, by help of his natural sagacity, he wonderfully adapted to the humour of his entertainer. After supper, when the ladies were withdrawn, and the citizen called for his pipe, our sly adventurer followed his example. Though he abhorred the plant, he smoked with an air of infinite satisfaction, and expatiated upon the virtues of tobacco, as if he had been deeply concerned in the Virginia trade. In the progress of the discourse, he consulted the merchant's disposition; and the national debt coming upon the carpet, held forth upon the funds like a professed broker. When the alderman complained of the restrictions and discouragement of trade, his guest inveighed against exorbitant duties, with the nature of which he seemed as well acquainted as any commissioner of the customs; so that the uncle was astonished at the extent of his knowledge, and expressed his surprize, that a gay young gentleman like him, should have found either leisure or inclination to consider subjects so foreign to the fashionable amusements of youth.

Pickle laid hold on this opportunity to tell him, that he was descended from a race of merchants; and that, early in life, he had made it his business to instruct himself in the different branches of trade, which he not only studied as his family profession, but also as the source of all our national riches and power. He then launched out in praise of commerce, and the promoters there-

of; and by way of contrast, employed all his ridicule, in drawing such ludicrous pictures of the manners and education of what is called high life, that the trader's sides were shaken by laughter, even to the danger of his life; and he looked upon our adventurer as a miracle of sobriety and good-sense.

Having thus ingratiated himself with the uncle, Peregrine took his leave, and next day in the forenoon visited the niece in his chariot, after she had been admonished by her kinsman to behave with circumspection, and cautioned against neglecting or discouraging the addresses of such a valuable admirer.

CHAP. III.

HE PROSECUTES HIS DESIGN UPON EMILIA WITH GREAT ART AND PERSEVERANCE.

OUR adventurer, having by his hypocrisy obtained free access to his mistress, began the siege, by professing the most sincere contrition for his former levity, and imploring her forgiveness with such earnest supplication, that, guarded as she was against his flattering arts, she began to believe his protestations, which were even accompanied with tears, and abated a good deal of that severity and distance she had proposed to maintain during this interview. She would not, however, favour him with the least acknowledgment of a mutual passion, because, in the midst of his vows of eternal constancy and truth, he did not mention one syllable of wedlock, though he was now entirely master of his own conduct; and this consideration created a doubt, which fortified her against all his attacks: yet, what her discretion would have concealed, was discovered by her eyes, which, in spite of all her endeavours, breathed forth complacency and love. For her inclination was flattered by her own self-sufficiency, which imputed her admirer's silence, in that particular, to the hurry and perturbation of his spirits, and persuaded her, that he could not possibly regard her with any other than honourable intentions.

The insidious lover exulted in the tenderness of her looks, from which he presaged a compleat victory; but, that he might not over-shoot himself by his

own precipitation, he would not run the risk of declaring himself, until her heart should be so far entangled within his snares, as that neither the suggestions of honour, prudence, or pride, should be able to disengage it. Armed with this resolution, he restrained the impatience of his temper within the limits of the most delicate deportment. After having solicited and obtained permission to attend her to the next opera, he took her by the hand, and pressing it to his lips in the most respectful manner, went away, leaving her in a most whimsical state of suspense, chequered with an interesting vicissitude of hope and fear.

On the appointed day, he appeared again about five o'clock in the afternoon, and found her native charms so much improved by the advantages of dress, that he was transported with admiration and delight; and while he conducted her to the Hay Market, could scarce bridle the impetuosity of his passion, so as to observe the forbearing maxims he had adopted. When she entered the pit, he had abundance of food for the gratification of his vanity; for, in a moment, she eclipsed all the female part of the audience, each individual allowing in her own heart, that the stranger was by far the handsomest woman there present, except herself.

Here it was that our hero enjoyed a double triumph; he was vain of this opportunity to enhance his reputation for gallantry among the ladies of fashion, who knew him, and proud of an occasion to display his quality acquaintance to Emilia; that she might entertain the greater idea of the conquest she had made, and pay the more deference to his importance in the sequel of his addresses. That he might profit as much as possible by this situation, he went up and accosted every person in the pit, with whom he ever had the least communication, whispered and laughed with an affected air of familiarity, and even bowed at a distance to some of the nobility, on the slender foundation of having stood near them at court, or presented them with a pinch of rappee at White's chocolate-house.

This ridiculous ostentation, though now practised with a view of promoting his design, was a weakness that in some degree infected the whole of his behaviour; for nothing gave him so much joy in conversation, as an opportunity

of giving the company to understand, how well he was with persons of distinguished rank and character: he would often (for example) observe, as it were occasionally, that the Duke of G— was one of the best-natured men in the world, and illustrate this assertion by some instance of his affability, in which he himself was concerned; then, by an abrupt transition, he would repeat some repartee of Lady T—, and mention a certain bon mot of the Earl of C—, which was uttered in his hearing.

Abundance of young men, in this manner, make free with the names, though they have never had access to the persons of the nobility; but this was not the case with Peregrine, who, in consideration of his appearance and supposed fortune, together with the advantage of his introduction, was by this time freely admitted to the tables of the great.

In his return with Emilia from the opera, though he still maintained the most scrupulous decorum in his behaviour, he plied her with the most passionate expressions of love, squeezed her hand with great fervency, protested that his whole soul was engrossed by her idea, and that he could not exist independent of her favour. Pleased as she was with his warm and pathetick addresses, together with the respectful manner of his making love, she yet had prudence and resolution sufficient to contain her tenderness, which was ready to run over; being fortified against his arts, by reflecting, that if his aim was honourable, it was now his business to declare it. On this consideration, she refused to make any serious reply to his earnest expostulations, but affected to receive them as the undetermined effusions of gallantry and good-breeding.

This fictitious gaiety and good-humour, though it baffled his hope of extorting from her an acknowledgment of which he might have taken immediate advantage, nevertheless encouraged him to observe, (as the chariot passed along the Strand) that the night was far advanced; that supper would certainly be over before they could reach her uncle's house; and to propose, that he should wait upon her to some place, where they might be accommodated with a slight refreshment. She was offended at the freedom of this proposal; which, however,

however, she treated as a joke, thanking him for his courteous offer, and assuring him, that when she should be disposed for a tavern treat, he alone should have the honour of bestowing it.

Her kinsman being engaged with company abroad, and her aunt retired to rest, he had the good fortune to enjoy a *tête à tête* with her during a whole hour, which he employed with such consummate skill, that her caution was almost overcome. He not only assailed her with the artillery of sighs, vows, prayers, and tears, but even pawned his honour in behalf of his love. He swore with many imprecations, that although her heart were surrendered to him at discretion, there was a principle within him, which would never allow him to injure such innocence and beauty; and the transports of his passion had, upon this occasion, so far over-shot his purpose, that if she had demanded an explanation, while he was thus agitated, he would have engaged himself to her wish by such ties, as he could not possibly break with any regard to his reputation. But from such expostulation she was deterred, partly by pride, and partly by the dread of finding herself mistaken in such an interesting conjecture. She therefore enjoyed the present flattering appearance of her fate, was prevailed upon to accept the jewels, which he purchased with part of his winning at Bath, and with the most enchanting condescension submitted to a warm embrace; when he took his leave, after having obtained permission to visit her, as often as his inclination and convenience would permit.

In his return to his own lodgings, he was buoyed up with his success to an extravagance of hope; already congratulated himself upon his triumph over Emilia's virtue; and began to project future conquests among the most dignified characters of the female sex. But his attention was not all dissipated by these vain reflections; he resolved to concentrate the whole exertion of his soul upon the execution of his present plan; desisted, in the mean time, from all other schemes of pleasure, interest, and ambition; and took lodgings in the city, for the more commodious accomplishment of his purpose.

While our lover's imagination was thus agreeably regaled, his mistress did not enjoy her expectations, without the

intervention of doubts and anxiety. His silence touching the final aim of his addresses was a mystery on which she was afraid of exercising her sagacity; and her uncle tormented her with enquiries into the circumstances of Peregrine's professions and deportment. Rather than give this relation the least cause of suspicion, which must have cut off all intercourse betwixt her and her admirer, she said every thing which she thought would satisfy his care and concern for her welfare; and in consequence of such representation, she enjoyed, without reserve, the company of our adventurer, who prosecuted his plan with surprising eagerness and perseverance.

CHAP. IV.

HE PREVAILS UPON EMILIA TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO A MASQUERADE; MAKES A TREACHEROUS ATTEMPT UPON HER AFFECTION, AND MEETS WITH A DISERVED REPULSE.

SCARCE a night elapsed in which he did not conduct her to some public entertainment. When, by the dint of his insidious carriage, he thought himself in full possession of her confidence and affection, he lay in wait for an opportunity; and hearing her observe in conversation, that she had never been at a masquerade, begged leave to attend her to the next ball; at the same time, extending his invitation to the young lady, in whose company he had found her at the play, she being present when this subject of discourse was introduced. He had flattered himself, that this gentleman would decline the proposal, as she was a person seemingly of a demure disposition, who had been born and bred in the city, where such diversions are looked upon as scenes of lewdness and debauchery. For once, however, he reckoned without his host; curiosity is as prevalent in the city as at the court end of the town: Emilia no sooner signified her assent to his proposal, than her friend, with an air of satisfaction, agreed to make one of the *partie*; and he was obliged to thank her for that complaisance which laid him under infinite mortification. He set his genius at work, to invent some scheme for preventing her unseasonable intrusion. Had

An opportunity offered, he would have acted as her physician, and administered a medicine that would have laid her under the necessity of staying at home; but his acquaintance with her being too slight to furnish him with the means of executing this expedient, he devised another, which was practised with all imaginable success. Understanding that her grandmother had left her a sum of money independent of her parents, he conveyed a letter to her mother, intimating, that her daughter, on pretence of going to the masquerade, intended to bestow herself in marriage to a certain person, and that in a few days she would be informed of the circumstances of the whole intrigue, provided she would keep this information secret, and contrive some excuse for detaining the young lady at home, without giving her cause to believe she was apprized of her intention. This billet, subscribed, 'Your well-wisher, and unknown humble servant,' had the desired effect upon the careful matron; who, on the ball-day, feigned herself so extremely ill, that Miss could not, with any decency, quit her mamma's apartment; and therefore sent her apology to Emilia in the afternoon, immediately after the arrival of Peregrine, who pretended to be very much afflicted with the disappointment, while his heart throbbed with a transport of joy.

About ten o'clock the lovers set out for the Hay Market, he being dressed in the habit of Pantaloon, and she in that of Columbine; and they had scarce entered the house, when the music struck up, the curtain was withdrawn, and the whole scene displayed at once, to the admiration of Emilia, whose expectation was infinitely surpassed by this exhibition. Our gallant having conducted her through all the different apartments, and described the œconomy of the place, led her into the circle, and, in their turn, they danced several minuets: then going to the side-board, he prevailed upon her to eat some sweetmeats and drink a glass of Champagne. After a second review of the company, they engaged in country-dances, at which exercise they continued, until our adventurer concluded, that his partner's blood was sufficiently warmed for the prosecution of his design. On this supposition, which was built upon her declaring, that she was thirsty and fatigued, he persuaded her to take a little refresh-

ment and repose, and for that purpose, handed her down stairs into the eating-room, where, having seated her on the floor, he presented her with a glass of wine and water; and, as she complained of being faint, enriched the draught with some drops of a certain elixir, which he recommended as a most excellent restorative, though it was no other than a stimulative tincture, which he had treacherously provided for the occasion. Having swallowed this potion, by which her spirits were manifestly exhilarated, she ate a slice of ham, with the wing of a cold pullet, and concluded the meal with a glass of Burgundy, which she drank at the earnest entreaty of her admirer. These extraordinary cordials co-operating with the ferment of her blood, which was heated by violent motion, could not fail to affect the constitution of a delicate young creature, who was naturally sprightly and volatile. Her eyes began to sparkle with unusual fire and vivacity, a thousand brilliant sallies of wit escaped her, and every masque that accosted her underwent some smarting repartee.

Peregrine, overjoyed at the success of his administration, proposed that they should resume their places at the country-dances, with a view to promote and assist the efficacy of his elixir; and when he thought her disposition was properly adapted for the theme, began to ply her with all the elocution of love. In order to elevate his own spirits to that pitch of resolution which his scheme required, he drank two whole bottles of Burgundy, which inflamed his passion to such a degree, that he found himself capable of undertaking and perpetrating any scheme for the gratification of his desire.

Emilia, warmed by so many concurring incentives, in favour of the man she loved, abated considerably of her wonted reserve, listened to his protestations with undissembled pleasure, and in the confidence of her satisfaction, even owned him absolute master of her affections. Ravished with this confession, he now deemed himself on the brink of reaping the delicious fruits of his art and assiduity; and the morning being already pretty far advanced, assented with rapture to the first proposal she made of retiring to her lodgings. The blinds of the chariot being pulled up, he took advantage of the favourable situation

situation of her thoughts, and on pretence of being whimsical, in consequence of the wine he had swallowed, clasped her in his arms, and imprinted a thousand kisses on her pouting lips, a freedom which she pardoned as the privilege of intoxication. While he thus indulged himself with impunity, the carriage halted, and Pipes opening the door, his master handed her into the passage, before she perceived that it was not her uncle's house, at which they had alighted.

Alarmed at this discovery, she with some confusion desired to know his reason for conducting her to a strange place at these hours: but he made no reply, until he had led her into an apartment, when he gave her to understand, that as her uncle's family must be disturbed by her going thither so late in the night, and the streets near Temple-bar were infested by a multitude of robbers and cut throats, he had ordered his coachman to halt at this house, which was kept by a relation of his, a mighty good sort of a gentlewoman, who would be proud of an opportunity to accommodate a person for whom he was known to entertain such tenderness and esteem.

Emilia had too much penetration to be imposed upon by this plausible pretext: in spite of her partiality for Peregrine, which had never been inflamed to such a pitch of complacency before, she comprehended his whole plan in a twinkling. Though her blood boiled with indignation, she thanked him with an affected air of serenity for his kind concern, and expressed her obligation to his cousin; but, at the same time, insisted upon going home, lest her absence should terrify her uncle and aunt, who she knew would not retire to rest till her return.

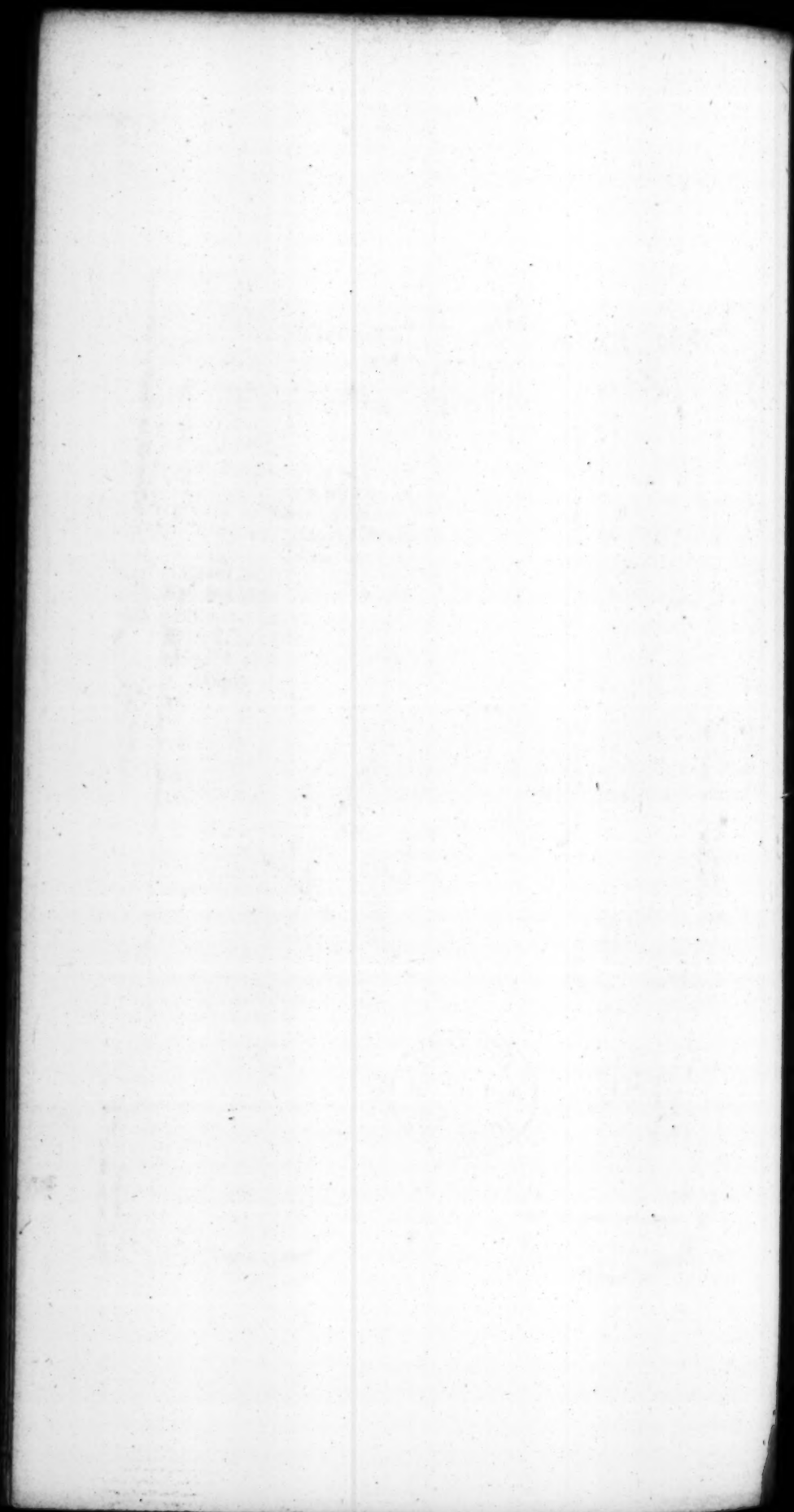
He urged her, with a thousand remonstrances, to consult her own ease and safety, promising to send Pipes into the city, for the satisfaction of her relations: but finding her obstinately deaf to his intreaties, he assured her, that he would in a few minutes comply with her request: and, in the mean time, begged she would fortify herself against the cold with a cordial, which he poured out in her presence, and which (now that her suspicion was aroused) she refused to taste, notwithstanding all his importunities. He then fell upon his knees before her, and the tears gushing

from his eyes, swore that his passion was wound up to such a pitch of impatience, that he could no longer live upon the unsubstantial food of expectation; and that, if she would not vouchsafe to crown his happiness, he would forthwith sacrifice himself to her disdain. Such an abrupt address, accompanied with all the symptoms of frantick agitation, could not fail to perplex and affright the gentle Emilia; who, after some recollection, replied with a resolute tone, that she could not see what reason he had to complain of her reserve, which she was not at liberty to lay entirely aside, until he should have avowed his intentions in form, and obtained the sanction of those whom it was her duty to obey. 'Divine creature!' cried he, seizing her hand, and pressing it to his lips, 'it is from you alone I hope for that condescension, which would overwhelm me with transports of celestial bliss. The sentiments of parents are so sordid, silly, and confined; seek not then to subject my passion to such low restrictions as were calculated for the purposes of common life. My love is too delicate and refined, to wear those vulgar fetters, which serve only to destroy the merit of voluntary affection, and to upbraid a man incessantly with the articles of compulsion, under which he lies. My dear angel! spare me the mortification of being compelled to love you, and reign sole empress of my heart and fortune. I will not affront you so much as to talk of settlements; my all is at your disposal. In this pocket-book are notes to the amount of two thousand pounds; do me the pleasure to accept of them; to-morrow I will lay ten thousand more in your lap. In a word, you shall be mistress of my whole estate, and I shall think myself happy in living & dependent on your bounty!'

Heavens! what were the emotions of the virtuous, the sensible, the delicate, the tender Emilia's heart, when she heard this insolent declaration from the mouth of a man whom she had honoured with her affection and esteem! It was not simply horror, grief, or indignation, that she felt, in consequence of this unworthy treatment, but the united pangs of all together, which produced a sort of hysterick laugh, while she told him, that she could not help admiring his generosity.

Deceived



[illegible]

Deceived by this convulsion, and the ironical compliment that attended it, the lover thought he had already made great progress in his operations, and that it was now his business to storm the fort by a vigorous assault, that he might spare her the confusion of yielding without resistance. Possessed by this vain suggestion, he started up, and folding her in his arms, began to obey the furious dictate of his unruly and ungenerous desire. With an air of cool determination, she demanded a parley; and when, upon her repeated request, he granted it, addressed herself to him in these words, while her eyes gleamed with all the dignity of the most awful resentment. 'Sir, I scorn to upbraid you with a repetition of your former vows and protestations, nor will I recapitulate the little arts you have practised to ensnare my heart; because, though by dint of the most perfidious dissimulation, you have found means to deceive my opinion, your utmost efforts have never been able to lull the vigilance of my conduct, or to engage my affection beyond the power of discarding you without a tear, whenever my honour should demand such a sacrifice. Sir, you are unworthy of my concern or regret, and the sigh that now struggles from my breast, is the result of sorrow, for my own want of discernment. As for your present attempt upon my chastity, I despise your power as I detest your intention. Though, under the mask of the most delicate respect, you have decoyed me from the immediate protection of my friends, and contrived other impious stratagems to ruin my peace and reputation, I confide too much in my own innocence, and the authority of the law, to admit one thought of fear, much less to sink under the horror of this shocking situation, into which I have been seduced. Sir, your behaviour on this occasion, is, in all respects, low and contemptible: for, ruffian as you are, you durst not harbour one thought of executing your execrable scheme, while you knew my brother was near enough to prevent or revenge the insult; so that you must not only be a treacherous villain, but also a most despicable coward!' Having expressed herself in this manner, with a most majestic severity of aspect, she opened the

door, and walking down stairs with surprising resolution, committed herself to the care of a watchman, who accommodated her with a hackney-chair, in which she was safely conveyed to her uncle's house.

Meanwhile, the lover was so confounded and over-awed by these cutting reproaches, and her animated behaviour, that all his resolution forsook him, and he found himself not only incapable of obstructing her retreat, but even of uttering one syllable to deprecate her wrath, or extenuate the guilt of his own conduct. The nature of his disappointment, and the keen remorse that seized him, when he reflected upon the dishonourable footing on which his character stood with Emilia, raised such perturbation in his mind, that his silence was succeeded by a violent fit of distraction, during which he raved like a Bedlamite, and acted a thousand extravagances, which convinced the people of the house (a certain bagnio) that he had actually lost his wits. Pipes, with great concern, adopted the same opinion; and, being assisted by the waiters, hindered him, by main force, from running out and pursuing the fair fugitive; whom, in his delirium, he alternately cursed and commended, with horrid imprecations and lavish applause. His faithful valet, having waited two whole hours, in hope of seeing this gust of passion overblown, and perceiving that the paroxysm seemed rather to increase, very prudently sent for a physician of his master's acquaintance; who having considered the circumstances and symptoms of the disorder, directed that he should be plentifully blooded, without loss of time, and prescribed a draught to compose the tumult of his spirits. These orders being punctually performed, he grew more calm and tractable; recovered his reflection so far, as to be ashamed of the extasy he had undergone; suffered himself quietly to be undressed, and put to bed; where the fatigue occasioned by his exercise at the masquerade, co-operated with the present dissipation of his spirits to lull him into a profound sleep, which greatly tended to the preservation of his intellects: not that he found himself in a state of perfect tranquillity, when he awaked about noon. The remembrance of what had passed overwhelmed him with mortification. Emilia's invectives still sounded in his ears:

and while he deeply resented her disdain, he could not help admiring her spirit, and in his heart did homage to her charms.

CHAP. V.

HE ENDEAVOURS TO RECONCILE HIMSELF TO HIS MISTRESS, AND EXPOSTULATES WITH THE UNCLE, WHO FORBIDS HIM THE HOUSE.

IN this state of division, he went home to his own lodgings in a chair; and while he deliberated with himself whether he should relinquish the pursuit, and endeavour to banish her idea from his breast, or go immediately and humble himself before his exasperated mistress, and offer his hand as an atonement for his crime, his servant put in his hand a packet, which had been delivered by a ticket-porter at the door. He no sooner perceived that the superscription was in Emilia's hand-writing, than he guessed the nature of the contents; and opening the seal with disordered eagerness, found the jewels he had given to her, inclosed in a billet couched in these words.

‘THAT I may have no cause to reproach myself with having retained the least memorial of a wretch whom I equally despise and abhor, I take this opportunity of restoring these ineffectual instruments of his infamous design upon the honour of

‘EMILIA.’

His chagrin was so much galled and inflamed at the bitterness of this contemptuous message, that he gnawed his fingers till the blood ran over his nails, and even wept with vexation. Sometimes he vowed revenge against her haughty virtue, and reviled himself for his precipitate declaration, before his scheme was brought to maturity; then he would consider her behaviour with reverence and regard, and bow before the irresistible power of her attractions. In short, his breast was torn by conflicting passions; love, shame, and remorse, contended with vanity, ambition, and revenge; and the superiority was still doubtful, when headstrong desire

interposed, and decided in favour of an attempt towards a reconciliation with the offended fair.

Impelled by this motive, he set out in the afternoon for the house of her uncle, not without hopes of that tender enjoyment which never fails to attend an accommodation betwixt two lovers of taste and sensibility. Though the consciousness of his trespass encumbered him with an air of awkward confusion, he was too confident of his own qualifications and address to despair of forgiveness; and by that time he arrived at the citizen's gate, he had conned a very artful and pathetic harangue, which he proposed to utter in his own behalf, laying the blame of his conduct on the impetuosity of his passion, incensed by the Burgundy, which he had too liberally drank: but he did not meet with an opportunity to avail himself of this preparation. Emilia, suspecting that he would take some step of this kind to retrieve her favour, had gone abroad on pretence of visiting, after having signified to her kinsman, her resolution to avoid the company of Peregrine, on account of some ambiguities which (she said) were last night remarkable in his demeanour at the masquerade. She chose to insinuate her suspicions in these hints, rather than give an explicit detail of the young man's dishonourable contrivance, which might have kindled the resentment of the family to some dangerous pitch of animosity and revenge.

Our adventurer, finding himself baffled in his expectation of seeing her, enquired for the old gentleman, with whom he thought he had influence enough to make his apology good, in case he should find him prepossessed by the young lady's information. But here too he was disappointed; the uncle had gone to dine in the country, and his wife was indisposed; so that he had no pretext for staying in the house till the return of his charmer. Being, however, fruitful of expedients, he dismissed his chariot, and took possession of a room in a tavern, the windows of which fronted the merchant's gate; and there he proposed to watch until he should see her approach. This scheme he put in practice with indefatigable patience, though it was not attended with the expected success.

Emilia, whose caution was equally vigilant and commendable, foreseeing that

that she might be exposed to the fertility of his invention, came home by a private passage, and entered by a postern, which was altogether unknown to her admirer; and her uncle did not arrive until it was so late that he could not with any decency demand a conference.

Next morning he did not fail to present himself at the door, and his mistress being denied by her own express direction, insisted upon seeing the master of the house; who received him with such coldness of civility, as plainly gave him to understand, that he was acquainted with the displeasure of his niece. He therefore, with an air of candour, told the citizen, he could easily perceive by his behaviour, that he was the confidant of Miss Emily, of whom he was come to ask pardon for the offence he had given; and did not doubt, if he could be admitted to her presence, that he should be able to convince her, that he had not erred intentionally, or at least propose such reparation as would effectually atone for his fault.

To this remonstrance the merchant, without any ceremony of circumlocution, answered, that though he was ignorant of the nature of his offence, he was very certain, that it must have been something very flagrant that could irritate his niece to such a degree, against a person for whom she had formerly a most particular regard. He owned, she had declared her intention to renounce his acquaintance for ever, and, doubtless, she had good reason for so doing; neither would he undertake to promote an accommodation, unless he would give him full power to treat on the score of matrimony, which he supposed would be the only means of evincing his own sincerity, and obtaining Emilia's forgiveness.

Peregrine's pride was kindled by this blunt declaration, which he could not help considering as the result of a scheme concerted betwixt the young lady and her uncle, in order to take the advantage of his heat. He therefore replied, with manifest signs of disgust, that he did not apprehend there was any occasion for a mediator to reconcile the difference betwixt Emilia and him; and that all he desired was an opportunity of pleading in his own behalf.

The citizen frankly told him, that as his niece had expressed an earnest desire of avoiding his company, he would not

put the least constraint upon her inclination; and in the mean time gave him to know, that he was particularly engaged.

Our hero, glowing with indignation at this supercilious treatment—'I was in the wrong,' said he, 'to look for good-manners so far on this side of Temple-bar: but you must give me leave to tell you, Sir, that unless I am favoured with an interview with Miss Gauntlet, I shall conclude, that you have actually laid a constraint upon her inclination for some sinister purposes of your own.'—'Sir,' replied the old gentleman, 'you are welcome to make what conclusions shall seem good unto your own imagination; but, pray be so good as to allow me the privilege of being master in my own house.' So saying, he very complaisantly shewed him to the door; and our lover being dissident of his own temper, as well as afraid of being used with greater indignity, in a place where his personal prowess would only serve to heighten his disgrace, quitted the house in a transport of rage which he could not wholly suppress, telling the landlord, that if his age did not protect him, he would have chastised him for his insolent behaviour.

CHAP. VI.

HE PROJECTS A VIOLENT SCHEME, IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH HE IS INVOLVED IN A MOST FATIGUING ADVENTURE, WHICH GREATLY TENDS TOWARDS THE AUGMENTATION OF HIS CHAGRIN.

THUS debarred of personal communication with his mistress, he essayed to retrieve her good graces by the most submissive and pathetick letters, which he conveyed by divers artifices to her perusal; but reaping no manner of benefit from these endeavours, his passion acquired a degree of impatience, little inferior to downright frenzy; and he determined to run every risk of life, fortune, and reputation, rather than desist from his unjustifiable pursuit. Indeed, his resentment was now as deeply concerned as his love, and each of these passions equally turbulent and loud in demanding gratification. He kept cen-

tinels

tinels continually in pay, to give him notice of her outgoings, in expectation of finding some opportunity to carry her off; but her circumspection entirely frustrated this design; for she suspected every thing of that sort from a disposition like his, and regulated her motions accordingly.

Baffled by her prudence and penetration, he altered his plan. On pretence of being called to his country-house by some affair of importance, he departed from London, and taking lodgings at a farmer's house, that stood near the road through which she must have necessarily passed, in her return to her mother, concealed himself from all intercourse, except with his valet de chambre and Pipes, who had orders to scour the country, and reconnoitre every horse, coach, or carriage, that should appear on that highway, with a view of intercepting his Amanda in her passage.

He had waited in this ambuscade a whole week, when his valet gave him notice, that he and his fellow-scout had discovered a chaise and six, driving at full speed towards them; upon which they had flapped their hats over their eyes, so as that they might not be known, in case they should be seen, and concealed themselves behind a hedge, from whence they could perceive in the carriage, as it passed, a young man plainly dressed, with a lady in a mask, of the exact size, shape, and air of Emilia; and that Pipes followed them at a distance, while he rode back to communicate this piece of intelligence.

Peregrine would scarce allow him time to conclude his information; he ran down to the stable, where his horse was kept ready saddled for the purpose, and never doubting that the lady in question was his mistress, attended by one of her uncle's clerks, mounted immediately, and rode full gallop after the chaise, which, when he had proceeded about two miles, he understood from Pipes had put up at a neighbouring inn. Though his inclination prompted him to enter her apartment without farther delay, he suffered himself to be dissuaded from taking such a precipitate step, by his privy-counsellor, who observed, that it would be impracticable to execute his purpose of conveying her against her will from a publick inn, that stood in the midst of a populous village, which would infallibly rise in her defence. He advised

him, therefore, to lie in wait for the chaise, in some remote and private part of the road, where they might accomplish their aim without difficulty or danger. In consequence of this admonition, our adventurer ordered Pipes to reconnoitre the inn, that she might not escape another way, while he and the valet, in order to avoid being seen, took a circuit by an unfrequented path, and placed themselves in ambush, on a spot which they chose for the scene of their achievement. Here they tarried a full hour, without seeing the carriage, or hearing from their centinel: so that the youth, unable to exert his patience one moment longer, left the foreigner in his station, and rode back to his faithful lacquey, who assured him, that the travellers had not yet hove up their anchor, or proceeded on their voyage.

Notwithstanding this intimation, Pickle began to entertain such alarming suspicions, that he could not refrain from advancing to the gate, and enquiring for the company which had lately arrived in a chaise and six. The inn-keeper, who was not at all pleased with the behaviour of those passengers, did not think proper to observe the instructions he had received; on the contrary, he plainly told him, that the chaise did not halt, but only entered at one door, and went out at the other, with a view to deceive those who pursued it, as he guessed from the words of the gentleman, who had earnestly desired, that his rout might be concealed from any person who should enquire about their motions. 'As for my own part, measter,' continued this charitable publican, 'I believe as how they are no better than they should be, else they wouldn't be in such a deadly fear of being overtaken. "Methinks," said I, when I saw them in such a woundy pothor to be gone, "odd sheartikins! this must be some London 'prentice running away with his measter's daughter, as sure as I am a living soul." But, be he who he will, sartain it is, a has nothing of the gentleman about en; for, tho' a axed such a favour, a never once put hand in pocket, or said, "Dog, will you drink?" Howsomever, that don't argufy in reverence of his being in a hurry; and a man may be sometimes a little too judgmatical in his conjectures.' In all probability, this loquacious landlord would have served the traveller

traveller effectually, had Peregrine heard him to an end; but this impetuous youth, far from listening to the sequel of his observations, interrupted him in the beginning of his career, by asking eagerly, which road they followed; and having received the inn-keeper's direction, clapped spurs to his horse, commanding Pipes to make the valet acquainted with his course, that they might attend him with all imaginary dispatch.

By the publican's account of their conduct, his former opinion was fully confirmed; he plied the steed to the height of his mettle, and so much was his imagination ingrossed by the prospect of having Emilia in his power, that he did not perceive the road on which he travelled was quite different from that which led to the habitation of Mrs. Gauntlet. The valet de chambre was an utter stranger to that part of the country; and as for Mr. Pipes, such considerations were altogether foreign to the economy of his reflection.

Ten long miles had our hero rode, when his eyes were blessed with the sight of the chaise ascending an hill, at the distance of a good league; upon which he doubled his diligence in such a manner, that he gained upon the carriage every minute, and at length approached so near to it, that he could discern the lady and her conductor, with their heads thrust out at the windows, looking back, and speaking to the driver alternately, as if they earnestly besought him to augment the speed of his cattle.

Being thus, as it were, in sight of port, while he crossed the road, his horse happened to plunge into a cart-rut with such violence, that he was thrown several yards over his head: and the beast's shoulder being slipped by the fall, he found himself disabled from plucking the fruit, which was almost within his reach; for he had left his servants at a considerable distance behind him; and although they had been at his back, and supplied him with another horse, they were so indifferently mounted, that he could not reasonably expect to overtake the flyers, who profited so much by this disaster, that the chaise vanished in a moment.

It may be easily conceived, how a young man of his disposition passed his time in this tantalizing situation. He ejaculated with great fervency, but his prayers were not the effects of resigna-

tion. He ran back on foot with incredible speed, in order to meet his valet, whom he unhorsed in a twinkling; and, taking his seat, began to exercise his whip and spurs, after having ordered the Swifts to follow him on the other gelding, and committed the lame hunter to the care of Pipes.

Matters being adjusted in this manner, our adventurer prosecuted the race with all his might; and having made some progress, was informed by a countryman, that the chaise had struck off into another road, and, according to his judgment, was by that time about three miles a-head; though, in all probability, the horses would not be able to hold out much longer, because they seemed to be quite spent when they passed his door. Encouraged by this intimation, Peregrine pushed on with great alacrity; though he could not regain sight of the desired object, till the clouds of night began to deepen, and even then he enjoyed nothing more than a transient glimpse; for the carriage was no sooner seen, than shrouded again from his view. These vexatious circumstances animated his endeavours, while they irritated his chagrin: in short, he continued his pursuit till the night was far advanced, and himself so uncertain about the object of his care, that he entered a solitary inn, with a view of obtaining some intelligence, when, to his infinite joy, he perceived the chaise standing by itself, and the horses panting in the yard. In full confidence of his having arrived at last at the goal of all his wishes, he alighted instantaneously, and running up to the coachman with a pistol in his hand, commanded him, in an imperious tone, to conduct him to the lady's chamber, on pain of death. The driver, affrighted at this menacing address, protested with great humility, that he did not know whither his fare had retired; for that he himself was paid and dismissed from this service, because he would not undertake to drive them all night across the country, without stopping to refresh his horses: but he promised to go in quest of the waiter, who would shew him to their apartment. He was accordingly detached on that errand, while our hero stood centinel at the gate, till the arrival of his valet de chambre, who joining him by accident, before the coachman returned, relieved him in his watch; and then the young gentleman, exasperated

rated at his messenger's delay, rushed with fury in his eyes from room to room, denouncing vengeance upon the whole family; but he did not meet with one living soul, until he entered the garret, where he found the landlord and his wife in bed. This chicken-hearted couple, by the light of a rush-candle that burned on the hearth, seeing a stranger burst into the chamber, in such a terrible attitude, were seized with consternation; and exalting their voices, in a most lamentable strain, begged, for the passion of Christ, that he would spare their lives, and take all they had.

Peregrine guessing from this exclamation, and the circumstance of their being a bed, that they mistook him for a robber, and were ignorant of that which he wanted to know, dispelled their terror, by making them acquainted with the cause of his visit, and desired the husband to get up with all possible dispatch, in order to assist and attend him in his search.

Thus reinforced, he rummaged every corner of the inn, and at last finding the ostler in the stable, was by him informed, (to his unspeakable mortification) that the gentleman and lady who arrived in the chaise, had immediately hired post-horses for a certain village at the distance of fifteen miles, and departed without halting for the least refreshment. Our adventurer, mad with this disappointment, mounted his horse in an instant, and, with his attendant, took the same road, with full determination to die, rather than desert from the prosecution of his design. He had, by this time, rode upwards of thirty miles, since three o'clock in the afternoon; so that the horses were almost quite jaded, and travelled this stage so slowly, that it was morning before they reached the place of their destination, where, far from finding the fugitives, he understood, that no such persons as he described had passed that way, and that in all likelihood they had taken a quite contrary direction, while, in order to mislead him in his pursuit, they had amused the ostler with a false route. This conjecture was strengthened by his perceiving, (now, for the first time) that he had deviated a considerable way from the road, through which they must have journeyed, in order to arrive at the place of her mother's residence; and these suggestions utterly deprived him of the small remains of rea-

collection, which he had hitherto retained. His eyes rolled about, witnessing rage and distraction; he foamed at the mouth, stamped upon the ground with great violence, uttered incoherent imprecations against himself and all mankind, and would have sallied forth again, he knew not whither, upon the same horse, which he had already almost killed with fatigue, had not his confidant found means to quiet the tumult of his thoughts, and recal his recollection, by representing the condition of the poor animals, and advising him to hire fresh horses, and ride post-across the country, to the village in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Gauntlet's habitation, where they should infallibly intercept the daughter, provided they could get the start of her upon the road.

Peregrine not only relished, but forthwith acted in conformity with this good counsel. His own horses were committed to the charge of the landlord, with directions for Pipes, in case he should come in quest of his master; and a couple of stout geldings being prepared, he and his valet took the road again, steering their course according to the motions of the post-boy, who undertook to be their guide. They had almost finished the first stage, when they descried a post-chaise just halting at the inn where they proposed to change horses; upon which our adventurer, glowing with a most interesting preface, put his beast to the full speed, and approached near enough to distinguish, as the travellers quitted the carriage, that he had at last come up with the very individual persons whom he had pursued so long.

Flushed with this discovery, he galloped into the yard so suddenly, that the lady and her conductor scarce had time to shut themselves up in a chamber, to which they retreated with great precipitation; so that the pursuer was now certain of having housed his prey. That he might, however, leave nothing to fortune, he placed himself upon the stairs, by which they had ascended to the apartment, and sent up his compliments to the young lady, desiring the favour of being admitted to her presence, otherwise he should be obliged to wave all ceremony, and take that liberty which she would not give. The servant having conveyed his message through the key-hole, returned with an answer, importing, that she would adhere to the resolu-

on she had taken, and perish rather than comply with his will. Our adventurer, without staying to make any rejoinder to this reply, ran up stairs, and thundering at the door for entrance, was given to understand by the nymph's attendant, that he would do well to spare him the necessity of shedding blood, in defence of a person who had put herself under his protection. 'All the laws of the land,' said he, 'cannot now untie the knots by which we are bound together; and therefore I will guard her as my own property; so that you had better desist from your fruitless attempt, and thereby consult your own safety: for, by the God that made me! I will discharge my piece upon you, as soon as you set your nose within the door; and your blood be upon your own head.' These menaces from a citizen's clerk would have been sufficient motives for Pickle to storm the breach, although they had not been reinforced by that declaration, which informed him of Emilia's having bestowed herself in marriage upon such a contemptible rival. This sole consideration added wings to his impetuosity, and he applied his foot to the door with such irresistible force, as bursted it open in an instant, entering at the same time with a pistol ready cocked in his hand. His antagonist, instead of firing his blunderbuss, when he saw him approach, started back with evident signs of surprise and consternation, exclaiming—'Lord Jesus! Sir, you are not the man! and, without doubt, are under some mistake with regard to us.'

Before Peregrine had time to answer this salutation, the lady hearing it, advanced to him, and pulling off a mask, discovered a face which he had never seen before. The Gorgon's head, according to the fables of antiquity, never had a more instantaneous or petrifying effect, than that which this countenance produced in the astonished youth. His eyes were fixed upon this unknown object, as if they had been attracted by the power of enchantment; his feet seemed rivetted to the ground; and after having stood motionless for the space of a few minutes, he dropped down in an apoplexy of disappointment and despair. The Swift, who had followed him, seeing his master in this condition, lifted him up, and laying him upon a bed in the next room, let him bleed immedi-

ately, without hesitation, being always provided with a case of lancets, against all accidents on the road. To this foresight our hero, in all probability, was indebted for his life. By virtue of a very copious evacuation, he recovered the use of his senses; but the complication of fatigues, and violent transports which he had undergone, brewed up a dangerous fever in his blood; and a physician being called from the next market-town, several days elapsed before he would answer for his life.

CHAP. VII.

PEREGRINE SENDS A MESSAGE TO MRS. GAUNTLET, WHO REJECTS HIS PROPOSAL. HE REPAIRS TO THE GARRISON.

AT length, however, his constitution overcame his disease, though not before it had in a great measure tamed the fury of his disposition, and brought him to a serious consideration of his conduct. In this humiliation of his spirits, he reflected with shame and remorse upon his treachery to the fair, the innocent Emilia; he remembered his former sentiments in her favour, as well as the injunctions of his dying uncle; he recollected his intimacy with her brother, against which he had so basely sinned; and revolving all the circumstances of her conduct, found it so commendable, spirited, and noble, that he deemed her an object of sufficient dignity to merit his honourable addresses, even though his duty had not been concerned in the decision: but, obligated as he was to make reparation to a worthy family, which he had so grossly injured, he thought he could not manifest his reformation too soon; and, whenever he found himself able to hold a pen, wrote a letter to Mrs. Gauntlet, wherein he acknowledged, with many expressions of sorrow and contrition, that he had acted a part altogether unbecoming a man of honour, and should never enjoy the least tranquillity of mind, until he should have merited her forgiveness. He protested, that although his happiness entirely depended upon the determination of Emilia, he would even renounce all hope of being blessed with her favour, if she could point out any other method of making reparation to that amiable

G g

young

Young lady, but by laying his heart and fortune at her feet, and submitting himself to her pleasure during the remaining part of his life. He conjured her, therefore, in the most pathetic manner, to pardon him, in consideration of his sincere repentance, and to use her maternal influence with her daughter, so as that he might be permitted to wait upon her with a wedding ring, as soon as his health would allow him to undertake the journey.

This explanation being dispatched by Pipes, who had by this time found his master, the young gentleman enquired about the couple whom he had so unfortunately pursued, and understood from his valet de chambre, who learned the story from their own mouths, that the lady was the only daughter of a rich Jew; and her attendant no other than his apprentice, who had converted her to Christianity, and married her at the same time; that this secret having taken air, the old Israelite had contrived a scheme to separate them for ever; and they being apprized of his intention, had found means to elope from his house, with a view of sheltering themselves in France, until the affair could be made up; that seeing three men ride after them with such eagerness and speed, they never doubted that the pursuers were her father, and some friends or domesticks, and on that supposition had fled with the utmost dispatch and trepidation, until they had found themselves happily undeceived, at that very instant when they expected nothing but mischief and misfortune: lastly, the Swiss gave him to understand, that after having professed some concern for his deplorable situation, and enjoyed a slight refreshment, they had taken their departure for Dover; and in all likelihood were safely arrived at Paris.

In four and twenty hours after Pipes was charged with his commission; he brought back an answer from the mother of Emilia, couched in these words.

‘SIR,

‘I Received the favour of yours, and am glad, for your own sake, that you have attained a due sense and conviction of your unkind and unchristian behaviour to poor Emy. I thank God, none of my children were ever so insulted before. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, my daughter was no

‘upstart, without friends or education, but a young lady as well bred, and better born, than most private gentlewomen in the kingdom: and therefore, though you had no esteem for her person, you ought to have paid some regard to her family, which (no disparagement to you, Sir) is more honourable than your own. As for your proposal, Miss Gauntlet will not hear of it, being that she thinks her honour will not allow her to listen to any terms of reconciliation; and she is not yet so destitute, as to embrace an offer to which she has the least objection. In the mean time, she is so much indisposed, that she cannot possibly see company; so I beg you will not take the trouble of making a fruitless journey to this place. Perhaps your future conduct may deserve her forgiveness; and really, as I am concerned for your happiness, which you assure me depends upon her condescension, I wish with all my heart it may; and am, notwithstanding all that has happened, your sincere well wisher,

‘CECILIA GAUNTLET.’

From this epistle, and the information of his messenger, our hero learned, that his mistress had actually profited by his wild-goose chase, so as to make a safe retreat to her mother’s house. Though sorry to hear of her indisposition, he was also piqued at her implacability, as well as at some stately paragraphs of the letter, in which (he thought) the good lady had consulted her own vanity rather than her good-sense. These motives of resentment helped him to bear his disappointment like a philosopher, especially as he had now quieted his conscience, in proffering to redress the injury he had done; and, moreover, found himself, with regard to his love, in a calm state of hope and resignation.

A seasonable fit of illness is an excellent medicine for the turbulence of passion. Such a reformation had the fever produced in the oeconomy of his thoughts, that he moralized like an apostle, and projected several prudential schemes for his future conduct.

In the mean time, as soon as his health was sufficiently re-established, he took a trip to the garrison, in order to visit his friends; and learned from Hatchway’s

own mouth, that he had broke the ice of courtship to his aunt, and that his addresses were now fairly afloat; though when he first declared himself to the widow, after she had been duly prepared for the occasion by her niece and the rest of her friends, she had received his proposal with a becoming reserve, and piously wept at the remembrance of her husband, observing, that she should never meet with his fellow.

Peregrine promoted the lieutenant's suit with all his influence; and all Mrs. Trunnion's objections to the match being surmounted, it was determined that the day of marriage should be put off for three months, that her reputation might not suffer by a precipitate engagement. His next care was to give orders for erecting a plain marble monument to the memory of his uncle, on which the following inscription, composed by the bridegroom, actually appeared in golden letters.

Here lies,
Foundered in a fathom and half,
The shell
Of

HAWSER TRUNNION, Esq.
Formerly commander of a Squadron
In his majesty's service,
Who broach'd to, at five P. M. Oct. X.
In the year of his age
Threescore and nineteen.

He kept his guns always loaded,
And his tackle ready manned,
And never shewed his poop to the enemy,
Except when he took her in tow;
But, his shot being expended,
His match burnt out,
And his upper-works decayed,
He was sunk
By Death's superior weight of metal.
Nevertheless,
He will be weighed again
At the Great Day,
His rigging refitted,
And his timbers repaired;
And, with one broadside,
Make his adversary
Strike in his turn.

CHAP. VIII.

HE RETURNS TO LONDON, AND
MEETS WITH CADWALLADER,
WHO ENTERTAINS HIM WITH
MANY CURIOUS PARTICULARS.
CRABTREE SOUNDS THE DU-

CHESSE, AND UNDECEIVES PICKLE; WHO, BY AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT, BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH ANOTHER LADY OF QUALITY.

THE young gentleman having performed these last offices, in honour of his deceased benefactor, and presented Mr. Jolter to the long-expected living, which at this time happened to be vacant, returned to London, and resumed his former gaiety: not that he was able to shake Emilia from his thought, or even to remember her without violent emotions; for, as he recovered his vigour, his former impatience recurred; and therefore he resolved to plunge himself headlong into some intrigue, that might engage his passions, and amuse his imagination.

A man of his accomplishments could not fail to meet with a variety of subjects, on which his gallantry would have been properly exercised; and this abundance distracted his choice, which at any time was apt to be influenced by caprice and whim. I have already observed, that he had lifted his view, through a matrimonial perspective, as high as a lady of the first quality and distinction; and now that he was refused by Miss Gauntlet, and enjoyed a little respite from the agonies of that flame which her charms had kindled in his heart, he renewed his assiduities to her grace. Though he durst not yet risk an explanation, he enjoyed the pleasure of seeing himself so well received in quality of a particular acquaintance, that he flattered himself with the belief of his having made some progress in her heart; and was confirmed in this conceited notion, by the assurances of her woman, whom by liberal largesses he retained in his interest, because she found means to persuade him, that she was in the confidence of her lady. But, notwithstanding this encouragement, and the sanguine suggestions of his own vanity, he dreaded the thoughts of exposing himself to her ridicule and resentment by a premature declaration; and determined to postpone his addresses, until he should be more certified of the probability of succeeding in his attempt.

While he remained in this hesitation and suspense, he was one morning very agreeably surprized with the appearance

of his friend Crabtree; who, by the permission of Pipes, to whom he was well known, entered his chamber before he was awake, and, by a violent shake of the shoulder, disengaged him from the arms of sleep. The first compliments having mutually passed, Cadwallader gave him to understand, that he had arrived in town over night in the stage-coach from Bath, and entertained him with such a ludicrous account of his fellow-travellers, that Peregrine, for the first time since their parting, indulged himself in mirth, even to the hazard of suffocation.

Crabtree having rehearsed these adventures, in such a peculiarity of manner, as added infinite ridicule to every circumstance, and repeated every scandalous report which had circulated at the Bath after Peregrine's departure, was informed by the youth, that he harboured a design upon the person of such a duchess, and in all appearance had no reason to complain of his reception; but, that he would not venture to declare himself, until he should be more ascertained of her sentiments: and, therefore, he begged leave to depend upon the intelligence of his friend Cadwallader, who, he knew, was admitted to her parties.

The misanthrope, before he would promise his assistance, asked if his prospect verged towards matrimony; and our adventurer (who guessed the meaning of his question) replying in the negative, he undertook the office of reconnoitring her inclination; protesting, at the same time, that he would never concern himself in any scheme that did not tend to the disgrace and deception of all the sex. On these conditions, he espoused the interest of our hero; and a plan was immediately concerted, in consequence of which they met by accident at her grace's table. Pickle having stayed all the fore-part of the evening, and sat out all the company, except the misanthrope and a certain widow lady, who was said to be in the secrets of my lady duchess, went away on pretence of an indispensable engagement, that Crabtree might have a proper opportunity of making him the subject of conversation.

Accordingly, he had scarce quitted the apartment, when this cynic attending him to the door, with a look of morose disdain—"Were I an absolute

prince," said he, "and that fellow one of my subjects, I would order him to be clothed in sackcloth, and he should drive my asses to water, that his lofty spirit might be lowered to the level of his deserts. The pride of a peacock is downright self-denial, when compared with the vanity of that cockcomb, which was naturally arrogant, but is now rendered altogether intolerable, by the reputation he acquired at Bath, for kicking a bully, outwitting a club of raw sharpers, and divers other pranks, in the execution of which he was more lucky than wise. But nothing has contributed so much to the increase of his insolence and self-conceit, as the favour he found among the ladies. Aye, the ladies, Madam! I care not who knows it: the ladies, who (to their honour be it spoken) never fail to patronize foppery and folly, provided they solicit their encouragement. And yet this dog was not on the footing of those hermaphroditical animals, who may be reckoned among the number of waiting-women, who air your shifts, comb your lap-dogs, examine your noses with magnifying glasses in order to squeeze out the worms, clean your teeth-brushes, sweeten your handkerchiefs, and soften waste paper for your occasions. This fellow, Pickle, was entertained for more important purposes; his turn of duty never came till all those lapwings were gone to roost; then he scaled windows, leaped over garden walls, and was let in by Mrs. Betty in the dark. Nay, the magistrates of Bath complimented him with the freedom of the corporation, merely because, through his means, the waters had gained extraordinary credit; for every female of a tolerable appearance, that went thither on account of her sterility, got the better of her complaint, during his residence at the Bath: and now, the fellow thinks no woman can withstand his addresses. He had not been here three minutes, when I could perceive with half an eye that he had marked out your grace for a conquest; I mean, in an honourable way; though the rascal has impudence enough to attempt any thing." So saying, he fixed his eyes upon the duchess, who (while her face glowed with indignation) turning to her confidante, expressed

pressed herself in these words. 'Upon my life! I believe there is actually some truth in what this old ruffian says; I have myself observed that young fellow eying me with a very particular stare.'—'It is not to be at all wondered at,' said her friend, 'that a youth of his complexion should be sensible to the charms of your grace! but I dare say, he would not presume to entertain any but the most honourable and respectful sentiments.'—'Respectful sentiments!' cried my lady, with a look of ineffable disdain; 'if I thought the fellow had assurance enough to think of me in any shape, I protest I would forbid him my house. Upon my honour, such instances of audacity should induce persons of quality to keep your small gentry at a greater distance; for they are very apt to grow impudent upon the least countenance or encouragement.'

Cadwallader, satisfied with this declaration, changed the subject of discourse, and next day communicated his discovery to his friend Pickle; who, upon this occasion, felt the most stinging sensations of mortified pride, and resolved to quit his prospect with a good grace. Nor did the execution of this self-denying scheme cost him one moment's uneasiness; for his heart had never been interested in the pursuit, and his vanity triumphed in the thoughts of manifesting his indifference. Accordingly, the very next time he visited her grace, his behaviour was remarkably frank, sprightly, and disengaged; and the subject of love being artfully introduced by the widow, who had been directed to sound his inclinations, he rallied the passion with great ease and severity, and made no scruple of declaring himself heart-whole.

Though the duchess had resented his supposed affection, she was now offended at his insensibility, and even signified her disgust, by observing, that perhaps his attention to his own qualifications screened him from the impression of all other objects.

While he enjoyed this sarcasm, the meaning of which he could plainly discern, the company was joined by a certain virtuoso, who had gained free access to all the great families of the land, by his notable talent of gossiping and buffoonery. He was now in the seventy-fifth year of his age; his birth was so

obscure, that he scarce knew his father's name; his education suitable to the dignity of his descent; his character publickly branded with homicide, profligacy, and breach of trust: yet this man, by the happy inheritance of impregnable effrontery, and a lucky prostitution of all principle in rendering himself subservient to the appetites of the great, had attained to an independency of fortune, as well as to such a particular share of favour among the quality, that although he was well known to have pimped for three generations of the nobility, there was not a lady of fashion in the kingdom who scrupled to admit him to her toilette, or even to be squired by him in any publick place of entertainment. Not but that this sage was occasionally useful to his fellow-creatures; by these connexions with people of fortune; for, he often undertook to solicit charity in behalf of distressed objects, with a view of embezzling one half of the benefactions. It was an errand of this kind that now brought him to the house of her grace.

After having sat a few minutes, he told the company, that he would favour them with a very proper opportunity to extend their benevolence, for the relief of a poor gentlewoman, who was reduced to the most abject misery, by the death of her husband, and just delivered of a couple of fine boys. They, moreover, understood from his information, that this object was daughter of a good family, who had repounced her, in consequence of her marrying an ensign without a fortune; and even obstructed his promotion with all their influence and power; a circumstance of barbarity, which had made such an impression upon his mind, as disordered his brain, and drove him to despair, in a fit of which he had made away with himself, leaving his wife, then big with child, to all the horrors of indigence and grief.

Various were the criticisms on this pathetick picture, which the old man drew with great expression. My lady duchess concluded, that she must be a creature void of all feeling and reflection, who could survive such aggravated misery; therefore, did not deserve to be relieved, except in the character of a common beggar; and was generous enough to offer a recommendation, by which she would be admitted into an infirmary, to which her grace was a subscriber;

scriber; at the same time, advising the solicitor to send the twins to the Foundling Hospital, where they would be carefully nursed and brought up, so as to become useful members to the commonwealth. Another lady, with all due deference to the opinion of the duchess, was free enough to blame the generosity of her grace, which would only serve to encourage children in their disobedience to their parents, and might be the means not only of prolonging the distress of the wretched creature, but also of ruining the constitution of some young heir, perhaps the hope of a great family: for she did suppose that Madam, when her month should be up, and her brats disposed of, would spread her attractions to the publick, (provided she could profit by her person) and, in the usual way, make a regular progress from St. James's to Drury Lane. She apprehended, for these reasons, that their compassion would be most effectually shewn, in leaving her to perish in her present necessity: and that the old gentleman would be unpardonable, should he persist in his endeavours to relieve her. A third member of this tender-hearted society, after having asked if the young woman was handsome, and been answered in the negative, allowed that there was a great deal of reason in what had been said by the honourable person who spokelast; nevertheless, she humbly conceived her sentence would admit of some mitigation. 'Let the bantlings,' said she, 'be sent to the hospital, according to the advice of her grace, and a small collection be made for the present support of the mother; and when her health is recovered, I will take her into my family, in quality of an upper servant, or medium between me and my woman; for, upon my life! I can't endure to chide, or give directions to a creature, who is, in point of birth and education, but one degree above the vulgar.'

This proposal met with universal approbation. The duchess (to her immortal honour) began the contribution with a crown; so that the rest of the company were obliged to restrict their liberality to half the sum, that her grace might not be affronted: and the proposer demanding the poor woman's name and place of abode, the old mediator could not help giving her ladyship a verbal direction, though he was ex-

tremely mortified (on more accounts than one) to find such an issue to his solicitation.

Peregrine, who, *though humorous as winter, had a tear for pity, and an hand open as day for melting charity*, was shocked at the nature and result of this ungenerous consultation. He contributed his half-crown, however; and retiring from the company, betook himself to the lodgings of the forlorn lady in the straw, according to the direction he had heard. Upon enquiry, he understood, that she was then visited by some charitable gentlewoman, who had sent for a nurse, and waited the return of the messenger; and he sent up his respects, desiring he might be permitted to see her, on pretence of having been intimate with her late husband.

Though the poor woman had never heard of his name, she did not think proper to deny his request; and he was conducted to a paltry chamber in the third story, where he found this unhappy widow sitting upon a truckle-bed, and suckling one of her infants, with the most piteous expression of anguish in her features, which were naturally regular and sweet, while the other was fondled on the knee of a person, whose attention was so much engrossed by her little charge, that for the present she could mind nothing else: and it was not till after the first compliments passed betwixt the hapless mother and our adventurer, that he perceived the stranger's countenance, which inspired him with the highest esteem and admiration. He beheld all the graces of elegance and beauty, breathing sentiment and beneficence, and softened into the most enchanting tenderness of weeping sympathy. When he declared the cause of his visit, which was no other than the desire of befriending the distressed lady, to whom he presented a bank-note for twenty pounds, he was favoured with such a look of complacency by this amiable phantom, who might have been justly taken for an angel ministering to the necessities of mortals, that his whole soul was transported with love and veneration. Nor was this prepossession diminished by the information of the widow; who, after having manifested her gratitude in a flood of tears, told him, that the unknown object of his esteem was a person of honour, who having heard by accident of her deplorable situation, had im-

accounts
to his lo-
porous at
and as
charity,
d result
n. He
wever;
hetook
forlorn
the di-
quiry,
visited
, who
he re-
nt up
per-
aving
d.
ever
pro-
con-
hird
ppy
and
the
ber
lar
ed
on
le
d
ll
t
y
t





immediately obeyed the dictates of her humanity, and came in person to relieve her distress; that she had not only generously supplied her with money for present sustenance, but also undertaken to provide a nurse for her babes, and even promised to favour her with protection, should she survive her present melancholy situation. To these articles of intelligence she added, that the name of her benefactress was the celebrated Lady —, to whose character the youth was no stranger, though he had never seen her person before. The killing edge of her charms was a little blunted by the accidents of time and fortune; but no man of taste and imagination, whose nerves were not quite chilled with the frost of age, could even at that time look upon her with impunity. And as Peregrine saw her attractions heightened by the tender office in which she was engaged, he was smitten with her beauty, and so ravished with her compassion, that he could not suppress his emotions, but applauded her benevolence with all the warmth of enthusiasm.

Her ladyship received his compliments with great politeness and affability. And the occasion on which they met being equally interesting to both, an acquaintance commenced between them, and they concerted measures for the benefit of the widow and her two children, one of whom our hero bespoke for his own godson; for Pickle was not so obscure in the beau monde, but that his fame had reached the ears of this lady, who, therefore, did not discourage his advances towards her friendship and esteem.

All the particulars relating to their charge being adjusted, he attended her ladyship to her own house; and, by her conversation, had the pleasure of finding her understanding suitable to her other accomplishments. Nor had she any reason to think, that our hero's qualifications had been exaggerated by common report.

One of their adopted children died before it was baptized; so that their care concentrated in the other, for whom they stood sponsors. Understanding that the old agent was become troublesome in his visits to the mother, to whom he now began to administer such counsel as shocked the delicacy of her virtue, they removed her into another lodging, where she would not be exposed to his machinations. In less than a month, our

hero learned from a nobleman of his acquaintance, that the hoary pandar had actually engaged to procure for him this poor afflicted gentlewoman; and being frustrated in his intention, substituted in her room a nymph from the purlieus of Covent Garden, that made his lordship smart severely for the favours she bestowed.

Meanwhile, Peregrine cultivated his new acquaintance with all his art and assiduity, presuming, from the circumstances of her reputation and fate, as well as on the strength of his own merit, that, in time, he should be able to indulge that passion which had begun to glow within his breast.

As her ladyship had undergone a vast variety of fortune and adventure, which he had heard indistinctly related, with numberless errors and misrepresentations, he was no sooner entitled, by the familiarity of communication, to ask such a favour, than he earnestly entreated her to entertain him with the particulars of her story; and, by dint of importunity, she was at length prevailed upon (in a select *partie*) to gratify his curiosity in these words.

CHAP. IX.

THE MEMOIRS OF A LADY OF QUALITY.

‘BY the circumstances of the story which I am going to relate, you will be convinced of my candour, while you are informed of my indiscretion: you will be enabled, I hope, to perceive, that howsoever my head may have erred, my heart hath always been uncorrupted, and that I have been unhappy, *because I loved, and was a woman.*

‘I believe I need not observe, that I was the only child of a man of good fortune, who indulged me in my infancy with all the tenderness of paternal affection; and when I was six years old, sent me to a private school, where I stayed till my age was doubled, and became such a favourite, that I was (even in those early days) carried to all the places of public diversion, the court itself not excepted; an indulgence that flattered my love of pleasure, to which I was naturally addicted, and encouraged those ideas
‘of

of vanity and ambition which spring up so early in the human mind.

I was lively and good-natured, my imagination apt to run riot, my heart liberal and disinterested; though I was so obstinately attached to my own opinions that I could not well brook contradiction; and in the whole of my disposition, resembled that of Henry the Fifth, as described by Shakespeare.

In my thirteenth year I went to Bath, where I was first introduced into the world as a woman, having been entitled to that privilege by my person, which was remarkably tall for my years; and there my fancy was quite captivated by the variety of diversions in which I was continually engaged: not that the parties were altogether new to me, but because I now found myself considered as a person of consequence, and surrounded by a crowd of admirers, who courted my acquaintance, and fed my vanity with praise and adulation. In short, whether or not I deserved their encomiums, I leave the world to judge; but my person was commended, and my talent in dancing met with universal applause. No wonder, then, that every thing appeared joyous to a young creature, who was so void of experience and dissimulation, that she believed every body's heart as sincere as her own, and every object such as it appeared to be.

Among the swains who fished, or pretended to fish for me, were two that bore a pretty equal share of my favour; (it was too superficial to deserve the name of love.) One of these was a forward youth of sixteen, extremely handsome, lively, and impudent: he attended in quality of page upon the Princess Amelia, who spent that season at the Bath. The other was a Scotch nobleman turned of thirty, who was graced with a red ribband, and danced particularly well; two qualifications of great weight with a girl of my age, whose heart was not deeply interested in the cause. Nevertheless, the page prevailed over this formidable rival; though our amour went no farther than a little flirting, and ceased entirely when I left the place.

Next year, however, I revisited this agreeable scene, and passed my time

in the same circle of amusements; in which, indeed, each season at Bath is exactly resembled by that which succeeds, allowing for the difference of company, which is continually varying. There I met with the same incense, and again had my favourite, who was a North Briton, and captain of foot, near forty years of age, and a little lame; an impediment which I did not discover, until it was pointed out by some of my companions, who rallied me upon my choice. He was always chearful, and very amorous; had a good countenance, and an excellent understanding; possessed a great deal of art, and would have persuaded me to marry him, had I not been restrained by the authority of my father, whose consent was to be obtained in favour of a man of his fortune.

At the same time, many proposals of marriage were made to my parents; but as they came from people whom I did not like, I rejected them all; being determined to refuse every man who did not make his addresses to myself in person, because I had no notion of marrying for any thing but love.

Among these formal proposers was a Scottish earl, whose pretensions were broke off by some difference about settlements; and the son of an English baron, with whom my father was in treaty, when he carried me to town, on a visit to a young lady, with whom I had been intimate from my infancy. She was just delivered of her first son, for whom we stood sponsors: so that this occasion detained us a whole month; during which, I went to a ball at court on the queen's birthday, and there, for the first time, felt what love and beauty were.

The second son of Duke H—, who had just returned from his travels, was dancing with the princess-royal, when a young lady came and desired me to go and see a stranger, whom all the world admired: upon which I followed her into the circle, and observed this object of admiration. He was dressed in a coat of white cloth, faced with blue satin embroidered with silver, of the same piece with his waistcoat; his fine hair hung down his back in ringlets below his waist, his hat was laced with sil-

ver,

ver, and garnished with a white feather; but his person beggared all description. He was tall and graceful, neither corpulent nor meagre; his limbs finely proportioned, his countenance open and majestic, his eyes full of sweetness and vivacity, his teeth regular, and his pouting lips of the complexion of the damask rose. In short, he was formed for love, and inspired it wherever he appeared; nor was he a niggard of his talents, but liberally returned it; at least, what passed for such; for he had a flow of gallantry, for which many ladies of this land can vouch from their own experience: but he exclaimed against marriage, because he had as yet met with no woman to whose charms he would surrender his liberty, though a princess of France, and a lady of the same rank in —, were said to be at that time enamoured of his person.

I went home, totally engrossed by his idea, flattering myself, that he had observed me with some attention; for I was young and new, and had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of the queen herself.

Next day, being at the opera, I was agreeably surprized with the appearance of this amiable stranger, who no sooner saw me enter, than he approached so near to the place where I sat, that I overheard what he said to his companions; and was so happy as to find myself the object of his discourse, which abounded with rapturous expressions of love and admiration.

I could not listen to these transports without emotion; my colour changed, my heart throbbled with unusual violence, and my eyes betrayed my inclination in sundry favourable glances, which he seemed to interpret aright; though he could not then avail himself of his success, so far as to communicate his sentiments by speech, because we were strangers to each other.

I passed that night in the most anxious suspense, and several days elapsed before I saw him again. At length, however, being at court on a ball-night, and determined against dancing, I perceived him among the crowd; and, to my unspeakable joy, saw him advance with my Lord P——, who introduced him to my acquaintance.

He soon found means to alter my resolution; and I condescended to be his partner all the evening; during which he declared his passion in the most tender and persuasive terms that real love could dictate, or fruitful imagination invent.

I believed his protestations, because I wished them true, and was an unexperienced girl of fifteen. I complied with his earnest request of being permitted to visit me, and even invited him to breakfast next morning; so that you may imagine (I speak to those that feel) I did not that night enjoy much repose. Such was the hurry and flutter of my spirits, that I rose at six to receive him at ten. I dressed myself in a new pink sattin gown, and my best laced night-cloaths, and was so animated by the occasion, that if ever I deserved a compliment upon my looks, it was my due at this meeting.

The wished-for moment came that brought my lover to my view: I was overwhelmed with joy, modesty, and fear of I knew not what. We sat down to breakfast, but did not eat. He renewed his addresses with irresistible eloquence, and pressed me to accept of his hand without farther hesitation: but to such a precipitate step I objected, as a measure repugnant to decency, as well as to that duty which I owed my father, whom I tenderly loved.

Though I withstood this premature proposal, I did not attempt to disguise the situation of my thoughts; and thus commenced a tender correspondence, which was maintained by letters while I remained in the country, and carried on, when I was in town, by private interviews, twice or thrice a week, at the house of my milliner, where such endearments passed as refined and happy lovers know, and others can only guess. Truth and innocence prevailed on my side, while his heart was fraught with sincerity and love. Such frequent intercourse created an intimacy which I began to think dangerous, and therefore yielded to his repeated desire that we might be united for ever: nay, I resolved to avoid him, until the day should be fixed, and very innocently (though not very wisely) told him my reason for this determination, which was no

H h

other

other than a consciousness of my incapacity to refuse him any thing he should demand as a testimony of my love.

The time was accordingly appointed, at the distance of a few days, during which I intended to have implored my father's consent, though I had but faint hopes of obtaining it: but he was by some means or other apprized of our design, before I could prevail upon myself to make him acquainted with our purpose. I had danced with my lover at the Ridotto on the preceding evening, and there, perhaps, our eyes betrayed us. Certain it is, several of Lord W——m's relations, who disapproved of the match, came up and rallied him on his passion; Lord S——k in particular used this remarkable expression; "Nephew, as much love as you please, but no matrimony."

Next day, the priest being prepared, and the bridegroom waiting for me at the appointed place, in all the transports of impatient expectation, I was, without any previous warning, carried into the country by my father, who took no notice of the intelligence he had received, but decoyed me into the coach on pretence of taking the air: and when we had proceeded as far as Turnham Green, gave me to understand that he would dine in that place.

There was no remedy: I was obliged to bear my disappointment, though with an aching heart, and followed him up stairs into an apartment, where he told me he was minutely informed of my matrimonial scheme: I did not attempt to disguise the truth, but assured him, while the tears gushed from my eyes, that my want of courage alone had hindered me from making him privy to my passion; though I owned, I should have married Lord W——m, even though he had disapproved of my choice. I reminded him of the uneasy life I led at home, and frankly acknowledged, that I loved my admirer too well to live without him; though if he would favour me with his consent, I would defer my intention, and punctually observe any day he would fix for our nuptials. Meanwhile, I begged he would permit me to send a message to Lord W——m, who was waiting in

expectation of my coming, and might (without such notice) imagine I was playing the jilt. He granted this last request; in consequence of which I sent a letter to my lover, who, when he received it, had almost fainted away, believing I should be locked up in the country, and snatched for ever from his arms. Tortured with these apprehensions, he changed cloaths immediately, and taking horse, resolved to follow me whithersoever we should go.

After dinner, we proceeded as far as Brentford, where we lay, intending to be at my father's country-house next night; and my admirer putting up at the same inn, practised every expedient his invention could suggest to procure an interview; but all his endeavours were unsuccessful, because I, who little dreamed of his being so near, had gone to bed upon our first arrival, overwhelmed with affliction and tears.

In the morning I threw myself at my father's feet, and conjured him by all the ties of paternal affection, to indulge me with an opportunity of seeing my admirer once more, before I should be conveyed from his wishes. The melancholy condition in which I preferred this supplication, melted the tender heart of my parent, who yielded to my solicitations, and carried me back to town for that purpose.

Lord W——m, who had watched our motions, and arrived at his own lodgings before we arrived at my father's house, obeyed my summons on the instant, and appeared before me like an angel. Our faculties were, for some minutes, suspended by a conflict of grief and joy. At length, I recovered the use of speech, and gave him to understand, that I was come to town in order to take my leave of him, by the permission of my father, whom I had promised to attend into the country next day, before he would consent to my return; the chief cause and pretence of which, was my earnest desire to convince him, that I was not to blame for the disappointment he had suffered, and that I should see him again in a month, when the nuptial knot should be tied in spite of all opposition.

My lover, who was better acquainted with the world, had well nigh run distracted

‘ I was so much distracted with this information. He swore he would not leave me, until I should promise to meet and marry him next day; or, if I refused to grant that request, he would immediately leave the kingdom, to which he would never more return; and before his departure, sacrifice Lord H—B—, son to the Duke of S. A—, who was the only person upon earth who could have betrayed us to my father, because he alone was trusted with the secret of our intended marriage, and had actually undertaken to give me away; an office which he afterwards declined. Lord W—m also affirmed, that my father decoyed me into the country, with a view of cooping me up, and sequestering me entirely from his view and correspondence.

‘ In vain I pleaded my father’s well-known tenderness, and used all the arguments I could recollect to divert him from his revenge upon Lord H—. He was deaf to all my representations, and nothing, I found, would prevail upon him to suppress his resentment, but a positive promise to comply with his former desire. I told him, I would hazard every thing to make him happy; but could not, with any regard to my duty, take such a step without the knowledge of my parent; or, if I were so inclined, it would be impracticable to elude his vigilance and suspicion. However, he employed such pathetick remonstrances, and retained such a powerful advocate within my own breast, that before we parted I assured him, my whole power should be exerted for his satisfaction; and he signified his resolution of sitting up all night, in expectation of seeing me at his lodgings.

‘ He had no sooner retired, than I went into the next room, and desired my father to fix a day for the marriage; in which case, I would cheerfully wait upon him into the country; whereas, should he deny my request, on pretence of staying for the consent of my mother’s relations, which was very uncertain, I would seize the first opportunity of marrying Lord W—m, cost what it could. He consented to the match, but would not appoint a day for the ceremony, which he proposed to defer until all parties should be agreed; and such a favour-

able crisis, I feared, would never happen.

‘ I therefore resolved within myself to gratify my lover’s expectation, by eloping, if possible, that very night; though the execution of this plan was extremely difficult, because my father was upon the alarm, and my own maid, who was my bedfellow, altogether in his interest. Notwithstanding these considerations, I found means to engage one of the house-maids in my behalf, who bespoke an hackney-coach, to be kept in waiting all night; and to bed I went with my Abigail, whom, as I had not closed an eye, I waked about five in the morning, and sent to pack up some things for our intended journey.

‘ While she was thus employed, I got up, and huddled on my cloaths, standing upon my pillow, left my father, who lay in the chamber below, should hear me a-foot, and suspect my design.

‘ Having dressed myself with great dispatch and disorder, I flounced down stairs, stalking as heavily as I could tread, that he might mistake me for one of the servants; and my moderate opening the door, I fellied out into the street, though I knew not which way to turn; and, to my unspeakable mortification, neither coach nor chair appeared.

‘ Having travelled on foot a good way, in hope of finding a convenience, and being not only disappointed in that particular, but also bewildered in my peregrination, I began to be exceedingly alarmed with the apprehension of being met by some person who might know me; because, in that case, my design would undoubtedly have been discovered, from every circumstance of my appearance at that time of day; for I had put on the very cloaths which I had pulled off over night, so that my dress was altogether odd and peculiar: my shoes were very fine, and over a large hoop I wore a pink sattin quilted petticoat trimmed with silver, which was partly covered by a white dimity night-gown, a full quarter of a yard too short; my handkerchief and apron were hurried on without pinning; my night-cap could not contain my hair, which hung about my ears in great disorder; and

H h 2 my

‘ my countenance denoted a mixture of hope and fear, joy and shame.

‘ In this dilemma, I made my addresses to that honourable member of society, a shoe-black, whom I earnestly intreated to provide me with a coach or chair, promising to reward him liberally for his trouble: but he having the misfortune to be lame, was unable to keep up with my pace; so that, by his advice and direction, I went into the first publick-house I found open, where I stayed some time, in the utmost consternation, among a crew of wretches whom I thought proper to bribe for their civility, not without the terror of being stripped. At length, however, my messenger returned with a chair, of which I took immediate possession; and fearing that, by this time, my family would be alarmed, and send directly to Lord W——m’s lodgings, I ordered myself to be carried thither backwards, that so I might pass undiscovered.

‘ This stratagem succeeded according to my wish; I ran up stairs, in a state of trepidation, to my faithful lover, who waited for me with the most impatient and fearful suspense. At sight of me, his eyes lightened with transport; he caught me in his arms, as the richest present Heaven could bestow; gave me to understand that my father had already sent to his lodgings in quest of me; then applauding my love and resolution in the most rapturous terms, he ordered a hackney-coach to be called, and that we might run no risk of separation, attended me to church, where we were lawfully joined in the sight of Heaven.

‘ His fears were then all over, but mine recurred with double aggravation. I dreaded the sight of my father, and shared all the sorrow he suffered on account of my undutiful behaviour; for I loved him with such piety of affection, that I would have endured every other species of distress, rather than have given him the least uneasiness; but love (where he reigns in full empire) is altogether irresistible, surmounts every difficulty, and swallows up all other considerations. This was the case with me; and now the irrevocable step was taken, my first care was to avoid his sight. With this view, I begged that Lord W——m would think of some remote place in

‘ the country to which we might retire for the present; and he forthwith conducted me to a house on Blackheath, where we were very civilly received by a laughter-loving dame, who seemed to mistake me for one of her own sisterhood.

‘ I no sooner perceived her opinion, than I desired Lord W——m to undeceive her; upon which she was made acquainted with the nature of my situation, and shewed us into a private room, where I called for pen and paper, and wrote an apology to my father, for having acted contrary to his will in so important a concern.

‘ This task being performed, the bridegroom gave me to understand, that there was a necessity for our being bedded immediately, in order to render the marriage binding, lest my father should discover and part us before consummation. I pleaded hard for a respite till the evening, objecting to the indecency of going to bed before noon: but he found means to invalidate all my arguments, and to convince me that it was now my duty to obey. Rather than hazard the imputation of being obstinate and refractory on the first day of my probation, I suffered myself to be led into a chamber, which was darkened by my express stipulation, that my shame and confusion might be the better concealed, and yielded to the privilege of a dear husband, who loved me to adoration.

‘ About five o’clock in the afternoon we were called to dinner, which we had ordered to be ready at four; but such a paltry care had been forgot, amidst the transports of our mutual bliss. We got up, however; and when we came down stairs, I was ashamed to see the light of day, or meet the eyes of my beloved lord. I ate little, said less, was happy, though overwhelmed with confusion; underwent a thousand agitations, some of which were painful, but by far the greater part belonged to rapture and delight; we were emparadised in the gratification of our mutual wishes, and felt all that love can bestow, and sensibility enjoy.

‘ In the twilight we returned to Lord W——m’s lodgings in town, where I received a letter from my father, importing, that he would never see

me again. But there was one circumstance in his manner of writing, from which I conceived a happy presage of his future indulgence. He had begun with his usual appellation of *Dear Fanny*, which, though it was expunged to make way for the word *Madam*, encouraged me to hope that his paternal fondness was not yet extinguished.

At supper we were visited by Lord W——m's younger sister, who laughed at us for our inconsiderate match, though she owned, she envied our happiness, and offered me the use of her cloaths, until I could retrieve my own. She was a woman of a great deal of humour, plain but genteel, civil, friendly, and perfectly well-bred. She favoured us with her company till the night was pretty far advanced, and did not take her leave till we retired to our apartment.

As our lodgings were not spacious or magnificent, we resolved to see little company; but this resolution was frustrated by the numerous acquaintance of Lord W——m, who let in half the town; so that I ran the gauntlet for a whole week among a set of wits, who always delight in teasing a young creature of any note, when she happens to make such a stolen match. Among those that visited us upon this occasion, was my lord's younger brother, who was at that time in keeping with a rich heiress of masculine memory, and took that opportunity of making a parade with his equipage, which was indeed very magnificent, but altogether disregarded by us, whose happiness consisted in the opulence of mutual love.

This ceremony of receiving visits being performed, we went to wait on his mother the Dutchess of H——, who hearing I was an heiress, readily forgave her son for marrying without her knowledge and consent, and favoured us with a very cordial reception; inasmuch that, for several months, we dined almost constantly at her table; and I must own, I always found her unaltered in her civility and affection, contrary to her general character, which was haughty and capricious. She was undoubtedly a woman of great spirit and understanding, but subject to an infirmity

which very much impairs and disguises every other qualification.

In about three weeks after our marriage, I was so happy as to obtain the forgiveness of my father, to whose house we repaired, in order to pay our respects and submission. At sight of me he wept; nor did I behold his tears unmoved: my heart was overcharged with tenderness and sorrow, for having offended such an indulgent parent; so that I mingled my tears with his; while my dear husband, whose soul was of the softest and gentlest mould, melted with sympathy at the affecting scene.

Being thus reconciled to my father, we attended him into the country, where we were received by my mother, who was a sensible good woman, though not susceptible to love, and therefore less apt to excuse a weakness to which she was an utter stranger. This was likewise the case with an uncle, from whom I had great expectations. He was a plain good-natured man, and treated us with great courtesy; though his notions, in point of love, were not exactly conformable to ours. Nevertheless, I was, and seemed to be so happy in my choice, that my family not only became satisfied with the match, but exceedingly fond of Lord W——m.

After a short stay with them in the country, we returned to London, in order to be introduced at court, and then set out for the North, on a visit to my brother-in-law the Duke of H——, who had, by a letter to Lord W——m, invited us to his habitation. My father accordingly equipped us with horses and money; for our own finances were extremely slender, consisting only of a small pension allowed by his grace, upon whom the brothers were entirely dependent, the father having died suddenly, before suitable provision could be made for his younger children.

When I took my leave of my relations, bidding adieu to my paternal home, and found myself launching into a world of care and trouble, though the voyage on which I had embarked was altogether voluntary, and my companion the person on whom I doated to distraction, I could not help feeling some melancholy sensations;

‘ sensations ; which, however, in a little time, gave way to a train of more agreeable ideas. I was visited in town by almost all the women of fashion, many of whom, I perceived, envied me the possession of a man who had made strange havock among their hearts, and some of them knew the value of his favour. One in particular endeavoured to cultivate my friendship with singular marks of regard ; but I thought proper to discourage her advances, by keeping within the bounds of bare civility ; and, indeed, to none of them was I lavish of my complaisance, for I dedicated my whole time to the object of my affection, who engrossed my wishes to such a degree, that although I was never jealous, (because I had no reason to be so) I envied the happiness of every woman whom he chanced at any time to hand into a coach.

‘ The Dutcheß of——, who was newly married to the Earl of P——, a particular friend of Lord W——m’s, carried me to court, and presented me to the queen, who expressed her approbation of my person in very particular terms, and observed the satisfaction that appeared in my countenance, with marks of admiration ; desired her ladies to take notice, how little happiness depended upon wealth, since there was more joy in my face than in all her court besides.

‘ Such a declaration could not fail to overwhelm me with blushes, which her majesty seemed to behold with pleasure ; for she frequently repeated the remark, and shewed me to all the foreigners of distinction, with many gracious expressions of favour. She wished Lord W——m happiness instead of joy ; and was pleased to promise, that she would provide for her pretty beggars : and poor enough we certainly were in every article but love. Nevertheless, we felt no necessities, but passed the summer in a variety of pleasures and parties ; the greatest part of which were planned by Lord W——m’s sister and another lady, who was at that time mistress to the prime minister. The first was a wit, but homely in her person ; the other, a woman of great beauty and masculine understanding ; and a particular friendship subsisted between them,

‘ though they were both lovers of power and admiration.

‘ This lady, who sat at the helm, was extremely elegant as well as expensive in her diversions, in many of which we bore a share ; particularly her parties upon the water, which were contrived in all the magnificence of taste. In the course of these amusements, a trifling circumstance occurred, which I shall relate as an instance of that jealous sensibility which characterized Lord W——m’s disposition. A large company of ladies and gentlemen, having agreed to dine at Vauxhall, and sup at Marble Hall, where we proposed to conclude the evening with a dance, one barge being insufficient to contain the whole company, we were divided by lots ; in consequence of which, my husband and I were parted. This separation was equally mortifying to us both, who, though married, were still lovers ; and my chagrin was increased, when I perceived that I was doomed to sit by Sir W——Y——, a man of professed gallantry ; for, although Lord W——m had, before his marriage, made his addresses to every woman he saw, I knew very well he did not desire that any person should make love to his wife.

‘ That I might not therefore give umbrage, by talking to this gallant, I conversed with a Scots nobleman, who, according to common report, had formerly sighed among my admirers : by these means, in seeking to avoid one error, I unwittingly plunged myself into a greater ; and disoblged Lord W——m so much, that he could not conceal his displeasure ; nay, so deeply was he offended at my conduct, that in the evening, when the ball began, he would scarce deign to take me by the hand in the course of dancing, and darted such unkind looks as pierced me to the very soul. What augmented my concern, was my ignorance of the trespass I had committed. I was tortured with a thousand uneasy reflections ; I began to fear that I had mistaken his temper, and given my heart to a man who was tired of possession ; though I resolved to bear without complaining the misfortune I had entailed upon myself.

‘ I seized

‘ I seized the first opportunity of speaking to him, and thereby discovered the cause of his chagrin; but, as there was no time for expostulation, the misunderstanding continued on his side, with such evident marks of uneasiness, that every individual of the company made up to me, and enquired about the cause of his disorder; so that I was fain to amuse their concern, by saying that he had been ill the day before, and dancing did not agree with his constitution. So much was he incensed by this unhappy circumstance of my conduct, which was void of all intention to offend him, that he determined to be revenged of me for my indiscretion; and, at supper, chancing to sit between two very handsome ladies, (one of whom is lately dead, and the other at present my neighbour in the country) he affected an air of gaiety, and openly coquetted with them both.

‘ This was not the only punishment he inflicted on his innocent wife. In the course of our entertainment, we engaged in some simple diversion, in consequence of which, the gentlemen were ordered to salute the ladies; when Lord W——m, in performing this command, unkindly neglected me in my turn; and I had occasion for all my discretion and pride, to conceal from the company the agonies I felt at this mark of indifference and disrespect. However, I obtained the victory over myself, and pretended to laugh at his husband-like behaviour, while the tears stood in my eyes, and my heart swelled even to bursting.

‘ We broke up about five, after having spent the most tedious evening I had ever known; and this offended lover went to bed in a state of sullen silence and disgust. Whatever desire I had to come to an explanation, I thought myself so much aggrieved by his unreasonable prejudice, that I could not prevail upon myself to demand a conference, till after his first nap, when my pride giving way to my tenderness, I clasped him in my arms; though he pretended to discourage these advances of my love: I asked how he could be so unjust as to take umbrage at my civility to a man whom he knew I had refused for his sake. I chid him for his barbarous endea-

vours to awake my jealousy, and used such irresistible arguments in my own vindication, that he was convinced of my innocence, sealed my acquittal with a kind embrace, and we mutually enjoyed the soft transports of a fond reconciliation.

‘ Never was passion more eager, delicate, or unreserved, than that which glowed within our breasts. Far from being cloyed with the possession of each other, our raptures seemed to increase with the term of our union. When we were parted, though but for a few hours, by the necessary avocations of life, we were unhappy during that brief separation, and met again, like lovers who knew no joy but in one another’s presence. How many delicious evenings did we spend together, in our little apartment, after we had ordered the candles to be taken away, that we might enjoy the agreeable reflection of the moon in a fine summer’s evening! Such a mild and solemn scene naturally disposes the mind to peace and benevolence; but when improved with the conversation of the man one loves, it fills the imagination with ideas of ineffable delight! For my own part, I can safely say, my heart was so wholly engrossed by my husband, that I never took pleasure in any diversion where he was not personally concerned; nor was I ever guilty of one thought repugnant to my duty and my love.

‘ In the autumn we set out for the North, and were met on the road by the duke and twenty gentlemen, who conducted us to H——n; where we lived in all imaginable splendor. His grace, at that time, maintained above an hundred servants, with a band of musick, which always performed at dinner; kept open table, and was visited by a great deal of company. The economy of his house was superintended by his eldest sister, a beautiful young lady of an amiable temper, with whom I soon contracted an intimate friendship. She and the duke used to rally me upon my fondness for Lord W——m, who was a sort of an humourist, and apt to be in a pet, in which case he would leave the company, and go to bed by seven o’clock in the evening. On these occasions, I always disappeared, giving up every consideration to that of pleasing my husband, notwithstanding the

ridicule

ridicule of his relations, who taxed me with having spoiled him with too much indulgence. But how could I express too much tenderness and condescension for a man who doated upon me to such an excess, that when business obliged him to leave me, he always snatched the first opportunity to return, and often rode through darkness, storms, and tempests, to my arms!

Having stayed about seven months in this place, I found myself in a fair way of being a mother; and that I might be near my own relations, in such an interesting situation, I and my dear companion departed from H——n, not without great reluctance; for I was fond of the Scots in general, who treated me with great hospitality and respect; and to this day, they pay me the compliment of saying, I was one of the best wives in that country, which is so justly celebrated for good women.

Lord W——m having attended me to my father's house, was obliged to return to Scotland to support his interest in being elected member of parliament; so that he took his leave of me, with a full resolution of seeing me again, before the time of my lying-in; and all the comfort I enjoyed in his absence, was the perusal of his letters, which I punctually received, together with those of his sister, who from time to time favoured me with assurances of his constancy and devotion. Indeed these testimonials were necessary to one of my disposition; for I was none of those who could be contented with half an heart. I could not even spare one complacent look to any other woman, but expected the undivided homage of his love. Had I been disappointed in this expectation, I should (though a wife) have rebelled or died.

Meanwhile, my parents treated me with great tenderness, intending that Lord W——m should be settled in a house of his own, and accommodated with my fortune, and his expectations from the queen were very sanguine, when I was taken ill, and delivered of a dead child; an event which affected me extremely. When I understood the extent of my misfortune, my heart throbbled with such violence, that my breast could scarce

contain it; and my anxiety being aggravated by the absence of my lord, produced a dangerous fever, of which he was no sooner apprized by letter, than he came post from Scotland; but before his arrival, I was supposed to be in a fair way.

During this journey, he was tortured with all that terrible suspense, which prevails in the minds of those who are in danger of losing that which is most dear to them; and when he entered the house, was so much overwhelmed with apprehension, that he durst not enquire about the state of my health.

As for my part, I never closed an eye from the time on which I expected his return; and when I heard his voice, I threw open my curtains, and sat up in the bed to receive him, though at the hazard of my life. He ran towards me with all the eagerness of passion, and clasped me in his arms; he knelt by the bed-side, kissed my hand a thousand times, and wept with transports of tenderness and joy. In short, this meeting was so pathetick, as to overcome my enfeebled constitution; and we were parted by those who were wiser than ourselves, and saw that nothing was so proper for us as a little repose.

But how shall I relate the deplorable transition from envied happiness to excess of misery, which I now sustained! My month was hardly up, when my dear husband was taken ill; perhaps the fatigue of body as well as mind, which he had undergone on my account, occasioned a fatal ferment in his blood, and his health fell a sacrifice to his love. Physicians were called from London; but, alas! they brought no hopes of his recovery. By their advice, he was removed to town, for the conveniency of being punctually attended. Every moment was too precious to be thrown away; he was therefore immediately put into the coach, though the day was far spent; and, I though exceedingly weak, accompanied him in the journey, which was performed by the light of flambeaus, and rendered unspeakably shocking, by the dismal apprehension of losing him every moment.

At length, however, we arrived at

our lodgings in Pall Mall, where I lay by him on the floor, and attended the issue of his distemper, in all the agonies of horror and despair. In a little time his malady settled upon his brain, and in his delirium, he uttered such dreadful exclamations, as were sufficient to pierce the most savage heart. What effect then must they have had on mine, which was fraught with every sentiment of the most melting affection! It was not a common grief that took possession of my soul; I felt all the aggravation of the most acute distress. I sometimes ran down to the street in a fit of distraction; I sent for the doctors every minute; I wearied Heaven with my prayers: even now my heart aches at the remembrance of what I suffered, and I cannot without trembling proceed with the woeful story.

After having lain insensible some days, he recovered the use of speech, and called upon my name, which he had a thousand times repeated while he was bereft of reason. All hope of his life was now relinquished, and I was led to his bed-side to receive his last adieu, being directed to summon all my fortitude, and suppress my sorrow, that he might not be disturbed by my agitation. I collected all my resolution to support me in this affecting scene. I saw my dear lord in extremity. The beauties of his youth were all decayed; yet his eyes, though languid, retained unspeakable sweetness and expression. He felt his end approaching, put forth his hand, and with a look full of complacency and benevolence, uttered such a tender tale—Good Heaven! how had I deserved such accumulated affliction! the bare remembrance of which now melts me into tears! Human nature could not undergo my situation, without suffering an extasy of grief! I clasped him in my arms, and kissed him a thousand times, with the most violent emotions of woe; but I was torn from his embrace, and in a little time he was ravished for ever from my view.

On that fatal morning, which put a period to his life, I saw the Duchefs of L—— approach my bed, and, from her appearance, concluded that he was no more; yet I begged she would not confirm the unhappy pre-

sage, by announcing his death; and she accordingly preserved the most emphatick silence. I got up, and trod softly over his head, as if I had been afraid of interrupting his repose. Alas! he was no longer sensible of such disturbance. I was seized with a stupefaction of sorrow: I threw up the window, and looking around, thought the sun shone with the most dismal aspect; every thing was solitary, cheerless, and replete with horror.

In this condition I was, by the direction of my friend, conveyed to her house, where my faculties were so overpowered by the load of anguish which oppressed me, that I know not what passed during the first days of my unhappy widowhood; this only I know, the kind duchefs treated me with all imaginable care and compassion, and carried me to her country-house, where I stayed some months; during which, she endeavoured to comfort me with all the amusements she could invent, and laid me under such obligations, as shall never be erased from my remembrance: yet, notwithstanding all her care and concern, I was, by my excess of grief, plunged into a languishing distemper, for which my physicians advised me to drink the Bath waters.

In compliance with this prescription, I went thither towards the end of summer, and found some benefit by adhering to their directions; though I seldom went abroad, except when I visited my sister-in-law, who was there with the princess; and upon these occasions, I never failed to attract the notice of the company, who were struck with the appearance of such a young creature in weeds. Nor was I free from the persecution of professed admirers; but being dead to all joy, I was deaf to the voice of adulation.

About Christmas, I repaired to my father's house, where my sorrows were revived by every object that recalled the idea of my dear lamented lord. But these melancholy reflections I was obliged to bear, because I had no other home or habitation, being left an unprovided widow, altogether dependent on the affection of my own family.

During this winter, divers overtures were made to my father, by
I-i people

people who demanded me in marriage; but my heart was not yet sufficiently weaned from my former passion, to admit the thoughts of another master. among those that presented their proposals, was a certain young nobleman, who, upon the first news of Lord W——m's death, came post from Paris, in order to declare his passion. He made his first appearance in a hired chariot and six, accompanied by a big fat fellow, whom (as I afterwards learned) he had engaged to sound his praises, with the promise of a thousand pounds, in lieu of which he paid him with forty. Whether it was with a view of screening himself from the cold, or of making a comfortable medium in case of being overturned, and falling under his weighty companion, I know not; but certain it is, the carriage was stuffed with hay, in such a manner, that when he arrived, the servants were at some pains in rummaging and removing it, before they could come at their master, or help him to alight. When he was lifted out of the chariot, he exhibited a very ludicrous figure to the view; he was a thin, meagre, shivering creature, of a low stature, with little black eyes, a long nose, fallow complexion, and pitted with the small-pox; dressed in a coat of light brown frieze lined with pink-coloured shag, a monstrous solitaire and bag, and (if I remember aright) a pair of huge jack-boots. In a word, his whole appearance was so little calculated for inspiring love, that I had (on the strength of seeing him once before at Oxford) set him down as the last man on earth whom I would chuse to wed; and I will venture to affirm, that he was in every particular the very reverse of my late husband.

As my father was not at home, he stayed but one evening, and left his errand with my mother, to whom he was as disagreeable as to myself; so that his proposal was absolutely rejected; and I heard no more of him during the space of three whole months; at the expiration of which I went to town, where this mortifying figure presented itself again, and renewed his suit, offering such advantageous terms of settlement, that my father began to relish the match, and

warmly recommended it to my consideration.

Lord W——m's relations advised me to embrace the opportunity of making myself independent; all my acquaintance plied me with arguments to the same purpose: I was uneasy at home, and indifferent to all mankind. I weighed the motives with the objections, and with reluctance yielded to the importunity of my friends.

In consequence of this determination, the little gentleman was permitted to visit me; and the manner of his address did not at all alter the opinion I had conceived of his character and understanding. I was even shocked at the prospect of marrying a man whom I could not love; and, in order to disburden my own conscience, took an opportunity of telling him one evening, as we sat opposite to each other, that it was not in my power to command my affection, and therefore he could not expect the possession of my heart, Lord W——m's indulgence having spoiled me for a wife; nevertheless, I would endeavour to contract a friendship for him, which would entirely depend upon his own behaviour.

To this declaration he replied, (to my great surprize) that he did not desire me to love him, my friendship was sufficient; and next day repeated this strange instance of moderation in a letter, which I communicated to my sister, who laughed heartily at the contents, and persuaded me, that since I could love no man, he was the properest person to be my husband.

Accordingly, the wedding-cloaths and equipage being prepared, the day—the fatal day was fixed! on the morning of which I went to the house of my brother-in-law, Duke H——, who loved me tenderly, and took my leave of the family; a family which I shall always remember with love, honour, and esteem. His grace received me in the most affectionate manner, saying, at parting—"Lady W——, if he does not use you well, I will take you back again."

The bridegroom and I met at Ox——Chapel, where the ceremony was performed by the Bishop of W——, in presence of his lordship's mother, my father, and another lady.

The

The nuptial knot being tied, we set out for my father's house in the country, and proceeded full twenty miles on our journey, before my lord opened his mouth; my thoughts having been all that time employed on something quite foreign to my present situation; for I was then but a giddy girl of eighteen. At length my father broke silence, and clapping his lordship on the shoulder, told him he was but a dull bridegroom; upon which, my lord gave him to understand, that he was out of spirits. This dejection continued all the day, notwithstanding the refreshment of a plentiful dinner, which he ate upon the road; and in the evening we arrived at the place of our destination, where we were kindly received by my mother, though she had no liking to the match; and after supper, we retired to our apartment.

It was here that I had occasion to perceive the most disagreeable contrast between my present help-mate and my former lord. Instead of flying to my arms with all the eagerness of love and rapture, this manly representative sat moping in a corner, like a criminal on execution-day, and owned he was ashamed to bed a woman, whose hand he had scarce ever touched.

I could not help being affected with this pusillanimous behaviour; I remembered Lord W——m, while I surveyed the object before me, and made such a comparison as filled me with horror and disgust: nay, to such a degree did my aversion to this phantom prevail, that I began to sweat with anguish at the thought of being subjected to his pleasure: and when, after a long hesitation, he ventured to approach me, I trembled as if I had been exposed to the embraces of a rattle-snake. Nor did the efforts of his love diminish this antipathy. His attempts were like the pawings of an imp, sent from hell to seize and torment some guilty wretch, such as are exhibited in some dramatick performance, which I never see acted without remembering my wedding-night. By such shadowy, unsubstantial, vexatious behaviour, was I tantalized and robbed of my repose; and early next morning I got up, with a most sovereign contempt for my bed-fellow,

who indulged himself in bed till eleven.

Having passed a few days in this place, I went home with him to his house at Twickenham; and soon after we were presented at court, when the queen was pleased to say to my lord's mother, she did not doubt but we should be an happy couple, for I had been a good wife to my former husband.

Whatever deficiencies I had to complain of in my new spouse, he was not wanting in point of liberality: I was presented with a very fine chariot studded with silver nails, and such a profusion of jewels as furnished a joke to some of my acquaintance, who observed that I was formerly Queen of Hearts, but now metamorphosed into the Queen of Diamonds. I now also had an opportunity (which I did not let slip) of paying Lord W——m's debts from my privy purse: and on that score received the thanks of his elder brother, who (though he had undertaken to discharge them) delayed the execution of his purpose longer than I thought they should remain unpaid. This uncommon splendour attracted the eyes and envy of my competitors, who were the more implacable in their resentments, because, notwithstanding my marriage, I was as much as ever followed by the men of gallantry and pleasure, among whom it is a constant maxim, that a woman never withholds her affections from her husband without an intention to bestow them somewhere else. I never appeared without a train of admirers, and my house in the country was always crowded with gay young men of quality.

Among those that cultivated my good graces with the greatest skill and assiduity, were the Earl C——, and Mr. S——, brother to Lord F——. The former of whom, in the course of his addresses, treated me with an entertainment of surprizing magnificence, disposed into a dinner, supper, and ball; to which I, at his desire, invited eleven ladies, whom he paired with the like number of his own sex; so that the whole company amounted to twenty-four. We were regaled with a most elegant dinner, in an apartment which was altogether superb, and served by gentlemen only, no li-

very servant being permitted to come within the door. In the afternoon we embarked in two splendid barges, being attended by a band of musick in a third; and enjoyed a delightful evening upon the river, till the twilight, when we returned and began the ball, which was conducted with such order and taste, that mirth and good humour prevailed. No dissatisfaction appeared, except in the countenance of one old maid, since married to a son of the Duke of —, who though she would not refuse to partake of such an agreeable entertainment, was displeased that I should have the honour of inviting her. O baleful Envy! thou self-tormenting fiend! How dost thou predominate in all assemblies, from the grand gala of a court to the meeting of simple peasants at their harvest-home! Nor is the prevalence of this sordid passion to be wondered at, if we consider the weakness, pride, and vanity of our sex. The presence of one favourite man shall poison the enjoyment of a whole company, and produce the most rancorous enmity betwixt the closest friends.

I danced with the master of the ball, who employed all the artillery of his eloquence in making love; yet I did not listen to his addresses, for he was not to my taste, though he possessed an agreeable person, and a good acquired understanding; but he was utterly ignorant of that gentle prevailing art which I afterwards experienced in Mr. S—, and which was the only method he could have successfully practised, in seducing a young woman like me, born with sentiments of honour, and trained up in the paths of religion and virtue. This young gentleman was, indeed, absolutely master of those insinuating qualifications which few women of passion and sensibility can resist; and had a person every way adapted for profiting by these insidious talents. He was well acquainted with the human heart, conscious of his own power and capacity, and exercised these endowments with unwearied perseverance. He was tall and thin, of a shape and size perfectly agreeable to my taste, with large blue eloquent eyes, good teeth, and a long head turned to gallantry. His behaviour was the standard of politeness, and all his advances were conducted

with the most profound respect; which is the most effectual expedient a man can use against us, if he can find means to persuade us that it proceeds from the excess and delicacy of his passion. It is no other than a silent compliment, by which our accomplishments are continually flattered, and pleased in proportion to the supposed understanding of him who pays it.

By these arts and advantages this consummate politician in love began by degrees to sap the foundations of my conjugal faith; he stole imperceptibly into my affection, and by dint of opportunity, which he well knew how to improve, triumphed, at last, over all his rivals.

Nor was he the only person that disputed my heart with Earl C—. That nobleman was also rivalled by Lord C— H—, a Scotchman, who had been an intimate and relation of my former husband. Him I would have preferred to most of his competitors, and actually coquetted with him for some time: but the amour was interrupted by his going to Ireland; upon which occasion, understanding that he was but indifferently provided with money, I made him a present of a gold snuff-box, in which was inclosed a bank-note; a trifling mark of my esteem, which he afterwards justified by the most grateful, friendly, and genteel behaviour; and as we corresponded by letters, I frankly told him, that Mr. S— had stepped in, and won the palm from all the rest of my admirers.

This new favourite's mother and sisters, who lived in the neighbourhood, were my constant companions; and, in consequence of this intimacy, he never let a day pass without paying his respects to me in person; nay, so ingenious was he in contriving the means of promoting his suit, that whether I rode or walked, went abroad or stayed at home, he was always of course one of the party: so that his design seemed to engross his whole vigilance and attention. Thus he studied my disposition, and established himself in my good opinion at the same time. He found my heart was susceptible of every tender impression, and saw that I was not free from the vanity of youth; he had already acquired my friendship and esteem, from which

which he knew there was a short and easy transition to love. By his penetration chusing proper seasons for the theme, he urged it with such pathetick vows and artful adulation, as well might captivate a young woman of my complexion and inexperience, and circumstanced as I was, with a husband whom I had such reason to despise.

Though he thus made an insensible progress in my heart, he did not find my virtue any easy conquest; and I myself was ignorant of the advantage he had gained, with regard to my inclinations, until I was convinced of his success by an alarm of jealousy which I one day felt, at seeing him engaged in conversation with another lady. I forthwith recognized this symptom of love, with which I had been formerly acquainted, and trembled at the discovery of my own weakness. I underwent a strange agitation and mixture of contrary sensations: I was pleased with the passion, yet ashamed of avowing it even to my own mind. The rights of a husband (though mine was but a nominal one) occurred to my reflection, and virtue, modesty, and honour, forbade me to cherish the guilty flame.

When I encouraged these laudable scruples, and resolved to sacrifice my love to duty and reputation, my lord was almost every day employed in riding post to my father, with complaints of my conduct, which was hitherto irreproachable; though the greatest grievance which he pretended to have suffered, was my refusing to comply with his desire, when he entreated me to lie a whole hour every morning with my neck uncovered, that by gazing he might quiet the perturbation of his spirits. From this request you may judge of the man, as well as of the regard I must entertain for his character and disposition.

During the whole summer, I was besieged by my artful undoer, and in the autumn set out with my lord for Bath; where, by reason of the intimacy that subsisted between our families, we lived in the same house with my lover and his sister, who, with another agreeable young lady, accompanied us in this expedition. By this time Mr. S— had extorted from me a confession of a mutual flame;

though I assured him that it should never induce me to give up the valuable possessions of an unspotted character, and a conscience void of offence. I offered him all the enjoyment he could reap from an unreserved intercourse of souls, abstracted from any sensual consideration. He eagerly embraced the Platonick proposal, because he had sagacity enough to foresee the issue of such chimerical contracts, and knew me too well to think he could accomplish his purpose without seeming to acquiesce in my own terms, and cultivating my tenderness under the specious pretext.

In consequence of this agreement, we took all opportunities of seeing each other in private; and these interviews were spent in mutual protestations of disinterested love. This correspondence, though dangerous, was (on my side) equally innocent and endearing; and many happy hours we passed, before my sentiments were discovered. At length my lover was taken ill, and then my passion burst out beyond the power of concealment; my grief and anxiety became so conspicuous in my countenance, and my behaviour was so indiscreet, that every body in the house perceived the situation of my thoughts, and blamed my conduct accordingly.

Certain it is, I was extremely imprudent, though intentionally innocent. I have lain whole nights by my lord, who teased and tormented me for that which neither I could give nor he could take, and ruminated on the fatal consequence of this unhappy flame, until I was worked into a fever of disquiet. I saw there was safety but in flight, and often determined to banish myself for ever from the sight of this dangerous intruder. But my resolution always failed at the approach of day, and my desire of seeing him as constantly recurred. So far was I from persisting in such commendable determinations, that, on the eve of our departure from Bath, I felt the keenest pangs of sorrow at our approaching separation; and as we could not enjoy our private interviews at my house in town, I promised to visit him at his own apartments, after he had sworn by all that's sacred, that he would take no sinister advantage of my condescension,

sion, by presuming upon the opportunities I should give.

He kept his word; for he saw I trusted to it with fear and trembling, and perceived that my apprehension was not affected, but the natural concern of a young creature, distracted between love and duty, whom, had he alarmed, he never would have seen within his doors again. Instead of pressing me with solicitations in favour of his passion, he was more than ever respectful and complaisant; so that I found myself disengaged of all restraint, conducted the conversation, shortened and repeated my visits at my own pleasure, till at last I became so accustomed to this communication, that his house was as familiar to me as my own.

Having in this manner secured himself in my confidence, he resumed the favourite topick of love, and warming my imagination by gradual advances on the subject, my heart began to pant; when he saw me thus moved, he snatched the favourable occasion to practise all his eloquence and art. I could not resist his energy, nor even fly from the temptation that assailed me, until he had obtained a promise that he should, at our next meeting, reap the fruits of his tedious expectation. Upon this condition I was permitted to retire; and blessed Heaven for my escape, fully determined to continue in the path of virtue I had hitherto trod, and stifle the criminal flame, by which my peace and reputation were endangered. But his idea, which reigned in my heart without controul, soon baffled all these prudent suggestions.

I saw him again; and he reminded me of my promise, which I endeavoured to evade with affected pleasantries; upon which he manifested the utmost displeasure and chagrin, shedding some crocodile tears, and upbraiding me with levity and indifference. He observed, that he had solicited my favour for ten long months, without intermission, and imagined I had held out so long on virtuous motives only; but now he could plainly perceive that his want of success had been owing to my want of affection, and that all my professions were insincere; in a word, he persuaded me, that his remonstrances

were just and reasonable. I could not see the affliction of a man I loved, when I knew it was in my power to remove it; and rather than forfeit his opinion of my sincerity and love, I consented to his wish. My heart now flutters at the remembrance of the dear, though fatal indiscretion; yet I reflect without remorse, and even remember it with pleasure.

If I could not avoid the censure of the world, I was resolved to bear it without repining; and sure the guilt (if there was any in my conduct) was but venial; for I considered myself as a person absolved of all matrimonial ties, by the insignificance of Lord —, who, though a nominal husband, was in fact a mere non-entity. I therefore contracted a new engagement with my lover, to which I resolved to adhere with the most scrupulous fidelity, without the least intention of injuring my lord or his relations; for had our mutual passion produced any visible effects, I would immediately have renounced and abandoned my husband for ever, that the fruit of my love for Mr. S—— might not have inherited to the detriment of the right heir. This was my determination, which I thought just, if not prudent; and for which I have incurred the imputation of folly, in the opinion of this wise and honest generation, by whose example and advice I have, since that time, been a little reformed in point of prudentials, though I still retain a strong tendency to return to my primitive way of thinking.

When I quitted Mr. S——, after the sacrifice I had made, and returned to my own bed, it may perhaps be supposed that I slept but little. True: I was kept awake by the joyful impatience of revisiting my lover. Indeed, I neglected no opportunity of flying to his arms: when Lord — was in the country, we enjoyed each other's company without interruption; but when he resided in town our correspondence was limited to stolen interviews, which were unspeakably delicious, as genuine love presided at the entertainment.

Such was my happiness, in the course of this tender communication, that to this day I remember it with pleasure, though it has cost me dear in the sequel,

quel, and was at that time enjoyed at a considerable expence; for I devoted myself so entirely to my lover, who was desirous of engrossing my time and thoughts, that my acquaintance, which was very numerous, justly accused me of neglect, and of consequence cooled in their friendships: but I was *all for love, or the world well lost*. And were the same opportunity to offer, I would act the same conduct over again.

Some there are who possibly may wonder how I could love twice with such violence of affection: but all such observers must be unacquainted with the human heart. Mine was naturally adapted for the tender passions, and had been so fortunate, so cherished in it's first impressions, that it felt with joy the same sensations revive, when influenced by the same engaging qualifications. Certain it is, I loved the second time as well as the first, and better was impossible. I gave up my all for both: fortune and my father's favour for the one; reputation, friends, and fortune, for the other. Yet, notwithstanding this intimate connection, I did not relinquish the world all at once; on the contrary, I still appeared at court, and attracted the notice and approbation of my royal patroness; I danced with the P—— of W——, a circumstance which so nearly affected Mr. S——, who was present, that, in order to manifest his resentment, he chose the ugliest woman in the ball for his partner; and I no sooner perceived his uneasiness than I gave over, with a view of appeasing his displeasure.

Without repeating particular circumstances, let it suffice to say, our mutual passion was a perfect copy of that which had subsisted between me and my dear Lord W——m. It was jealous, melting, and delicate, and chequered with little accidents, which serve to animate and maintain the flame in it's first ardency of rapture. When my lover was sick, I attended and nursed him with indefatigable tenderness and care; and during an indisposition which I caught in the performance of this agreeable office, he discharged the obligation with all the warmth of sympathy and love.

It was, however, judged necessary by the physicians, that I should use the Bath waters for the recovery of

my health; and I set out for that place, glad of a pretence to be absent from Lord ——, with whom I lived on very unhappy terms. He had, about nine months after our marriage, desired that we might sleep in separate beds, and gave a very whimsical reason for this proposal. He said, the immensity of his love deprived him of the power of gratification, and that some commerce with an object, to which his heart was not attached, might, by diminishing the transports of his spirits, recompose his nerves, and enable him to enjoy the fruits of his good fortune.

You may be sure I made no objections to this plan, which was immediately put in execution. He made his addresses to a nymph of Drury Lane, whose name (as he told me) was Mrs. Rock. She made shift to extract some money from her patient; but his infirmity was beyond the power of her art, though she made some mischief between us; and I communicated my suspicion to Duke H——, who intended to have expostulated with her upon the subject; but she got intimation of his design, and saved him the trouble, by a precipitate retreat.

After my return from the Bath, where Mr. S—— and I had lived happily, until we were interrupted by the arrival of my husband, his lordship expressed an inclination to be my bedfellow again. In this particular I desired to be excused. I would not be the first to propose the separation, which, though usual in other countries, is contrary to the custom of England, being unwilling to furnish the least handle for censure, as my character was still unblemished; yet, when the proposal came from him, I thought myself entitled to refuse a re-union, to which I accordingly objected.

This opposition produced a quarrel, which rose to a state of perpetual animosity; so that we began to talk of parting. My lord relished the expedient, agreeing to add three hundred pounds a year to my pin-money, which (by the bye) was never paid; and I renounced all state and grandeur, to live in a small house that I hired at Case Horton, where I passed my time for two months, in the most agreeable retirement.

retirement, with my dear lover. At length I was disturbed by the intrusion of my lord, who molested me with visits and solicitations to return, pretending that he had changed his mind, and insisted upon my compliance with his desire.

I exhausted my invention in endeavors to evade his request; but he persecuted me without ceasing: so that I was fain to capitulate, on condition that he should immediately set out for France; and that he should not presume to approach my bed till our arrival at Calais. We accordingly departed for that kingdom; and, far from infringing the least article of our treaty, his lordship did not insist upon his privilege before we reached the capital of France.

Meanwhile, I began to feel the effect of my passion in a very interesting manner, and communicated my discovery to the dear author of it, who would not leave me in such an affecting situation, but took the first opportunity of following us to France.

In our road to Paris, we stopped to visit Chantilly, a magnificent chateau belonging to the Prince of Condé, and there met by accident with some English noblemen, to whom I was known. The prince and his sisters invited me very politely into the gallery where they sat. They complimented me on my person, and seemed to admire my dress, which was altogether new to them, being a blue English riding-habit trimmed with gold, and an hat with a feather. They were particularly well pleased with my hair, which hung down to my waist, and pressed me to stay a fortnight at their house; an invitation which I was very much mortified at being obliged to refuse, because my lord did not understand the French language. I was enchanted with the place and the company, the women being amiable and the men polite; nor were they strangers to my name and story; for Mr. S—— calling at the same place a few days after, they rallied him on my account.

When we arrived at Paris, the first thing I did was to metamorphose myself into a Frenchwoman. I cut off my hair; hid a very good complexion of my own with *rouge*; reconciled myself to powder, which I had never

used before; put on a robe with a large hoop; and went to the Thuilleries full of spirits and joy; for at that time every thing conspired to make me happy. I had health, youth, and beauty, love, vanity, and affluence, and found myself surrounded with diversions, which were gay, new, and agreeable. My appearance drew upon me the eyes of the whole company, who considered me as a stranger, but not a foreigner, so completely was I equipped in the fashion of the French; and when they understood who I was, they applauded my person with the most lavish encomiums, according to their known politeness.

After having made a circuit round all the publick places of entertainment in Paris, I was introduced into company by an English family residing in that city; and, among others, became acquainted with a French lady, whose charms were remarkably attractive. The Duke of K—— was her admirer; but she lived in reputation with her mother and an agreeable sister, whose lover was the Prince of C—— (for almost every lady in France has her *aimant*.)

With this charming woman, whose name was Madam De la T——, I often made parties of pleasure. The duke, Mr. S——, she and I, used to meet in the Bois de Boulogne, which is a pleasant wood at a small distance from Paris, whither the company repairs, in the summer-season, for the benefit of the air; and after having amused ourselves among the groves, embarked in his grace's equipage, which was extremely elegant, being a calash drawn by six fine long-tailed greys, adorned with ribbands in the French taste; and thus we were conducted to a little enchanted, or at least enchanting palace, possessed by the duke, at one end of the town: the lower apartment, appropriated to me, was furnished with yellow and silver; the bed surrounded with looking-glasses, and the door opened into the garden, laid out in a cradle-walk, and intervening parterres of roses and other flowers. Above stairs my female companion lodged, in a chamber furnished with chintz. We supped all together in the saloon, which, though small, was perfectly elegant. The company was always good-humoured, the conver-

sation

‘sation sprightly and joyous, and the scene, though often repeated, still delightful and entertaining.

‘At other times, Mr. S—— and I used to pass our evenings at the palace of the Prince of C——, which his highness lent us for our accommodation. The apartments opened into the gardens of the Luxembourg, and were, in point of magnificence, suitable to the owner. Thither I used to repair in a flaming equipage, on pretence of visiting, and spent the best part of the night with him, who was dearer to me than all the princes in the world.

‘While I was happily engaged in these ravishing parties, my little lord was employed in efforts to recover his health by restoratives, and I know not what; for he still lamented the enfeebling effects of his passion, and complained that he loved me more like an angel than a woman, though he strove to govern his affection according to the doctrines of the Christian religion, as he regulated his life by the maxims of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. The meaning of this declaration I could never learn; and, indeed, I have been often tempted to believe he had no meaning at all.

‘Be that as it will, I found my size visibly increasing, and my situation extremely uneasy, on account of the perpetual wrangling which prevailed betwixt us, in consequence of his desiring to sleep with me again, after we had parted beds for the second time; and, that I might be no longer exposed to such disagreeable persecution, I resolved to leave him, though at the hazard of my life.

‘Thus determined, I went to the British ambassador in a hackney-coach; and, in order to disguise my youth, which might have prepossessed him against my judgment, muffled myself up in a black hood, which (as he said) instead of lending an air of gravity to my countenance, added a wildness to my looks, which was far from being disagreeable. He had been a gallant man in his youth; and even then, though well stricken in years, was not insensible to the power of beauty. This disposition, perhaps, rendered him more favourable to my cause, though he at first advised me to return to my husband; but finding me obli-

‘viate, he undertook to serve me in my own way, and procure a protection from the French king, by virtue of which, I could live at Paris unmolested by my lord. Nevertheless, he advised me (if I was determined to leave him) to make the best of my way to England, and sue for a divorce.

‘I relished his opinion, and concealed myself about three days in Paris, during which I borrowed some linen; for, as it was impossible to convey any thing out of my own house without suspicion, I had neither cloaths for my accommodation, nor a servant to wait on me.

‘In this solitary condition I took the road to Flanders, after I had put my lord upon a wrong scent, by writing a letter to him, dated at Calais, and travelled through an unknown country, without any other attendant than the postilion, being subjected to this inconvenience by the laws of France, which are so severe in some particulars, that if any person had been apprehended with me, he would have suffered death, for going off with a man’s wife; though any man might go to bed with the same woman, without fear of incurring any legal punishment.

‘I proceeded night and day without intermission, that I might the sooner reach Flanders, where I knew I should be safe: and as the nights were excessively cold, I was fain to wrap myself up in flannel, which I bought for the purpose, as I had no cloaths to keep me warm, and travelled in an open chaise. While we passed through dreary woods, quite remote from the habitations of men, I was not without apprehension of being stripped and murdered by the postilion; and in all probability, owed my safety to the indigence of my appearance, which might also protect me in two miserable places where I was obliged to lie, before I got out of the territories of France; for, as I could not reach the great towns where I intended to lodge, I was under the necessity of putting up at little wretched hovels, where no provision was to be had, but sour brown bread, and sower cheese; and every thing seemed to denote the dens of despair and assassination.

‘I made shift, however, to subsist on this fare, uncomfortable as it was;
K k ‘con-

‘ confided in the meanness of my equipage for the security of my person; and at length arriving at Brussels, fixed my quarters in the Hotel de Flandre, (so well known to the English since) where I thought myself extremely happy in the accomplishment of my flight.

‘ I had not been full two days in this place, when I was blessed with the sight of my lover, who followed me on the wings of love, in pursuance of the plan we had projected before my departure from Paris. Here we concerted measures for proceeding to England. I hired a tall, fine Liegeoise, for a maid; and setting out for Ostend, we embarked in a vessel, in which Mr. S—— had bespoke our passage. Our voyage was short and prosperous, and the time most agreeably spent in the company of my dear partner, who was a most engaging man in all respects, as I dare say my Lady O—— has since found him.

‘ I assumed a fictitious name, took private lodgings in Poland Street, retained lawyers, and commenced a suit for separation against my lord. I communicated the reason of my elopement to my father, who was shocked and surprized at my conduct, which he condemned with expressions of sorrow and resentment. But the step was taken; nor did I repent of what I had done, except on his account.

‘ In the morning after my arrival at London, I waited upon the lord chief justice, to whom I complained of the usage I had received from my lord, whose temper was teasing, tiresome, and intolerably capricious. Indeed, his behaviour was a strange compound of madness and folly, seasoned with a small proportion of sense: no wonder, then, that I, who am hot and hasty, should be wretched, under the persecution of such a perverse humourist, who used to terrify me, and scold at me the whole night without intermission, and shake my pillow from time to time, that I might not sleep, while he tormented me with his disagreeable expostulations. I have been often frightened almost out of my senses, at seeing him convulsed with the most unreasonable passion; and chagrined to the highest degree of disgust, to find, (by repeated observation) his disposition so preposterous, that his

‘ satisfaction and displeasure never depended upon the cause he had to be satisfied or disoblighd; but, on the contrary, when he had most reason to be pleased, he was always most discontented, and very often in good-humour, when he had reason enough for vexation.

‘ While I lived in Poland Street, I was engaged with lawyers, and so often visited by my father, that I could not dedicate my whole time, as usual, to my lover; nor was it convenient that he should be seen in my company; he therefore took a small house at Camberwell, whither I went as often as I had an opportunity; and maintained the correspondence with such eagerness and industry, that although I was six months gone with child, I have often, by myself, set out for his habitation in a hackney-coach at eleven o’clock at night, and returned by six in the morning, that I might be in my own bed, when my father came to see me; for I concealed my amour, as well as the effects of it, from his knowledge, and frequently took water from the Bridge, that my motions might not be discovered. Nothing but the most passionate love could have supported my spirits under such vicissitudes of fatigue, or enabled my admirer to spend whole days by himself in such a solitary retirement.

‘ By this time, my lord was arrived in England, and employed in discovering the place of my retreat; so that I lived in continual alarm, and provided myself with a speaking trumpet, which stood by my bed-side, to be used in calling for assistance, in case my pursuer should make an attack upon my lodgings.

‘ This situation being extremely uncomfortable, I had no sooner began my process against him, than I put myself entirely under the protection of Mr. S——, who conducted me to the house of a friend of his who lived in the country, where I was secure from the attempts of my husband.

‘ The world had now given me up, and I renounced the world with the most perfect resignation. I weighed in my own breast what I should lose in point of character, with what I suffered in my peace at home, and found, that my reputation was not to be preserved, except at the expence of my quiet,

quiet, (for his lordship was not disposed to make me easy, had I been ever so discreet.) I therefore determined to give up a few ceremonial visits, and empty professions, for the more substantial enjoyments of life.

We passed our time very agreeably, in various amusements, with this friend of Mr. S——, until the term of my reckoning was almost expired, then returned to London, and took lodgings in Southampton Street, where I began to make preparations for the approaching occasion. Here I proposed to live with the utmost circumspection. I disguised my name, saw nobody but my lawyer and lover, and never approached the window, lest I should be discovered by accident.

Notwithstanding these precautions, my French maid, whom I had sent for some of my cloaths, was dogged in her return, and next morning my lord took my lodgings by storm. Had he given the assault in his own person only, I make no doubt but he would have suffered a repulse, from the opposition of the Liegeoise, who made all the resistance in her power, but was obliged to give way to superior number.

I was at that time a-bed, and hearing an unusual noise below, rung my bell, in order to know the cause of such disturbance. I drew my curtain at the same time, and who should I see entering my chamber but his lordship, attended by a constable, and the footman who had discovered my retreat!

Such an unexpected visit could not fail to affect me with surprize and consternation: however, I summoned all my fortitude to my aid, and perceiving the fellows were about to open my window-shutters, desired their principal to order them down stairs. He readily complied with my request, and sitting down by my bed-side, told me with an air of triumph, that he had found me at last; and I frankly owned that I was heartily sorry for his success. Instead of upbraiding me with my escape, he proceeded to entertain me with all the news in town, and gave me a minute detail of every thing which had happened to him since our parting; among other articles of intelligence, giving me to understand, that he had challenged Mr. S——, who refused to fight him,

and was in disgrace with the Prince of W—— on that account.

But here his lordship did not strictly adhere to the naked truth: he had, indeed, before our departure from the country, gone to my lover, and insisted upon having satisfaction in Hyde Park, two days from the date of his demand, and at three o'clock in the afternoon. S——, believing him in earnest, accepted the invitation; though he observed, that these affairs could not be discussed too soon, and wished the time of meeting might be at an earlier hour. But his lordship did not chuse to alter the circumstances of his first proposal; and when he went away, said he should expect him at the appointed time and place, if it did not rain.

His antagonist gave me an account of the conversation, when I assured him the whole business would end in smoke. Accordingly, my lord sent him a letter on Monday, desiring that the assignation might be deferred till Thursday, that he might have time to settle his affairs, and pay S—— an hundred pounds, which he had formerly borrowed of him. When Thursday came, he was favoured with another epistle, importing, that the challenger had changed his mind, and would seek satisfaction at law. Thus ended that heroick exploit, which his lordship now boasted of with such arrogant misrepresentation.

While he regaled me with these interesting particulars, I was contriving a scheme to frustrate the discovery he had made: so that I did not contradict his assertions; but told him, that if he would go down stairs, I would rise and come to breakfast. He consented to this proposal with great cheerfulness; and I own, I was not a little surprized to find him, at this first interview, in as good a humour, as if nothing had happened to interrupt the felicity of our matrimonial union.

It cost me some invention to conceal my condition from his notice, being now within a week of the expected crisis: but I knew I had to do with a man of no great penetration, and succeeded in my attempt accordingly. We breakfasted with great harmony; and I invited him to dinner, after having prevailed upon him to

K k 2

send

‘ send away his myrmidons, whom, nevertheless, he ordered to return at eleven o'clock at night. We conversed together with great gaiety and mirth. When I rallied him for visiting me in such a dishabille, he stood a-tiptoe to view himself in the glass; and owning I was in the right, said he would go and dress himself before dinner.

‘ He accordingly went away, charging my maid to give him entrance at his return; and he was no sooner gone than I wrote to Mr. S—, giving him an account of what had happened. Then, without having determined upon any certain plan, I huddled on my cloaths, muffled myself up, and calling a chair, went to the next tavern, where I stayed no longer than was sufficient to change my vehicle; and, to the astonishment of the drawers, who could not conceive the meaning of my perturbation, proceeded to a shop in the neighbourhood, where I dismissed my second chair, and procured a hackney-coach, in which I repaired to the lodgings of my lawyer, whom I could trust. Having made him acquainted with the circumstances of my distress, and consulted him about a proper place of retreat, after some recollection he directed me to a little house in a court, to which, by the assistance of my lover, my woman and cloaths were safely conveyed that same evening.

‘ My lord, however, came to dinner, according to invitation, and did not seem at all alarmed when my maid told him I was gone; but stepped to my lawyer, to know if he thought I should return. Upon his answering in the affirmative, and advising his lordship to go back in the mean time, and eat the dinner I had provided, he very deliberately took his advice, made a very hearty meal, drank his bottle of wine, and as I did not return according to his expectation, withdrew, in order to consult his associates.

‘ This motion of his furnished my woman with an opportunity of making her retreat; and when he returned at night, the coast was clear, and he found nobody in the house but a porter, who had been left to take care of the furniture. He was so enraged at this disappointment, that he made a furious noise, which raised the whole

‘ neighbourhood, reinforced his crew with the authority of a justice of the peace, tarried in the street till three o'clock in the morning, discharged a lodging he had hired at a barber's shop opposite to the house from which I had escaped, and retired with the comfortable reflection of having done every thing which man could do to retrieve me.

‘ The hurry of spirits and surprize I had undergone in effecting this retreat, produced such a disorder in my constitution, that I began to fear I should be delivered before I could be provided with necessaries for the occasion. I signified my apprehension to Mr. S—, who, with infinite care and concern, endeavoured to find a more convenient place; and, after all his enquiries, was obliged to fix upon a paltry apartment in the city, though his tenderness was extremely shocked at the necessity of chusing it. However, there was no remedy, nor time to be lost: to this miserable habitation I was conveyed in a hackney-coach; and though extremely ill, bore my fate with spirit and resignation, in testimony of my sincere and indelible attachment to my lover, for whose ease and pleasure I could have suffered every inconvenience, and even sacrificed my life.

‘ Immediately after I had taken possession of my wretched apartment, I was constrained by my indisposition to go to bed, and send for the necessary help; and in a few hours a living pledge of my love and indiscretion saw the light; though the terrors and fatigue I had undergone had affected this little innocent so severely, that it scarce discovered any visible signs of life.

‘ My grief at this misfortune was inexpressible: I forthwith dispatched a message to the dear, the anxious father, who flew to my arms, and shared my sorrow, with all the gentleness of love and parental fondness; yet our fears were (for that time) happily disappointed by the recovery of our infant daughter, who was committed to the charge of a nurse in the neighbourhood; so that I could every day be satisfied in my enquiries about her health. Thus I continued a whole fortnight in a state of happiness and tranquillity, being blessed with the
‘ conversation

‘ conversation and tender offices of my admirer, whose love and attention I wholly engrossed. In a word, he gave up all business and amusement, and concentrated all his care and assiduity in ministering to my ease and satisfaction. And sure I had no cause to regret what I had suffered on his account !

‘ But this my agreeable situation was one day disturbed by a most alarming accident, by which my life was drawn into imminent danger. The room under my bed-chamber took fire; I immediately smelled it, and saw the people about me in the utmost perplexity and consternation, though they would not own the true cause of their confusion, lest my health should suffer in the fright. Nevertheless, I was so calm in my enquiries, that they ventured to tell me my suspicion was but too just: upon which I gave such directions as I thought would secure me from catching cold, in case there should be a necessity for removing me; but the fire being happily extinguished, I escaped that ceremony, which might have cost me my life. Indeed it was surprizing, that the agitation of my spirits did not produce some fatal effect upon my constitution; and I looked upon my deliverance as the protection of a particular Providence.

‘ Though I escaped the hazard of a sudden removal, I found it was high time to change my lodgings, because the neighbours rushing into the house, upon the alarm of fire, had discovered my situation, though they were ignorant of my name; and I did not think myself safe in being the subject of their conjectures. Mr. S— therefore procured another apartment, with better accommodation, to which I was carried as soon as my health would admit of my removal; and soon after my lord wrote to me by the hands of my lawyer, earnestly entreating me to drop my prosecution, and come home. But I would not comply with his request; and nothing was farther from my intention than the desire of receiving any favours at his hands.

‘ Thus repulsed, he set on foot a most accurate search for my person; in the course of which he is said to have detected several ladies and young girls, who had reasons for keeping them-

‘ selves concealed; and had like to have been very severely handled for his impertinent curiosity. Being unsuccessful in all his attempts, he entered into a treaty with one Sir R— H—, a person of a very indifferent character, who undertook to furnish him with an infallible expedient to discover the place of my abode, if he would gratify him with a bond for a thousand pounds; which being executed accordingly, this worthy knight advertised me and my maid in the publick papers, offering one hundred pounds as a reward to any person who should disclose the place of our retirement.

‘ As soon as the paper fell into my hands, I was again involved in perplexity; and being afraid of staying in town, resolved, with the concurrence of my lover, to accept of an invitation I had received from the Duke of K—, who had by this time arrived in England, with that lady whom I have already mentioned, as one of our parties at Paris. Having visited my little infant, I next day set out for the duke’s country-seat, which is a most elegant *chateau*, and stands in a charming situation. Mr. S— followed in a few days; we met with a cordial reception; his grace was civil and good-natured, lived nobly, and loved pleasure. Madam La T— was formed to please: there was always a great deal of good company in the house; so that we passed our time agreeably in playing at billiards and cards, hunting, walking, reading, and conversation.

‘ But my terms of happiness were generally of short duration. In the midst of this felicity I was overtaken by a most severe affliction, in the death of my dear hapless infant, who had engrossed a greater share of my tenderness, than perhaps I even should have paid to the offspring of a legitimate contract, because the circumstance of her birth would have been an insurmountable misfortune to her through the whole course of her life, and rendered her absolutely dependent on my love and protection.

‘ Whilst I still lamented the untimely fate of this fair blossom, Lord — came down, and demanded me as his wife; but the suit which I then maintained against him deprived him, for
‘ the

the present, of a husband's right; and therefore the duke would not deliver me into his hands.

In six months he repeated his visit and demand; and an agreement was patched up, in consequence of which I consented to live in the same house with him, on condition that he should never desire to sleep with me, or take any other measure to disturb my peace; otherwise I should be at liberty to leave him again, and entitled to the provision of a separate maintenance. To these articles I assented, by the advice of my lawyers, with a view of obtaining the payment of my pin-money, which I had never received since our parting, but subsisted on the sale of my jewels, which were very considerable, and had been presented to me with full power of alienation. As to my lover, he had no fortune to support me; and for that reason I was scrupulously cautious of augmenting his expence.

We had now enjoyed each other's company for three years, during which our mutual passion had suffered no abatement, nor had my happiness been mixed with any considerable alloy, except that late stroke of Providence which I have already mentioned, and the reflection of the sorrow that my conduct had entailed upon my dear father, whom I loved beyond expression, and whom nothing could have compelled me to disoblige, but a more powerful flame, that prevailed over every other consideration. As I was now forced to break off this enchanting correspondence, it is not to be doubted that our parting cost us the most acute sensations of grief and disappointment. However, there was no remedy: I tore myself from his arms, took my leave of the family, after having acknowledged my obligations to the duke, and set out for the place of rendezvous; where I was met by my lord, attended by a steward whom he had lately engaged, and who was one chief cause of our future separations. My lord having quitted his house in town, conducted me to his lodgings in Pall Mall, and insisted upon sleeping with me the first night; but I refused to gratify his desire, on the authority of our agreement.

This dispute produced a quarrel, in consequence of which I attempted to

leave the house. He endeavouring to prevent my retreat, I fairly locked him in, ran down stairs, and calling a hackney-coach, made the best of my way into the city, to my father's lodgings, where I lay, the family being in town, though he himself was in the country. I wrote to him immediately, and when he came to London, declared my intention of separating from my lord; in which, seeing me obdurate and determined, he at length acquiesced, and a formal separation accordingly ensued, which at that time I thought binding and immutable.

I was now sheltered under the wings of an indulgent father, who had taken me into favour again, on the supposition that my commerce with Mr. S—— was absolutely at an end. Nevertheless, though we had separated, in all appearance, for ever, we had previously agreed to maintain our correspondence in private interviews, which should escape the notice of the world, with which I was again obliged to keep some measures.

Our parting at the Duke of K—'s house in the country was attended with all the genuine marks of sincere and reciprocal affection, and I lived in the sweet hope of seeing him again, in all the transports of his former passion; when my lawyer, who received my letters, brought me a billet one night, just as I had gone to bed. Seeing the superscription of S——'s handwriting, I opened it with all the impatience of an absent lover: but how shall I describe the astonishment and consternation with which I was seized, when I perused the contents! Instead of the most tender vows and protestations, this fatal epistle began with, *Madam, the best thing you can do is to return to your father; or some cold and killing expression, to that effect.*

Heaven and earth! what did I feel at this dire conjuncture! The light forsook my eyes; a cold sweat bedewed my limbs; and I was overwhelmed with such a torrent of sorrow and surprize, that every body present believed I would have died under the violent agitation. They endeavoured to support my spirits with repeated draughts of strong liquor, which had no sensible effect upon my constitution, though for eight whole years I had

drank

‘ drank nothing stronger than water; and I must have infallibly perished in the first extasy of my grief, had it not made it’s way in a fit of tears and exclamation, in which I continued all night, to the amazement of the family, whom my condition had alarmed, and raised from their repose. My father was the only person who guessed the cause of my affliction: he said he was sure I had received some ill-usage in a letter or message from that rascal S——, (so he termed him, in the bitterness of passion.)

‘ At mention of that name my agony redoubled to such a degree, that all who were present wept at sight of my deplorable condition. My poor father shed a flood of tears, and conjured me to tell him the cause of my disquiet: upon which, rather than confess the truth, I amused his concern, by pretending that my lover was ill. The whole family having stayed by me till I was a little more composed, left me to the care of my maid, who put me into bed about six in the morning; but I enjoyed no rest: I revolved every circumstance of my conduct, endeavouring to find out the cause of this fatal change in S——’s disposition; and as I could recollect nothing which could justly give offence, concluded that some malicious persons had abused his ears with stories to my prejudice.

‘ With this conjecture I got up, and sent my lawyer to him with a letter, wherein I insisted upon seeing him, that I might have an opportunity of justifying myself in person; a task which would be easily performed, as I had never offended, but in loving too well. I waited with the most anxious impatience for the return of my messenger, who brought me an answer couched in the coldest terms of civility which indifference could dictate; acknowledging, however, that he had nothing to lay to my charge, but that it was for the good of us both we should part. He ought to have reflected on that before, not after I had sacrificed my all for his love. I was well nigh distracted by this confirmation of his inconstancy; and I wonder to this day how I retained the use of reason, under such circumstances of horror and despair. My grief laid aside all decorum and restraint; I told

‘ my father that S—— was dying, and that I would visit him with all expedition.

‘ Startled at the proposal, this careful parent demonstrated the fatal consequence of such an unguarded step, reminded me of the difficulty with which he had prevailed upon my mother and uncle to forgive my former imprudence, observed that his intention was to carry me into the country next day, in order to effect a perfect reconciliation; but now I was on the brink of forfeiting all pretensions to their regard, by committing another fatal error, which could not possibly be retrieved; and that for his part, whatever pangs it might cost him, he was resolved to banish me from his sight for ever.

‘ While he uttered this declaration, the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he seemed overwhelmed with the keenest sorrow and mortification; so it may be easily conceived what were the impressions of my grief, reinforced with the affliction of a father whom I dearly loved, and the consciousness of being the cause of all his disquiet! I was struck dumb with remorse and woe; and when I recovered the use of speech, I told him how sensible I was of his great goodness and humanity, and owned how little I deserved his favour and affection; that the sense of my own unworthiness was one cause of my present distraction; for such was the condition of my fate, that I must either see S—— or die. I said, though I could not expect his forgiveness, I was surely worthy of his compassion; that nothing but the most irresistible passion could have misled me at first from my duty, or tempted me to incur the least degree of his displeasure; that the same fatal influence still prevailed, and would, in all probability, continue to the grave, which was the only abode in which I hoped for peace.

‘ While I expressed myself in this manner, my dear good father wept with the most tender sympathy; and saying I might do as I pleased, for he had done with me, quitted the room, leaving me to the cruel sensations of my own heart, which almost burst with anguish, upbraiding me with a fault which I could not help committing.

‘ I immediately hired a chariot and
‘ fix,

‘ six, and would have set out by myself, had not my father’s affection, which all my errors could not efface, provided an attendant. He saw me quite delirious and desperate; and therefore engaged a relation of my own to accompany and take care of me in this rash expedition.

‘ During this journey, which lasted two days, I felt no remission of grief and anxiety, but underwent the most intolerable sorrow and suspense: at last we arrived at a little house, called the Hut, on Salisbury Plain, where, in the most frantick agitation, I wrote a letter to S—, describing the miserable condition to which I was reduced by his unkindness, and desiring to see him, with the most earnest solicitations.

‘ This billet I committed to the care of my attendant, and laid strong injunctions upon him to tell Mr. S—, my injuries were so great, and my despair so violent, that if he did not favour me with a visit, I would go to him, though at his sister’s house, where he then was.

‘ He received my message with great coldness, and told my friend, that if I would return to London without insisting upon the interview I demanded, he would in a little time follow me to town, and every thing should be amicably adjusted; but when the messenger assured him, that I was too much transported with grief to hear of such a proposal, he consented to meet me in the middle of Salisbury Plain, that we might avoid all observation: and though I was little able to walk, I set out on foot for the place of assignation, my companion following at a small distance.

‘ When I saw him leading his horse down the hill, I collected all my fortitude, and advanced to him with all the speed I could exert; but when I made an effort to speak, my tongue denied it’s office; and so lively was the expression of unutterable sorrow in my countenance, that his heart (hard as it was) melted at sight of my sufferings, which he well knew proceeded from the sincerity of my love. At length I recovered the use of speech, enough to tell him, that I was come to take my leave; and when I would have proceeded, my voice failed me again: but, after a considerable pause,

‘ I found means, with great difficulty, to let him know how sensible I was of my own incapacity to retrieve his lost affections; but that I was willing (if possible) to retain his esteem, of which, could I be assured, I would endeavour to compose myself; that I was determined to leave the kingdom, because I could not bear the sight of those places where we had been so happy in our mutual love; and that, till my departure, I hoped he would visit me sometimes, that I might, by degrees, wean myself from his company; for I should not be able to survive the shock of being deprived of him all at once.

‘ This address may seem very humble to an unconcerned observer; but love will tame the proudest disposition, as plainly appeared in my case; for I had naturally as much spirit, or more, than the generality of people have. Mr. S— was so much confounded at the manner of my behaviour, that he scarce knew what answer to make; for (as he afterwards owned) he expected to hear himself upbraided; but he was not proof against my tenderness. After some hesitation, he said he never meant to forsake me entirely, that his affection was still unimpaired, and that he would follow me directly to London. I imposed upon myself, and believed what he said, because I could not bear to think of parting with him for ever, and returned to town in a more tranquil state of mind than that in which I had left my father, though my heart was far from being at ease; my fears being ingenious enough to foresee, that I should never be able to overcome his indifference.

‘ I took lodgings in Mount Street; and my maid having disposed of herself in marriage, hired another, who supplied her place very much to my satisfaction: she was a good girl, had a particular attachment to me, and for many years, during which she lived in my service, was indefatigably assiduous in contributing to my ease, or rather, in alleviating my afflictions: for, though S— came up to town according to promise, and renewed a sort of correspondence with me for the space of five months, his complaisance would extend no farther; and he gave me to understand, that he had deter-

‘ mined

mined to go abroad with Mr. V——, whom he accordingly accompanied in his envying to D——n.

I understood the real cause of this expedition, which, notwithstanding his oaths and protestations of unabated love and regard, I construed into a palpable mark of dislike and disrespect; nor could the repeated assurances I received from him in letters, mitigate the anguish and mortification that preyed upon my heart. I therefore gave up all hopes of recovering the happiness I had lost: I told him, on the eve of his departure, that he might exercise his gallantry a great while, before he would meet with my fellow, in point of sincerity and love; for I would rather have been a servant in his house, with the privilege of seeing him, than the Queen of England debarred of that pleasure.

When he took his leave, and went down stairs, I shrunk at every step he made, as if a new wound had been inflicted upon me; and when I heard the door shut behind him, my heart died within me. (I had the satisfaction to hear afterwards, he lamented the loss of me prodigiously, and that he had never been so happy since.) I sat down to write a letter, in which I forgave his indifference, because I knew the affections are altogether involuntary, and wished him all the happiness he deserved. I then walked up and down the room in the most restless anxiety, was put to bed by my maid, rose at six, mounted my horse, and rode forty miles, in order to fatigue myself, that I might next night enjoy some repose. This exercise I daily underwent for months together; and when it did not answer my purpose, I used to walk round Hyde Park in the evening, when the place was quite solitary, and unvisited by any other human creature.

In the course of this melancholy perambulation, I was one day accosted by a very great man, who, after the first salutation, asked whether or not my intercourse with S—— was at an end; and if I had any allowance from my husband. To the first of these questions, I replied in the affirmative; and to the last answered, that my lord did not allow me a great deal; indeed I might have truly said nothing at all, but I was too proud to own my indi-

gence. He then expressed his wonder, how one like me, who had been used to splendour and affluence from my cradle, could make shift to live in my present narrow circumstances; and when I told him that I could make a very good shift, so I had peace, he seemed to lament my situation, and very kindly invited me to sup with his wife at his house. I accepted the invitation, without any apprehension of the consequence; and when I went to the place, was introduced into an apartment, magnificently lighted up, I suppose, for my reception.

After I had stayed alone for some time in this mysterious situation, without seeing a living soul, my inviter appeared, and said, he hoped I would not take it amiss, that he and I were to sup by ourselves, as he had something to say, which could not be so properly communicated before company or servants. I then, for the first time, perceived his drift, to my no small surprize and indignation; and with evident marks of displeasure told him, I was sure he had nothing to propose that would be agreeable to my inclination, and that I would immediately leave the house. Upon which he gave me to understand, that I could not possibly retire, because he had sent away my chair, and all his servants were disposed to obey his orders.

Incensed at this declaration, which I considered as an insult, I answered with an air of resolution, it was very well; I despised his contrivance, and was afraid of nobody. Seeing me thus alarmed, he assured me I had no reason to be afraid; that he had loved me long, and could find no other opportunity of declaring his passion. He said, the queen had told him, that Lord —— had renewed his addresses to me; and as he understood from my own mouth, my correspondence with S—— was absolutely broke off, he thought himself as well intitled as another to my regard. In conclusion, he told me, that I might command his purse, and that he had power enough to bring me into the world again with éclat. To these advances I replied, that he was very much mistaken in his opinion of my character, if he imagined I was to be won by any temptations of fortune; and very frankly declared, that I would rather give myself

to a footman, than sell myself to a prince.

Supper being served, we sat down together; but I would neither eat nor drink any thing, except a little bread and water; for I was an odd whimsical girl; and it came into my head, that he might, perhaps, have mixed something in the victuals or wine, which would alter my way of thinking. In short, finding himself baffled in all his endeavours, he permitted me about twelve o'clock to depart in peace, and gave up his suit, as a desperate cause.

This uncomfortable life did I lead for a whole twelvemonth, without feeling the least abatement of my melancholy. Finding myself worn to a skeleton, I resumed my former resolution of trying to profit by change of place, and actually went abroad with no other attendant but my woman, and the utmost indifference for life. My intention was to have gone to the South of France, where I thought I could have subsisted on the little I had left, which amounted to five hundred pounds, until the issue of my law suit, by which I hoped to obtain some provision from my lord; and, without all doubt, my expectation would have been answered, had I put this my plan in execution: but being at Paris, from whence I purposed to set forward in a few days, I sent to M. K—, who had been formerly intimate with my father, and shewn me many civilities during my first residence in France.

This gentleman favoured me with a visit, and when I made him acquainted with my scheme, dissuaded me from it, as an uncomfortable determination. He advised me to stay at Paris, where with good economy, I could live as cheap as in any other place, and enjoy the conversation and countenance of my friends, among which number he declared himself one of the most faithful. He assured me, that I should be always welcome to his table, and want for nothing. He promised to recommend me as a lodger to a friend of his, with whom I would live in a frugal and decent manner; and observed that, as the woman was well known and esteemed by all the English company in Paris,

it would be the most reputable step I could take, considering my youth and situation, to lodge with a creditable person, who could answer for my conduct. Thus persuaded, I very simply followed his advice; I say, simply, because, notwithstanding his representations, I soon found my money melt away, without any prospect of a fresh supply. In lieu of this, however, I passed my time very agreeably in several English, and some French families; where, in a little time, I became quite intimate, saw a great deal of company, and was treated with the utmost politeness and regard: yet, in the midst of these pleasures, many a melancholy sigh would rise at the remembrance of my beloved S—, whom, for several years, I could not recollect without emotion; but time, company, amusements, and change of place, in a great measure dissipated these ideas, and enabled me to bear my fate with patience and resignation.

On my last arrival at Paris, I was surrounded by a crowd of professed admirers, who sighed and flattered in the usual forms; but, besides that my heart was not yet in a condition to contract new engagements, I was prepossessed against them all, by supposing that they presumed upon the knowledge of my indiscretion with S—; and therefore rejected their addresses with detestation and disdain: for, as I have already observed, I was not to be won, but by the appearance of esteem and the most respectful carriage; and though, by a false step, I had, in my own opinion, forfeited my title to the one, I was resolved to discourage the advances of any man who seemed deficient in the other.

In this manner my lovers were, one by one, repulsed, almost as soon as they presented themselves; and I preserved the independence of my heart, until I became acquainted with a certain peer, whom I often saw at the house of Mrs. P—, an English lady then resident at Paris. This young nobleman professed himself deeply enamoured of me, in a style so different from that of my other admirers, that I heard his protestations without disgust; and though my inclinations were still free, could not find in my heart to discountenance his addresses,

which

which were preferred with the most engaging modesty, disinterestedness, and respect.

By these never-failing arts, he gradually conquered my indifference; and gained the preference in my esteem from Lord C——y and the Prince of C——, who were at that time his rivals. But what contributed (more than any consideration) to his success, was his declaring openly, that he would marry me without hesitation, as soon as I could obtain a divorce from my present husband, which, in all probability, might have been easily procured; for before I left England, Lord —— had offered me five thousand pounds, if I would consent to such a mutual release, that he might be at liberty to espouse one Miss W—— of Kent, to whom he then made love upon honourable terms: but I was fool enough to refuse his proposal, by the advice of S——; and whether or not his lordship finding it impracticable to wed his new mistress, began to make love upon another footing, I know not; but certain it is, the mother forbade him the house, a circumstance which he took so heinously ill, that he appealed to the world in a publick advertisement, beginning with—“Whereas, for some time, I have passionately loved Miss W——, and upon my not complying with the mother's proposals, they have turned me out of doors; this is to justify,” &c.

This declaration, signed with his name, was actually printed in a number of detached advertisements, which he ordered to be distributed to the publick; and afterwards, being convinced by some of his friends, that he had done a very silly thing, he recalled them at half a guinea a-piece. A copy of one of them was sent to me at Paris; and I believe my father has now one of the originals in his possession. After this wise vindication of his conduct, he made an attempt to carry off the lady from church by force of arms; but she was rescued by the neighbours, headed by her brother, who being an attorney, had like to have made his lordship smart severely for this exploit.

Meanwhile my new admirer had made some progress in my heart; and my finances being exhausted, I was

reduced to the alternative of returning to Lord —— again, or accepting Earl B——'s love. When my affairs were brought to that issue, I made no hesitation in my choice, putting myself under the protection of a man of honour, whom I esteemed, rather than suffer every sort of mortification from a person who was the object of my abhorrence and contempt. From a mistaken pride, I chose to live in Lord B——'s house, rather than be maintained at his expence in any other place. We spent several months agreeably in balls and other diversions, visited Lord B——k, who lived at the distance of a few leagues from Paris, and stayed some days at his house, where the entertainment was, in all respects, delightful, elegant, and refined. Their habitation was the rendezvous of the best company in France; and Lady B——k maintained the same superiority in her own sex, for which her lord is so justly distinguished among the men.

About Christmas we set out for England, accompanied by a little North Briton, who lived with Lord B—— as his companion, and did not at all approve of our correspondence; whether out of real friendship for his patron, or apprehension that in time I might supercede his own influence with my lord, I shall not pretend to determine. Be that as it will, the frost was so severe, that we were detained ten days at Calais, before we could get out of the harbour; and during that time, I reflected seriously on what my new lover had proposed; as he was very young, and unacquainted with the world, I thought my story might have escaped him; and therefore determined to give him a faithful detail of the whole, that he might not have any thing to reproach me with in the sequel: besides, I did not think it honest to engage him to do more for me than he might afterwards, perhaps, think I was worth. Accordingly, I communicated to him every particular of my life; and the narration, far from altering his sentiments, rather confirmed his good opinion, by exhibiting an undoubted proof of my frankness and sincerity. In short, he behaved with such generosity, as made an absolute conquest of my heart; but my love was of a

different kind from that which had formerly reigned within my breast, being founded upon the warmest gratitude and esteem, exclusive of any other consideration, though his person was very agreeable, and his address engaging.

When we arrived in England, I went directly to his country-seat, about twelve miles from London, where he soon joined me, and we lived some time in perfect retirement, his relations being greatly alarmed with the apprehension that Lord —— would bring an action against him; though he himself desired nothing more, and lived so easy under that expectation, that they soon laid aside their fears on his account.

We were visited by Mr. H—— B——, a relation of my lord, and one Mr. R—— of the guards; who, with the little Scotchman and my lover, made an agreeable set, among whom I enjoyed hunting, and all manner of country diversions. As to Mr. H—— B——, if ever there was a perfection in one man, it centered in him; or at least, he, of all the men I ever knew, approached nearest to that idea which I had conceived of a perfect character. He was both good and great, possessed an uncommon genius, and the best of hearts. Mr. R—— was a very sociable man, had a good person and cultivated understanding; and my lord was excessively good-humoured; so that, with such companions, no place could be dull or insipid: for my own part, I conducted the family; and as I endeavoured to please and make every body happy, I had the good fortune to succeed. Mr. B—— told me, that before he saw me, he heard I was a fool; but finding (as he was pleased to say) that I had been egregiously misrepresented, he courted my friendship, and a correspondence commenced between us: indeed, it was impossible for any person to know him, without entertaining the utmost esteem and veneration for his virtue.

After I had lived some time in this agreeable retreat, my husband began to make a bustle; he sent a message, demanding me from Lord B——; then came in person, with his night-cap in his pocket, intending to have stayed all night, had he been asked,

and attended by a relation, whom he assured that I was very fond of him, and detained by force from his arms.

Finding himself disappointed in his expectations, he commenced a law-suit against Lord B——, though not for a divorce, as we desired, but with a view to reclaim me as his lawful wife. His lawyers, however, attempted to prove criminal conversation, in hopes of extorting money from my lover; but their endeavours were altogether fruitless; for no servant of Lord B——'s or mine could with justice say, we were ever seen to trespass against modesty and decorum; so that the plaintiff was nonsuited.

While this cause was depending, all my lover's friends expressed fear and concern for the issue, while he himself behaved with the utmost resolution, and gave me such convincing proofs of a strong and steady affection, as augmented my gratitude, and rivetted the ties of my love, which was unblemished, faithful, and sincere.

Soon after this event, I was seized with a violent fit of illness, in which I was visited by my father, and attended by two physicians, one of whom despaired of my life, and took his leave accordingly; but Dr. S——, who was the other, persisted in his attendance, and in all human appearance saved my life; a circumstance by which he acquired a great share of reputation: yet, notwithstanding all his assistance, I was confined to my bed for ten weeks; during which, Lord B——'s grief was immoderate, his care and generosity unlimited. While I lay in this extremity, Mr. S——, penetrated by my melancholy condition, which revived his tenderness, begged leave to be admitted to my presence; and Lord B—— would have complied with his request, had I not been judged too weak to bear the shock of such an interview. My constitution, however, agreeably disappointed their fears; and the fever had no sooner left me, than I was removed to a hunting-seat belonging to my lover, from whence, after I had recovered my strength, we went to B—— Castle, where we kept open house: and while we remained at this place, Lord B—— received a letter from Lord ——, dated Novem-

her, challenging him to single combat in May, upon the frontiers of France and Flanders. This defiance was sent in consequence of what had passed betwixt them long before my indisposition, at a meeting in a certain tavern, where they quarrelled, and in the fray my lover threw his antagonist under the table. I counselled him to take no notice of this rhodomontade, which I knew was void of all intention of performance; and he was wise enough to follow my advice; resolved, however, should the message be repeated, to take the challenger at his word.

Having resided some time in this place, we returned to the other country-house which he had left, where Lord B—— addicted himself so much to hunting, and other male diversions, that I began to think he neglected me, and apprized him of my suspicion; assuring him, at the same time, that I would leave him as soon as my opinion should be confirmed.

This declaration had no effect upon his behaviour, which became so remarkably cold, that even Mr. R——, who lived with us, imagined that his affection was palpably diminished. When I went to town, I was usually attended by his cousin, or this gentleman, or both, but seldom favoured with his company; nay, when I repaired to Bath, for the re-establishment of my health, he permitted me to go alone, so that I was quite persuaded of his indifference; and yet I was mistaken in my opinion: but I had been spoiled by the behaviour of my first husband, and Mr. S——, who never quitted me for the sake of any amusement, and often resisted the calls of the most urgent business rather than part from me, though but for a few hours. I thought every man who loved me truly, would act in the same manner; and whether I am right or wrong in my conjectures, I leave wiser casuists to judge. Certain it is, such sacrifice and devotion is the most pleasing proof of an admirer's passion; and *Voyez moi plus souvent, & ne me donnez rien*, is one of my favourite maxims. A man may give money, because he is profuse; he may be violently fond, because he is of a sanguine constitution; but if he gives me his time, he gives me an unques-

tionable proof of my being in full possession of his heart.

My appearance at Bath, without the company of Lord B——, occasioned a general surprize, and encouraged the men to pester me with addresses; every new admirer endeavouring to advance his suit, by demonstrating the unkind and disrespectful behaviour of his lordship. Indeed, this was the most effectual string they could touch: my pride and resentment were alarmed, and I was weak enough to listen to one man, who had like to have insinuated himself into my inclinations. He was tall and large boned, with white hair, inclining to what is called sandy, and had the reputation of being handsome, though I think he scarce deserved that epithet. He possessed a large fortune, loved mischief, and stuck at nothing for the accomplishment of his designs; one of his chief pleasures being that of setting any two lovers at variance. He employed his address upon me with great assiduity, and knew so well how to manage my resentment, that I was pleased with his manner; heard his vows without disgust; and, in a word, promised to deliberate with myself upon his proposals, and give him an account of my determination in writing.

Thus resolved, I went to Lord B——, in Wiltshire, whither I was followed by this pretender to my heart, who visited us on the footing of an acquaintance; but when I reflected on what I had done, I condemned my own conduct as indiscreet, though nothing decisive had passed between us, and began to hate him in proportion to the self-conviction I felt; perceiving that I had involved myself in a difficulty from which I should not be easily disengaged. For the present, however, I found means to postpone my declaration; he admitted my excuse, and I returned to London with Lord B——, who was again summoned to the field by his former challenger.

H——n, governor, counsellor, and steward to this little hero, came to Lord B—— with a verbal message, importing, that his lordship had changed his mind about going to Flanders, but expected to meet him on such a day and hour, in the burying-ground

ground near Red Lion Square. Lord B—— accepted the challenge, and gave me an account of what had passed; but he had been anticipated by the messenger, who had already tried to alarm my fears, from the consideration of the consequence, that I might take some measures to prevent their meeting. I perceived his drift, and told him plainly that Lord —— had no intention to risk his person, though he endeavoured with all his might to persuade me, that his principal was desperate and determined. I knew my little husband too well, to think he would bring matters to any dangerous issue, and was apprehensive of nothing but foul play, from the villainy of H——, with which I was equally well acquainted. Indeed, I signified my doubts on that score to Mr. B——, who would have attended his kinsman to the field, had he not thought he might be liable to censure, if any thing should happen to Lord B——, because he himself was heir at law: for that reason he judiciously declined being personally concerned; and we pitched upon the Earl of A——, his lordship's uncle, who willingly undertook the office.

At the appointed time they went to the place of rendezvous, where they had not waited long when the challenger appeared, in a new pink sattin waistcoat, which he had put on for the occasion, with his sword under his arm, and his steward by him, leaving, in a hackney-coach, at some distance, a surgeon whom he had provided for the care of his person. Thus equipped, he advanced to his antagonist, and desired him to chuse his ground, upon which Lord B—— told him, that if he must fall, it was not material which grave he should tumble over.

Our little hero finding him so jocose and determined, turned to Lord A——, and desired to speak with him, that he might disburden his conscience before they should begin the work of death. They accordingly went aside; and he gave him to understand, that his motive for fighting, was Lord B——'s detaining his wife from him by compulsion. The Earl of A—— assured him, he was egregiously mistaken in his conjecture; that his nephew used no force or undue influence to keep me in his house; but

it could not be expected that he would turn me out of doors.

This explanation was altogether satisfactory to Lord ——, who said he was far from being so unreasonable as to expect Lord B—— would commit such a breach of hospitality; and all he desired was, that his wife should be left to her own inclinations. Upon these articles, peace was concluded, and they parted without bloodshed. At least, these are the particulars of the story, as they were related by Lord A——, with whom I laughed heartily at the adventure, for I never doubted that the challenger would find some expedient to prevent the duel, though I wondered how he mustered up resolution enough to carry it so far.

That he might not, however, give us any more trouble, we resolved to go and enjoy ourselves in France; whither I went by myself, in hopes of being soon joined by my lover, who was obliged to stay some time longer in England, to settle his affairs. He was so much affected at our parting, (though but for a few weeks) that he was almost distracted: and this affliction renewed my tenderness for him, because it was an undoubted proof of his love. I wrote to him every post from France; and, as I had no secrets, desired him to take care of all the letters that should come to his house, directed to me, after my departure from England.

This was an unfortunate office for him, in the execution of which he chanced to open a letter from Sir T—— A——, with whom (as I have already observed) I had some correspondence at Bath. I had, according to my promise, given this gentleman a decisive answer, importing, that I was determined to remain in my present situation: but as Lord B—— was ignorant of my sentiments in that particular, and perceived from the letter that something extraordinary had passed between us, and that I was earnestly solicited to leave him, he was seized with the utmost consternation and concern; and having previously obtained the king's leave to go abroad, set out that very night for France, leaving his affairs in the greatest confusion.

Sir T—— A—— hearing I was gone, without understanding the cause

of

of my departure, took the same route, and both arrived at Dover next day.

They heard of each other's motions: each bribed the master of a packet-boat to transport him with expedition; but that depending upon the wind, both reached Calais at the same time, though in different vessels. Sir T—— sent his valet de chambre, post, with a letter, intreating me to accompany him into Italy, where he would make me mistress of his whole fortune, and to set out directly for that country, that he might not lose me by the arrival of Lord B——, promising to join me on the road, if I would consent to make him happy. I sent his messenger back with an answer, wherein I expressed surprize at his proposals, after having signified my resolution to him before I left England. He was scarce dismissed, when I received another letter from Lord B——, beseeching me to meet him at Clermont, upon the road from Calais; and conjuring me to avoid the sight of his rival, should he get the start of him in travelling. This, however, was not likely to be the case, as Lord B—— rode post, and the other was, by his corpulence, obliged to travel in a chaise; yet, that I might not increase his anxiety, I left Paris immediately on the receipt of his message, and met him at the appointed place; where he received me with all the agitation of joy and fear, and asked if I had ever encouraged Sir T—— A—— in his addresses. I very candidly told him the whole transaction, at which he was incensed; but his indignation was soon appeased, when I professed my penitence, and assured him that I had totally rejected his rival. Not that I approve of my behaviour to Sir T——, who (I own) was ill used in this affair, but surely it was more excusable to halt here, than proceed farther in my indiscretion.

My lover being satisfied with my declaration, we went together to Paris, being attended by the Scotchman whom I have already mentioned; though I believe he was not over and above well pleased to see matters thus amicably compromised. The furious knight followed us to the capital; insisted on seeing me in person; told this North Briton, that I was actually engaged to him; wrote every hour,

and railed at my perfidious conduct. I took no notice of these delirious transports, which were also disregarded by Lord B——, till one night he was exasperated by the insinuations of Mr. C——, who, I believe, inflamed his jealousy, by hinting a suspicion that I was really in love with his rival. What passed betwixt them I know not, but he sent for me from the opera, by a physician of Paris, who was a sort of a go-between among us all, and who told me, that if I did not come home on the instant, a duel would be fought on my account.

I was very much shocked at this information; but by being used to alarms from the behaviour of Lord B——, I had acquired a pretty good share of resolution, and with great composure entered the room where Lord B—— was, with his companion, whom I immediately ordered to withdraw. I then gave his lordship to understand, that I was informed of what had passed, and thought myself so much injured by the person who had just quitted the apartment, that I would no longer live under the same roof with him.

Lord B—— raved like a bedlamite, taxing me with want of candour and affection; but I easily justified my own integrity, and gave him such assurances of my love, that his jealousy subsided, and his spirits were recomposed. Nevertheless, I insisted upon his dismissing Mr. C——, on pain of my leaving the house, as I could not help thinking he had used his endeavours to prejudice me in the opinion of my lord. If his conduct was the result of friendship for his patron, he certainly acted the part of an honest and trusty adherent. But I could not easily forgive him, because a few weeks before, he had, by my interest, obtained a considerable addition to his allowance; and even after the steps he had taken to disoblige me, I was not so much his enemy but that I prevailed upon Lord B—— to double his salary, that his leaving the family might be no detriment to his fortune.

His lordship having complied with my demand, this gentleman, after having stayed three days in the house to prepare for his departure, during which I would not suffer him to be admitted
into

‘ into my presence, made his retreat with a fine young girl who was my companion, and I have never seen him since that time.

‘ Sir T—— still continued furious, and would not take a denial, except from my own mouth; upon which, with the approbation of Lord B——, I indulged him with an interview. He entered the apartment with a stern countenance, and told me I had used him ill. I pleaded guilty to the charge, and begged his pardon accordingly. I attempted to reason the case with him, but he would hear no arguments except his own, and even tried to intimidate me with threats; which provoked me to such a degree, that I defied his vengeance. I told him that I feared nothing but the report of my own conscience; that though I had acted a simple part, he durst not say there was any thing criminal in my conduct; and that from his present frantick and unjust behaviour, I thought myself happy in having escaped him. He swore I was the most inflexible of all creatures, asked if nothing would move me; and when I answered, “Nothing,” took his leave, and never afterwards persecuted me with his addresses: though I have heard he was vain and false enough to boast of favours, which upon my honour he never received; as he himself, at one time, owned to Doctor Cantwell at Paris.

‘ While he underwent all this frenzy and distraction upon my account, he was loved with the same violence of passion by a certain Scotch lady of quality; who, when he followed me to France, pursued him thither with the same eagerness and expedition. Far from being jealous of me as a rival, she used to come to my house, implore my good offices with the object of her love, and laying herself on the floor at full length before the fire, weep and cry like a person bereft of her senses. She bitterly complained, that he had never obliged her but once; and begged, with the most earnest supplications, that I would give her an opportunity of seeing him at my house. But I thought proper to avoid her company, as soon as I perceived her intention.

‘ We continued at Paris for some time, during which I contracted an

acquaintance with the sister of M^{rs} Jam la T——. She was the supposed mistress of the Prince of C——, endowed with a great share of understanding, and loved pleasure to excess, though she maintained her reputation on a respectable footing, by living with her husband and mother. This lady perceiving that I had inspired her lover with a passion, which gave me uneasiness on her account, actually practised all her eloquence and art, in persuading me to listen to his love; for it was a maxim with her, to please him at any rate. I was shocked at her indelicate complaisance, and rejected the proposal as repugnant to my present engagement, which I held as sacred as any nuptial tie, and much more binding than a forced or unnatural marriage.

‘ Upon our return to England, we lived in great harmony and peace; and nothing was wanting to my happiness, but the one thing to me the most needful; I mean the enchanting tenderness and delightful enthusiasm of love. Lord B——’s heart (I believe) felt the soft impressions; and, for my own part, I loved him with the most faithful affection. It is not enough to say I wished him well; I had the most delicate, the most genuine esteem for his virtue; I had an intimate regard and anxiety for his interest; and felt for him as if he had been my own son: but still there was a vacancy in my heart; there was not that fervour, that transport, that ecstasy of passion, which I had formerly known; my bosom was not filled with the little deity; I could not help recalling to my remembrance the fond, the ravishing moments, I had passed with S——. Had I understood the conditions of life, those pleasures were happily exchanged for my present situation; because, if I was now deprived of those rapturous enjoyments, I was also exempted from the cares and anxiety that attended them; but I was generally extravagant in my notions of happiness, and therefore construed my present tranquillity into an insipid languor and stagnation of life.

‘ While I remained in this inactivity of sentiment, Lord——, having received a very considerable addition to his fortune, sent a message to me, promising, that if I would leave Lord B——, he would make me a present

of a house and furniture, where I should live at my ease, without being exposed to his visits, except when I should be disposed to receive him. This proposal he made, in consequence of what I had always declared, namely, that if he had not reduced me to the necessity of putting myself under the protection of some person or other, by depriving me of any other means of subsistence, I should never have given the world the least cause to scandalize my reputation; and that I would withdraw myself from my present dependance, as soon as he should enable me to live by myself. I was therefore resolved to be as good as my word, and accepted his offer, on condition that I should be wholly at my own disposal, and that he should never enter my door but as a visitant or common friend.

These articles being ratified by his word and honour, (the value of which I did not then know) an house was furnished according to my directions; and I signified my intention to Lord B——, who consented to my removal, with this proviso, that I should continue to see him. I wrote also to his relation Mr. B——; who, in his answer, observed, that it was too late to advise when I was actually determined. All my friends and acquaintance approved of the scheme, though it was one of the most unjustifiable steps I had ever taken, being a real act of ingratitude to my benefactor; which I soon did, and always shall, regret and condemn. So little is the world qualified to judge of private affairs!

When the time of our parting drew near, Lord B—— became gloomy and discontented, and even intreated me to postpone my resolution; but I told him, that now every thing was prepared for my reception, I could not retract without incurring the imputation of folly and extravagance. On the very day of my departure, Mr. B—— endeavoured, with all the arguments he could suggest, to dissuade me from my purpose; and I made use of the same answer which had satisfied his friend. Finding me determined upon removing, he burst out into a flood of tears, exclaiming—"By God, if Lord B—— can bear it, I can't!" I was thunderstruck at this

expression; for though I had been told that Mr. B—— was in love with me, I gave no credit to the report, because he had never declared his passion, and this was the best hint of it that ever escaped him in my hearing. I was therefore so much amazed at the circumstance of this abrupt explanation, that I could make no answer; but having taken my leave, went away, ruminating on the unexpected declaration.

Lord B—— (as I was informed) spoke not a word that whole night, and took my leaving him so much to heart, that two years elapsed before he got the better of his grief. This intelligence I afterwards received from his own mouth, and asked his forgiveness for my unkind retreat, though I shall never be able to obtain my own. As for Mr. B——, he was overwhelmed with sorrow, and made such efforts to suppress his concern, as had well nigh cost him his life. Dr. S—— was called to him in the middle of the night, and found him almost suffocated. He soon guessed the cause, when he understood that I had left the house: so that I myself was the only person concerned who was utterly ignorant of his affection; for I solemnly declare, he never gave me the least reason to suspect it while I lived with his relation, because he had too much honour to entertain a thought of supplanting his friend, and too good an opinion of me to believe he should have succeeded in the attempt. Though my love for Lord B—— was not so tender and interesting as the passion I had felt for S——, my fidelity was inviolable, and I never harboured the most distant thought of any other person, till after I had resolved to leave him, when (I own) I afforded some small encouragement to the addresses of a new admirer, by telling him, that I should, in a little time, be my own mistress, though I was not now at my own disposal.

I enjoyed my new house as a little paradise: it was accommodated with all sorts of conveniencies; every thing was new, and therefore pleasing, and the whole absolutely at my command. I had the company of a relation, a very good woman, with whom I lived in the most amicable manner; was visited by the best people in town, (I

mean those of the male sex, the ladies having long ago forsaken me;) I frequented all reputable places of public entertainment, and had a concert at home once a week; so that my days rolled on in happiness and quiet, till all my sweets were imbittered by the vexatious behaviour of my husband, who began to importune me again to live with him; and by the increasing anxiety of Lord B——, who (though I still admitted his visits) plainly perceived that I wanted to relinquish his correspondence. This discovery raised such tempests of jealousy and despair within his breast, that he kept me in continual alarms: he sent messages to me every hour, signed his letters with his own blood, raved like a man in an extasy of madness, railed at my ingratitude, and praised my conduct by turns. He offered to sacrifice every thing for my love, to leave the kingdom forthwith, and live with me for ever in any part of the world where I should chuse to reside.

These were generous and tempting proposals; but I was beset with counsellors who were not totally disinterested, and who dissuaded me from embracing the proffers of my lover, on pretence that Lord ——— would be highly injured by my compliance. I listened to their advice, and hardened my heart against Lord B——'s sorrow and solicitations. My behaviour on this occasion is altogether unaccountable; this was the only time that ever I was a slave to admonition. The condition of Lord B—— would have melted any heart but mine, and yet mine was one of the most sensible: he employed his cousin as an advocate with me, till that gentleman actually refused the office, telling him candidly, that his own inclinations were too much engaged to permit him to perform the task with fidelity and truth. He accordingly resolved to avoid my presence, until my lord and I should come to some final determination, which was greatly retarded by the perseverance of his lordship, who would not resign his hopes, even when I pretended that another man had engaged my heart, but said, that in time my affection might return.

Our correspondence, however, gradually wore off; upon which Mr. B—— renewed his visits, and many

agreeable and happy hours we passed together. Not that he, or any other person whom I now saw, succeeded to the privilege of a fortunate lover: I knew he loved me to madness; but I would not gratify his passion any other way than by the most profound esteem and veneration for his virtues, which were altogether amiable and sublime; and I would here draw his character minutely, but it would take up too much time to set forth his merits; the only man living of my acquaintance who resembles him is Lord F——, of whom I shall speak in the sequel.

About this time, I underwent a very interesting change in the situation of my heart. I had sent a message to my old lover S——, desiring he would allow my picture, which was in his possession, to be copied; and he now transmitted it to me by my lawyer, whom he directed to ask, if I intended to be at the next masquerade. This curiosity had a strange effect upon my spirits; my heart fluttered at the question, and my imagination glowed with a thousand fond presages. I answered in the affirmative, and we met by accident at the ball. I could not behold him without emotion; when he accosted me, his well-known voice made my heart vibrate, like a musical chord, when it's unison is struck. All the ideas of our past love, which the lapse of time and absence had enfeebled and lulled to sleep, now awoke, and were re-inspired by his appearance, so that his artful excuses were easily admitted: I forgave him all that I had suffered on his account, because he was the natural lord of my affection; and our former correspondence was renewed.

I thought myself in a new world of bliss, in consequence of this reconciliation, the raptures of which continued unimpaired for the space of four months; during which time he was fonder of me, if possible, than before; repeated his promise of marriage, if we should ever have it in our power; assured me he had never been happy since he left me; that he believed no woman had ever loved like me; and, indeed, to have a notion of my passion for that man, you must first have loved as I did: but through a strange caprice, I broke off the cor-

respondency.

respondence, out of apprehension that he would forsake me again. From his past conduct, I dreaded what might happen; and the remembrance of what I had undergone by his infidelity, filled my imagination with such horror, that I could not endure the shocking prospect, and prematurely plunged myself into the danger, rather than endure the terrors of expectation. I remembered that his former attachment began in the season of my prosperity, when my fortune was in the zenith, and my youth in its prime; and that he had forsaken me in the day of trouble, when my life became embarrassed, and my circumstances were on the decline: I foresaw nothing but continual persecution from my husband, and feared, that if once the keener transports of our reconciliation should be over, his affection would sink under the severity of its trial. In consequence of this desertion, I received a letter from him, acknowledging that he was rightly served, but that my retreat gave him inexpressible concern.

Meanwhile, Lord — continued to act in the character of a fiend, tormenting me with his nauseous importunities: he prevailed upon the Duke of L — to employ his influence in persuading me to live with him; assuring his grace, that I had actually promised to give him that proof of my obedience, and that I would come home the sooner for being pressed to compliance by a person of his rank and character. Induced by these representations, the duke honoured me with a visit; and in the course of his exhortations I understood how he had been thus misinformed: upon which I sent for Lord —, and in his presence convicted him of the falsehood, by communicating to his grace the article of our last agreement, which he did not think proper to deny; and the duke being undeceived, declared that he would not have given me the trouble of vindicating myself, had he not been misled by the insincerity of my lord.

Baffled in this attempt, he engaged Mr. H — V —, and afterwards my own father, in the same task, and though I still adhered to my first resolution, persisted with such obstinacy in his endeavours to make me unhappy, that

I determined to leave the kingdom. Accordingly, after I had spent the evening with him at Ranelagh, I went away about two o'clock in the morning, leaving my companion, with directions to restore to my lord his house, furniture, plate, and every thing he had given me since our last accommodation; so far was I, upon this occasion, or at any other time of my life, from embezzling any part of his fortune. My friend followed my instructions most punctually; and his lordship knows and will acknowledge the truth of this assertion.

Thus have I explained the true cause of my first expedition to Flanders, whither the world was good-natured enough to say I followed Mr. B — and the whole army, which happened to be sent abroad that summer. Before my departure, I likewise transmitted to Lord B — the dressing-plate, china, and a very considerable settlement, of which he had been generous enough to make me a present. This was an instance of my integrity, which I thought due to a man who had laid me under great obligations; and though I have lived to be refused a small sum both by him and S —, I do not repent of my disinterested behaviour; all the revenge I harbour against the last of these lovers, is the desire of having it in my power to do him good.

I now found myself adrift in the world again, and very richly deserved the hardships of my condition, for my indiscretion in leaving Lord B —, and in trusting to the word of Lord —, without some farther security; but I have dearly paid for my imprudence. The more I saw into the character of this man, whom destiny had appointed my scourge, the more was I determined to avoid his fellowship and communication; for he and I are in point of disposition, as opposite as any two principles in nature. In the first place, he is one of the most unsteady beings that ever existed; when I was pleased and happy, he was always discontented; but if he could find occasion to overcast and cloud my mirth, though never so innocent, he then discovered signs of uncommon satisfaction and content, because, by this disagreeable temper, he banished all company from his house. He is extremely weak and

M m s

under-

understanding, though he possesses a good share of low cunning, which has egregiously imposed upon some people, that they have actually believed him a good-natured easy creature, and blamed me because I did not manage him to better purpose; but, upon farther acquaintance, they have always found him obstinate as a mule, and capricious as a monkey. Not that he is utterly void of all commendable qualities: he is punctual in paying his debts, liberal when in good humour, and would be well bred, were he not subject to fits of sabbance; during which he is altogether unconvertible; but he is proud, naturally suspicious, jealous, equally with and without cause, never made a friend, and is an utter stranger to the joys of intimacy; in short, he hangs like a damp upon society, and may be properly called *kill-joy*, an epithet which he has justly acquired. He honours me with constant professions of love, but his conduct is so opposite to my sentiments of that passion, as to have been the prime source of all my misfortunes and afflictions; and I have often wished myself the object of his hate, in hopes of profiting by a change in his behaviour.

Indeed, he has not been able to make me more unhappy than I believe; he is in his own mind, for he is literally a self-tormentor; who never enjoys one gleam of satisfaction, except at the expense of another's quiet; and yet with this (I had almost called it diabolical) quality, he expects that I should cherish him with all the tenderness of a fellow. After he has been at pains to incur my aversion, he assuages my disgust, by contriving schemes to mortify and perplex me, which have often succeeded so effectually, as to endanger my life and condition; for I have been fretted and frightened into sundry fits of illness, and even now I have experienced his care and concern.

Over and above the oddities I have mentioned, he is quite unsteady in his economy; that he is always new-moulding his affairs, and exhausting his fortune, by laying out ten pounds in order to save a shilling. He is likewise into the character of a miser, after he has lived two years in his family, and is so ridicu-

lously stocked with vanity and self-conceit, that notwithstanding my assurance before, and the whole series of my conduct since our marriage, which ought to have convinced him of my dislike, he is still persuaded, that at bottom I must admire and be enamoured of his agreeable person and accomplishments; and that I would not fail to manifest my love, were I not spirited up against him by his own relations. Perhaps it might be their interest to foment the misunderstanding betwixt us; but really they give themselves no trouble about our affairs; and, so far as I know them, are a very good sort of people. On the whole, I think I may with justice pronounce my precious yoke-fellow a trifling, teasing, insufferable, intolerable creature.

With the little money which remained of what I had received from his lordship for housekeeping, I transported myself to Flanders, and arrived in Ghent a few days after our troops were quartered in that city, which was so much crowded with these new visitants, that I should have found it impracticable to procure a lodging, had I not been accommodated by Lord R——. B——, the Duke of A——, my youngest brother, who very politely gave me up his own. Here I saw my friend Mr. B——, who was overjoyed at my arrival, though jealous of every man of his acquaintance; for he loved me with all the ardour of passion; and I regarded him with all the perfection of friendship, which I had believed, in time might have produced love; though either was a fruit which it never brought forth. Notwithstanding his earnest solicitations to the contrary, I stayed but a week in Ghent, from whence I proceeded to Brussels, and fixed my abode in the Hotel de France, among an agreeable set of gentlemen and ladies, with whom I spent my time very cheerfully. There was a sort of court in this city, frequented by all the officers who could obtain permission to go thither; and the place in general was gay and agreeable. I was introduced to the best families, and very happy in my acquaintance; for the ladies were polite, good-natured, and obliging; and treated me with the utmost hospitality and respect. Among others, I contracted a friend-

ship with Madam la Comtesse de C—, and her two daughters, who were very amiable young ladies; and became intimate with the Princess C—, and Countess W—, lady of the bed-chamber to the Queen of Hungary, and a great favourite of the Governor Monsieur D'H—, in whose house she lived with his wife, who was also a lady of a very engaging disposition.

Soon after I had fixed my habitation in Brussels, the company at our hotel was increased by three officers, who professed themselves my admirers, and came from Ghent with a view of soliciting my love. This triumvirate consisted of the Scotch Earl of —, Lord R— M—, and another young officer: the first was a man of a very genteel figure and amorous complexion, danced well, and had a great deal of good-humour, with a mixture of vanity and self-conceit; the second had a good face, though a clumsy person, and a very sweet disposition, very much adapted for the sentimental passion of love; and the third (Mr. W— by name) was tall, thin, and well bred, with a great stock of good-nature and vivacity. These adventurers began their addresses in general acts of gallantry, that comprehended several of my female friends, with whom we used to engage in parties of pleasure, both in the city and the environs, which are extremely agreeable. When they thought they had taken the preliminary steps of securing themselves in my good opinion and esteem, they agreed to go on without farther delay, and that Lord — should make the first attack upon my heart.

He accordingly laid siege to me with such warmth and assiduity, that I believed he deceived himself, and began to think he was actually in love; though at bottom he felt no impulse that deserved the sacred name. Though I discouraged him in the beginning, he persecuted me with his addresses; he always sat by me at dinner, and imparted a thousand trifles in continual whispers, which attracted the notice of the company so much, that I began to fear his behaviour would give rise to some report to my prejudice; and therefore avoided him with the utmost caution. Notwithstanding all my care,

however, he found means one night, while my maid, who lay in my room, went down stairs, to get into my chamber after I was a-bed: upon which I started up, and told him, that if he should approach me, I would alarm the house: for I never wanted courage and resolution. Perceiving my displeasure, he kneeled by the bed-side, begged I would have pity on his sufferings, and swore I should have *carte blanche* to the utmost extent of his fortune. To these proposals I made no other reply, but that of protesting I would never speak to him again, if he did not quit my apartment that moment, upon which he thought proper to withdraw; and I never afterwards gave him an opportunity of speaking to me on the same subject: so that, in a few weeks, he separated himself from our society; though the ladies of Brussels considered him as my lover, because, of all the other officers, he was their greatest favourite. His lordship being thus repulsed, Mr. W— took the field, and assailed my heart in a very different manner. He said he knew not how to make love, but was a man of honour, would keep the secret, and so forth. To this cavalier address I answered, that I was not angry, as I otherwise should have been at his blunt declaration, because I found by his own confession, he did not know what was due to the sex; and my unhappy situation in some shape excused him for a liberty which he would not have dreamed of taking, had not my misfortunes encouraged his presumption. But I would deal with him in his own way; and, far from assuming the prude, frankly assured him, that he was not at all to my taste, hoping he would consider my dislike as a sufficient reason to reject his love.

Lord R— began to feel the symptoms of a genuine passion, which he carefully cherished in silence, being naturally diffident and bashful, but by the very means he used to conceal it from my observation, I plainly discerned the situation of his heart, and was not at all displeased at the progress I had made in his inclinations. Meanwhile, he cultivated my acquaintance with great assiduity and respect; attended me in all my excursions, and particularly in an expedition to Ant-

werp,

werp, with two other gentlemen, where in downright *gaieté de cœur*, we sat for our pictures, which were drawn in one piece; one of the party being represented in the dress of an hussar, and another in that of a running footman. This incident I mention, because the performance, which is now in my possession, gave birth to a thousand groundless reports, that circulated in England at our expence.

It was immediately after this jaunt, that Lord R—— began to disclose his passion; though he, at the same time, started such objections as seemed well nigh to extinguish his hopes, lamenting, that even if he should have the happiness to engage my affections, his fortune was too inconsiderable to support us against the efforts of Lord —, should he attempt to interrupt our felicity; and that he himself was obliged to follow the motions of the army. In short, he seemed to consider my felicity more than his own, and behaved with such delicacy, as gradually made an impression on my heart; so that when we parted, we agreed to renew our correspondence in England.

In the midst of these agreeable amusements, which I enjoyed in almost all the different towns of Flanders, I happened to be at Ghent one day, sitting among a good deal of company, in one of their hotels, when a post-chaise stopped at the gate; upon which we went to the windows to satisfy our curiosity, when who should step out of the convenience, but my little insignificant lord. I no sooner announced him to the company, than all the gentlemen asked whether they should stay and protect me, or withdraw; and when I assured them, that their protection was not necessary, one and all of them retired; though Lord R—— M—— went no farther than the parlour below, being determined to screen me against all violence and compulsion. I sent a message to my lord, desiring him to walk up into my apartment; but although his sole errand was to see and carry me off, he would not venture to accept of my invitation, till he had demanded me in form from the governor of the place.

That gentleman being altogether a stranger to his person and character, referred him to the commanding of-

ficer of the English troops, who was a man of humour, and upon his lordship's application, pretended to doubt his identity; observing that he had always heard Lord — represented as a jolly corpulent man. He gave him to understand, however, that even granting him to be the person, I was by no means subject to military law, unless he could prove that I had ever listed in his majesty's service.

Thus disappointed in his expectations, he returned to the inn, and with much persuasion, trusted himself in my dining-room, after having stationed his attendant at the door, in case of accidents. When I asked, what had procured me the honour of this visit, he told me, his business and intention were to carry me home. This declaration produced a conference, in which I argued the case with him; and matters were accommodated for the present, by my promising to be in England some time in September, on condition that he would permit me to live by myself, as before, and immediately order the arrears of my pin-money to be paid. He assented to every thing I proposed, returned in peace to his own country, and the deficiencies of my allowance were made good; while I returned to Brussels, where I stayed until my departure for England, which I regulated in such a manner as was consistent with my engagement.

I took lodgings in Pall Mall, and sending for my lord, convinced him of my punctuality, and put him in mind of his promise; when, to my utter astonishment and confusion, he owned, that his promise was no more than a decoy to bring me over, and that I must lay my account with living in his house like a dutiful and obedient wife. I heard him with the indignation such treatment deserved, upbraiding him with his perfidious dealing, which I told him would have determined me against cohabitation with him; had I not been already resolved: and being destitute of all resource, repaired to Bath, where I afterwards met with Mr. D—— and Mr. R——, two gentlemen who had been my fellow-passengers in the yacht from Flanders, and treated me with great friendship and politeness, without either talking or thinking of love.

With

With these gentlemen, who were as idle as myself, I went to the jubilee at Preston, which was no other than a great number of people assembled in a small town, extremely ill accommodated, to partake of diversions that were bad imitations of plays, concerts, and masquerades. If the world should place to the account of my indiscretion my travelling in this manner, with gentlemen to whom I had no particular attachment, let it also be considered, as an alleviation, that I always lived in terror of my lord, and consequently was often obliged to shift my quarters; so that my finances being extremely slender, I stood the more in need of assistance and protection. I was, besides, young, inconsiderate, and so simple, as to suppose the figure of an ugly man would always secure me from censure on his account: neither did I ever dream of any man's addresses, until he made an actual declaration of his love.

Upon my return to Bath, I was again harassed by Lord —, who came thither accompanied by my father, whom I was very glad to see, though he importuned me to comply with my husband's desire, and for the future keep measures with the world. This remonstrance about living with my lord, which he constantly repeated, was the only instance of his unkindness which I ever felt. But all his admonitions were not of force sufficient to shake my resolution in that particular; though the debate continued so late, that I told his lordship it was high time to retire, for I could not accommodate him with a bed. He then gave me to understand, that he would stay where he was; upon which my father took his leave, on pretence of looking out for a lodging for himself.

The little gentleman being now left tête à tête with me, began to discover some signs of apprehension in his looks; but mustering up all his resolution, he went to the door, called up three of his servants, whom he placed as sentinels upon the stair, and flounced into my elbow-chair, where he resigned himself to rest. Intending to go to bed, I thought it was but just and decent that I should screen myself from the intrusion of his footmen, and with that view bolted the door.

Lord — hearing himself locked in, started up in the utmost terror and consternation, kicked the door with his heel, and screamed aloud, as if he had been in the hands of an assassin. My father, who had not yet quitted the house, hearing these outcries, ran up stairs again, and coming through my bed-chamber into the dining-room, where we were, found me almost suffocated with laughter, and his heroick son-in-law staring like one who had lost his wits, with his hair standing on end.

When my father asked the meaning of his exclamations, he told him with all the symptoms of dismay, that I had locked him in, and he did not understand such usage: but I explained the whole mystery, by saying, I had bolted the door, because I did not like the company of his servants, and could not imagine the cause of his panic, unless he thought I designed to ravish him; an insult, than which nothing was farther from my intention. My father himself could scarce refrain from laughing at his ridiculous fear; but seeing him in great confusion, took pity on his condition, and carried him off to his own lodgings, after I had given my word that I would not attempt to escape, but give him audience next morning. I accordingly kept my promise, and found means to persuade them to leave me at my own discretion. Next day I was rallied upon the stratagem I had contrived to frighten Lord —; and a thousand idle stories were told about this adventure, which happened literally as I have related it.

From Bath I betook myself to a small house near Lincoln, which I had hired of the D— of A—, because a country life suited best with my income, which was no more than four hundred pounds a year, and that not well paid. I continued some months in this retirement, and saw no company, except Lord R— M—, who lived in the neighbourhood, and visited me twice; till finding myself indisposed, I was obliged to remove to London, and took lodgings in Maddox Street, where my garrison was taken by storm, by my lord and his steward, reinforced by Mr. L— V— (who, as my lord told me, had a subsidy of five and twenty pounds,

‘ pounds, before he would take the field), and a couple of hardy footmen. This formidable band rushed into my apartment, laid violent hands upon me, dragged me down stairs without gloves or a cloak, and thrusting me into a coach that stood at the door, conveyed me to my lord’s lodgings in Gloucester Street.

‘ Upon this occasion, his lordship courageously drew his sword upon my woman, who attempted to defend me from his insults, and in all probability would have intimidated him from proceeding, for he looked pale and aghast, his knees knocked together, and he breathed thick and hard, with his nostrils dilated, as if he had seen a ghost. But he was encouraged by his mercenary associate, who, for the five and twenty pounds, stood by him in the day of trouble, and spirited him on to this gallant enterprize.

‘ In consequence of this exploit, I was cooped up in a paltry apartment in Gloucester Street, where I was close beset by his lordship, and his worthy steward Mr. H——, with a set of servants that were the creatures of this fellow, of whom Lord —— himself stood in awe; so that I could not help thinking myself in Newgate, among thieves and ruffians. To such a degree did my terror prevail, that I actually believed I was in danger of being poisoned, and would not receive any sustenance, except from the hands of one harmless looking fellow, a foreigner, who was my lord’s valet de chambre. I will not pretend to say my fears were just; but such was my opinion of H——n, that I never doubted he would put me out of the way, if he thought my life interfered with his interest.

‘ On the second day of my imprisonment, I was visited by the Duke of L——, a friend of my lord; who found me sitting upon a trunk, in a poor little dining-room filled with lumber, and lighted with two bits of tallow candle, which had been left over-night. He perceived in my countenance a mixture of rage, indignation, terror, and despair: he compassionated my sufferings, though he could not alleviate my distress, any other way than by interceding with my tyrant to mitigate my oppression. Nevertheless, I remained eleven days in this

‘ comfortable situation: I was watched like a criminal all day, and one of the servants walked from one room to another all night, in the nature of a patrol; while my lord, who lay in the chamber above me, got out of bed, and tripped to the window, at the sound of every coach that chanced to pass through the street. H——n, who was consummate in the arts of a sycophant, began to court my favour, by condoling my affliction, and assuring me, that the only method by which I could regain my liberty, was a cheerful compliance with the humour of my lord. I was fully convinced of the truth of this observation; and though my temper is altogether averse to dissimulation, attempted to affect an air of serenity and resignation. But this disguise, I found, would not answer my purpose; and therefore I had recourse to the assistance of my maid, who was permitted to attend me in my confinement. With her I frequently consulted about the means of accomplishing my escape. In consequence of our deliberations, she directed a coach and six to be ready at a certain part of the town, and to wait for me three days in the same place, in case I could not come before the expiration of that term.

‘ This previous measure being taken according to my instructions, the next necessary step was to elude the vigilance of my guard: and in this manner did I effectuate my purpose. Being, by this time, indulged in the liberty of going out in the coach, for the benefit of the air, attended by two footmen, who had orders to watch all my motions, I made use of this privilege one forenoon, when Lord —— expected some company to dinner, and bade the coachman drive to the lodgings of a man who wrote with his mouth, intending to give my spies the slip, on pretence of seeing this curiosity: but they were too alert in their duty to be thus outwitted, and followed me up stairs into the very apartment.

‘ Disappointed in this hope, I resolved another scheme, which was attended with success: I bought some olives at an oil-shop; and telling the servants I would proceed to St. James’s Gate, and take a turn in the Park, broke one of the bottles by the way; complained

complained of the misfortune when I was set down, and desired that my coach might be cleaned before my return. While my attendants were employed in this office, I tripped across the parade to the Horse Guards, and chanced to meet with an acquaintance in the Park, who said, he saw by my countenance that I was upon some expedition. I owned his suspicion was just; but, as I had not time to relate particulars, I quickened my pace, and took possession of a hackney-coach, in which I proceeded to the vehicle which I had appointed to be in waiting.

While I thus compassed my escape, there was nothing but perplexity and confusion at home; dinner was delayed till six o'clock; my lord ran half the town over in quest of his equipage, which at last returned with an account of my elopement. My maid was brought to the question, and grievously threatened; but (like all the women I ever had) remained unshaken in her fidelity. In the mean time, I travelled night and day towards my retreat in Lincolnshire, of which his lordship had not, as yet, got the least intelligence; and as my coachman was but an unexperienced driver, I was obliged to make use of my own skill in that exercise, and direct his endeavours the whole way, without venturing to go to bed, or take the least repose, until I reached my own habitation. There I lived in peace and tranquillity for the space of six weeks, when I was alarmed by one of my lord's myrmidons, who came into the neighbourhood, blustering and swearing, that he would carry me off, either dead or alive.

It is not to be supposed that I was perfectly easy when I was made acquainted with his purpose and declaration, as my whole family consisted of no more than a couple of women and one footman. However, I summoned up my courage, which had been often tried, and never forsook me in the day of danger, and sent him word, that if ever he should presume to approach my house, I would order him to be shot without ceremony. The fellow did not chuse to put me to the trial, and returned to town without his errand. But as the place of my abode was now discovered, I laid my

account with having a visit from his employer: I therefore planted spies upon the road, with a promise of reward to him who should bring me the first intelligence of his lordship's approach.

Accordingly, I was one morning apprized of his coming; and mounting horse immediately, with my woman and valet, away we rode, in defiance of winter. In two days I traversed the wilds of Lincolnshire and hundreds of Essex; crossed the river at Tilbury; breakfasted at Chatham; by the help of a guide and moon light arrived at Dover the same evening; embarked for Calais, in which place I found myself next day at two o'clock in the afternoon; and being heartily tired of my journey, betook myself to rest. My maid, who was not able to travel with such expedition, followed me at an easier pace; and the footman was so astonished at my perseverance, that he could not help asking upon the road, if ever I was weary in my life. Certain it is, my spirits and resolution have enabled me to undergo fatigues that are almost incredible. From Calais I went to Brussels, where I again set up my rest in private lodgings; was again perfectly well received by the fashionable people of that place; and, by the interest of my friends, obtained the Queen of Hungary's protection against the persecution of my husband, while I should reside in the Austrian Netherlands.

Thus secured, I lived uncensured, conversing with the English company, with which this city was crowded, but spent the most agreeable part of my time with the Countess of Calemberg, in whose house I generally dined and supped; and I also contracted an intimacy with the Princess of Chemay, who was a great favourite with Madam D'Harrach, the governor's lady.

I had not been long in this happy situation, when I was disturbed by the arrival of Lord —, who demanded me of the governor; but finding me sheltered from his power, he set out for Vienna; and, in consequence of his representations, strengthened with the Duke of N——'s name, my protection was withdrawn. But, before this application, he had gone to the camp, and addressed himself to my Lord Stair, who was my particular

N n

friend

friend and ally by my first marriage, desiring he would compel me to return to his house. His lordship told him, that I was in no shape subject to his command; but invited him to dinner, with a view of diverting himself and company at the expence of his guest. In the evening he was plied with so many bumpers to my health, that he became intoxicated, and extremely obstreperous; insisted upon seeing Lord Stair after he was retired to rest, and quarrelled with Lord D——, who being a tall, large, raw-boned Scotchman, could have swallowed him at one mouthful; but he thought he might venture to challenge him, in hopes of being put under arrest by the general: though he reckoned without his host; Lord Stair knew his disposition, and, in order to punish his presumption, winked at the affair. The challenger, finding himself mistaken in his conjecture, got up early in the morning, and went off post to Vienna; and Lord Stair desired a certain man of quality to make me a visit, and give me an account of his behaviour.

Being now deprived of my protection and pin-money, which my generous husband would no longer pay, I was reduced to great difficulty and distress. The Duchess D'Arenberg, Lord G——, and many other persons of distinction, interceded in my behalf with his majesty, who was then abroad; but he refused to interpose between man and wife. The Countess of Calenberg wrote a letter to my father, in which she represented my uncomfortable situation, and undertook to answer for my conduct, in case he would allow me a small annuity, on which I could live independent of Lord ———, who, by all accounts, was a wretch with whom I could never enjoy the least happiness or quiet; otherwise she would be the first to advise me to an accommodation. She gave him to understand, that her character was neither doubtful nor obscure; and that if my conduct there had not been irreproachable, she should not have taken me under her protection: that as I proposed to board in a convent, a small sum would answer my occasions; but, if that should be denied, I would actually go to service, or take some other desperate step, to

avoid the man who was my bane and aversion.

To this kind remonstrance my father answered, that his fortune would not allow him to assist me; he had now a young family; and that I ought, at all events, to return to my husband. By this time, such was the extremity of my circumstances, that I was forced to pawn my cloaths, and every trifling trinket in my possession, and even to descend so far as to solicit Mr. S—— for a loan of fifty pounds, which he refused.

Thus was I deserted, in my distress, by two persons, to whom, in the season of my affluence, my purse had been always open. Nothing so effectually subdues a spirit unused to supplicate, as want! Repulsed in this manner, I had recourse to Lord B——, who was also (it seems) unable to relieve my necessities. This mortification I deserved at his hands, though he had once put it in my power to be above all such paltry applications; and I should not have been compelled to the disagreeable task of troubling my friends, had not I voluntarily resigned what he formerly gave me. As to the other gentleman to whom I addressed myself on this occasion, I think he might have shewn more regard to my situation, not only for the reasons already mentioned, but because he knew me too well, to be ignorant of what I must have suffered, in condescending to make such a request.

Several officers, who guessed my adversity, generously offered to supply me with money; but I could not bring myself to make use of their friendship, or even to own my distress, except to one person, of whom I borrowed a small sum. To crown my misfortunes, I was taken very ill, at a time when there was no other way of avoiding the clutches of my persecutor, but by a precipitate flight. In this emergency, I applied to a worthy gentleman at Brussels, a very good friend of mine, but no lover. I say no lover, because every man is supposed to act in that capacity who befriends a young woman in distress. This generous Fleming set out with me in the night from Brussels, and conducted me to the frontiers of France. Being very much indisposed both in mind and body when I was

obliged

obliged to undertake this expedition, I should, in all probability, have sunk under the fatigue of travelling, had not my spirits been kept up by the conversation of my companion, who was a man of business and consequence, and undertook to manage my affairs in such a manner as would enable me to re-establish my residence in the place I had left. He was young and active, attended me with the utmost care and assiduity, and left nothing undone which he thought would contribute to my ease and satisfaction. I believe his friendship for me was a little tinged with another passion; but he was married, and lived very well with his wife, who was also my friend; so that he knew I would never think of him in the light of a lover.

Upon our arrival at Valenciennes, he accommodated me with a little money, (for a little was all I would take) and returned to his own city, after we had settled a correspondence by letters. I was detained a day or two in this place by my indisposition, which increased; but nevertheless proceeded to Paris, to make interest for a protection from the King of France, which that monarch graciously accorded me, in three days after my first application; and his minister sent orders to all the governors and intendants of the province towns, to protect me against the efforts of Lord —, in whatever place I should chuse to reside.

Having returned my thanks at Versailles for this favour, and tarried a few days at Paris, which was a place altogether unsuitable to the low ebb of my fortune, I repaired to Lisle, where I intended to fix my habitation; and where my disorder recurred with such violence, that I was obliged to send for a physician, who seemed to have been a disciple of Sangrado; for he scarce left a drop of blood in my body, and yet I found myself never a whit the better. Indeed, I was so much exhausted by these evacuations, and my constitution so much impaired by fatigue and perturbation of mind, that I had no other hope of recovering but that of reaching England, and putting myself under the direction of a physician on whose ability I could depend.

With this doubtful prospect, there-

fore, I determined to attempt a return to my native air, and actually departed from Lisle, in such a melancholy and feeble condition that I had almost fainted when I was put into the coach. But before I resolved upon this journey I was reduced to the utmost exigence of fortune; so that I could scarce afford to buy provisions, had it been in my power to eat, and should not have been able to defray my travelling expences, had I not been generously befriended by Lord R—— M——, who (I am sure) would have done any thing for my ease and accommodation, though he has unjustly incurred the imputation of being parsimonious, and I had no reason to expect any such favour at his hands.

In this deplorable state of health I was conveyed to Calais, being all the way (as it were) in the arms of death, without having swallowed the least sustenance on the road. So much was my indisposition augmented by the fatigue of the journey, that I swooned when I was brought into the inn, and had almost expired before I could receive the least assistance or advice: however, my spirits were a little revived by some bread and wine, which I took at the persuasion of a French surgeon, who chancing to pass by the door, was called up to my relief. Having sent my servant to Brussels, to take care of my cloaths, I embarked in the packet-boat, and by that time we arrived at Dover, was almost in extremity.

Here I found a return coach, in which I was carried to London, and was put to bed in the house where we put up, more dead than alive. The people of the inn sent for an apothecary, who administered some cordial that recalled me to life; and when I recovered the use of speech, I told him who I was, and desired him to wait upon Dr. S—— and inform him of my situation. A young girl, who was niece to the landlord's wife, seeing me unattended, made a tender of her service to me, and I accepted the offer, as well as a lodging in the apothecary's house, to which I was conveyed as soon as my strength would admit of my removal. There I was visited by my physician, who was shocked to find me in such a dangerous condition: however, having con-

‘sidered my case, he perceived that my disposition proceeded from the calamities I had undergone, and encouraged me with the hope of a speedy cure, provided I could be kept easy and undisturbed.

‘I was accordingly attended with all imaginable care; my lord’s name being never mentioned in my hearing; because I considered him as the fatal source of all my misfortunes; and in a month I recovered my health, by the great skill and tenderness of my doctor, who now finding me strong enough to encounter fresh troubles, endeavoured to persuade me that it would be my wisest step to return to my husband, whom, at that time, he had often occasion to see. But I rejected his proposal, commenced a new lawsuit for separation; and took a small house in St. James’s Square.

‘About this time, my woman returned from Brussels, but without my cloaths, which were detained on account of the money I owed in that place; and asking her dismissal from my service, set up shop for herself. I had not lived many weeks in my new habitation, when my persecutor renewed his attempts to make himself master of my person; but I had learned from experience to redouble my vigilance, and he was frustrated in all his endeavours. I was again happy in the conversation of my former acquaintance, and visited by a great number of gentlemen, mostly persons of probity and sense, who cultivated my friendship, without any other motive of attachment. Not that I was unsolicited on the article of love: that was a theme on which I never wanted orators; and could I have prevailed upon myself to profit by the advances that were made, I might have managed my opportunities so as to have set fortune at defiance for the future. But I was none of those economists, who can sacrifice their hearts to interested considerations.

‘One evening, while I was conversing with three or four of my friends, my lawyer came in, and told me he had something of consequence to impart: upon which all the gentlemen but one went away. Then he gave me to understand, that my suit would immediately come to trial; and though he hoped the best, the issue was un-

‘certain; that if it should be given against me, the decision would inspire my lord with fresh spirits to disturb my peace; and therefore it would be convenient for me to retire, until the affair should be brought to a determination.

‘I was very much disconcerted at this intelligence; and the gentleman who stayed perceiving my concern, asked what I intended to do, or if he could serve me in any shape, and desired to know whither I proposed to retreat. I affected to laugh, and answered—“To a garret, I believe!” To this over-strained raillery he replied, that if I should, his friendship and regard would find the way to my apartment: and I had no reason to doubt the sincerity of his declaration. We consulted about the measures I should take, and I determined to remove into the country, where I was soon favoured with a letter from him, wherein he expressed the infinite pleasure he had in being able to assure me, that my suit had been successful, and that I might appear again with great safety.

‘Accordingly, I returned to town in his coach and six, which he had sent for my convenience, and the same evening went with him to the masquerade, where we passed the night very agreeably, his spirits, as well as mine, being elevated to a joyous pitch by the happy event of my process. This gentleman was a person of great honour, worth, and good-nature; he loved me extremely, but did not care that I should know the extent of his passion: on the contrary, he endeavoured to persuade me, he had laid it down as a maxim, that no woman should ever have power enough over his heart, to give him the least pain or disquiet. In short, he had made a progress in my affection, and to his generosity was I indebted for my subsistence two whole years; during which, he was continually professing this philosophick indifference, while, at the same time, he was giving me daily assurances of his friendship and esteem, and treating me with incessant marks of the most passionate love: so that I concluded his intention was cold, though his temper was warm. Considering myself as an incumbrance upon his fortune, I re-

‘doubled

doubled my endeavours to obtain a separate maintenance from my lord, and removed from St. James's Square to lodgings at Kensington, where I had not long enjoyed myself in tranquillity, before it was interrupted by a very unexpected visit.

While I was busy one day dressing in my dining-room, I found his lordship at my elbow, before I was aware of his approach, although his coach was at the door, and the house already in the possession of his servants. He accosted me in the usual style, as if we had parted the night before; and I answered him with an appearance of the same careless familiarity, desiring him to sit down, while I retreated to my chamber, locked the door, and fairly went to bed; being, perhaps, the first woman who went thither for protection from the insults of a man. Here, then, I immured myself with my faithful Abigail. My lord finding me secured, knocked at the door, and through the key-hole begged to be admitted; assuring me, that all he wanted was a conference. I desired to be excused, though I believed his assurance; but I had no inclination to converse with him, because I knew from experience the nature of his conversation, which was so disagreeable and tormenting, that I would have exchanged it at any time for a good beating, and thought myself a gainer by the bargain. However, he persisted in his importunities to such a degree, that I assented to his proposal, on condition that the Duke of L—— should be present at the interview; and he immediately sent a message to his grace, while I in peace ate my breakfast, conveyed in a basket, which was hoisted up to the window of my bed-chamber.

The duke was so kind as to come at my lord's request, and before I would open the door, gave me his word, that I should be protected from all violence and compulsion. Thus assured, they were permitted to enter. My little gentleman sitting down by my bed-side, began to repeat the old hackneyed arguments he had formerly used, with the view of inducing me to live with him; and I, on my side, repeated my former objections, or pretended to listen to his representations, while my imagination was em-

ployed in contriving the means of effecting an escape, as the duke easily perceived by my countenance.

Finding all his remonstrances ineffectual, he quitted the chamber, and left his cause to the eloquence of his grace, who sat with me a whole half hour, without exerting himself much in behalf of his client, because he knew I was altogether obstinate, and determined on that score; but joked upon the behaviour of his lordship, who, though jealous of most people, had left him alone with me in my bed-chamber, observing, that he must either have great confidence in his virtue, or a very bad opinion of him otherwise. In short, I found means to defer the categorical answer till next day, and invited the duke and his lordship to dine with me to-morrow. My wife's yoke-fellow seemed to doubt the sincerity of this invitation, and was very much disposed to keep possession of my house: but, by the persuasions of his grace, and the advice of H——n, who was his chief counsellor and back, he was prevailed upon to take my word, and for the present left me.

They were no sooner retired, than I rose with great expedition, packed up my cloaths, and took shelter in Essex, for the first time. Next day, my lord and his noble friend came to dinner, according to appointment; and being informed of my escape by my woman, whom I had left in the house, his lordship discovered some signs of discontent, and insisted upon seeing my papers; upon which my maid produced a parcel of bills which I owed to different people. Notwithstanding this disappointment, he sat down to what was provided for dinner, and with great deliberation eat up a leg of lamb, the best part of a fowl, and something else, which I do not now remember; and then very peaceably went away, giving my maid an opportunity of following me to the place of my retreat.

My intention was to have sought refuge, as formerly, in another country; but I was prevented from putting my design in execution by a fit of illness, during which I was visited by my physician and some of my own relations, particularly a distant cousin of mine, whom my lord had engaged in his interests, by promising to recom-

penfe

'pense her amply, if she could persuade me to comply with his desire. In this office she was assisted by the doctor, who was my friend, and a man of sense, for whom I have the most perfect esteem, though he and I have often differed in point of opinion. In a word, I was exposed to the incessant importunities of all my acquaintance, which added to the desperate circumstances of my fortune, compelled me to embrace the terms that were offered, and I again returned to the domestick duties of a wife.

'I was conducted to my lord's house by an old friend of mine, a gentleman turned of fifty, of admirable parts and understanding; he was a pleasing companion, chearful and humane, and had acquired a great share of my esteem and respect. In a word, his advice had great weight in my deliberations, because it seemed to be the result of experience and disinterested friendship. Without all doubt, he had an unfeigned concern for my welfare; but being an admirable politician, his scheme was to make my interest coincide with his own inclinations; for I had unwittingly made an innovation upon his heart, and as he thought I should hardly favour his passion while I was at liberty to converse with the rest of my admirers, he counselled me to surrender that freedom, well knowing that my lord would be easily persuaded to banish all his rivals from the house; in which case he did not doubt of being able to insinuate himself into my affections; because he laid it down as an eternal truth, that if any two persons of different sexes were obliged to live together in a desert, where they would be excluded from all other human intercourse, they would naturally and inevitably contract an inclination for each other.

'How just this hypothesis may be, I leave to the determination of the curious; though, if I may be allowed to judge from my own disposition, a couple so situated would be apt to imbibe mutual disgusts, from the nature and necessity of their union; unless their association was at first the effect of reciprocal affection and esteem. Be this as it will, I honour the gentleman for his plan, which was ingeniously contrived, and artfully conducted; but I happened to have too much ad-

'dress for him in the sequel, cunning as he was, though at first I did not perceive his drift; and his lordship was much less likely to comprehend his meaning.

'Immediately after this new accommodation, I was carried to a country-house belonging to my lord, and was simple enough to venture myself (unattended by any servant on whose integrity I could depend) in the hands of his lordship and H——n, whose villainy I always dreaded; though at this time my apprehensions were considerably increased, by recollecting, that it was not his interest to let me live in the house, lest his conduct should be enquired into; and by remembering, that the very house to which we were going, had been twice burned down in a very short space of time, not without suspicion of his having been the incendiary, on account of some box of writings which was lost in the conflagration. True it is, this imputation was never made good; and perhaps he was altogether innocent of the charge; which nevertheless affected my spirits in such a manner, as rendered me the most miserable of all mortals. In this terror did I remain, till my consternation was weakened by the arrival of Mr. Bal——, a good-natured, worthy man, whom my lord had invited to his house, and I thought would not see me ill-used. In a few weeks we were joined by Dr. S—— and his lady, who visited us according to their promise; and it was resolved that we should set out for Tunbridge on a party of pleasure, and at our return examine H——n's accounts.

'This last part of our scheme was not at all relished by our worthy steward, who therefore determined to overturn our whole plan, and succeeded accordingly. My lord all of a sudden declared himself against the joint we had projected, and insisted upon my staying at home, without assigning any reason for this peremptory behaviour; his countenance being cloudy, and for the space of three days he did not open his mouth:

'At last, he one night entered my bed-chamber, to which he now had free access, with his sword under his arm, and if I remember aright it was ready drawn; I could not help taking
notice

notice of this alarming circumstance, which shocked me the more, as it happened immediately after a gloomy fit of discontent. However, I seemed to overlook the incident, and dismissing my maid, went to bed; because I was ashamed to acknowledge, even to my own heart, any dread of a person whom I despised so much. However, the strength of my constitution was not equal to the fortitude of my mind: I was taken ill and the servants were obliged to be called up; while my lord himself, terrified at my situation, ran up stairs to Mrs. S——, who was in bed; told her, with evident perturbation of spirits, that I was very much indisposed, and said, he believed I was frightened by his entering my chamber with his sword in hand.

This lady was so startled at his information, that she ran into my apartment half naked, and as she went down stairs, asked what reason could induce him to have carried his sword with him. Upon which he gave her to understand, that his intention was to kill the bats. I believe and hope he had no other design than that of intimidating me, but when the affair happened I was of a different opinion. Mrs. S—— having put on her cloaths, sat up all night by my bed-side, and was so good as to assure me, that she would not leave me until I should be safely delivered from the apprehensions that surrounded me in this house, to which she and the doctor had been the principal cause of my coming; for my lord had haunted and importuned them incessantly on this subject, protesting that he loved me with the most inviolable affection; and all he desired was, that I would sit at his table, manage his family, and share his fortune. By these professions, uttered with an air of honesty and good-nature, he had imposed himself upon them for the best tempered creature upon earth; and then used all their influence with me to take him into favour. This hath been the case with a great many people, who had but a superficial knowledge of his disposition; but in the course of their acquaintance they have never failed to discern and acknowledge their mistake.

The doctor on his return from Tunbridge, to which place he had made a trip by himself, found me ill a-bed,

and the whole family in confusion surprised and concerned at this disorder, he entered into expostulation with my lord, who owned, that the cause of his displeasure and disquiet was no other than jealousy: H—— had informed him; that I had been seen to walk out with Mr. Bal—— in a morning; and that our correspondence had been observed with many additional circumstances, which were absolutely false and groundless. This imputation was no sooner understood, than it was resolved that the accuser should be examined in presence of us all. He accordingly appeared, exceedingly drunk, though it was morning, and repeated the articles of the charge as an information he had received from a man who came from town to hang the bells, and was long ago returned to London.

This was an instance of his cunning and address, which did not forsake him even in his hours of intoxication. Had he fixed the calumny on any one of the servants, he would have been confronted and detected in his falsehood. Nevertheless, though he could not be legally convicted, it plainly appeared that he was the author of this defamation, which incensed Mr. Bal—— to such a degree, that he could scarce be withheld from punishing him on the spot by manual chastisement. However, he was prevailed upon to abstain from such immediate vengeance, as a step unworthy of his character; and the affair was brought to this issue, that his lordship should either part with me or Mr. H——; for I was fully determined against living under the same roof with such an incendiary.

This alternative being proposed, my lord dismissed his steward, and we returned to town with the doctor and Mrs. S——; for I had imbibed such horror and aversion for this country-seat (though one of the pleasantest in England) that I could not bear to live in it. We therefore removed to a house in Bond Street, where, according to the advice of my friends, I exerted my whole power and complaisance, in endeavours to keep my husband in good-humour; but was so unsuccessful in my attempts, that if ever he was worse-tempered, more capricious, or intolerable, at one time than

than at another, this was the season in which his ill-humour predominated to the most rancorous degree. I was scarce ever permitted to stir abroad, saw nobody at home but my old male friend whom I have mentioned above, and the doctor with his lady, from whose conversation also I was at last excluded.

Nevertheless, I contrived to steal a meeting now and then with my late benefactor, for whom I entertained a great share of affection, exclusive of that gratitude which was due to his generosity. It was not his fault that I compromised matters with my lord; for he was as free of his purse as I was unwilling to use it. It would, therefore, have been unfriendly, unkind, and ungrateful in me, (now that I was in affluence) to avoid all intercourse with a man who had supported me in adversity. I think people cannot be too shy and scrupulous in receiving favours; but when once they are conferred, they ought never to forget the obligation: and I was never more concerned at any incident in my life, than at hearing that this gentleman did not receive a letter, in which I acknowledged the last proof of his friendship and liberality which I had occasion to use, because I have since learned that he suspected me of neglect.

But to return to my situation in Bond Street. I bore it as well as I could for the space of three months, during which I lived in the midst of spies, who were employed to watch my conduct, and underwent every mortification that malice, power, and folly, could inflict. Nay, so ridiculous, so unreasonable, was my tyrant in his spleen, that he declared he would even be jealous of Heydigger, if there was no other man to incur his suspicion. He expected that I should spend my whole time with him, *tête à tête*: when I sacrificed my enjoyment to these comfortable parties, he never failed to lay hold on some innocent expression of mine, which he made the foundation of a quarrel; and when I strove to avoid these disagreeable misinterpretations, by reading or writing, he incessantly teased and tormented me with the imputation of being peevish, sullen, and reserved.

Harassed by this insufferable behaviour, I communicated my case to

Dr. S—— and his lady, intimating that I neither could nor would expose myself any longer to such usage. The doctor exhorted me to bear my fate with patience, and Mrs. S—— was silent on the subject; so that I still hesitated between staying and going; when the doctor, being one night at supper, happened to have some words with my lord, who was violently transported with passion, that I was actually afraid of going to bed with him; and next morning when he awaked, there was such an expression of frantick wildness in his countenance, that I imagined he was actually distracted.

This alarming circumstance confirmed me in my resolution of decamping; and I accordingly moved my quarters to a house in Sackville Street, where I had lodged when I was a widow. From thence I sent a message to the Duke of L——, desiring he would make my lord acquainted with the place of my abode, my reasons for removing, and my intention to defend myself against all his attempts. The first night of this separation I went to bed by myself, with as much pleasure as a man would feel in going to bed to his mistress, whom he had long solicited in vain; so rejoiced was I to be delivered from my obnoxious bedfellow!

From these lodgings I soon moved to Brook Street, where I had not long enjoyed the sweets of my escape, when I was importuned to return, by a new steward whom my lord had engaged in the room of H——. This gentleman, who bore a very fair character, made such judicious representations, and behaved so candidly in the discharge of his function, that I agreed he should act as umpire in the difference betwixt us; and once more a reconciliation was effected, though his lordship began to be dissatisfied even before the execution of our agreement, in consequence of which he attended me to Bath, whither I went for the benefit of my health, which was not a little impaired.

This accommodation had a surprising effect upon my lover; who, notwithstanding his repeated declarations, that no woman should ever gain such an ascendancy over his heart as to be able to give him pain, suffered

ed all the agonies of disappointed love, when he now found himself deprived of the opportunities of seeing me, and behaved very differently from what he had imagined he should: his words and actions were desperate; one of his expressions to me was—"It is like twitting my heart-strings, and tearing it out of my body." Indeed I should never have acted this part, had I foreseen what he would have suffered; but I protest I believed him when he said otherwise, so much, that his declaration on that subject was the occasion of my giving him up; and it was now too late to retract.

In our expedition to the Bath, I was accompanied by a very agreeable young lady, with whom I passed my time very happily, amid the diversions of the place, which screened me, in a good measure, from the vexatious society of my hopeful partner. From this place we repaired to his seat in the country, where we spent a few months, and then returned again to our house in Bond Street. Here, while I was confined to my bed by illness, it was supposed my indisposition was no other than a private lying-in, though I was under the roof with my lord, and attended by his servants.

While the distemper continued, my lord (to do him justice) behaved with all imaginable tenderness and care; and his concern on these occasions I have already mentioned, as a strange inconsistency in his disposition. If his actions were at all accountable, I should think he took pains to fret me into a fever first, in order to manifest his love and humanity afterwards. When I recovered my strength and spirits, I went abroad, saw company, and should have been easy, had he been contented; but as my satisfaction increased, his good-humour decayed, and he banished from his house, one by one, all the people whose conversation could have made my life agreeable.

I often expostulated with him upon his malignant behaviour, protesting my desire of living peaceably with him, and begging he would not lay me under the necessity of changing my measures. He was deaf to all my remonstrances, (though I warned him more than once of the event;) persisted in his maxims of persecution; and,

after repeated quarrels, I again left his house, fully determined to suffer all sorts of extremity, rather than subject myself to the tyranny of his disposition.

This year was productive of one fatal event, which I felt with the utmost sensibility of sorrow, and I shall always remember with regret: I mean, the death of Mr. B——, with whom I had constantly maintained an intimate correspondence since the first commencement of our acquaintance. He was one of the most valuable men, and promised to be one of the brightest ornaments that this or any other age had produced. I enjoyed his friendship without reserve; and such was the confidence he reposed in my integrity, from long experience of my truth, that he often said he would believe my bare assertion, even though it should contradict the evidence of his own senses. These being the terms upon which he lived, it is not to be supposed that I bore the loss of him without repining; indeed my grief was unspeakable; and though the edge of it be now smoothed by the lenient hand of Time, I shall never cease to cherish his memory with the most tender remembrance.

During the last period of my living with my lord, I had agreed to the expediency of obtaining an act of parliament, which would enable him to pay his debts; on which occasion there was a necessity of cancelling a deed that subsisted between us, relating to a separate maintenance; to which, on certain provisions, I was intitled: and this was to be set aside, so far as it interfered with the abovementioned scheme, while the rest of it should remain in force. When this affair was about to be transacted, my lord very generously insisted on my concurrence, in annulling the whole settlement; and when I refused to comply with this demand, because this was the sole resource I had against his ill usage, he would not proceed in the execution of his plan, though by dropping it he hurt nobody but himself; and he accused me of having receded from my word, after I had drawn him into a considerable expence.

This imputation of breaking my word, which I defy the whole world to prove I ever did, incensed me: the

more, as I myself had proposed the scheme for his service, although I knew the accomplishment of it would endanger the validity of my own settlement; and my indignation was still more augmented by the behaviour of Mr. G——, who had always professed a regard for my interest, and upon my last accommodation with my lord; undertaken to effect a reconciliation between my father and me: but when he was questioned about the particulars of this difference, and desired to declare whether his lordship or I was to blame, he declined the office of arbitrator, refused to be explicit upon the subject, and by certain shrewd hum's and ha's signified his disapprobation of my conduct. Yet this very man, when I imparted to him, in confidence, my intention of making another retreat, and frankly asked his opinion of my design, seemed to acquiesce in the justice of it in these remarkable words. "Madam, if I thought, or had hopes of my lord's growing better, I would down on my knees to desire you to stay; but as I have not, I say nothing."

If he connived at my conduct in this particular, why should he disapprove of it, when all I asked was but common justice? But he was a dependant; and therefore I excuse his phlegmatick (not to call it unfriendly) behaviour. Indeed he could not be too cautious of giving offence to his lordship, who sometimes made him feel the effects of that wrath which other people had kindled; particularly, in consequence of a small adventure which happened about this very period of time.

A very agreeable, sprightly, good-natured young man, a near relation of my lord, happened to be at our house one evening, when there was a fire in the neighbourhood; we agreed to go and sup at a tavern, *en famille*; and having spent the evening with great mirth and good-humour, this young gentleman, who was naturally facetious, in taking his leave, saluted us all round. My lord, who had before entertained some jealousy of his kinsman, was very much provoked by this trifling incident, but very prudently suppressed his displeasure till he returned to his own house, where

his rage co-operating with the Champagne he had drank, inflamed him to such a degree of resolution, that he sprung upon the innocent G——, and collared him with great fury, though he was altogether unconcerned in the cause of his indignation.

This extravagant and frantick behaviour, added to the other grievances under which I laboured, hastened my resolution of leaving him; and he to this day blames his relation, as the immediate cause of my escape, where as he ought to place it to the account of his own madness and indiscretion. When I retired to Park Street, he cautioned all my tradesmen (not even excepting my baker) against giving me credit, assuring them that he would not pay any debts I should contract; and the difficulties to which I was reduced, in consequence of this charitable declaration, together with the reflection on what I had suffered, and might undergo, from the caprice and barbarity of his disposition, affected my health so much, that I was taken again ill, and my life thought in danger.

My constitution, however, got the better of my distemper, and I was ordered into the country by my physicians, for the benefit of the air; so that I found myself under the necessity of keeping two houses, when I was little able to support one, and set up my chariot, because I could not defray the expence of a hackney-coach; for I had as much credit given me as I asked for, notwithstanding my lord's orders to the contrary.

Having recruited my spirits in the country, I returned to town, and was visited by my friends, who never forgot me in adversity; and in the summer removed to a house in Essex, where I lived a few months in great tranquillity, unmolested by my tyrant, who sometimes gave me a whole year's respite. Here I used to ride and drive by turns (as my humour dictated) with horses which were lent me; and I had the company of my lover, and another gentleman, who was a very agreeable companion, and of singular service to me in the sequel.

At last, my lord having received intelligence of the place of my abode, and his tormenting humour recurring,

he set out for my habitation, and in the morning appeared in his coach and six, attended by Mr. G——n, and another person, whom he had engaged for the purpose, with several domesticks armed. I immediately shut up my doors at his approach, and refused him admittance, which he endeavoured to obtain by a succession of prayers and threats; but I was deaf to both, and resolved to hold out to the last. Seeing me determined, he began his attack, and his servants actually forced their way into the house; upon which I retreated up stairs, and fortified myself in my apartment, which the assailants stormed with such fury, that the door began to give way, and I retired into another room.

While I remained in this post, Mr. G——n demanded a parley, in which he begged I would favour my lord with an interview, otherwise he knew not what might be the consequence. To this remonstrance I replied, that I was not disposed to comply with his request; and that though their design should be murder, I was not at all afraid of death. Upon this declaration they renewed their attacks, which they carried on with indifferent success till the afternoon, when my lord (as if he had been at play) sent a formal message to me, desiring that all hostilities should cease, till after both parties should have dined. At the same time, my own servants came for instructions; and I ordered them to let him have every thing which he should call for, as far as the house would afford.

He did not fail to make use of this permission; but, sitting down with his companions, eat up my dinner without hesitation, after he had paid me the compliment of desiring to know what he should send up to my apartment. Far from having any stomach to partake of his meal, I sat solitary upon my bed, in a state of melancholy expectation, having fastened the door of the outward room for my security, while I kept my chamber open for the convenience of air, the weather being excessively hot.

His lordship having indulged his appetite, resumed his attempt, and all of a sudden I heard a noise in the next room; upon which I started up, and perceiving that he had got into

my anti-chamber, by the help of a bench that stood under the window, I flung to the door of my room, which I locked with great expedition, and opening another that communicated with the stair-case, ran out of the house, through a crowd of more than a hundred people, whom this fray had gathered together.

Being universally beloved in the neighbourhood, and respected by my lord's servants, I passed among them untouched, and took refuge in a neighbouring cottage; while his lordship bawled and roared for assistance, being afraid to come out as he had gone in. Without waiting for his deliverations, I changed cloaths with the poor woman who had given me shelter, and in her blue apron and straw-hat sallied out into the fields, intending to seek protection at the house of a gentleman not far off, though I was utterly ignorant of the road that led to it. However, it was my good fortune to meet with a farmer, who undertook to conduct me to the place; otherwise I should have missed my way, and in all probability lain in the fields; for, by this time, it was eight o'clock at night.

Under the direction of this guide, I traversed hedges and ditches, (for I would not venture to travel in the highway, lest I should fall into the hands of my pursuer) and after I had actually tumbled in the mire, and walked six or seven long miles by the help of a good spirit, which never failed me on such occasions, I arrived at the place, and rung the bell at the garden-gate for admittance. Seeing my figure, which was very uncouth, together with my draggled condition, they denied me entrance; but when they understood who I was, immediately opened the door, and I was hospitably entertained, after having been the subject of mirth, on account of my dress and adventure.

Next day I returned and took possession of my house again, where I resumed my former amusements, which I enjoyed in quiet for the space of a whole month, waiting with resignation for the issue of my law-suit; when one afternoon I was apprized of his lordship's approach by one of my spies, whom I always employed to reconnoitre the road; and so fortunate

‘ was I in the choice of these scouts, that I never was betrayed by one of them, though they were often bribed for that purpose.

‘ I no sooner received this intelligence, than I ordered my horse to be saddled, and mounting, rode out of sight immediately, directing my course a different way from the London road. I had not long proceeded in this track, when my career was all of a sudden stopped by a five-bar gate, which, after some hesitation, I resolved to leap, (my horse being an old hunter) if I should find myself pursued. However, with much difficulty I made a shift to open it, and arrived in safety at the house of my very good friend Mr. G——, who being a justice of the peace, had promised me his protection, if it should be wanted.

‘ Thus secured for the present, I sent out spies to bring information of his lordship’s proceedings, and understood that he had taken possession of my house, turned my servants adrift, and made himself master of all my moveables, cloaths, and papers. As for the papers, they were of no consequence, but of cloaths I had a good stock, and when I had reason to believe that he did not intend to relinquish his conquest, I thought it was high time for me to remove to a greater distance from his quarters. Accordingly, two days after my escape, I set out at eleven o’clock at night, in a chariot and four, which I borrowed of my friend, attended by a footman, who was a stout fellow and well armed, I myself being provided with a brace of good pistols, which I was fully determined to use against any person who should presume to lay violent hands upon me, except my lord, for whom a less mortal weapon would have sufficed, such as a bodkin or a tinder-box. Nothing could be farther from my intention, than the desire of hurting any living creature, much less my husband; my design was only to defend myself from cruelty and oppression, which I knew, by fatal experience, would infallibly be my lot, should he get me into his power; and I thought I had as good a right to preserve my happiness, as that which every individual has to preserve his life, especially against a set of ruffians,

‘ who were engaged to rob me of it for a little dirty lucre.

‘ In the midst of my journey, the footman came up, and told me I was dogged; upon which I looked out, and seeing a man riding by the chaise, riot-like, presented one of my pistols out at the window, and preserved that posture of defence until he thought proper to retreat, and rid me of the fears that attended his company. I arrived in town, and changing my equipage, hired an open chaise, in which (though I was almost starved with cold) I travelled to Reading, which I reached by ten next morning; and from thence proceeded farther in the country, with a view of taking refuge with Mrs. C——, who was my particular friend. Here I should have found shelter, though my lord had been before-hand with me, and endeavoured to prepossess her against my conduct, had not the house been crowded with company, among whom I could not possibly have been concealed, especially from her brother, who was an intimate friend of my persecutor.

‘ Things being thus situated, I enjoyed but a very short interview with her, in which her sorrow and perplexity on my account appeared with great expression in her countenance; and though it was not in her power to afford me the relief I expected, she in the most genteel manner sent after me a small sum of money, thinking that, considering the hurry in which I left my house, I might have occasion for it on the road. I was by this time benumbed with cold, fatigued with travelling, and almost fretted to death by my disappointment. However, this was no time to indulge despondence; since nobody could or would assist me, I stood the more in need of my own resolution and presence of mind. After some deliberation, I steered my course back to London; and being unwilling to return by the same road in which I came, as well as impatient to be at the end of my journey, I chose the Bagshot way, and ventured to cross the heath by moonlight.

‘ Here I was attacked by a footpad armed with a broadsword, who came up and demanded my money. My stock amounted to twelve guineas; and



and
of
with
con
ing
the
thr
wh
fied
for
ma
esc
un
ove
fig
hea
gre
ed
bat
poi
roa
in t
for
tat
of
pli
ed
We
boa
Ab
the
spa
saw
abre
all
the
of
ped
a c
ma
I f
wh
onl
ow
wh
Ne
com
this
sides
chie
low
I ad
had
H
I cl
rese
sam
Sept

and I foresaw, that should I be stripped of the whole sum, I could not travel without discovering who I was, and consequently running the risk of being detected by my pursuer. On these considerations I gave the fellow three guineas and some silver; with which he was so far from being satisfied, that he threatened to search me for more: but I ordered the coachman to proceed, and by good fortune escaped that ceremony; though I was under some apprehension of being overtaken with a pistol-bullet in my flight, and therefore held down my head in the chaise, in imitation of some great men, who are said to have ducked in the same manner in the day of battle.

My fears happened to be disappointed. I lay at an inn upon the road, and next day arrived in town, in the utmost difficulty and distress; for I knew not where to fix my habitation, and was destitute of all means of support. In this dilemma, I applied to my lawyer, who recommended me to the house of a tradesman in Westminster, where I lodged and boarded upon credit with my faithful Abigail, (whom I shall distinguish by the name of Mrs. S——r) for the space of ten weeks, during which I saw nobody, and never once stirred abroad.

While I was thus harrassed out of all enjoyment of life, and reduced to the utmost indigence, by the cruelty of my persecutor, who had even stripped me of my wearing-apparel, I made a conquest of Lord D——, a nobleman who is now dead, and therefore I shall say little of his character, which is perfectly well known: this only will I observe, that next to my own tyrant, he was the person of whom I had the greatest abhorrence. Nevertheless, when these two came in composition, I preferred the offers of this new lover, which were very considerable; and as an asylum was the chief thing I wanted, agreed to follow him to his country-seat, whither I actually sent my cloaths, which I had purchased upon credit.

However, upon mature deliberation, I changed my mind, and signified my resolution in a letter, desiring, at the same time, that my baggage might be sent back. In consequence of this

message, I expected a visit from him, in all the rage of indignation and disappointment, and gave orders, that he should not be admitted into my house: yet, notwithstanding this precaution, he found means to procure entrance; and one of the first objects that I saw next morning in my bed-chamber, was my lover, armed with his horse-whip, against which (from the knowledge of the man) I did not think myself altogether secure; though I was not much alarmed, because I believed myself superior to him in point of bravery, should the worst come to the worst; but, contrary to my expectation, and his usual behaviour to our sex, he accosted me very politely, and began to expostulate upon the contents of the letter. I freely told him, that I had rashly assented to his proposal, for my own convenience only; that when I reflected on what I had done, I thought it ungenerous in me to live with him upon these terms; and that, as I did not like him, and could not dissemble, such a correspondence could never tend to the satisfaction of either. He allowed the inference was just, though he was very much chagrined at my previous proceeding: he relinquished his claim, restored my cloaths, and never afterwards upbraided me with my conduct in this affair; though he at one time owned, that he still loved me, and ever should, because I had used him ill; a declaration that strongly marks the peculiarity of his character. As for my own part, I own that my behaviour on this occasion is no other way excusable, than on account of the miserable perplexity of my circumstances, which were often so calamitous, that I wonder I have not been compelled to take such steps as would have rendered my conduct much more exceptionable than it really is.

At last all my hopes were blasted by the issue of my suit, which was determined in favour of my lord. Even then I refused to yield; on the contrary, coming out of retirement, I took lodgings in Suffolk Street, and set my tyrant at defiance. But, being unwilling to trust my doors to the care of other people, I hired an house in Conduit Street; and no sooner appeared in the world again, than I was surrounded by divers and sundry sorts

of

of admirers. I believe I received the incense and addresses of all kinds under the sun, except that sort which was most to my liking, a man capable of contracting and inspiring a mutual attachment; but such a one is equally rare and inestimable: not but that I own myself greatly obliged to all those who cultivated my good graces, though they were very little beholden to me; for where I did not really love, I could never profess that passion; that sort of dissimulation is a slavery that no honest nature will undergo. Except one worthy young man whom I sometimes saw, they were a strange medley of insignificant beings; one was insipid, another ridiculously affected; a third void of all education, a fourth altogether inconsistent; and, in short, I found as many trifling characters among the men, as ever I observed in my own sex. Some of them I endeavoured to bring over to my maxims, while they attempted to make a proselyte of me; but finding the task impracticable on both sides, we very wisely dropped each other.

At length, however, I was blessed with the acquaintance of one nobleman, who is, perhaps, the first character in England, in point of honour, integrity, wit, sense, and benevolence: when I have thus distinguished him, I need scarce mention Lord —. This great, this good man, possesses every accomplishment requisite to inspire admiration, love, and esteem. With infinitely more merit than almost ever fell to one man's share, he manifests such diffidence of his own qualifications, as cannot fail to prepossess every company in his favour. He seems to observe nothing, yet sees every thing; his manner of telling a story, and making trifles elegant, is peculiar to himself; and though he has a thousand oddities, they serve only to make him more agreeable. After what I have said, it may be supposed that I was enamoured of his person: but this was not the case; love is altogether capricious and fanciful; yet I admire, honour, and esteem him to the highest degree, and when I observe, that his character resembled that of my dear departed friend Mr. B——, or rather, that Mr. B——, had he lived, would have resembled Lord —, I pay the highest

compliment I can conceive both to the living and the dead.

In this nobleman's friendship and conversation I thought myself happy; though I was, as usual, exposed to the indefatigable efforts of my lord, who, one day, while I was favoured with the company of this generous friend, appeared at my door in his coach, attended by another gentleman, who demanded entrance with an air of authority. A very honest footman, who had been long in my service, ran up stairs in the utmost consternation, and gave me an account of what had happened below. Upon which, I told him he had nothing to answer for, and ordered him to keep the door fast shut against all opposition: though I was so much affected with this unexpected assault, that Lord — said, he was never more surprized and shocked in his life, than at the horror which appeared in my countenance, when I saw the coach stop at my door.

My little hero being refused admittance, went away, threatening to return speedily with a reinforcement; and during this interval, I provided myself with a soldier, whom I placed sentinel at the door, within side, to guard me from the danger of such assaults for the future. My lord, true to his promise, marched back with his auxiliaries, reinforced with a constable, and repeated his demand of being admitted; and my soldier opening the sash, in order to answer him, according to my directions, he no sooner perceived the red coat, than he was seized with such a pannick, that he instantly fled with great precipitation; and when he recounted the adventure, like Falstaff in the play, multiplied my guard into a whole file of musketeers. He also made a shift to discover the gentleman, who had been so kind as to lend me one of his company, and complained of him to the Duke of N——, in hopes of seeing him broke for his misdemeanor; but in that expectation he was luckily disappointed.

Perceiving that in England I should never enjoy peace, but be continually subject to those alarms and disquiets which had already impaired my health and spirits, I resolved to repair again to France, my best refuge and sure retreat from the persecution of my tyrant,

rant. Yet, before I took this step, I endeavoured, by the advice of my friends, to conceal myself near Wjnd-
 sor; but was in a little time discovered by my lord, and hunted out of my lurking-place accordingly. I then removed to Chelsea, where I suffered inconceivable uneasiness and agitation of mind, from the nature of my situation, my tranquillity being thus incessantly invaded by a man who could not be satisfied with me, and yet could not live without me: so that, though I was very much indisposed, I set out for France, by the way of the Hague, as the war had shut up all other communication, having no other attendant but my woman S——r; who, though she dreaded the sea, and was upon the brink of matrimony, would not quit me in such a calamitous condition, until I was joined by my footman and other maid, whom I ordered to follow me with the baggage. But, before my departure, I sent a message to Lord —, demanding my cloaths, which he had seized in Essex; and he refusing to deliver them, I was obliged to equip myself anew upon credit.

I was supplied with money for my journey by my good friend L——; and after a short and pleasant passage, arrived at the Hague, where I stayed two months, and parted with S——r, on whom I settled an annuity of five and twenty pounds, payable out of the provision which I had or might obtain from my husband. The same allowance had I prevailed upon Lord B—— to grant to another maid, who attended me while I lived in his house.

I did not much relish the people in Holland, because they seemed entirely devoted to self-interest, without any taste for pleasure or politeness; a species of disposition that could not be very agreeable to me, who always despised money, had an unbounded benevolence of heart, and loved pleasure beyond every other consideration.—

When I say pleasure, I would not be understood to mean sensuality, which constitutes the supreme happiness of those only who are void of sentiment and imagination. Nevertheless, I received some civilities in this place; and among the rest, the reputation of having for my lover the King of P——'s minister, who was young and airy, and visited me often; circum-

stances that were sufficient to lay me under the imputation of an amour, which I frequently incurred without having given the least cause of suspicion.

Having taken leave of my Dutch friends, I departed from the Hague, in company with an English woman, whom I had chose for that purpose, and arrived at Antwerp, with much difficulty and danger, the highway being infested with robbers. After having reposed myself a few days in this city, I hired a coach for myself, and set out, with my companion, for Brussels; but before we reached Mechlin, our vehicle was attacked by two hussars, who, with their sabres drawn, obliged the coachman to drive into a wood near the road. I at first imagined they wanted to examine our passports, but was soon too well convinced of their design; and though very much shocked at the discovery, found resolution enough to suppress my concern, so that it should not aggravate the terrors of the young woman, who had almost died with apprehension. I even encouraged her to hope for the best; and addressing myself to the robbers in French, begged in the most suppliant manner that they would spare our lives; upon which one of them, who was a little fellow, assured me in the same language, that we had nothing to fear for our persons.

When we were conveyed in a state of dreadful suspense about three quarters of a mile into the wood, the ruffians came into the coach, and taking my keys, which I kept ready in my hand for them, opened three large trunks that contained my baggage, and emptying them of every thing but my hoops and a few books, packed up their booty in a cloth; then robbed me of my money and jewels, even to my shoe-buckles and sleeve-buttons, took my footman's laced hat, and gave it, by way of gratification, to a peasant, who came from behind the bushes, and assisted them in packing.

This affair being dispatched, they ordered us to return to the road by a different way from that in which we were carried into the wood; and mounting their horses, rode off with the plunder, though not before the little fellow, who was the least ferocious

“cious of the two, had come and shaken me by the hand, wishing us a good journey; a compliment which I heartily returned, being extremely well pleased with the retreat of two such companions, who had detained us a whole half hour; during which, notwithstanding the assurance I had received, I was in continual apprehension of seeing their operation concluded with the murder of us all; for I suppose they were of that gang, who had some time before murdered a French officer, and used a lady extremely ill, after having rifled her of all she had.

“Having thus undergone pillage, and being reduced to the extremity of indigence in a foreign land, it is not to be supposed that my reflections were very comfortable; and yet, though I sustained the whole damage, I was the only person in the company who bore the accident with any resolution and presence of mind. My coachman and valet seemed quite petrified with fear; and it was not till I had repeated my directions, that the former drove farther into the wood, and took the first turning to the right, in order to regain the road, according to the command of the robbers, which I did not chuse to disobey.

“This misfortune I suffered by the misinformation I received at Antwerp, where I would have provided myself with an escort, had not I been assured, that there was not the least occasion to put myself to such extraordinary expence: and indeed the robbers took the only half hour in which they could have had an opportunity of plundering us; for we no sooner returned into the highway, than we met with the French artillery coming from Brussels, which was a security to us during the rest of our journey. We were afterwards informed, at a small village, that there was actually a large gang of deserters, who harboured in that wood, from which they made excursions in the neighbourhood, and kept the peasants in continual alarms.

“Having proceeded a little way, we were stopped by the artillery crossing a bridge; and as the train was very long, must have been detained till night, had not a soldier informed me, that if I would take the trouble to come out of my coach, and apply to the commandant, he would order them

“to halt, and allow me to pass. I took the man’s advice, and was by him conducted, with much difficulty, through the crowd to some officers, who seemed scarce to deserve the name; for when I signified my request, they neither rose up, nor desired me to sit down; but lolling in their chairs, with one leg stretched out, asked, with an air of disrespectful raillery, where I was going; and when I answered, “To Paris;” desired to know what I would do there.

“I, who am naturally civil where I am civilly used, and saucy enough where I think myself treated with disregard, was very much piqued at their insolent and unmannerly behaviour, and began to reply to their impertinent questions very abruptly; so that a very tart dialogue would have ensued, had not the conversation been interrupted by a tall, thin, genteel, young French nobleman, an officer in the army, who chancing to come in, asked with great politeness, what I would please to have. I then repeated my desire, and produced my passports, by which he learned who I was. He immediately gave orders that my coach should pass; and afterwards visited me at Paris, having obtained my permission, and taken my address at parting; while the others, understanding my name and quality, asked pardon for their impolite carriage, which they told me was owing to the representation of the soldier, who gave them to understand, that I was a strolling actor.

“I could not help laughing heartily at this mistake, which might have proceeded from the circumstances of my appearance, my footman having been obliged to change hats with the peasant, and myself being without buckles in my shoes, and buttons in my riding shirt, while my countenance still retained marks of the fear and confusion I had undergone. After all, perhaps the fellow was a droll, and wanted to entertain himself at my expence.

“The day was so far consumed in these adventures, that I was obliged to take up my lodgings at Mechlin, where I addressed myself to the intendant, giving him an account of the disaster I had met with, and desiring I might have credit at the inn, as our whole company could not raise the

value

value of a six-pence. This gentleman, though a provincial, was polite in his way, and not only granted my request, but invited me to lodge at his own house. I accordingly gave him my company at supper, but did not chuse to sleep in his quarters, because he appeared to be what the French call *un vieux debauché*.

Next day he sent a trumpet to the general, with a detail of my misfortune, in hopes of retrieving what I had lost; but, notwithstanding all possible search, I was fain to put up with my damage, which, in linen, laces, cloaths, and baubles, amounted to upwards of seven hundred pounds: a loss which never deprived me of one moment's rest; for though I lodged at a miserable inn, and lay in a paltry bed, I slept as sound as if nothing extraordinary had happened, after I had written to London and Paris, directing that the payment of my bills of credit might be stopped. Indeed, I know but of two misfortunes in life capable of depressing my spirits; namely, the loss of health and friends; all others may be prevented or endured. The articles of that calamity which I chiefly regretted, were a picture of Lord W——m, and some inimitable letters from Mr. B——.

From Mechlin I proceeded to Brussels, where being known, I got credit for some necessaries, and borrowed twenty guineas, to defray the expence of my journey to Paris. Having consulted with my friends about the safest method of travelling through Flanders, I was persuaded to take place in the publick voiture; and accordingly departed, not without fears of finding one part of the country as much infested with robbers as another. Nor were these apprehensions assuaged by the conversation of my fellow-travellers, who being of the lower sort of people, that delight in exaggerating dangers, entertained me all the way with an account of all the robberies and murders which had been committed on that road, with many additional circumstances of their own invention.

After having been two days exposed to this comfortable conversation, among very disagreeable company, which is certainly one of the most disagreeable situations in life, I arrived at Lisle; where, thinking the

dangerous part of the journey was now passed, I hired a post-chaise, and in two days more reached Paris, without any farther molestation.

Upon my arrival in this capital, I was immediately visited by my old acquaintances, who hearing my disaster, offered me their cloaths, and insisted upon my wearing them until I could be otherwise provided. They likewise engaged me in parties, with a view of amusing my imagination, that I might now grow melancholy in reflecting upon my loss; and desired me to repeat the particulars of my story forty times over, expressing great surprise at our not being murdered, or ravished at least. As for this last species of outrage, the fear of it never once entered my head, otherwise I should have been more shocked and alarmed than I really was: but it seems this was the chief circumstance of my companion's apprehension; and I cannot help observing, that an homely woman is always more apt to entertain those fears, than one whose person exposes her to much more imminent danger. However, I now learned, that the risk I ran was much greater than I imagined it to be, those ruffians being familiarized to rape as well as murder.

Soon after my appearance in Paris, I was favoured with the addresses of several French lovers; but I never had any taste for foreigners, or indeed for any amusements of that kind, except such as were likely to be lasting, and settled upon a more agreeable footing than that of common gallantry. When I deviated from this principle, my conduct was the effect of compulsion, and therefore I was never easy under it, having been reduced to the alternative of two evils, the least of which I was obliged to chuse, as a man leaps into the sea, in order to escape from a ship that is on fire.

Though I rejected their love, I did not refuse their company and conversation; and though my health was considerably impaired by the shock I received in my last adventure, which was considerably greater than I at first imagined, and affected my companion so much, that she did not recover her spirits till she returned to England; I say, though I was for some time a valetudinarian, I enjoyed myself in great tranquillity for the space of ten months, during

during which I was visited by English, Scotch, and French, of all parties and persuasions; for pleasure is of no faction, and that was the chief object of my pursuit; neither was I so ambitious of being a politician, as to employ my time and thoughts upon subjects which I did not understand. I had admirers of all sides, and should have spent my time very much to my liking, had not I felt my funds sensibly diminish, without any prospect of their being repaired; for I had been obliged to lay out a great part of the sum allotted for my subsistence, in supplying my companion, my servant, and myself, with necessaries, in lieu of those which we had lost.

Having before my eyes the uncomfortable prospect of wanting money in a strange place, I found myself under the necessity of returning to England, where I had more resources than I could possibly have among foreigners; and with that view wrote to Lord —'s agents, desiring that I might be enabled to discharge my obligations at Paris, by the payment of my pin-money. Thus a negotiation commenced, and his lordship promised to remit money for the clearance of my Paris debts, which amounted to four hundred pounds: but he would not advance one farthing more, though I gave him to understand, that while he protracted the agreement, I must inevitably be adding to my incumbrances, and that I should be as effectually detained by a debt of twenty pounds as if I owed a thousand. Notwithstanding all my representations, he would not part with one shilling over the neat sum which I had at first stipulated; so that all my measures were rendered abortive, and I found it altogether impracticable to execute those resolutions I had formed in his favour.

Thus did he, for a mere trifle, embarrass the woman for whom he professes the most unlimited love, and whose principles he pretends to hold in the utmost veneration. Indeed, his confidence in my integrity is not without foundation; for many wives, with one half of my provocation, would have ruined him to all intents and purposes; whereas, notwithstanding all the extraordinary expences to which I have been exposed by his continual

persecution, he never paid a shilling on my account, except one thousand pounds, exclusive of the small allowance which was my due. In a word, so much time elapsed before my lord could prevail upon himself to advance the bare four hundred, that I was involved in fresh difficulties, from which I found it impossible to extricate myself: and though I had occasion to write a letter to my benefactor Lord —, in which I expressed my acknowledgments for past favours, I could not venture to solicit more; even when I was encouraged by a very obliging answer, wherein he declared that the good qualities of my mind and heart would bind him to me in friendship for ever.

While I ruminated on my uncomfortable situation, which would neither permit me to return to England, nor to stay much longer where I was, a young Englishman of immense fortune took Paris in his way from Italy, accompanied by a most agreeable Scotchman, of very good sense and great vivacity. It was my good or ill fortune to become acquainted with these gentlemen, who having seen me at the opera, expressed a desire of being known to me, and accordingly favoured me with a visit one afternoon, when the brisk North Briton engrossed the whole conversation; while the other seemed fearful and diffident even to a degree of bathfulness, through which, however, I could discern delicate sensibility and uncommon understanding. There was in his person, (which was very agreeable) as well as in his behaviour, a certain *naieté* that was very pleasing; and at this first interview we relished each other's company so well, that a sort of intimacy immediately commenced, and was carried on in a succession of parties of pleasure, in the course of which I found him fraught with all the tenderness and sentiment that render the heart susceptible of the most refined love; a disposition that immediately made me partial to him, while it subjected his own heart to all the violent impressions of a passion, which I little imagined our correspondence would have produced.

Nevertheless, I was far from being displeased with my conquest, because his person and qualifications, as well

as his manner of address, were very much to my liking, and recommended him in a particular manner to my affection. Indeed, he made a greater progress in my heart than I myself suspected; for there was something congenial in our souls, which from our first meeting I believe had attracted us (unknown to ourselves) under the notions of friendship and regard, and now disclosed itself in the most passionate love.

I listened to his addresses, and we were truly happy. His attachment was the quintessence of tenderness and sincerity, while his generosity knew no bounds. Not contented with having paid twelve hundred pounds on my account, in the space of one fortnight, he would have loaded me with present after present, had not I absolutely refused to accept such expensive marks of his munificence. I was even mortified at those instances of his liberality, which my situation compelled me to receive; lest, being but little acquainted with my disposition, he should suspect me of being interested in my love, and judge my conduct by the malicious reports of common fame, which he afterwards owned had at first obtained such credit with him, that he believed our mutual attachment would not be of long duration. But in this particular he was soon undeceived: his heart, though naturally adapted for the melting passion, had hitherto escaped untouched by all the ladies of Italy and France; and therefore the first impressions were the more deeply fixed. As he was unpractised in the ways of common gallantry and deceit, the striking simplicity in his character was the more likely to engage the heart of one who knew the perfidy of the world, and despised all the farce and bombast of fashionable profession, which I had always considered as the phrase of vanity and ostentation, rather than the genuine language of love. Besides, gratitude had a considerable share in augmenting my affection, which manifested itself in such a warm, cordial, artless manner, as increased his esteem, and riveted his attachment; for he could easily perceive from the whole tenour of my conduct, that my breast was an utter stranger to craft and dissimulation: yet I was at first fearful of contract-

ing any engagement with him, because being younger than me, he might be more apt to change, and the world might be malicious enough to suppose I had practised upon his inexperience; but, conscious of my own integrity, I set slander at defiance, trusting to my own behaviour, and his natural probity, for the continuance of his love. Though we did not live together in the same house, the greatest part of our time was spent in each other's company; we dined and supped at the same table, frequented publick places, went upon parties to the country, and never parted, but for a few hours in the night, which we passed in the utmost impatience to meet again.

In this agreeable manner did the days roll on, when my felicity was interrupted by a fit of jealousy with which I happened to be seized. I had contracted an acquaintance with a young married lady; who, though her personal attractions were but slender, was, upon the whole, an agreeable, cheerful, good-natured companion, with a little dash of the coquette in her composition. This woman being in very indigent circumstances, occasioned by some losses her husband had sustained, no sooner had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with my lover, than she formed a design of making a conquest of him. I should have forgiven her for this scheme, whatever pangs it might have cost me, had I believed it the effect of real passion; but I knew her too well to suppose her heart was susceptible of love, and accordingly resented it. In the execution of her plan, she neglected nothing which she thought capable of engaging his attention. She took all opportunities of sitting near him at table, ogled him in the most palpable manner, directed her whole discourse to him, trod upon his toes; nay, I believe, squeezed his hand. My blood boiled at her, though my pride, for some time, enabled me to conceal my uneasiness; till at length her behaviour became so arrogant and gross, that I could no longer suppress my indignation, and one day told my lover, that I would immediately renounce his correspondence.

He was greatly alarmed at this unexpected

expected declaration; and when he understood the cause of it, assured me, that for the future he would never exchange one word with her. Satisfied with this mark of his sincerity and regard, I released him from this promise, which he could not possibly keep, while she and I lived upon any terms; and we continued to visit each other as usual, though she still persisted in her endeavours to rival me in his affection, and contracted an intimacy with his companion, who seemed to entertain a passion for her, that she might have the more frequent opportunities of being among us; for she had no objection against favouring the addresses of both. One evening, I remember, we set out in my coach for the opera; and in the way, this inamorata was so busy with her feet, that I was incensed at her behaviour, and when we arrived at the place, refused to alight, but setting them down, declared my intention of returning home immediately. She was so much pleased with this intimation, that she could not conceal the joy she felt at the thoughts of conversing with him, uninterrupted by my presence; an opportunity with which I had never favoured her before. This open exultation increased my anger and anxiety. I went home; but, being still tortured with the reflection of having left them together, adjusted myself in the glass, though I was too angry to take notice of my own figure, and without farther delay returned to the opera.

Having enquired for the box in which they sat, I took possession of one that fronted them, and reconnoitering them, without being perceived, had the satisfaction of seeing him removed to as great a distance from her as the place would permit, and his head turned another way. Composed by this examination, I joined them without farther scruple, when my young gentleman expressed great joy at my appearance, and told me he was determined to have left the entertainment, and come in quest of me, had I not returned at that instant.

In our way homewards, my rival repeated her usual hints, and with her large hoop almost overshadowed my lover from my view: upon which my jealousy and wrath recurred with such violence, that I pulled the string, as a

signal for the coachman to stop, with a view of getting out, and going home afoot; a step which would have afforded a new spectacle to the people of Paris. But I reflected, in a moment, upon the folly of such a resolution, and soon recollected myself, by calling my pride to my assistance. I determined, however, that she should act no more scenes of this kind in my presence, and that same night insisted upon my lover's dropping all intercourse and connection with this tormentor. He very cheerfully complied with my desire, and was even glad of an occasion to break off his acquaintance with a person about whom I had plagued him so much.

Thus was I freed from the persecution of one of those creatures, who, though of little consequence in themselves, are yet the pests of society, and find means to destroy that harmony which reigns between two lovers, by the intrusion of a loose appetite, void of all sensibility and discretion: having no feeling themselves, they cannot sympathize with that of other people, and do mischief out of mere wantonness.

My lover being obliged to go to England, had settled me in a genteel house in Paris, with a view of returning when his affairs should be adjusted; but when the time of his departure approached, he began to be uneasy at the prospect of separation, and in order to alleviate his anxiety, desired me to accompany him to Calais, where we stayed together three or four days, during which the dread of parting became more and more intense: so that we determined upon my following him into England, by the first opportunity, where I should live altogether incog. that I might be concealed from the enquiries and attempts of my lord. Even after this resolution was fixed, we parted with all the agonies of lovers who despair of ever meeting again; and the wind blowing very high after he had embarked, increased my fears. But by the return of the packet-boat, I was blessed with the report of his being safe arrived in England, and had the satisfaction of perusing his letters by every post.

My admirer being thus detached from me, my thoughts were entirely employed in concealing some private method

method of conveying myself to him. As I would not trust myself in the common packet, for fear of being discovered, after having revolved divers schemes, I determined to transport myself in one of the Dutch fishing-boats, though I knew the passage would be hazardous; but, in a case of such interesting concern, I overlooked all danger and inconvenience. Before I put this resolution in practice, I was so fortunate as to hear of a small English vessel that arrived at Calais with a prisoner of war, in which I embarked, with my companion and another lady, who lived with me for some time afterwards; and when we came on board, discovered that the ship was no other than a light collier, and that her whole company amounted to no more than three men. Nevertheless, though the sea was so rough, and the weather so unpromising, that no other boat would venture to put to sea, we set sail, and, between two storms, in about three hours arrived in safety at Dover.

From hence my first companion went to her friends, in the stage-coach, while the other lady and I hired an open post-chaise, (though it snowed very hard) and without any accident performed our journey to London, where I met with my lover, who flew to my arms in all the transports of impatient joy; and doubtless, I deserved his affection, for the hardships, perils, and difficulties, I had undergone to be with him; for I never scrupled to undertake any thing practicable, in order to demonstrate the sincerity of what I professed.

In consequence of our plan, I assumed a fictitious name, and never appeared in publick, being fully satisfied and happy in the company and conversation of the man I loved; and when he went into the country, contented myself with his correspondence, which he punctually maintained, in a series of letters equally sensible, sincere, and affectionate.

Upon his return to town for the remainder of the season, he devoted the greatest part of his time to our mutual enjoyment; left me with reluctance, when he was called away by indispensable business, and the civility which was due to his acquaintance, and very seldom went to any place of

publick entertainment, because I could not accompany and share with him in the diversion: nay, so much did I engross his attention, that one evening, after he had been teased into an agreement of meeting some friends at a play, he went thither precisely at the appointed hour, and as they did not arrive punctually at the very minute, he returned to me immediately, as much rejoiced at his escape as if he had met with some signal deliverance. Nor was his constancy inferior to the ardour of his love: we went once together to a ball in the Hay Market, where, in the midst of a thousand fine women, whose charms were enhanced by the peculiarity of the dresses they wore, he remained unshaken, unduced, preserving his attachment for me, in spite of all temptation.

In the summer he provided me with a house in the neighbourhood of his own; but the accommodations being bad, and that country affording no other place fit for my residence, he brought me home to his own seat, and by that step raised an universal clamour, though I saw no company, and led such a solitary life, that nothing but excessive love could have supported my spirits: not but that he gave me as much of his time as he could possibly spare from the necessary duties of paying and receiving visits, together with the avocations of hunting, and other country amusements, which I could not partake. Formerly, indeed, I used to hunt and shoot, but I had left off both; so that I was now reduced to the alternative of reading, and walking by myself; but, *Love made up for all deficiencies to me, who think nothing else worth the living for!—Had I been blessed with a partner for life, who could have loved sincerely, and inspired me with a mutual flame, I would have asked no more of Fate. Interest and ambition have no share in my composition; love, which is pleasure, or pleasure, which is love, makes up the whole. A heart so disposed cannot be devoid of other good qualities; it must be subject to the impressions of humanity and benevolence, and an enemy to nothing but itself. This you will give me leave to affirm, in justice to myself; as I have frankly owned my failings and misconduct.*

Towards the end of summer my heart

heart was a little alarmed by a report that prevailed, of my lover's being actually engaged in a treaty of marriage: however, I gave little credit to this rumour, till I was obliged to go to town about business, and there I heard the same information confidently affirmed. Though I still considered it as a vague surmise, I wrote to him an account of what I had heard; and in his answer, which is still in my possession, he assured me with repeated vows and protestations, that the report was altogether false. Satisfied with this declaration, I returned to his house, and though the tale was incessantly thundered in my ears, still believed it void of all foundation, till my suspicion was awaked by a very inconsiderable circumstance.

One day, on his return from hunting, I perceived he had a very fine pair of Dresden ruffles on his shirt, which I could not suppose he would wear at such a rustick exercise; and therefore my fears immediately took the alarm. When I questioned him about this particular of his dress, his colour changed; and though he attempted to elude my suspicion, by imputing it to a mistake of his servant, I could not rest satisfied with this account of the matter, but enquired into the truth with such eagerness and penetration, that he could not deny he had been to make a visit. By degrees, I even extorted from him a confession, that he had engaged himself farther than he ought to have proceeded, without making me acquainted with his design, though he endeavoured to excuse his conduct, and pacify my displeasure, by saying that the affair would not be brought to bear for a great while, and perhaps might never come to a determination: but he was in great confusion, and indeed hardly knew what he said.

I would have quitted his house that moment, had not he, before-hand, obtained a promise that I would take no rash resolution of that kind, and put it out of my power to procure any method of conveyance by which I could make my retreat. I gave no vent to reproaches, and only upbraided him with his having permitted me to return in ignorance to the country, after I was once fairly gone; upon which he swore, that he could not

bear the thoughts of parting with me. This declaration was a mystery at that time, but I have been since so fully satisfied of his reasons for his conduct, that I heartily acquit him of all injustice to me. And, indeed, it is my sincere opinion, that if ever young man deserved to be happy, he is certainly intitled to that privilege; and if I may be allowed to judge, has an heart susceptible of the most refined enjoyment.

The violence of the grief and consternation which I suffered from this stroke, having a little subsided, I deliberated with myself about the measures I should take, and determined to leave his house some day when he should be abroad. I was encouraged in this resolution by the advice of our Scotch friend, who came about this time from London, on a visit to his fellow-traveller: we thought such an abrupt departure would be less shocking than to stay and take a formal leave of my lover, whose heart was of such a delicate frame, that after I told him I should one day withdraw myself in his absence, he never came home from the chase, or any other avocation, without trembling with apprehension that I had escaped.

After he had been some time accustomed to these fears by my previous intimation, I at length decamped in good earnest, though my heart ached upon the occasion, because I left him loving and beloved; for his affection was evident, notwithstanding the step he had taken, by the advice and importunity of all his relations, who laid a disagreeable restraint upon his inclinations, while they consulted his interest in every other particular.

While I halted in the next great town, until I could be supplied with fresh horses, I was visited by a gentleman who had been formerly intimate with my lover; but a breach had happened in their friendship, and he now came to complain of the treatment he had received. Perceiving that I was not in a humour to listen to his story, he shifted the conversation to my own, and observed, that I had been extremely ill-used. I told him that I was of a different opinion: that it was not only just, but expedient, that a young man of Mr. ———'s fortune should think of making some alliance

to strengthen and support the interest of his family, and that I had nothing to accuse him of but his letting me remain so long in ignorance of his intention. He then gave me to understand, that I was still ignorant of a great part of the ill-usage I had received; affirming, that while I lived in his house, he had amused himself with all the common women in that town, to some of whom this gentleman had personally introduced him.

At first, I could not believe this imputation; but he supported his assertions with so many convincing circumstances, that I could no longer doubt the truth of them; and I felt so much repentment, that my love vanished immediately into air. Instead of proceeding in my journey to London, I went back a considerable way, and sent a message, desiring to see him in a little house, about mid-way between his own habitation and the town from whence I came. He obeyed my summons, and appeared at the place appointed, where I reproached him with great bitterness. He pleaded guilty to the charge, so far as acknowledging that he had corresponded with other women lately, in order to get the better of his affection for me, but the experiment had failed, and he found that he should be for ever miserable.

I did not look upon this candid confession as a sufficient atonement for his past dissimulation; and, in the sharpness of my revenge, demanded a settlement, which he peremptorily refused; so that for the present, we held each other in the utmost contempt. Indeed, I afterwards despised myself for my condescension, which was owing to the advice of my companion, supported and inflamed by the spirit of resentment. Nevertheless, he begged that I would return to his house, or stay all night where I was; but I was deaf to his entreaties, and after a great deal of ironical civility on my side, I took my leave, and went away; yet, before I set out, I looked back, and saw him on horseback, with such an air of simplicity and truth, as called up a profound sigh, notwithstanding all that had passed in our conversation.

Upon my arrival in London, I took lodgings in Leicester Fields, and an-

swered a letter which I had some months before received from my lord, telling him that I would go home to him, without stipulating for any terms, to try what effect my confidence would have upon his generosity. He readily embraced the offer, and took a house in St. James's Street, where I proposed to comply with his humour in every thing that was consistent with my own peace and tranquillity.

Meanwhile, my lover passed his time very disagreeably in the country, with his friend, of whom (it seems) he had conceived some jealousy, which was increased by a letter I wrote to that gentleman, till he was made acquainted with the contents, which he read over forty times; and then his passion breaking out with more violence than ever, he not only expressed his feeling, in an epistle which I immediately received, but when he came to town, suffered such agonies of despair as I had never seen before, except in Lord B—. It was then in my power to have taken ample revenge upon him, as well as upon my insolent rival, who had insisted upon my leaving his house in a very abrupt manner, though he absolutely refused to gratify her malice; for he was now disposed to do any thing for my satisfaction: but I knew his worth, and had too much regard for his reputation to advise him to act inconsistent with his honour.

About this time, many tender meetings and sorrowful partings happened between us, till the marriage-knot was tied, when he sent me a bank-note for a thousand pounds, by way of specimen (as he called it) of his friendship, and of what he would do for me should I ever want his assistance. This mark of his generosity I received in a most tender billet, which I shall never part with, together with his picture set in diamonds.

I now employed my thoughts in keeping measures with my lord; we lay in the same apartment, and for the first four or five months I neither dined or supped abroad above twice, and then he knew where I was, and approved of my company. But all this complacency and circumspection had no effect upon his temper, which remained as capricious and dissatisfied as ever. Nay, to such a provoking

ing degree did this unhappy humour prevail, that one day, in the presence of his lawyer, he harangued upon my misconduct since our last re-union; and very freely affirmed, that every step I had taken was diametrically opposite to his will.

Conscious of the pains I had been at to please him, I was so incensed at these unjust invectives, that starting up, I told him he was a little dirty fellow; and would have left the house immediately, had not his lawyer and others, who were in the next room, interposed, and by dint of argument and importunity diverted me from my purpose. By the bye, I have been informed by a person of rank, that my lord discovered exactly the same disposition in his father's life-time, and only changes the subject of his complaint from the word *father* to that of *wife*. Indeed, he takes all opportunities of plaguing my dear parent, as he has just sagacity enough to know, that this is the most effectual way he can take to distress me.

After repeated trials, I have given up all hopes of making him happy, or of finding myself easy in my situation; and live with him at present to avoid a greater inconvenience. Not that his ill-nature is all the grievance of which I complain: exclusive of the personal disgust I entertain for him, his folly is of that species which obliges rather than diverts; and his vanity and affectation altogether intolerable; for he actually believes himself, or at least would impose himself upon mankind, as a pattern in gallantry and taste; and, in point of business, a person of infinite sagacity and penetration: but the most ridiculous part of his character is his pretended talent for politricks, in which he so deeply concerns himself, that he has dismissed many a good servant because he suspected him of having wrong connections; a theme upon which he has often quarrelled with me, even almost to parting, accusing me with holding correspondence with the Earls of B— and C—, and Mr. H. V—, though I never had the least acquaintance with any of these gentlemen, except the Earl of C—, to whom I have not spoke for these ten years past.

In short, I have often been at a loss

to know, whether he was more mad or malicious in those fits of enthusiasm, wherein he seemed transported with zeal for the commonwealth, and tormented me with his admonitions, out of all temper and patience. At length, however, I contrived an expedient which freed me from these troublesome expostulations, and silenced him effectually on the score of politics. This was no other than an open avowal of being connected with all those people whom I have named. Indeed, I knew him too well to believe there was any thing solid in his intention or professions, even when he carried himself so far as to demand a private audience with the king, in order to communicate a scheme for suppressing the rebellion; and that being denied, solicited the Duke of D—'s interest for permission to raise and head a regiment of Kentish smugglers; nay, to such a pitch did his loyalty soar, that he purchased a fire-lock of particular mechanism, calculated for the safety of the bearer, in case he had been placed sentinel at his majesty's door; and kept his horse ready caparisoned, with a view of attending his sovereign to the field. Notwithstanding all these pompous preparations, had he been put to the proof, he would have infallibly crept out of his engagements, through some sneaking evasion, his imagination being very fertile in such saving pretences. Yet he will talk sometimes so fervently, and even sensibly, on the subject, that a stranger would mistake him for a man of understanding, and determined zeal for the good of his country.

Since my last return to his house, that act of parliament passed, by which he was enabled to pay his debts, and among the rest, a thousand pounds of my contracting, the only burden of that kind I ever entailed upon him, exclusive of my pin-money, which was never regularly paid; nor would he have been subject to this, had he not, by his persecution and pursuit, exposed me to an extraordinary expence. I have also had it in my power to reward some of my faithful Abigail; in particular, to relieve from extreme distress that maid to whom (as I have already observed) Lord B— granted an annuity, which

' she had sold: so that she was reduced to the most abject poverty, and I found her in a dismal hole, with two infants perishing for want; a spectacle which drew tears from my eyes, and indeed could not but make deep impression upon a heart like mine, which the misery of my fellow-creatures never failed to melt.

' Nor did I upon this occasion forget the attachment and fidelity of my other woman Mrs. S——, who hearing I was robbed in my passage through Flanders, had generously relinquished the allowance I had settled upon her at parting. The exercise of such acts of humanity and benevolence, and the pleasure of seeing my dear and tender parent often, in some measure alleviate the chagrin to which I am subject, from the disagreeable disposition of my lord, who, consistent with his former inconsistency, upon our last reconciliation cheerfully agreed to a proposal I made of having concerts in the house, and even approved of the scheme with marks of particular satisfaction: but before one half of the winter was expired, he found means to banish all the company, beginning with Lord R—— B——; who, as he walked up stairs one evening, was stopped by a footman, who plainly told him he had orders to say to him in particular, that his lordship was not at home; yet, the very next day, perceiving that nobleman and me walking together in the Park, he joined us with an air of alacrity, as if no such thing had happened; and even behaved to Lord R—— with the most fawning complaisance. His deportment was equally absurd and impertinent to the rest of his friends, who forsook us gradually, being tired of maintaining any friendly communication with such a disagreeable composition of ignorance and arrogance. For my own part, I look upon him as utterly incorrigible; and as fate hath subjected me to his power, endeavour to make the bitter draught go down, by detaching myself, as much as possible, from the supposition that there is any such existence upon earth. Indeed, if I had not fatal experience of the contrary, I should be apt to believe that such a character is not to be found among the sons of men; because his conduct

' is altogether unaccountable by the known rules and maxims of life, and falls entirely under the poet's observation, when he says—

' 'Tis true, no meaning puzzles more than
' wit.'

Her ladyship having thus concluded her story, to the entertainment of the company, and the admiration of Peregrine, who expressed his astonishment at the variety of adventures she had undergone, which was such as he thought sufficient to destroy the most hardy and robust constitution, and therefore infinitely more than enough to overwhelm one of her delicate frame; one of the gentlemen present roundly taxed her with want of candour, in suppressing some circumstances of her life, which he thought essential in the consideration of her character.

She reddened at this peremptory charge, which had an evident effect upon the countenances of the whole audience, when the accuser proceeded to explain his imputation, by observing, that, in the course of her narration, she had omitted to mention a thousand acts of uncommon charity, of which he himself knew her to be guilty; and that she had concealed a great many advantageous proposals of marriage, which she might have accepted before she was engaged.

The company were agreeably undeceived by this explanation; which her ladyship acknowledged in very polite terms, as a compliment equally gentle and unexpected: and our hero, after having testified the sense he had of her complaisance and condescension, in regaling him with a mark of her confidence and esteem, took his leave, and went home in a state of confusion and perplexity; for, from the circumstances of the tale he had heard, he plainly perceived that her ladyship's heart was too delicate to receive such incense, as he, in the capacity of an admirer, could at present pay; because, though he had in some measure abridged the empire of Emilia in his own breast, it was not in his power to restrain it so effectually, but that it would interfere with any other sovereign whom his thoughts should adopt; and, unless Lady—— could engross his whole love, time, and attention, he foresaw that it would be

impossible for him to support the passion which he might have the good fortune to inspire. He was, moreover, deterred from declaring his love, by the fate of her former admirers, who seemed to have been wound up to a degree of enthusiasm, that looked more like the effect of enchantment, than the inspiration of human attractions; an extasy of passion which he durst not venture to undergo. He therefore resolved to combat with the impressions he had already received, and, if possible, cultivate her friendship without soliciting her affection: but, before he could fix upon this determination, he desired to know the footing on which he stood in her opinion; and by the intelligence of Crabtree, obtained in the usual manner, understood that her sentiments of him were very favourable, though without the least tincture of love. He would have been transported with joy, had her thoughts of him been of a more tender texture; though his reason was better pleased with the information he received: in consequence of which he mustered up the ideas of his first passion, and set them in opposition to those of this new and dangerous attachment; by which means he kept the balance in equilibrium, and his bosom tolerably quiet.

CHAP. X.

HE PERSUADES CADWALLADER TO ASSUME THE CHARACTER OF A MAGICIAN, IN WHICH HE ACQUIRES A GREAT SHARE OF REPUTATION, BY HIS RESPONSES TO THREE FEMALES OF DISTINCTION, WHO SEVERALLY CONSULT THE RESEARCHES OF HIS ART.

HIS heart being thus, as it were, suspended between two objects, that lessened the force of each other's attraction, he took this opportunity of enjoying some respite, and for the present detached his sentiments from both; resolving to indulge himself in the exercise of that practical satire, which was to a graceful and peculiar to his disposition. In this laudable determination he was confirmed by the repeated suggestions of his friend Cadwallader, who satiated him with telling his talents full in his face, and stimulated his natural

vivacity, with a succession of fresh discoveries in the world of scandal.

Peregrine was now seized with a strange whim, and when he communicated the conceit to Cadwallader, it in a moment acquired his approbation. This notion he imparted in a proposal, to subject the town to their ridicule, by giving responses in the character of a professed conjuror, to be personated by the old misanthrope, whose aspect was extremely well calculated for the purpose. The plan was immediately adjusted in all its parts; an apartment hired, in a house accommodated with a publick stair, so that people might have free ingress and egress, without being exposed to observation; and this tenement being furnished with the apparatus of a magician, such as globes, telescopes, a magic-lantern, a skeleton, a dried monkey, together with the skins of an alligator, otter, and snake, the conjuror himself took possession of his castle, after having distributed printed advertisements, containing the particulars of his undertaking.

These bills soon operated according to the wish of the projectors. As the price of the oracle was fixed at half a guinea, the publick naturally concluded that the author was no common fortune-teller; and the very next day, Peregrine found some ladies of his quality acquaintance, infected with the desire of making an experiment upon the skill of this new conjuror, who pretended to be just arrived from the Mogul's empire, where he had learned the art from a Brachman philosopher. Our young gentleman affected to talk of the pretensions of this sage with ridicule and contempt, and with seeming reluctance undertook to attend them to his apartment, observing that it would be a very easy matter to detect the fellow's ignorance, and no more than common justice to chastise him for his presumption. Though he could easily perceive a great fund of credulity in the company, they affected to espouse his opinion, and under the notion of a frolick, agreed, that one particular lady should endeavour to baffle his art, by appearing before him in the dress of her woman, who should at the same time personate her mistress, and be treated as such, by our adventurer, who promised to inquire them to the place. These measures being concerted, and the appointment fixed for the

the next audience-day, Peregrine furnished his friend with the necessary information; and when the hour of assignation arrived, conducted his charge to this oraculous seer.

They were admitted by our hero's valet de chambre, whose visage being naturally meagre and swarthy, was adorned with artificial whickers; so that he became the Persian dress which he wore, and seemed a very proper master of the ceremonies to an oriental necromancer. Having crossed his arms upon his breast, with an inclination of the head, he stalked in solemn silence before them into the penetralia of the temple, where they found the conjuror sitting at a table, provided with pen, ink, and paper, divers books, and mathematical instruments, and a long white wand lying across the whole. He was habited in a black gown and fur-cap: his countenance, over and above a double proportion of philosophick gravity, which he had assumed for the occasion, was improved by a thick beard, white as snow, that reached to his middle; upon each shoulder sat a prodigious large black cat, which had been tutored for the purpose.

Such a figure, which would have startled Peregrine himself, had not he been concerned in the mystery, could not fail to make an impression upon those whom he accompanied. The fictitious chambermaid, in spite of all her natural pertness and vivacity, changed colour when she entered the room, while the pretended lady, whose intellects were not quite so enlightened, began to tremble in every joint, and ejaculate petitions to Heaven for her safety. Their conductor advancing to the table, presented his offering, and pointing to the maid, told him that lady desired to know what would be her destiny in point of marriage. The philosopher, without lifting up his eyes to view the person in whose behalf he was consulted, turned his ear to one of the sible familiars that purred upon his shoulder, and taking up the pen, wrote upon a detached slip of paper these words, which Peregrine, at the desire of the ladies, repeated aloud. 'Her destiny will, in a great measure, depend upon what happened to her about nine o'clock in the morning, on the third day of last December.'

This sentence was no sooner pronounced, than the counterfeited lady

screamed, and ran out into the antichamber, exclaiming—'Christ have mercy upon us! Suge he is the devil incarnate!' Her mistress, who followed her with great consternation, insisted upon knowing the transaction to which the response alluded; and Mrs. Abigail, after some recollection, gave her to understand that she had an admirer, who, on that very hour and day mentioned by the cunning man, had addressed himself to her in a serious proposal of marriage. This explanation, however, was more ingenious than candid; for the admirer was no other than the identical Mr. Pickle himself, who was a mere dragon among the chambermaids, and in his previous information communicated to his associate, had given an account of this assignation, with which he had been favoured by the damsel in question.

Our hero seeing his company very much affected with this circumstance of the wizard's art, which had almost frightened both mistress and maid into hysterick fits, pretended to laugh them out of their fears, by observing, that there was nothing extraordinary in this instance of his knowledge, which might have been acquired by some of those secret emissaries whom such impostors are obliged to employ for intelligence, or imparted by the lover himself, who had perhaps come to consult him about the success of his amour. Encouraged by this observation, or rather prompted by an insatiable curiosity, which was proof against all sorts of apprehension, the disguised lady returned to the magician's own apartment, and assuming the air of a pert chambermaid—'Mr. Conjuror,' said she, 'now you have satisfied my mistress, will you be so good as to tell me, if ever I shall be married?' The sage, without the least hesitation, favoured her with an answer in the following words. 'You cannot be married before you are a widow; and whether or not that will ever be the case, is a question which my art cannot resolve, because my foreknowledge exceeds not the term of thirty years.'

This reply, which at once cut her off from the pleasing prospect of seeing herself independent in the enjoyment of youth and fortune, in a moment clouded her aspect; all her good-humour was overcast, and she went away, without farther enquiry, muttering, in the ran-

cour of her chagrin, that he was a silly impertinent fellow, and a mere quack in his profession. Notwithstanding the prejudice of this resentment, her conviction soon recurred; and when the report of his answers was made to those confederates by whom she had been deputed to make trial of his skill, they were universally persuaded that his art was altogether supernatural, though each affected to treat it with contempt, resolving, in her own breast, to have recourse to him in private.

In the mean time, the maid, though laid under the most peremptory injunctions of secrecy, was so full of the circumstance which related to her own conduct, that she extolled his prescience, in whispers to all her acquaintance, assuring them, that he had told her all the particulars of her life; so that his fame was almost instantaneously conveyed through a thousand different channels, to all parts of the town; and the very next time he assumed the chair, his doors were besieged by curious people of all sects and denominations.

Being an old practitioner in this art, Cadwallader knew it would be impossible for him to support his reputation in the promiscuous exercise of fortune-telling, because every person that should come to consult him would expect a sample of his skill, relating to things past; and it could not be supposed that he was acquainted with the private concerns of every individual who might apply to him for that purpose; he therefore ordered his minister, whom he distinguished by the name of Hadgi Rourk, to signify to all those who demanded entrance, that his price was half a guinea; and that all such as were not disposed to gratify him with that consideration, would do well to leave the passage free for the rest.

This declaration succeeded to his wish; for this congregation consisted chiefly of footmen, chambermaids, apprentices, and the lower class of tradesmen, who could not afford to purchase prescience at such a price; so that, after fruitless offers of shillings and half-crowns, they dropped off one by one, and left the field open for customers of an higher rank.

The first person of this species who appeared was dressed like the wife of a substantial tradesman; but this disguise could not screen her from the penetra-

tion of the conjuror; who at first sight knew her to be one of the ladies of whose coming he had been apprized by Peregrine, on the supposition that their curiosity was rather inflamed than allayed by the intelligence they had received from his first client. This lady approached the philosopher with that intrepidity of countenance so conspicuous in matrons of her dignified sphere, and in a soft voice, asked with a smiler, of what complexion her next child would be? The necromancer, who was perfectly well acquainted with her private history, forthwith delivered his response in the following question, written in the usual form—“How long has Pompey the black been dismissed from your ladyship’s service?”

Endued as she was with a great share of that fortitude which is distinguished by the appellation of effrontery, her face exhibited some signs of shame and confusion at the receipt of this oracular interrogation, by which she was convinced of his extraordinary intelligence; and accosting him in a very serious tone—“Doctor,” said she, “I perceive you are a person of great abilities in the art you profess; and therefore, without pretending to dissemble, I will own you have touched the true string of my apprehensions. I am persuaded I need not be more particular in my enquiries. Here is a purse of money; take it, and deliver me from a most alarming and uneasy suspense.” So saying, she deposited her offering upon the table, and waited for his answer with a face of fearful expectation, while he was employed in writing this sentence for her perusal—“Though I see into the womb of time, the prospect is not perfectly distinct; the seeds of future events lie mingled and confused; so that I am under the necessity of assisting my divination in some cases; by analogy and human intelligence; and cannot possibly satisfy your present doubts, unless you will condescend to make me privy to all those occurrences which you think might have interfered with the cause of your apprehension.”

The lady having read the declaration, affected a small emotion of shyness and repugnance, and seating herself upon a fence, after having cautiously informed herself of the privacy of the apartment, gave such a detail of the succession of her

her lovers, as amazed while it entertained the necromancer; as well as his friend Pickle, who from a closet, in which he had concealed himself, overheard every syllable of her confession. Cadwallader listened to her story with a look of infinite importance and sagacity; and after a short pause told her, that he would not pretend to give a categorical answer, until he should have deliberated maturely upon the various circumstances of the affair; but if she would take the trouble of honouring him with another visit on his next publick day, he hoped he should be able to give her full satisfaction. Conscious of the importance of her doubts, she could not help commending his caution, and took her leave, with a promise of returning at the appointed time: then the conjuror being joined by his associate, they gave a look to their mirth, which having indulged, they began to concert measures for inflicting some disgraceful punishment on the shameless and insatiate tergitevant who had so impudently avowed her own prostitution.

They were interrupted, however, in their conference, by the arrival of a new guest, who being announced by Hadgi, our hero retreated to his lurking place, and Cadwallader resumed his mysterious appearance. This new client, though she hid her face in a mask, could not conceal herself from the knowledge of the conjuror, who by her voice recognized her to be an unmarried lady of his own acquaintance. She had, within a small compass of time, made herself remarkable for two adventures, which had not at all succeeded to her expectation: being very much addicted to play, she had, at a certain rout, indulged that passion to such excess, as not only got the better of her justice, but also of her circumspection; so that she was unfortunately detected in her endeavours to appropriate to herself what was not lawfully her due. This small slip was attended with another indiscretion, which had likewise an unlucky effect upon her reputation. She had been favoured with the addresses of one of those hopeful heirs, who swarm and swagger about town under the denomination of Bucks; and in the confidence of his honour consented to be one of a *partie* that made an excursion as far as Windsor, thinking herself secured from scandal by the company of another young lady, who had

also condescended to trust her person to the protection of her admirer. The two gallants, in the course of this expedition, were said to use the most perfidious means to intoxicate the passions of their mistresses, by mixing drugs with their wine, which inflamed their constitutions to such a degree, that they fell an easy sacrifice to the appetites of their conductors, who, upon their return to town, were so base and inhuman as to boast among their companions of the exploit they had atchieved. Thus the story was circulated, with a thousand additional circumstances, to the prejudice of the sufferers, one of whom had thought proper to withdraw into the country, until the scandal raised at her expense should subside; while the other, who was not so easily put out of countenance, resolved to out-face the report, as a treacherous aspersion, invented by her lover as an excuse for his own inconstancy; and actually appeared in publick, as usual, till she found herself neglected by the greatest part of her acquaintance.

In consequence of this disgrace, which she knew not whether to impute to the card affair, or to the last *faux pas* she had committed, she now came to consult the conjuror, and signified her errand, by asking whether the cause of her present disquiet was of the town or the country. Cadwallader at once perceiving her allusion, answered her question in these terms:—“This honest world will forgive a young gamester for indiscretion at play; but a favour granted to a babbling coxcomb is an unpardonable offence.” This response she received with equal astonishment and chagrin; and, fully convinced of the necromancer’s omniscience, implored his advice touching the retrieval of her reputation; upon which he counselled her to wed with the first opportunity. She seemed so well pleased with his admonition, that she gratified him with a double fee, and dropping a low curtsy, retired.

Our undertakers now thought it high time to silence the oracle for the day; and Hadgi was accordingly ordered to exclude all comers, while Peregrine and his friend renewed the deliberations which had been interrupted, and settled a plan of operations for the next occasion: meanwhile it was resolved, that Hadgi should not only exercise his own talents, but also employ inferior agents, in procuring

curing general intelligence for the support of their schemes; that the expence of this ministry should be defrayed from the profits of their professions, and the remainder be distributed to poor families in distress.

CHAP. XI.

PEREGRINE AND HIS FRIEND CADWALLADER PROCEED IN THE EXERCISE OF THE MYSTERY OF FORTUNE-TELLING, IN THE COURSE OF WHICH THEY ATCHIEVE VARIOUS ADVENTURES.

THESE preliminaries being adjusted, our hero forthwith repaired to a card assembly, which was frequented by some of the most notable gossips in town, and having artfully turned the conversation upon the subject of the fortune-teller, whose talents he pretended to ridicule, incited their itch of knowing secrets, to such a degree of impatience, that their curiosity became flagrant, and he took it for granted, that all or some of them would visit Albumazar on his very first viiting-day. While Peregrine was thus engaged, this associate made his appearance in another convocation of fashionable people, where he soon had the pleasure of hearing the conjuror brought upon the carpet by an elderly gentlewoman, remarkable for her inquisitive disposition, who addressing herself to Cadwallader, asked, by the help of the finger-alphabet, if he knew any thing of the magician that made such a noise in town. The misanthrope answered as usual, in a surly tone—“By your question, you must either take me for a pimp or an idiot. What, in the name of non-sense, should I know of such a rascal, unless I were to court his acquaintance with a view to feast my own spleen, in seeing him fool the whole nation out of their money! Though, I suppose, his chief profits arise from his practice, in quality of pander. All fortune tellers are bawds, and for that reason are so much followed by people of fashion. This fellow, I warrant, has got sundry convenient apartments for the benefit of procreation; for it is not to be supposed that those who visit him on the pretence of consulting his supernatural art, can be such fools, such drivellers,

as to believe that he can actually prognosticate future events.”

The company, according to his expectation, imputed his remarks to the rancour of his disposition, which could not bear to think that any person upon earth was wiser than himself; and his ears were regaled with a thousand instances of the conjuror’s wonderful prescience, for which he was altogether indebted to fiction. Some of these specimens being communicated to him by way of appeal to his opinion—“They are,” said he, “mere phantoms of ignorance and credulity, swelled up in the repetition, like those unsubstantial bubbles which the boys blow up in soap-balls with a tobacco-pipe. And this will ever be the case in the propagation of all extraordinary intelligence: the imagination naturally magnifies every object that falls under its cognizance, especially those that concern the passions of fear and admiration; and when the occurrence comes to be rehearsed, the vanity of the relater exaggerates every circumstance, in order to enhance the importance of the communication. Thus an incident which is but barely uncommon, often gains such accession in its progress through the fancies and mouths of those who represent it, that the original fact cannot possibly be distinguished. This observation might be proved, and illustrated by a thousand undeniable examples, out of which I shall only select one instance, for the entertainment and edification of the company. A very honest gentleman, remarkable for the gravity of his deportment, was one day in a certain coffee-house accosted by one of his particular friends; who, taking him by the hand, expressed uncommon satisfaction in seeing him abroad, and in good health, after the dangerous and portentous malady he had undergone. Surprized at this salutation, the gentleman replied, it was true he had been a little out of order over night, but there was nothing at all extraordinary in his indisposition—“Jesu, not extraordinary!” cried the other, “when you vomited three black crows!” This strange exclamation the grave gentleman at first mistook for railery, though his friend was no joker; but perceiving in him all the marks of sincerity and affection,

ment, he suddenly changed his opinion, and after a short reverie, taking him aside, expressed himself in these words: "Sir, it is not unknown to you that I am at present engaged in a treaty of marriage, which would have been settled long ago, had it not been retarded by the repeated machinations of a certain person who professed himself my rival. Now I am fully persuaded that this affair of the three crows is a story of his invention, calculated to prejudice me in the opinion of the lady, who, to be sure, would not chuse to marry a man who has a rookery in his bowels; and therefore I must insist upon knowing your author of this scandalous report, that I may be able to vindicate my character from the malicious aspersions." His friend, who thought the demand was very reasonable, told him without hesitation, that he was made acquainted with the circumstance of his distemper by Mr. Such-a-one, their common acquaintance: upon which the person who conceived himself injured, went immediately in quest of his supposed defamer, and having found him—"Pray, Sir," said he, "with a peremptory tone, "who told you that I vomited three black crows?"—"Three!" answered the gentleman, "I mentioned two only."—"Zounds, Sir!" cried the other, incensed at his indifference; "you will find the two too many, if you refuse to discover the villainous source of such calumny." The gentleman, surprized at his heat, said he was sorry to find he had been the accidental instrument of giving him offence, but translated the blame (if any there was) from himself to a third person, to whose information he owed his knowledge of the report. The plaintiff, according to the direction he received, repaired to the house of the accused; and his indignation being inflamed at finding the story had already circulated among his acquaintance, he told him, with evident marks of displeasure, that he was come to pluck the same brace of crows which he said he had disgorged. The defendant seeing him very much irritated, positively denied that he had mentioned a brace: "One, indeed," said he, "I own I took notice of, upon the authority of your own physician,

"who gave me an account of it this morning."—"By the Lord!" cried the sufferer in a rage, which he could no longer contain, "that rascal has been suborned by my rival to slander my character in this manner; but I'll be revenged, if there be either law or equity in England!" He had scarce pronounced these words, when the doctor happened to enter the room; when his exasperated patient lifting up his cane—"Sirrah," said he, "if I live, I'll make that black crow the blackest circumstance of thy whole life and conversation!" The physician, confounded at this address, assured him that he was utterly ignorant of his meaning: and when the other gentleman explained it, absolutely denied the charge, affirming he had said no more than that he had vomited a quantity of something as black as a crow. The landlord of the house acknowledged that he might have been mistaken; and thus the whole mystery was explained.

The company seemed to relish the story of the three black crows, which they considered as an impromptu of Cadwallader's own invention; but, granting it to be true, they unanimously declared that it could have no weight in invalidating the testimony of divers persons of honour, who had been witnesses of the magician's supernatural skill. On the next day of consultation, the necromancer being in the chair, and his friend behind the curtain, the outward door was scarce open, when a female visitant flounced in, and discovered to the magician the features of one of those inquisitive ladies, whose curiosity he knew his confederate had aroused in the manner above described. She addressed herself to him with a familiar air, observing, that she had heard much of his great knowledge, and was come to be a witness of his art, which she desired him to display, in declaring what he knew to be her ruling passion.

Cadwallader, who was no stranger to her disposition, assumed the pen without hesitation, and furnished her with an answer, importing, that the love of money predominated, and scandal possessed the next place in her heart. Far from being offended at his freedom, she commended his frankness with a smile; and, satisfied of his uncommon talents, expressed a desire of being better acquainted

ed with his person: nay, she began to catechise him upon the private history of divers great families, in which he happened to be well versed; and he, in a mysterious manner, dropped such artful hints of his knowledge, that she was amazed at his capacity, and actually asked if his art was communicable.

The conjuror replied in the affirmative; but, at the same time, gave her to understand, that it was attainable by those only who were pure and undefiled in point of chastity and honour; or such as, by a long course of penitence, had weaned themselves from all attachments to the flesh. She not only disapproved, but seemed to doubt the truth of this assertion, telling him, with a look of disdain, that his art was not worth having, if one could not use it for the benefit of one's pleasure: she had even penetration enough to take notice of an inconsistency in what he had advanced; and asked, why he himself exercised his knowledge for hire, if he was so much detached from all worldly concerns.

'Come, come, doctor,' added she, 'you are in the right to be cautious against impertinent curiosity; but, perhaps, I may make it worth your while to be communicative.'

These overtures were interrupted by a rap at the door, signifying the approach of another client; upon which the lady enquired for his private passage, through which she might retire, without the risk of being seen; when she understood he was deficient in that convenience, she withdrew into an empty room, adjoining to the audience chamber, in order to conceal herself from the observation of the new comer. This was no other than the innamorata, who came by appointment to receive the solution of her doubts; and the misanthrope, glad of an opportunity to expose her to the censure of such an indefatigable minister of fame as the person, who (he knew) would listen from the next apartment, laid her under the necessity of refreshing his remembrance with a recapitulation of her former confession, which was almost finished, when she was alarmed by a noise at the door, occasioned by two gentlemen, who attempted to enter by force.

Terrified at this uproar, which discovered the magician himself, she ran for shelter into the place which was pre-occupied by the other lady, who, hear-

ing this disturbance, had closed the window-shutters, that she might have the better chance of remaining unknown. Here they ensconced themselves, in the utmost consternation, while the necromancer, after some recollection, ordered Hadgi to open the door, and admit the rioters, who (he hoped) would be over-awed by the authority of his appearance. The janitor had no sooner obeyed his instructions, than in rushed a young libertine, who had been for some time on the town, together with his tutor, who was a worn-out debauchee, well known to the magician. They were both in that degree of intoxication necessary to prepare such dispositions for what they commonly call frolics, and the sober part of mankind feel to be extravagant outrages against the laws of their country, and the peace of their fellow-subjects. Having staggered up to the table, the senior, who undertook to be spokesman, saluted Cadwallader with—'How do'st do, old Capricorn? Thou seem'st to be a most venerable pimp, and, I doubt not, hast abundance of discretion. Here is this young whore-master (a true chip of the old venereal block his father) and myself, come for a comfortable cast of thy function. I don't mean that stale pretence of conjuring; damn futurity! let us live for the present, old Haly. Conjure me up a couple of hale wenches, and, I warrant, we shall get into the magic circle in a twinkling. What says Galileo? What says the reverend Brahe? Here is a purse, you pimp: hark, how it chinks! This is sweeter than the musick of the spheres.'

Our necromancer, perplexed at this rencounter, made no reply; but taking up his wand, waved it around his head in a very mysterious motion, with a view of intimidating these forward visitors, who, far from being awed by this sort of evocation, became more and more obstreperous, and even threatened to pull him by the beard if he would not immediately comply with their desire. Had he called his associate, or even Hadgi, to his aid, he knew he could have soon calmed their turbulence; but, being unwilling to run the risk of a discovery, or even of a riot, he bethought himself of chastising their insolence in another manner, that would be less hazardous, and rather more effectual. In

confe-

consequence of this suggestion, he pointed his wand towards the door of the apartment in which the ladies had taken sanctuary; and the two rakes, understanding the hint, rushed in without hesitation.

The females, finding their place of retreat taken by assault, ran about the room in great consternation, and were immediately taken prisoners by the assassins, who pulling them towards the windows, opened the shutters at the same instant of time, when (strange to tell!) one of the heroes discovered in the prize he had made, the very wife of his bosom; and his companion perceived that he had stumbled in the dark upon his own mother. Their mutual astonishment was unspeakable at this éclaircissement, which produced an universal silence for the space of several minutes. During this pause the ladies having recollected themselves, an expostulation was begun by the elder of the two, who roundly took her son to task for his disorderly life, which laid her under the disagreeable necessity of watching his motions, and detecting him in such an infamous place.

While the careful mother thus exercised her talent for reprehension, the hopeful young gentleman, with an hand in each sob, stood whistling an opera-tune, without seeming to pay the most profound regard to his parent's reproof: and the other lady, in imitation of such a consummate pattern, began to open upon her husband, whom she bitterly reproached with his looseness and intemperance, demanding to know what he had to alledge in alleviation of his present misconduct. The surprise occasioned by such an unexpected meeting had already in a great measure destroyed the effects of the wine he had so plentifully drunk, and the first use he made of his recovered sobriety, was to revolve within himself the motives that could possibly induce his wife to give him the rendezvous in this manner. As he had good reason to believe she was utterly void of jealousy, he naturally placed this rencontre to the account of another passion; and his chagrin was not at all impaired, by the effrontery with which she now presumed to reprimand him. He listened to her, therefore, with a grave or rather grim aspect; and to the question with which she concluded her rebuke, answered with great compo-

sure—'All that I have to alledge, Madam, is, that the bawd has committed a mistake, in consequence of which we are both disappointed; and so, ladies, your humble servant.' So saying, he retired with manifest confusion in his looks; and as he passed through the audience-chamber, eyeing the conjuror askance, pronounced the epithet of *precious rascal!* with great emphasis. Meanwhile the junior, like a dutiful child, handed his manima to her chair; and the other client, after having reviled the necromancer, because he could not foresee this event, went away in a state of mortification.

The coast being clear, Peregrine came forth from his den, and congratulated his friend upon the peaceable issue of the adventure which he had overheard; but, that he might not be exposed to such inconvenience for the future, they resolved, that a grate should be fixed in the middle of the outward door, through which the conjuror himself might reconnoitre all the visitants before their admission; so that, to those whose appearance he might not like, Hadgi should, without opening, give notice that his master was engaged. By this expedient, too, they provided against those difficulties which Cadwallader must have encountered, in giving satisfaction to strangers whom he did not know; for the original intention of the founders was to confine the practice of their art to people of fashion only, most of whom were personally known to the counterfeited magician and his coadjutors.

Indeed, these associates, Cadwallader in particular, notwithstanding his boasted insight into the characters of life, never imagined that his pretended skill would be consulted by any but the weaker minded of the female sex, incited by that spirit of curiosity which he knew was implanted in their nature: but, in the course of his practice, he found himself cultivated in his preternatural capacity by people of all sexes, complexions, and degrees of reputation, and had occasion to observe, that when the passions are concerned, however cool, cautious, and deliberate, the disposition may otherwise be; there is nothing so idle, frivolous, or absurd, to which they will not apply for encouragement and gratification. The last occurrence, according to the hopes and expectation of the confederates, was whispered about by

the ladies concerned, in such a manner, that the whole affair was, in a few days, the universal topick of discourse, in which it was retailed with numberless embellishments, invented by the parties themselves, who had long indulged a pique at each other, and took this opportunity of enjoying their revenge.

These incidents, while they regaled the spleen, at the same time augmented the renown of the conjuror, who was described on both sides as a very extraordinary person in his way; and the alteration in his door was no sooner performed, than he had occasion to avail himself of it, against the intrusion of a great many, with whom he would have found it very difficult to support the fame he had acquired.

Among those who appeared at his grate, he perceived a certain clergyman, whom he had long known an humble attendant on the great, and with some the reputed minister of their pleasures: this Levite had disguised himself in a great coat, boots, and dress quite foreign to the habit worn by those of his function; and being admitted, attempted to impose himself as a country squire upon the conjuror, who calling him by his name, desired him to sit down. This reception corresponding with the report he had heard, touching our magician's art, the doctor said he would lay aside all dissimulation. After having professed an implicit belief, that his supernatural knowledge did not proceed from any communication with evil spirits, but was the immediate gift of Heaven, he declared the intention of his coming was to enquire into the health of a good friend and brother of his, who possessed a certain living in the country, which he named; and, as he was old and infirm, to know what space of time was allotted to him in this frail state of mortality, that he might have the melancholy satisfaction of attending him in his last moments, and assisting him in his preparations for eternity.

The conjuror, who at once perceived the purport of this question, after a solemn pause, during which he seemed absorbed in contemplation, delivered this response to his consultant:

"Though I foresee some occurrences, I do not pretend to be omniscient. I

know not to what age that clergyman's life will extend; but so far I can penetrate into the womb of time, as to discern, that the incumbent will survive his intended successor." This dreadful sentence in a moment banished the blood from the face of the appalled consultant, who hearing his own doom pronounced, began to tremble in every joint; he lifted up his eyes in the agony of fear, and saying—"The will of God be done!" withdrew in silent despondence, his teeth chattering with terror and dismay.

This client was succeeded by an old man about the age of seventy-five, who being resolved to purchase a lease, desired to be determined in the term of years by the necromancer's advice; observing, that as he had no children of his own body, and had no regard for his heirs at law, the purchase would be made with a view to his own convenience only; and therefore, considering his age, he himself hesitated in the period of the lease, between thirty and threescore years.

The conjuror, upon due deliberation, advised him to double the last specified term, because he distinguished in his features something portending extreme old age and second childhood, and he ought to provide for that state of incapacity, which otherwise would be attended with infinite misery and affliction. The superannuated wretch, thunder-struck with this prediction, held up his hands, and in the first transports of his apprehension, exclaimed—"Lord have mercy upon me! I have not wherewithal to purchase such a long lease, and I have long outlived all my friends; what then must become of me, since that I am, one hundred and twenty years hence!" Cadwallader, (who enjoyed his terror) under pretence of alleviating his concern, told him that what he had prognosticated did not deprive him of the means which he and every person had in their power, to curtail a life of misfortune; and the old gentleman went away, seemingly comforted with the assurance, that it would always be in his power to employ an

halter for his own deliverance. Soon after the retreat of this elder, the magician was visited by one of those wretches, known among the Romans by the appellation of *Heraldipetas*, who had

had amassed a large fortune by a close attention to the immediate wants and weakness of raw unexperienced heirs. This honourable usurer had sold an annuity upon the life of a young spendthrift, being thereto induced by the affirmation of his physician, who had assured him his patient's constitution was so rotten, that he could not live one year to an end: he had, nevertheless, made shift to weather eighteen months, and now seemed more vigorous and healthy than he had ever been known; for he was supposed to have nourished an hereditary pox from his cradle. Alarmed at this alteration, the seller came to consult Cadwallader not only about the life of the annuitant, but also concerning the state of his health at the time of his purchasing the annuity, purposing to sue the physician for false intelligence, should the conjuror declare that the young man was sound, when the doctor pronounced him diseased. But this was a piece of satisfaction he did not obtain from the misanthrope; who, in order to punish his sordid disposition, gave him to understand, that the physician had told him the truth, and nothing but the truth; and that the young gentleman was in a fair way of attaining a comfortable old age. 'That is to say,' cried the client, in the impatience of his mortification at this answer, 'bating accidents; for, thank God, the annuitant does not lead the most regular life; besides, I am credibly informed he is choleric, and rash; so that he may be concerned in a duel: then there are such things as riots in the street, in which a rake's skull may be casually cracked; he may be overturned in a coach, overset in the river, thrown from a vicious horse, overtaken with a cold, endangered by a surfeit; but what I place my chief confidence in, is, an hearty pox, a distemper which hath been fatal to his whole family. Not but that the issue of all these things is uncertain; and expedients might be found which would more effectually answer the purpose. I know they have arts in India, by which a man can secure his own interest, in the salutation of a friendly shake by the hand; and I do not doubt that you who have lived in that country are master of the secret: To be sure, if you was inclined to communicate such a posthum, there

'are abundance of people who would purchase it at a very high price.

Cadwallader understood this insinuation, and was tempted to amuse him in such a manner as would tend to his disgrace and confusion; but, considering that the case was of too criminal a nature to be tampered with, he withstood his desire of punishing this rapacious cormorant any other way than by telling him, he would not impart the secret for his whole fortune ten times doubled; so that the usurer retired, very much dissatisfied with the issue of his consultation.

The next person who presented himself at this altar of intelligence, was an author, who recommended himself to a gratis advice, by observing that a prophet and poet were known by the same appellation among the ancients; and that, at this day, both the one and the other spoke by inspiration. The conjuror refused to own this affinity, which, he said, formerly subsisted, because both species of the *Vates* were the children of fiction; but as he himself did not fall under that predicament, he begged leave to disown all connection with the family of the poets; and the poor author would have been dismissed without his errand, though he offered to leave an ode as security for the magician's fee, to be paid from the profits of his first third night, had not Cadwallader's curiosity prompted him to know the subject of this gentleman's enquiry. He therefore told him, that in consideration of his genius, he would for once satisfy him without a fee; and desired him to specify the doubts in which he wished to be resolved.

The son of Parnassus, glad of this condescension, for which he thanked the necromancer, gave him to understand, that he had some time before presented a play in manuscript to a certain great man, at the head of taste, who had not only read and approved the performance, but also undertaken to introduce and support it on the stage; that he (the author) was assured by this patron, that the play was already (in consequence of his recommendation) accepted by one of the managers, who had faithfully promised to bring it to light; but that when he waited on this same manager, to know when he intended to put his production in rehearsal, the man declared he had never seen or heard of the

piece. Now, Mr. Conjuror, said he, I want to know whether or not my play has been presented, and if I have any sort of chance of seeing it acted this winter.

Cadwalader, who had, in his younger days, sported among the theatrical muses, began to lose his temper at this question: which recalled the remembrance of his own disappointments; and dispatched the author with an abrupt answer, importing, that the affairs of the stage were altogether without the sphere of his divination, being entirely regulated by the demons of dissimulation, ignorance, and caprice.

It would be an endless task to recount every individual response which our magician delivered in the course of his conjuration. He was consulted in all cases of law, physic, and trade, over and above the ordinary subjects of marriage and fornication; his advice and assistance were solicited by sharpers, who desired to possess an infallible method of cheating unperceived; by fortune-hunters, who wanted to make prize of widows and heiresses; by debauchees, who were disposed to lie with other men's wives; by coxcombs, who longed for the death of their fathers; by wenches with child, who wished themselves rid of their burdens; by merchants, who had insured above value, and thirsted after the news of a wreck; by underwriters, who played for the gift of prescience, that they might venture money upon such ships only as should perform the voyage in safety; by Jews, who wanted to foresee the fluctuations of stock; by usurers, who advance money upon undecided causes; by clients, who were dubious of the honesty of their council: in short, all matters of uncertain issue were appealed to this tribunal; and, in point of calculation, De Moivre was utterly neglected.

CHAP. XII.

THE CONJUROR AND HIS ASSOCIATES EXECUTE A PLAN OF VENGEANCE AGAINST CERTAIN INFIDELS WHO PRETEND TO DESPISE THEIR ART; AND PEREGRINE ACHIEVES AN ADVENTURE WITH A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BY these means, the whole variety of characters undisguised, passed as it were in review before the confeder-

ates, who, by divers ingenious contrivances, punished the most flagrant offenders with as much severity as the nature of their plan would allow. At length, they projected a scheme for chastising a number of their own acquaintance, who had all along professed the utmost contempt for the talent of this conjuror, which they endeavoured to ridicule in all companies, where his surprising art was the subject of discourse; not that they had sense and discernment enough to perceive the absurdity of his pretensions, but affected a singularity of opinion, with a view of insulting the inferior understandings of those who were deceived by such an idle impostor.

Peregrine, indeed, for obvious reasons, had always espoused their judgment in this case, and joined them in reviling the publick character of his friend: but he knew how far the capacities of those virtuosi extended, and had frequently caught them in the fact of recounting their exploits against the conjuror, which were the productions of their own invention only. On these considerations, his wrath was kindled against them, and he accordingly concerted measures with his coadjutor for overwhelming them with confusion and dismay.

In the first place, a report was spread by his emissaries, that the magician had undertaken to entertain their view with the appearance of any person whom his customers should desire to see, whether dead, or at the distance of a thousand leagues. This extraordinary proposal chancing to be the subject of conversation, in a place where most of those infidels were assembled, they talked of it in the usual style, and some of them swore the fellow ought to be pilloried for his presumption.

Our hero, seizing this favourable opportunity, acquiesced in their remarks, and observed with great vehemence, that it would be a meritorious action to put the rascal to the proof, and then toss him in a blanket for non performance. They were wonderfully pleased with this suggestion, and forthwith determined to try the experiment; though, as they understood the apparition would be produced to one only at a time, they could not immediately agree in the choice of the person who should stand the first brunt of the magician's skills. While each of them severally excused himself from this preference on various pretences, Peregrine readily undertook the post,

post, expressing great confidence of the conjuror's incapacity to give him the least cause of apprehension.

This point being settled, they detached one of their number to Crabtree, in order to bespeak and adjust the hour and terms of the operation, which he insisted upon performing at his own apartment, where every thing was prepared for the occasion. At the appointed time, they went thither in a body, to the number of seven, in full expectation of detecting the impostor; and were received with such gloomy formality, as seemed to have an effect upon the countenances of some among them; though they were encouraged by the vivacity of Pickle, who affected a double share of petulance, for the more effectual accomplishment of his purpose.

Cadwallader made no reply to the interrogations they uttered, in the levity of their insolence, at the first entrance, but ordered Hadgi to conduct them through the next room, that they might see there was no previous apparatus to affright their deputy with objects foreign to his undertaking. They found nothing but a couple of wax tapers burning on a table that stood with a chair by it, in the middle of the apartment, and returned to the audience-chamber, leaving Peregrine by himself, to encounter the phantom of that person; whom they should (without his knowledge) desire the magician to conjure up to his view.

All the doors being shut, and the company seated, a profound silence ensued, together with a face of dreadful expectation, encouraged by the blue flame of the candles, which were tipped with sulphur for that purpose, and heightened by the dismal sound of a large bell, which Hadgi tolled in the anti-chamber. Cadwallader having thus practised upon their ignorance and fear, desired them to name the person to be produced. After some whispers among themselves, one of them took the pen, and writing the name of Commodore Truncheon upon a slip of paper, put it into the hands of the magician, who rose from his seat, and opening the door of his closet, displayed to their view a skull, with thigh bones crossed upon a table covered with black cloth.

This melancholy spectacle made a remarkable impression upon the imagination of the company, already predisposed

by the previous ceremony; and they began to survey one another with looks of consternation, while Cadwallader, shutting himself in the closet, that was contiguous to the chamber in which his friend Peregrine was stationed, thrust the label with his uncle's name through a small chink in the partition, according to agreement, muttering all the time a sort of gibberish, that increased the panic of his audience; then returning to his chair, the knell was knolled again, and Pickle called aloud, 'Damn your nummery! why don't you dispatch?'

This was a signal to Crabtree, who thus certified of his having received the paper, stood up and waved his wand in the figure of an S. The motion being thrice performed, their ears were all of a sudden invaded by a terrible noise in the next room, accompanied with the voice of Peregrine, who exclaimed in a tone of horror and amazement—'Guard me, Heaven! my uncle Truncheon!!' This ejaculation had such an effect upon the hearers, that two of them swooned with fear, a third fell upon his knees and prayed aloud, while the other three, in a transport of dismay and distraction, burst open the door, and rushed into the haunted chamber, where they found the table and chair overturned, and Peregrine extended, (in all appearance) without sense or motion, upon the floor.

They immediately began to chafe his temples; and the first symptom of his recovery, which they perceived, was an hollow groan; after which he pronounced these words: 'Merciful powers! if I live, I saw the comodore with his black patch, in the very cloaths he wore at my sister's wedding.' This declaration completed their astonishment and terror; they observed a wildness in his looks, which he seemed to bend on something concealed from their view; and were infected by his appearance to such a pitch of superstition, that it would have been an easy matter to persuade them that the chair and table were apparitions of their forefathers. However, they conducted Peregrine into the council-chamber, where the conjuror and Hadgi were employed in ministering to those who had fainted. The patients having received the use of their faculties, Cadwallader assuming a double portion of severity in his aspect, asked if they

were not ashamed of their former incredulity; declaring, that he was ready to give them more convincing proofs of his art upon the spot, and would immediately reveal three generations of their progenitors from the dead, if they were disposed to relish such company. Then turning to one of them whose great-grandfather had been hanged—'Are you,' said he, 'ambitious of seeing the first remarkable personage of your family?' 'Say the word,' and he shall appear.

This youth, who had been the most insolent and obstreperous of the whole society, and was now depressed with the same proportion of fear, alarmed at the proposal, assured the magician, he had no curiosity of that sort remaining; and that what he had already seen, would, he hoped, have a good effect upon his future life and conversation. Every one of these heroes made an acknowledgment and profession of the same kind, some of which were attended with tears; and had given provided chairs for the whole company; they departed exceedingly crest-fallen. Two of the number actually sickened with the agitation they had undergone, while our hero and his associate made themselves merry with the success of their enterprise.

But this scheme of fortune-telling did not engross his whole attention; he still continued to maintain his appearance in the beau-monde; and as his expence far exceeded his income, strove to contract intimacies with people of interest and power; he shewed himself regularly at court, paid his respects to them in all places of public diversion, and frequently entered into their parties, either of pleasure or cards. In the course of this cultivation, he happened one evening, at a certain chocolate-house, to overlook a match at piquet, in which he perceived a couple of sharpers making a prey of a young nobleman, who had neither temper nor skill sufficient to cope with such antagonists.

Our hero being a professed enemy to all knights of industry, could not bear to see them cheat in public with such insolent audacity. Under pretence of communicating some business of importance, he begged the favour of speaking to the young gentleman in another corner of the room, and in a

friendly manner cautioned him against the arts of his opponents. This hot-headed representative, far from thinking of owning himself obliged to Pickle for his good counsel, looked upon his advice as an insult upon his understanding; and replied with an air of ferocious displeasure, that he knew how to take care of his own concerns, and would not suffer either him or them to bubble him out of one shilling.

Peregrine, offended at the association, as well as at the ingratitude and folly of this conceited coxcomb, expressed his resentment, by telling him, that he expected at least an acknowledgment for his candid intention; but he found his intellects too much warped by his vanity, to perceive his own want of capacity and experience. Inflamed by this reproof, the young nobleman challenged him to play for five hundred pounds, with many opprobrious, or at least contemptuous terms of defiance, which provoked our hero to accept the proposal. After the other had disengaged himself from the old rooks, who were extremely mortified at the interruption, the two young champions sat down, and Fortune acting with uncommon impartiality, Pickle, by the superiority of his talents, in two hours won to the amount of as many thousand pounds, for which he was obliged to take his antagonist's note, the sharpers having previously secured his ready-money.

Frantick with his loss, the rash young man would have continued the game, and doubled stakes every time; so that Peregrine might have increased his acquisition to ten times the sum he had gained; but he thought he had already sufficiently chastised the presumption of the challenger, and was unwilling to empower Fortune to ravish from him the fruits of his success; he therefore declined my lord's proposal, unless he would play for ready-money; and his lordship having in vain tried his credit among the company, our adventurer withdrew, leaving him in an ecstasy of rage and disappointment.

As the insolence of his behaviour had increased with his ill-luck, and he had given vent to divers expressions, which Peregrine took amiss, our young gentleman resolved to augment his punishment, by leaving him with demands which

which could not, he knew, be immediately satisfied; and next day sent Pipes to his father's house with the note, which was drawn payable upon demand. The debtor, who had gone to bed half-distracted with his misfortune, finding himself waked with such a disagreeable duan, lost all patience, cursed Pickle, threatened his messenger, blasphemed with horrible execrations, and made such a noise as reached the ears of his father; who ordering his son to be called into his presence, examined him about the cause of that uproar, which had disturbed the whole family. The young gentleman, after having essayed to amuse him with sundry equivocations, which served only to increase his suspicion, and desire of knowing the truth, acknowledged that he had lost some money over night at cards, to a gamester who had been so impertinent as to send a message, demanding it that morning, though he had told the fellow, that it would not suit him to pay it immediately. The father, who was a man of honour, reproached him with great severity for his profligate behaviour in general, and this scandalous debt in particular, which he believed to be some trifle; then giving him a bank note for five hundred pounds, commanded him to go and discharge it without loss of time. This well-principled heir took the money, but instead of waiting upon his creditor, he forthwith repaired to the gaming-house in hopes of retrieving his loss; and before he rose from the table, saw his note mortgaged for seven-eighths of its value.

Meanwhile, Pickle, incensed at the treatment which his servant had received, and informed of his lordship's second loss, which aggravated his resentment, determined to preserve no medium, and taking out a writ the same day, put it immediately in execution upon the body of his debtor, just as he stepped into his chair at the door of White's Chocolate-house. The prisoner being naturally fierce and haughty, attempted to draw upon the bailiffs, who disarmed him in a twinkling; and this effort served only to heighten his disgrace, which was witnessed by a thousand people, most of whom laughed very heartily at the adventure of a lord's being arrested.

Such a publick transaction could not long escape the knowledge of his father,

who, that very day, had the satisfaction to hear that his son was in a spunging-house. In consequence of this information, he sent his steward to learn the particulars of the arrest, and was equally offended, surprized, and concerned, when he understood the nature of the debt, which he imagined his son had already discharged. Unwilling to pay such a considerable sum for a spendthrift, whom he had but too much indulged, and who in less than one week might involve himself in such another difficulty, the old gentleman wrote a letter to Peregrine, representing what a hardship it would be upon him to forfeit such sums by the indiscretion of a son, whose engagements he was not bound to fulfil, and desiring some mitigation in his demands, as it was not a debt contracted for value received, but incurred without subjecting him to the least damage or inconvenience.

Our adventurer no sooner received this letter, than he went in person to wait upon the author, to whom he, in a candid manner, related the particular circumstances of the match, together with the ingratitude and audacity of his son, which he owned had stimulated him to such measures as he otherwise would have scorned to take. The nobleman acknowledged, that the revenge was hardly adequate to the provocation; and condemned the conduct of his son with such justice and integrity, as disarmed Peregrine of his resentment, and disposed him to give him an undoubted proof of his own disinterestedness, which he immediately exhibited, by producing the note, and tearing it to pieces, after having assured his lordship, that the writ should be withdrawn, and the prisoner discharged before night.

The earl, who perfectly well understood the value of money, and was no stranger to the character of mankind, stood amazed at this sacrifice, which Pickle protested was offered by his esteem for his lordship: and after having complimented him upon his generosity, in a very uncommon strain of encomium, begged the favour of his acquaintance, and insisted upon his dining with him next day. The youth, proud of having met with such an opportunity to distinguish himself, in less than an hour performed every article of his promise; and in the morning was visited by the debtor, who came by the express order

of his father, to thank him for the obligation under which he was laid, and to ask pardon for the offence he had given.

This condescension was very glorious for our hero, who graciously received his submission, and accompanied him to dinner, when he was caressed by the old earl with marks of particular affection and esteem. Nor was his gratitude confined to exterior civility; he offered him the use of his interest at court, which was very powerful, and repeated his desire of serving him so pressing, that Peregrine thought he could not dispense with the opportunity of assisting his absent friend Godfrey, in whose behalf he begged the influence of his lordship.

The earl, pleased with this request, which was another proof of the young gentleman's benevolence, said, he would not fail to pay the utmost regard to his recommendation; and in six weeks a captain's commission was actually signed for the brother of Emilia, who was very agreeably surprized at the intimation he received from the war-office, though he was utterly ignorant of the canal through which he obtained that promotion.

CHAP. XIII.

PEREGRINE IS CELEBRATED AS A WIT AND PATRON, AND PROCEEDS TO ENTERTAIN HIMSELF AT THE EXPENCE OF WHOM IT DID CONCERN.

IN the mean time, Peregrine flourished in the gay scenes of life, and (as I have already observed) had divers opportunities of profiting in the way of marriage, had not his ambition been a little too inordinate, and his heart still biased by a passion, which all the levity of youth could not balance, nor all the pride of vanity overcome. Nor was our hero unmarked in the world of letters and taste: he had signalized himself in several poetical productions, by which he had acquired a good share of reputation; not that the pieces were such as ought to have done much honour to his genius; but any tolerable performance from a person of his figure, and supposed fortune, will always be considered by the bulk of readers as an instance of astonishing capacity, though the very same production, uttered into the world with

the name of an author in less affluent circumstances, would be justly disregarded and despised: so much is the opinion of most people influenced and governed by ridiculous considerations.

Be this as it will, our young gentleman was no sooner distinguished as an author, than he was marked out as a patron by all the starving retainers to poetry; he was solemnized in odes, celebrated in epigrams, and fed with the milk of soft dedication. His vanity even relished this incense, and though his reason could not help despising those that offered it, not one of them was sent away unowned by his munificence. He began to think himself, in good earnest, that superior genius which their flattery had described; he cultivated acquaintance with the wits of fashion, and even composed in secret a number of bon mots, which he uttered in company as the impromptus of his imagination. In this practice, indeed, he imitated some of the most renowned geniuses of the age, who (if the truth were known) have laboured in secret, with the sweat of their brows, for many a repartee which they have vended as the immediate production of fancy and expression. He was so successful in this exercise of his talents, that his fame actually came in competition with that great man, who had long sat at the helm of wit: and in a dialogue that once happened between them, on the subject of a cork-crew, wherein the altercation was discharged (according to Baye) slap for slap, dash for dash, our hero was judged to have the better of his lordship, by some of the minor satellites that commonly surround and reflect the rays of such mighty luminaries.

In a word, he dipped himself so far in these literary amusements, that he took the management of the pit into his direction, putting himself at the head of those critics who call themselves the town; and in that capacity chastised several players who had been rendered insolent and refractory by unmerited success. As for the new productions of the stage, though generally unspiced and insipid, they always enjoyed the benefit of his influence and protection; because he never disliked the performance so much as he sympathized with the poor author, who stood behind the scenes in the most dreadful suspense, trembling, as it were, on the very brink

of damnation; yet, though he extended his generosity and compassion to the humble and needy, he never let slip one opportunity of mortifying villainy and arrogance. Had the executive power of the legislature been vested in him, he would have doubtless devised a strange species of punishment for all offenders against humanity and decorum; but, restricted as he was, he employed his invention in subjecting them to the ridicule and contempt of their fellow-subjects.

It was with this view he set on foot the scheme of conjuration, which was still happily carried on, and made use of the intelligence of his friend Cadwallader; though he sometimes converted this advantage to the purposes of gallantry, being (as the reader may have perceived) of a very amorous complexion. He not only acted the reformer, or rather the castigator, in the fashionable world, but also exercised his talents among the inferior class of people, who chanced to incur his displeasure.

One mischievous plan that entered our hero's imagination, was suggested by two advertisements published in the time paper, by persons who wanted to borrow certain sums of money, for which they promised to give undeniable security. Peregrine, from the style and manner of both, concluded they were written by attorneys, a species of people for whom he entertained his uncle's aversion. In order to amuse himself, and some of his friends, with their disappointment, he wrote a letter signed A. B. to each advertiser, according to the address specified in the newspaper, importing, that if he would come with his writings to a certain coffee-house near the Temple, precisely at six o'clock in the evening, he would find a person sitting in the right hand box next to the window, who would be glad to treat with him about the subject of his advertisement, and, should his security be liked, would accommodate him with the sum which he wanted to raise. Before the hour of this double appointment, Pickle, with his friend Cadwallader, and a few more gentlemen, to whom he had thought proper to communicate the plan, went to the coffee-house, and seated themselves near the place that was destined for their meeting.

The hope of getting money had such an evident effect upon their punctuality,

that one of them arrived a considerable time before the hour; and having reconnoitred the room, took his station according to the direction he had received, fixing his eyes upon a clock that stood before him, and asking of the bar-keeper if it was not too slow. He had not remained in this posture many minutes, when he was joined by a strange figure, that waddled into the room with a bundle of papers in his bosom, and the sweat running over his nose. Seeing a man in the box to which he had been directed, he took it for granted he was the lender; and as soon as he could recover his breath, which was almost exhausted by the dispatch he had made—

“Sir,” said he, “I presume you are the gentleman I was to meet about that loan.” Here he was interrupted by the other, who eagerly replied—“A. B.” “Sir, I suppose.”—“The same,” cried the last comer; “I was afraid I should be too late; for I was detained beyond my expectation, by a nobleman in the other end of the town that wants to mortgage a small trifle of his estate, about a thousand a year; and my watch happens to be in the hands of the maker, having met with an accident a few nights ago, which set it asleep. But howsoever, there’s no time lost, and I hope this affair will be transacted to the satisfaction of us both. For my own part, I love to do good offices myself, and therefore I expect nothing but what is fair and honest of other people.”

His new friend was exceedingly comforted by this declaration, which he considered as a happy omen of his success; and the hope of fingering the cash operated visibly in his countenance, while he expressed his satisfaction at meeting with a person of such candour and humanity. “The pleasure,” said he, “of dealing with an easy conscientious man, is, in my opinion, superior to that of touching all the money upon earth; for what joy can be compared with what a generous mind feels in befriending its fellow-creatures? I was never so happy in my life, as at one time in lending five hundred pounds to a worthy gentleman in distress, without insisting upon rigid security. Sir, one may easily distinguish an upright man by his countenance. For example now, I think I could take your word for ten thousand pounds.” The other with great joy protested, that

he was right in his conjecture, and returned the compliment a thousand fold: by which means the expectation of both was wound up to a very interesting pitch; and both at the same instant began to produce their papers, in the untying of which their hands shook with transports of eagerness and impatience, while their eyes were so intent upon their work, that they did not perceive the occupation of each other.

At length, one of them, having got the start of the other, and unrolled several skins of musty parchment, directed his view to the employment of his friend; and seeing him fumbling at his bundle, asked if that was a blank bond and conveyance which he had brought along with him. The other, without lifting up his eyes, or desisting from his endeavours to loose the knot, which by this time he had applied to his teeth, answered his question in the negative, observing, that the papers in his hand were the security which he proposed to give for the money.

This reply converted the looks of the enquirer into a stare of infinite stolidity, accompanied with the word, 'Anan!' which he pronounced in a tone of fear and astonishment. The other, alarmed at this note, cast his eyes towards the supposed lender, and was in a moment infected by his aspect. All the exultation of hope that sparkled in their eyes was now succeeded by disappointment and dismay; and while they gazed ruefully at each other, their features were gradually elongated, like the transient curls of a Middle-row periwig.

This emphatick silence was, however, broke by the last comer, who, in a faltering accent, desired the other to recollect the contents of his letter. 'Of your letter!' cried the first, putting into his hand the advertisement he had received from Pickle; which he had no sooner perused, than he produced his own for the satisfaction of the other party: so that another gloomy pause ensued, at the end of which each uttered a profound sigh, or rather groan, and rising up, sneaked off without farther communication; he who seemed to be the most afflicted of the two, taking his departure with an exclamation of—'Himbugged, egad!'

Such were the amusements of our hero, though they did not engross his whole time, some part of which was

dedicated to nocturnal riots and revels, among a set of young noblemen, who had denounced war against temperance, economy, and common sense, and were, indeed, the devoted sons of tumult, waste, and prodigality. Not that Peregrine relished those scenes, which were a succession of absurd extravagance, devoid of all true spirit, taste, and enjoyment: but his vanity prompted him to mingle with those who were intitled the choice spirits of the age; and his disposition was so pliable, as to adapt itself easily to the measures of his company, where he had not influence enough to act in the capacity of director. Their rendezvous was at a certain tavern, which might be properly styled the temple of excess, where they left the choice of their fare to the discretion of the landlord, that they might save themselves the pains of exercising their own reason; and in order to avoid the trouble of adjusting the bill, ordered the waiter to declare how much every individual must pay, without specifying the articles of the charge. This proportion generally amounted to two guineas per head for each dinner and supper, and frequently exceeded that sum; of which the landlord durst not abate, without running the risk of having his nose slit for his moderation.

But this was a puny expence, compared with that which they often incurred by the damage done to the furniture and servants, in the madness of their intoxication, as well as the loss they sustained at hazard, an amusement to which all of them had recourse in the progress of their debauches. This elegant diversion was introduced, encouraged, and promoted, by a crew of rapacious sharpers, who had made themselves necessary companions to this hopeful generation, by the talent of jimping and buffoonery. Though they were universally known, even by those they preyed upon, to have no other means of earning their livelihood, than the most infamous and fraudulent practices, they were caressed and courted by these infatuated dupes, when a man of honour, who would not join in their excesses, would have been treated with the utmost indignity and contempt.

Though Peregrine, in his heart, detested those abandoned courtesies, and was a professed enemy to the whole society of gamblers, whom he considered and always treated as the foes of human kind,

he was insensibly accustomed to licentious riot, and even led imperceptibly into play by those cormorants, who are no less dangerous in the art of cheating, than by their consummate skill in working upon the passions of unwary youth. They are, for the most part, naturally cool, phlegmatick, and crafty, and by a long habit of dissimulation, have gained an absolute dominion over the hasty passions of the heart; so that they engage with manifest advantage over the impatience and impetuosity of a warm, undesigning temper, like that of our young gentleman, who, when he was heated

with wine, misled by example, invited on one hand, and defied on the other, forgot all his maxims of caution and sobriety, and plunging into the reigning folly of the place, had frequent occasions to moralize in the morning upon the loss of the preceding night.

These penitential reflections were attended with many laudable resolutions of profiting by the experience which he had so dearly purchased; but he was one of those philosophers, who always put off, till another day, the commencement of their reformation.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

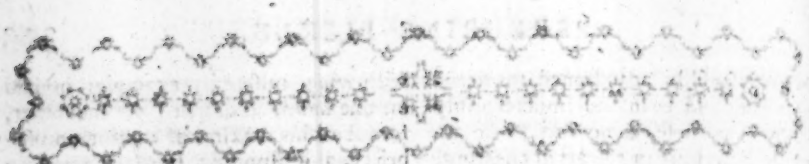
I have replied to the letter of the gentleman, who has been so good as to send me the copy of the third volume of the Pickle, and I am very much obliged to him for the trouble he has taken in sending it me. I have read it with great pleasure, and I am very much obliged to him for the trouble he has taken in sending it me. I have read it with great pleasure, and I am very much obliged to him for the trouble he has taken in sending it me.

I have replied to the letter of the gentleman, who has been so good as to send me the copy of the third volume of the Pickle, and I am very much obliged to him for the trouble he has taken in sending it me. I have read it with great pleasure, and I am very much obliged to him for the trouble he has taken in sending it me.

I have replied to the letter of the gentleman, who has been so good as to send me the copy of the third volume of the Pickle, and I am very much obliged to him for the trouble he has taken in sending it me. I have read it with great pleasure, and I am very much obliged to him for the trouble he has taken in sending it me.

I have replied to the letter of the gentleman, who has been so good as to send me the copy of the third volume of the Pickle, and I am very much obliged to him for the trouble he has taken in sending it me. I have read it with great pleasure, and I am very much obliged to him for the trouble he has taken in sending it me.

Through Peregrine's in the head, which those abandoned copies, and a professed enemy to the whole, were sent as the face of human kind. Through Peregrine's in the head, which those abandoned copies, and a professed enemy to the whole, were sent as the face of human kind.



THE
ADVANTAGES
OF

PERFECT PICKLE

VOLUME THE FOURTH

CHAP. I

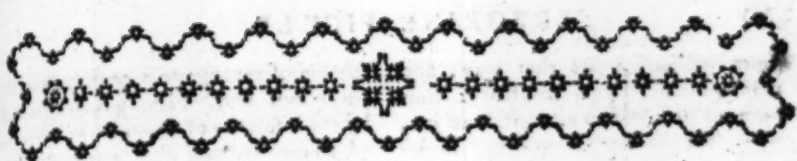
THE FIRST OF THE SERIES A LETTER
FROM HARTLEY, IN CON-
SEQUENCE OF WHICH HE RE-
TOURNE THE FIRST OF THE
TO THE HARRISON, AND PER-
HIS ABSENCE HE IS VISITED BY
MR. GARRISON, WHO INVITES
HIM TO HIS MARRIAGE.

It is the first of a series of
our first, and was par-
ticularly, and few young
people of the age en-
joyed life with greater re-
sult, notwithstanding that
the following checks of Richard, which
lasted only to what his appearance for a
portion of the pleasure, the to pro-
duce, and when he received
the following letter, by which he was
determined to visit his estate in the coun-
try.

COUSIN PICKLE

I hope you are in a better mood than
your aunt, who has been half
moored to her bed this seven weeks
by several tons of under-water logging
in her hold and hollow, whereby I
doubt her planks are rotted, so as she
cannot shake but fall to pieces in a
short time. I have done all in my
power to keep her tight and safe, and

has been under the same for months
overhead in her. And here have been
the days, and have been her power
back, and set out six gallons of water
for my own part. I wonder how the
last it came there, for you know as
how it was a paper, the never took in,
but as for those fellows the doctors,
they are like unskillful carpenters, that
in mending one leak make a couple,
and so the ship again apace. But the
world is of all in this here, the won-
der a ship of Nature to be with the
counting of her teeth, and has done
for the number of her under-stand-
whereby the jaws would in her
space, palavering about some foreign
part called the New Government, and
wishing herself in a late birth in the
river Gordon. I the person, I must
try, strives to keep her steady conceiv-
ing the navigation of her soul, and
talks very sensibly of charity and the
good, whereof she has left a legacy
of two hundred pounds in her will.
And here has been Mr. Gamaliel, and
your brother, my lord, demanding en-
trance at the gate, in order to see her,
but I would not suffer them to come
aboard, and pointed my pointers,
which made them fiercer off. Your
sister, Mrs. Clover, keeps close watch
upon her kindwoman, without ever
turning in, and a kind-hearted young
woman it is. I should be glad to see
you at the Garrison, if the wind of
your



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
P E R E G R I N E P I C K L E.
VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CHAP. I.

PEREGRINE RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HATCHWAY, IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH HE REPAIRS TO THE GARRISON, AND PERFORMS THE LAST OFFICE TO HIS AUNT. HE IS VISITED BY MR. GAUNTLET, WHO INVITES HIM TO HIS MARRIAGE.



In this circle of amusements our hero's time was parcelled out, and few young gentlemen of the age enjoyed life with greater relish, notwithstanding those intervening checks of Reason, which served only to whet his appetite for a repetition of the pleasures she so prudently condemned; when he received the following letter, by which he was determined to visit his estate in the country.

' COUSIN PICKLE,

I Hope you are in a better trim than your aunt, who has been fast moored to her bed these seven weeks by several feet of under-water logging in her hold and hollop, whereby I doubt her planks are rotted, so as she cannot chuse but fall to pieces in a short time. I have done all in my power to keep her tight and easy, and

' free from sudden squalls that might overstrain her. And here have been the doctors, who have skuttled her lower deck, and let out six gallons of water. For my own part, I wonder how the devil it came there; for you know as how it was a liquor she never took in. But as for those fellows the doctors, they are like unskilful carpenters, that in mending one leak make a couple; and so she fills again apace. But the worst sign of all is this here, she won't let a drop of Nantz go betwixt the combings of her teeth, and has quite lost the rudder of her understanding, whereby she yaws woundily in her speech, palavering about some foreign part called the New Geereusalem, and wishing herself in a safe birth in the river Geordun. The parson, I must say, strives to keep her steady concerning the navigation of her soul, and talks very sensibly of charity and the poor, whereof she hath left a legacy of two hundred pounds in her will. And here has been Mr. Gamaliel, and your brother, my lord, demanding entrance at the gate, in order to see her; but I would not suffer them to come aboard, and pointed my patereroes, which made them steer off. Your sister, Mrs. Clover, keeps close watch upon her kinswoman, without ever turning in; and a kind-hearted young woman it is. I should be glad to see you at the garrison, if the wind of your

“Your inclination fits that way; and mayhap it may be a comfort to your aunt to behold you along-side of her, when her anchor is apeak. So no more at present, but rests your friend and humble servant to command,

JOHN HATCHWAY.”

Next morning, after the receipt of this epistle, Peregrine, in order to manifest his regard to his aunt, as well as his friendship for honest Jack, set out on horseback for their habitation, attended by Pipes, who longed to see his old messmate; but before he reached the garrison, Mrs. Hatchway had given up the ghost, in the threescore and fifth year of her age. The widower seemed to bear his loss with resignation, and behaved very decently upon the occasion, though he did not undergo those dangerous transports of sorrow which some tender hearted husbands have felt at the departure of their wives. The lieutenant was naturally a philosopher, and so well disposed to acquiesce in the dispensations of Providence, that in this, as well as in every other emergency of his life, he firmly believed, that every thing which happened was for the best.

Peregrine’s task, therefore, was not so great in comforting him, as in consoling his own sister, who with great poignancy and sincerity of grief lamented the death of the only relation with whom she had maintained any intimacy of correspondence; for her mother was as implacable as ever in her enmity against her and Peregrine, and rather more determined in her rancour, that which was originally a sudden transport of indignation being by this time settled into a confirmed inveteracy of hate. As for Gam, who was now dignified by the country people with the appellation of the young squire, he still acted in the capacity of minister to the caprice and vengeance of his mother, taking all opportunities of disturbing Julia’s peace, slandering her reputation, and committing outrages against the tenants and domesticks of her husband, who was a man of a quiet and timorous disposition.

But the chief amusement of young Pickle, in his later years, was the chase, in which he acquired some renown by his intrepidity and remarkable figure, which improved every day in deformity; inasmuch, as to suggest a ludicrous

scheme of revenge to a gentleman in the neighbourhood. Having been affronted by the insolence of Crookback, he clothed a large baboon that was in his possession in a dress that resembled the hunting equipage of Gam, and ordering the animal to be set astride, and tied up on the back of his keenest hunter, turned them out one day after the hounds. The horse in a little time out-stripping all the rest in the field, the rider was mistaken for Gam by the whole company, who saluted him as he passed with an halloo, observing that the squire had his usual good luck, in being better mounted than his neighbours. Pickle afterwards appearing in his own person, created great astonishment in the spectators, one of whom asked if he had split himself in twain, and pointed out his representative, who was by this time almost up with the hounds: upon which, the identical Gam went in pursuit of the impostor. When he overtook him, he was so much enraged at the counterfeit, that he attacked the baboon whip in hand, and in all probability would have sacrificed him to his resentment, had he not been prevented by the other fox-hunters. They interposed, in order to make up the difference betwixt two brothers of the sport, and were equally surprized and diverted, when they distinguished the quality of Crookback’s antagonist, which they rescued from his rage, and re-conveyed to its master.

Peregrine, at the request of his friend Jack, took charge of his aunt’s funeral, to which his parents were invited, though they did not think proper to appear, or pay the least regard to his solicitations, when he desired permission to wait upon them in person. Nevertheless, old Gamaliel, at the instigation of his wife, afterwards obtained an order from Doctor’s Commons, obliging Hatchway to produce the will of his wife, on the supposition that she had bequeathed to him some part of the money which (he knew) was at her own disposal. But from this step he reaped no other satisfaction than that of finding himself altogether neglected by the testatrix, who had left all her effects to her husband, except one thousand pounds, with her jewels, to Julia’s daughter, the benefaction mentioned in the lieutenant’s letter, and some inconsiderable legacies to her favourite domesticks.

A few

A few days after the interment of this good lady, our hero was agreeably surprised with a visit from his friend Godfrey, who had come to England in consequence of that promotion which he owed to his interest, though the soldier himself placed it to the credit of a certain courtier who had formerly promised to befriend him, and now finding his advancement unowned, very modestly arrogated the merit of it to himself. He communicated his good fortune to Pickle, who complimented him upon it as an event of which he had no precognition; and at the same time told him, that, in consequence of his preference, his cousin at Windsor had consented to his being immediately united in the bands of wedlock with his lovely Sophy; that the wedding-day was already fixed; and that nothing would be wanting to his happiness, if Peregrine would honour the nuptials with his presence.

Our hero accepted the invitation with great eagerness, when he learned that Emilia would be there in quality of bride's maid; and now repeated what he had formerly written to his friend, namely, that he was not only willing, but extremely impatient, to atone for his mad behaviour to that young lady, by laying himself and his whole fortune at her feet. Godfrey thanked him for his honourable intention, and promised to use his influence, and that of Sophy, in his behalf, though he seemed dubious of their success, on account of his sister's delicacy, which could not pardon the least shadow of disrespect. He owned, indeed, he was not certain that she would appear in the same company with Pickle; but as she had made no stipulation on the score, he would interpret her silence in the most favourable manner, and keep her in ignorance of his design, until she should find it too late to retract with any decency. The hope of seeing and conversing with Emilia, and perhaps of being reconciled to her, after having suffered so much and so long from her displeasure, raised a tumult of ideas in his breast, and produced a strange inquietude of joy and perturbation. Gauntlet having said with him a few days, and signified the time appointed for his departure, took his leave, in order to prepare for the occasion; while Peregrine, with his friend Hatchway,

made a tour among his acquaintance in the country, with a view of sounding their inclinations touching a project which he had lately conceived, of offering himself as a candidate for a certain borough in the neighbourhood, at the ensuing election for members of parliament.

This scheme, which was suggested to him by one of his quality patrons, would have succeeded according to his wish, had the election taken place immediately; but before that happened, his interest was overbalanced by some small accidents that will be recorded in the sequel. In the mean time he repaired to Windsor, on the eve of his friend's marriage, and understood from Godfrey that it was with the utmost difficulty he and Sophy could prevail upon his sister to be present at the wedding, when she was informed that her lover was invited; and that her consent had not been obtained, until they had promised, on the part of Peregrine, that he should not renew the old topic, nor even speak to her in the style of a former acquaintance.

Our young gentleman was nettled at this preliminary, to which, however, he said he would adhere, and so well did he think himself fortified with pride and resentment, that he resolved to behave towards her with such indifference, as would, he hoped, mortify her vanity, and thereby punish her for the implacability of her disposition. Armed with these sentiments, he was next day introduced by Godfrey to the bride, who received him with her usual sweetness of temper and affability; and Emilia being present, he saluted her with a distant bow, which she acknowledged with a cold courtesy, and an aspect of ice. Though this deportment confirmed his displeasure, her beauty undermined his resolution; he thought her charms were infinitely improved since their last parting; and a thousand fond images recurring to his imagination, he felt his whole soul dissolving into tenderness and love.

In order to banish those dangerous ideas, he endeavoured to enter into a gay conversation with Sophy, on the subject of the approaching ceremony; but his tongue performed its office awkwardly; his eyes were attracted towards Emilia, as if they had been subject to the power of fascination; in spite of all

his efforts, a deep sigh escaped from his bosom; and his whole appearance indicated anxiety and confusion.

The bridegroom perceiving his condition, abridged the visit, and having conducted his companion to his own lodgings, expressed his concern at having been the innocent occasion of his uneasiness, by exposing him to the sight of Emilia, which he perceived had given him pain. Peregrine, who had by this time recollected the dictates of his pride, assured him, that he was very much mistaken in the cause of his disorder, which was no other than a sudden qualm, to which he had been for some time subject; and to shew him how philosophically he could bear the disdain of Emilia, which, with a deference to her conduct, he could not help thinking a little too severe, he desired, as the bridegroom had made preparation for a private ball in the evening, that he would provide him with an agreeable partner; in which case he would exhibit undoubted proofs of the tranquillity of his heart. 'I was in hopes,' answered Godfrey, 'of being able, with the assistance of Sophy, to make up matters between you and my sister, and for that reason kept her unengaged to any other gentleman for the night; but since she was so peevishly obstinate, I shall take care to accommodate you with a very handsome young lady, whose partner will not be sorry to exchange her for Emilia.'

The thoughts of having an opportunity to coquet with another woman, under the eye of his implacable mistress, supported his spirits during the ceremony, which put Gauntlet in possession of his heart's desire; and, by means of this cordial, he found himself so undisturbed at dinner, though he sat opposite to his fair enemy, that he was able to pass some occasional jokes upon the new-married couple, with some appearance of mirth and good-humour. Nor did Emily any otherwise seem affected by his presence, than by excepting him from the participation of those genial regards which she distributed to the rest of the company. This calmness of behaviour on her side, reinforced his resolution, by giving him pretence to call her sensibility in question; for he could not conceive how any woman of acute feelings could sit unmoved, in presence of a man with whom she had

such recent and intimate connections; not considering that she had much more reason to condemn his affection of unconcern, and that her external deportment might, like his own, be an effort of pride and resentment.

This contest, in point of dissimulation, continued till night, when the company was paired for dancing, and Peregrine began the ball by walking a minuet with the bride; then he took out the young lady to whom he was recommended by Gauntlet, being very well pleased to see that her person was such as might have inspired even Emily herself with jealousy, though, at the same time, he perceived his mistress coupled with a gay young officer, whom (with all due deference to his own qualifications) he considered as no despicable rival. However, he himself first began hostilities, by becoming all of a sudden particular with his partner, when he forthwith assailed with flattering compliments, that soon introduced the subject of love, upon which he expatiated with great art and elocution, using not only the faculty of speech, but also the language of the eyes, in which he was a perfect connoisseur.

This behaviour soon manifested itself to the whole assembly, the greatest part of whom believed that he was in good earnest captivated by the charms of his partner, while Emilia penetrating into his design, turned his own artillery upon himself, by seeming to listen with pleasure to the addresses of his rival, who was no novice in the art of making love; she even affected uncommon vivacity, and giggled aloud at every whisper which he conveyed into her ear, insomuch that she, in her turn, afforded speculation to the company, who imagined the young soldier had made a conquest of the bridegroom's sister.

Pickle himself began to cherish the same opinion, which gradually invaded his good-humour, and at length filled his bosom with rage. He strove to suppress his indignation, and called every consideration of vanity and revenge to his aid; he endeavoured to wear his eyes from the fatal object that disturbed him, but they would not obey his direction and command; he wished himself deprived of all sensation, when he heard her laugh and saw her smile upon the officer; and, in the course of country-dancing, when he was obliged to join

his hands with her, the touch thrilled through all his nerves, and kindled a flame within him which he could not contain. In a word, his endeavours to conceal the situation of his thoughts were so violent, that his constitution could not endure the shock; the sweat ran down his forehead in a stream, the colour vanished from his cheeks, his knees began to totter, and his eye-sight to fail; so that he must have fallen at his full length upon the floor, had not he retired very abruptly into another room, where he threw himself upon a couch and fainted.

In this condition he was found by his friend, who seeing him withdraw with such symptoms of disorder, followed him quickly; and when he recovered the use of his faculties, pressed him to make use of a bed in that house, rather than expose himself in the night air, by going home to his own lodgings; but not being able to prevail upon him to accept the offer, he wrapped him up in a cloak, and conducting him to the inn where he lodged, helped him to undress and go to bed, where he was immediately seized with a violent fit of the ague. Godfrey behaved with great tenderness, and would have actually bore him company all night, notwithstanding the circumstances of his own situation, had not his friend insisted upon his returning to the company, and making his apology to his partner for his sudden departure.

This was a step absolutely necessary towards maintaining the quiet of the assembly, which he found in great consternation, occasioned by his absence; for some of the ladies seeing the bridegroom follow the stranger in his retreat, the meaning of which they did not comprehend, began to be afraid of a quarrel. Emilia, upon pretence of that supposition, was so much alarmed, that she could not stand, and was fain to have recourse to a smelling-bottle.

The bride, who understood the whole mystery, was the only person that acted with deliberation and composure; she imputed Emilia's disorder to the right cause, which was no other than concern for the condition of her lover, and assured the ladies there was nothing extraordinary in Mr. Pickle's going off, he being subject to fainting fits, by which he was often overtaken without any previous notice. The arrival of Gauntlet confirmed the truth of this de-

claration; he made an apology to the company in the name of his friend, who, he told them, was suddenly taken ill, and they returned to their diversion of dancing: with this vacation; Emilia was so disordered and fatigued, that she begged to be excused from continuing the exercise; and Peregrine's partner being disengaged, was paired with the young officer, for whom she was originally designed.

Meanwhile, the bride withdrew into another apartment, with her sister, and expostulated with her upon her cruelty to Mr. Pickle; assuring her, from Godfrey's information, that he had undergone a severe fit on her account, which, in all likelihood, would have a dangerous effect upon his constitution. Though Emily was inflexible in her answers to the kind remonstrances of the gentle Sophy, her heart was melting with the impressions of pity and love; and finding herself unable to perform the duty of her function, in putting the bride to bed, she retired to her own chamber, and, in secret, sympathized with the distemper of her lover.

In the morning, as early as decency would permit him to leave the arms of his dear wife, Captain Gauntlet made a visit to Peregrine, who had passed a very tedious and uneasy night, having been subject to short intervals of delirium, during which Pipes had found it very difficult to keep him fast belayed. He owned indeed to Godfrey, that his imagination had been haunted by the ideas of Emilia and her officer, which tormented him to an unspeakable degree of anguish and distraction; and that he would rather suffer death than a repetition of such excruciating reflections. He was, however, comforted by his friend; who assured him, that his sister's inclinations would in time prevail over all the endeavours of resentment and pride, illustrating this asseveration by an account of the manner in which she was affected by the knowledge of his disorder, and advising him to implore the mediation of Sophy, in a letter which she should communicate to Emilia.

This was an opportunity which our hero thought too favourable to be neglected; calling for paper, he sat up in his bed, and in the first transports of his emotion, wrote the following petition to Godfrey's amiable wife.

T t

DEAR

DEAR MADAM,

THE affliction of a contrite heart can never appeal to your benevolence in vain, and therefore I presume to approach you, in this season of delight, with the language of sorrow, requesting that you will espouse the cause of an unhappy lover, who mourns with unutterable anguish over his ruined hope, and intercede for my pardon with that divine creature, whom, in the intemperance and excess of passion, I have so mortally offended. Good Heaven! is my guilt inexpiable? Am I excluded from all hope of remission? Am I devoted to misery and despair? I have offered all the atonement which the most perfect and sincere penitence could suggest, and she rejects my humility and repentance. If her resentment would pursue me to the grave, let her signify her pleasure; and may I be branded with the name of villain, and remembered with infamy and detestation to all posterity, if I hesitate one moment in sacrificing a life which is odious to Emilia. Ah! Madam, while I thus pour forth the effusions of my grief and distraction, I look around the apartment in which I lie, and every well-known object that salutes my view, recalls to my remembrance that fond, that happy day, on which the fair, the good, the tender-hearted Sophy, became my advocate, though I was a stranger to her acquaintance, and effected a transporting reconciliation between me and that same enchanting beauty, that is now so implacably incensed. If she is not satisfied with the pangs of remorse and disappointment, the transports of madness I have undergone, let her prescribe what farther penance she thinks I ought to endure; and when I decline her sentence, let me be the object of her eternal disdain.

I commit myself, dear Madam! dear Sophy! dear partner of my fate, to your kind interposition. I know you will manage my cause, as a concern on which my happiness entirely depends; and I hope every thing from your compassion and beneficence, while I fear every thing from her rigour and barbarity. Yes! I call it barbarity, a savageness of delicacy, altogether inconsistent with the tender-

ness of human nature: and may the most abject contempt be my portion, if I live under it's scourge!—But I begin to rave. I conjure you by your own humanity and sweetness of disposition, I conjure you by your love for the man whom Heaven hath decreed your protector, to employ your influence with that angel of wrath, in behalf of your obliged and obedient servant,

P. PICKLE.

This epistle was immediately transmitted by Godfrey to his wife, who perused it with marks of the most humane sympathy; and carrying it into her sister's chamber—Here is something, said she, presenting the paper, which I must recommend to your serious attention. Emilia, who immediately guessed the meaning of this address, absolutely refused to look upon it, or even to hear it read, till her brother entering her apartment, reprimanded her sharply for her obstinacy and pride, accused her of folly and dissimulation, and entered so warmly into the interests of his friend, that she thought him unkind in his remonstrances, and bursting into a flood of tears, reproached him with partiality and want of affection. Godfrey, who entertained the most perfect love and veneration for his sister, asked pardon for having given offence, and kissing the drops from her fair eyes, begged she would for his sake listen to the declaration of his friend.

Thus solicited, she could not refuse to hear the letter; which when he had repeated, she lamented her own fate in being the occasion of so much uneasiness; desiring her brother to assure Mr. Pickle that she was not a voluntary enemy to his peace; on the contrary, she wished him all happiness, though she hoped he would not blame her for consulting her own, in avoiding any future explanation or connection with a person whose correspondence she found herself under a necessity to renounce.

In vain did the new-married couple exhaust their eloquence in attempting to prove, that the reparation which our hero had offered was adequate to the injury she had sustained; that in reconciling herself to a penitent lover, who submitted to her own terms of submission,

son, her honour would be acquitted by the most scrupulous and severe judges of decorum; and that her inflexibility would be justly ascribed to the pride and insensibility of her heart. She turned a deaf ear to all their arguments, exhortations, and entreaties, and threatened to leave the house immediately, if they would not promise to drop that subject of discourse.

Godfrey, very much chagrined at the late success of his endeavours, returned to his friend, and made as favourable a report of the affair as the nature of his conversation with Emilia would permit: but as he could not avoid mentioning her resolution in the closet, Peregrine was obliged to drink again the bitter draught of disappointment, which put his passion into such a state of agitation, as produced a short extasy of despair, in which he acted a thousand extravagancies. This paroxysm, however, soon subsided into a settled reserve of gloomy resentment, which he in secret indulged, detaching himself as soon as possible from the company of the soldier, on pretence of retreating to rest.

While he lay ruminating upon the circumstances of his present situation, his friend Pipes, who knew the cause of his anxiety, and firmly believed that Emilia loved his master in her heart, howsoever she might attempt to disguise her sentiments; I say, Thomas was taken with a conceit which he thought would set every thing to rights, and therefore put it into execution without farther delay. Laying aside his hat, he ran directly to the house of Sophy's father, and affecting an air of surprize and consternation, to which he had never before been subject, thundered at the door with such an alarming knock, as in a moment brought the whole family into the hall. When he was admitted, he began to gape, stare, and pant, at the same time, and made no reply, when Godfrey asked what was the matter, till Mrs. Gauntlet expressed her apprehensions about his master. When Pickle's name was mentioned, he seemed to make an effort to speak, and in a bel-lowing tone pronounced—'Brought himself up, split my top-sails!' So saying, he pointed to his own neck, and rose upon his tiptoes, by way of explaining the meaning of his words.

Godfrey, without staying to ask another question, rushed out, and flew to-

wards the inn, with the utmost horror and concern; while Sophy, who did not rightly understand the language of the messenger, addressing herself to him a second time, said with great earnestness, 'I hope no accident has happened to Mr. Pickle!'—'No accident at all,' replied Tom; 'he has only hanged himself for love.' These words had scarce proceeded from his mouth, when Emilia, who stood listening at the parlour door, shrieked aloud, and dropped down senseless upon the floor; while her sister, who was almost equally shocked at the intelligence, had recourse to the assistance of her maid, by whom she was supported from falling.

Pipes hearing Emily's voice, congratulated himself upon the success of his stratagem. He sprung to her assistance, and lifting her up into an easy-chair, stood by her, until he saw her recover from her swoon, and heard her call upon his master's name with all the frenzy of despairing love. Then he bent his course back to the inn, overjoyed at the opportunity of telling Peregrine what a confession he had extorted from his mistress, and extremely vain of this proof of his own sagacity.

In the mean time, Godfrey arriving at the house in which he supposed this fatal catastrophe had happened, ran up stairs to Peregrine's chamber, without staying to make any enquiry below; and finding the door locked, burst it open with one stroke of his foot. But what was his amazement, when, upon entrance, our hero starting up from the bed, saluted him with a boisterous exclamation of 'Z—ds! who's there?' He was struck dumb with astonishment, which also rivetted him to the place where he stood, scarce crediting the testimony of his own senses; till Peregrine, with an air of discontent, which denoted him displeased with his intrusion, dispelled his apprehension by a second address, saying—'I see you consider me as a friend, by your using me without ceremony.'

The soldier, thus convinced of the falshood of the information he had received, began to imagine that Pickle had projected the plan which was executed by his servant; and looking upon it as a piece of unjustifiable finess, which might be attended with very melancholy consequences to his sister or wife, he answered, in a supercilious tone, that Mr. Pickle must blame himself for the

interruption of his repose, which was entirely owing to the sorry jest he had set on foot.

Pickle, who was the child of passion, and more than half mad with impatience before this visit, hearing himself treated in such a cavalier manner, advanced close up to Godfrey's breast, and assuming a stern, or rather frantic countenance—"Hark ye, Sir!" said he; "you are mistaken if you think I jest; I am in downright earnest, I assure you." Gauntlet, who was not a man to be brow-beaten, seeing himself thus bearded by a person of whose conduct he had, he thought, reason to complain, put on his military look of defiance, and erecting his chest, replied with an exalted voice—"Mr. Pickle, whether you was in jest or earnest, you must give me leave to tell you, that the scheme was childish, unseamable, and unkind, not to give it a harsher term."—"Death, Sir!" cried our adventurer, "you trifle with my disquiet: if there is any meaning in your insinuation, explain yourself, and then I shall know what answer it will best me to give."—"I came with very different sentiments," resumed the soldier; "but since you urge me to expostulation, and behave with such unprovoked softness of displeasure, I will, without circumlocution, tax you with having committed an outrage upon the peace of my family, in sending your fellow to alarm us with such an abrupt account of your having done violence upon yourself." Peregrine, confounded at this imputation, stood silent, with a most savage aspect of surprise, eager to know the circumstance to which his accuser alluded; and incensed to find it beyond the sphere of his comprehension.

While these two irritated friends stood fronting each other with mutual indignation in their eyes and attitudes, they were joined by Pipes; who, without taking the least notice of the situation in which he found them, told his master, that he might up with the top gallant-mast of his heart; and out with his rejoicing pendants; for as to Mistress Emily, he had clapped her helm a weather, the vessel wore, and now she was upon the other tack, standing right into the harbour of his good-will.

Peregrine, who was not yet a confidant in the terms of his Jaquety, commanded him, upon pain of his dis-

pleasure, to be more explicit in his intelligence; and by dint of divers questions, obtained a perfect knowledge of the scheme which he had put in execution for his service. This information perplexed him not a little; he would have chastised his servant upon the spot for his temerity, had he not plainly perceived that the fellow's intention was to promote his ease and satisfaction; and on the other hand he knew not how to acquit himself of the suspicion which he saw Godfrey entertained of his being the projector of the plan, without condescending to an explanation, which his present disposition could not brook. After some pause, however, turning to Pipes with a severe frown—"Rascal!" said he; "this is the second time I have suffered in the opinion of that lady by your ignorance and presumption; if ever you intermeddle in my affairs for the future, without express order and direction, by all that's sacred, I will put you to death without mercy! Away! and let my horse be saddled this instant."

Pipes having withdrawn, in order to perform this piece of duty, our young gentleman addressing himself again to the soldier, and laying his hand upon his breast, said, with a solemnity of regard—"Captain Gauntlet, upon my honour, I am altogether innocent of that shallow device which you impute to my invention; and I don't think you do justice either to my intellects or honour, in supposing me capable of such insolent absurdity. As for your sister, I have once in my life affronted her in the madness and impetuosity of desire; but I have made such acknowledgments, and offered such atonement, as few women of her sphere would have refused; and, before God! I am determined to endure every torment of disappointment and despair, rather than prostrate myself again to the cruelty of her unjustifiable pride." So saying, he stalked suddenly down stairs, and took horse immediately; his spirits being supported by resentment, which prompted him to vow within himself, that he would seek consolation for the disdain of Emilia, in the possession of the first willing wench he should meet upon the road.

While he set out for the garrison with these sentiments, Gauntlet in a suspense, between anger, shame, and concern, returned

turned to the house of his father-in-law, where he found his sister still violently agitated from the news of Peregrine's death, the mystery of which he forthwith unravelled, recounting at the same time the particulars of the conversation which happened at the inn, and describing the demeanour of Pickle with some expressions of asperity, which were neither agreeable to Emilia, nor approved by the gentle Sophy, who tenderly chid him, for allowing Peregrine to depart in terms of misunderstanding.

CHAP. II.

PEREGRINE SETS OUT FOR THE GARRISON, AND MEETS WITH A NYMPH ON THE ROAD, WHOM HE TAKES INTO KEEPING, AND METAMORPHOSES INTO A FINE LADY.

IN the mean time, our hero jogged along in a profound reverie, which was disturbed by a beggar-woman and her daughter, who solicited him for alms, as he passed them on the road. The girl was about the age of sixteen, and notwithstanding the wretched equipage in which she appeared, exhibited to his view a set of agreeable features, enlivened with the complexion of health and cheerfulness. The resolution I have already mentioned was still warm in his imagination; and he looked upon this young mendicant as a very proper object for the performance of his vow. He therefore entered into a conference with the mother, and for a small sum of money purchased her property in the wench, who did not require much courtship and entreaty, before she consented to accompany him to any place that he should appoint for her habitation.

This contract being settled to his satisfaction, he ordered Pipes to seat his acquisition behind him upon the crupper, and alighting at the first public-house which they found upon the road, he wrote a letter to Hatchway, desiring him to receive this hedge-inamorata, and direct her to be cleaned and clothed in a decent manner with all expedition, so that she should be touchable upon his arrival, which (on that account) he would defer for the space of one day. This billet, together with the girl, he committed to the charge of Pipes, after

having laid strong injunctions upon him to abstain from all attempts upon her chastity, and ordered him to make the best of his way to the garrison, while he himself crossed the country to a market-town, where he proposed to spend the night.

Tom, thus cautioned, proceeded with his charge, and being naturally taciturn, opened not his lips until he had performed the best half of his journey. But Thomas, notwithstanding his iron appearance, was in reality composed of flesh and blood. His desire being titulated by the contact of a buxom wench, whose right-arm embraced his middle as he rode, his thoughts began to mutiny against his master, and he found it almost impossible to withstand the temptation of making love.

Nevertheless, he wrestled with these rebellious suggestions with all the reason that Heaven had enabled him to exert; and that being totally overcome, his victorious passion suddenly broke out in this address: 'Shblood! a believe master think I have no more stuff 'in my body than a dried haddock, to 'turn me adrift in the dark with such 'a spunker. D'ye think he don't, my 'dear?' To this question his fellow-traveller replied—'Swanker anant! And the lover resumed his suit, saying, 'Oons! 'how you tickle my timber! Some- 'thing shoots from your arm through 'my slowage, to the very keel-stone. 'Hant you got quicksilver in your 'hand?'—'Quicksilver!' said the lady. 'D—n the silver that has crossed my 'hand this month. D'ye think if I 'had silver, I shouldn't buy me a 'smock?'—'Adspooks! you baggage,' cried the lover, 'you shouldn't want a 'smock, nor a petticoat neither, if you 'could have a kindness for a true- 'hearted sailor, as sound and strong as 'a nine-inch cable, that would keep 'all clear above-board, and every thing 'saug under the hatches.'—'Curse 'your gum,' said the charmer, 'what's 'your gay balls and your hatches to 'me?'—'Do but let us bring to a 'little,' answered the wooer, whose appetite was by this time whetted to a most ravenous degree, 'and I'll teach you to 'box the compass, my dear. Ah! you 'strapper, what a jolly bitch you are!'—'Bitch!' exclaimed this modern dulcinea, incensed at the opprobrious term; 'such a bitch as your mother, you dog!'

D—n

D—n you, I've a good mind to box your jaws instead of your come-piss. I'll let you know as how I am meat for your master, you saucy black-guard. You are worse than a dog, you old flinty faced, flea-bitten scrub: a dog wears his own coat, but you wear your master's.

Such a torrent of disgraceful epithets from a person who had no cloaths at all, converted the gallant's love into choler, and he threatened to dismount and seize her to a tree, when she should have a taste of his cat and nine tails athwart her quarters; but, instead of being intimidated by his menaces, she set him at defiance, and held forth with such a flow of eloquence, as would have entitled her to a considerable share of reputation, even among the nymphs of Billingsgate; for this young lady, over and above a natural genius for altercation, had her talents cultivated among the venerable society of weeders, podders, and hoppers, with whom she had associated from her tender years. No wonder then, that she soon obtained a compleat victory over Pipes, who (as the reader may have observed) was very little addicted to the exercise of speech; indeed he was utterly disconcerted by her volubility of tongue; and being altogether unfurnished with answers to the distinct periods of her discourse, very wisely chose to save himself the expence of breath and argument, by giving her a full swing of cable, so that she might bring herself up; while he rode onwards, in silent composure, without taking any more notice of his fair fellow-traveller than if she had been his master's cloak-bag.

In spite of all the dispatch he could make, it was late before he arrived at the garrison, where he delivered the letter and the lady to the lieutenant, who no sooner understood the intention of his friend, than he ordered all the tubs in the house to be carried into the hall and filled with water. Tom having provided himself with swabs and brushes, divested the fair stranger of her variegated drapery, which was immediately committed to the flames, and performed upon her soft and sleek person the ceremony of scrubbing, as it is practised on board of the king's ships of war. Yet the nymph herself did not submit to this purification without repining; she cursed the director, who was upon

the spot, with many abusive allusions to his wooden leg; and as for Pipes, the operator, she employed her talons so effectually upon his face, that the blood ran over his nose in sundry streams; and next morning, when those rivulets were dry, his countenance resembled the rough bark of a plum-tree, plastered with gum. Nevertheless, he did his duty with great perseverance; cut off her hair close to the scalp; handled his brushes with dexterity; applied his swabs of different magnitude and texture, as the case required; and lastly rinsed the whole body with a dozen pails of cold water, discharged upon her head.

These ablutions being executed, he dried her with towels, accommodated her with a clean shift, and astring the part of a valet de chambre, clothed her from head to foot in clean and decent apparel, which had belonged to Mrs. Hatchway; by which means her appearance was altered so much for the better, that when Peregrine arrived next day, he could scarce believe his own eyes. He was, for that reason, extremely well pleased with his purchase, and now resolved to indulge a whim which seized him at the very instant of his arrival.

He had (as I believe the reader will readily allow) made considerable progress in the study of character, from the highest rank to the most humble station of life, and found it diversified in the same manner, through every degree of subordination and precedence; nay, he moreover observed, that the conversation of those who are dignified with the appellation of polite company, is neither more edifying nor entertaining than that which is met with among the lower classes of mankind; and that the only essential difference in point of demeanour is the form of an education, which the meanest capacity can acquire without much study or application. Possessed of this notion, he determined to take the young mendicant under his own tutorage and instructions; in consequence of which he hoped, he should, in a few weeks, be able to produce her in company, as an accomplished young lady of uncommon wit, and an excellent understanding.

This extravagant plan he forthwith began to execute with great eagerness and industry, and his endeavours succeeded even beyond his expectation.

The

The obstacle, in surmounting of which he found the greatest difficulty, was an inveterate habit of swearing, which had been indulged from her infancy, and confirmed by the example of those among whom she had lived. However, she had the rudiments of good-sense from nature, which taught her to listen to wholesome advice, and was so docile as to comprehend and retain the lessons which her governor recommended to her attention; inasmuch, that he ventured in a few days to present her at table, among a set of country squires, to whom she was introduced as niece to the lieutenant. In that capacity, she sat with becoming easiness of mien, (for she was as void of the *mauvaise honte* as any duchess in the land) bowed very graciously to the compliments of the gentlemen; and though she said little or nothing, because she was previously cautioned on that score, she more than once gave way to laughter, and her mirth happened to be pretty well timed. In a word, she attracted the applause and admiration of the guests; who, after she was withdrawn, complimented Mr. Hatchway upon the beauty, breeding, and good-humour of his kinswoman.

But what contributed more than any other circumstance to her speedy improvement, was some small insight into the Primer, which she had acquired at a day-school, during the life of her father, who was a day-labourer in the country. Upon this foundation did Peregrine build a most elegant superstructure; he colled out choice sentences from Shakespeare, Otway, and Pope, and taught her to repeat them with an emphasis and theatrical cadence: he then instructed her in the names and epithets of the most celebrated players, which he directed her to pronounce occasionally, with an air of careless familiarity; and perceiving that her voice was naturally clear, he enriched it with remnants of opera-tunes, to be hummed during a pause in conversation, which is generally supplied with the circulation of a pinch of snuff. By means of this cultivation, she became a wonderful proficient in the polite graces of the age; she, with great facility, comprehended the scheme of whist, though cribbage was her favourite game, with which she had amused herself in her vacant hours, from her first entrance into that profes-

sion of hopping; and brag soon grew familiar to her practice and conception.

Thus prepared, she was exposed to the company of her own sex, being first of all visited by the parson's daughter, who could not avoid shewing that civility to Mr. Hatchway's niece, after she had made her public appearance at church. Mrs. Clover, who had a great share of penetration, could not help entertaining some doubts about this same relation, whose name she had never heard the uncle mention, during the whole term of her residence at the garri-son: but as the young lady was treated in that character, she would not refuse her acquaintance, and after having seen her at the castle, actually invited Miss Hatchway to her house. In short, she made a progress through almost all the families in the neighbourhood, and, by dint of her quotations, (which, by the bye, were not always judiciously used) she passed for a sprightly young lady, of uncommon learning and taste.

Peregrine having, in this manner, initiated her in the *beau monde* of the country, conducted her to London, where she was provided with private lodgings and a female attendant; and put her immediately under the tuition of his valet de chambre, who had orders to instruct her in dancing and the French language. He attended her to plays and concerts three or four times a week; and when our hero thought her sufficiently accustomed to the sight of great company, he squired her in person to a publick assembly, and danced with her among all the gay ladies of fashion: not but that there was still an evident air of rusticity and awkwardness in her demeanour, which was interpreted into an agreeable wildness of spirit, superior to the forms of common breeding. He afterwards found means to make her acquainted with some distinguished patterns of her own sex, by whom she was admitted into the most elegant parties, and continued to make good her pretensions to gentility with great circumspection. But, one evening, being at cards with a certain lady, whom she detected in the very fact of unfair conveyance, she taxed her roundly with the fraud, and brought upon herself such a torrent of tartarick reproof, as overbore all her maxims of caution, and burst open the flood-gates of her own natural repartee,

repartee, twanged off with the appellation of b—— and w——, which she repeated with great vehemence, in an attitude of manual defiance, to the terror of her antagonist, and the astonishment of all present: nay, to such an unguarded pitch was she provoked, that starting up, she snapped her fingers, in testimony of disdain; and, as she quitted the room, applied her hand to that part which was the last of her that disappeared, inviting the company to kiss it, by one of it's coarsest denominations.

Peregrine was a little disconcerted at this oversight in her behaviour; which, by the demerit of intelligence, was in a moment conveyed to all the private companies in town: so that she was absolutely excluded from all polite communication; and Peregrine, for the present, disgraced among the modest part of his female acquaintance, many of whom not only forbade him their houses, on account of the impudent insult he had committed upon their honour as well as understanding, in palming a common trull upon them, as a young lady of birth and education; but also aspersed his family, by affirming that she was actually his own cousin-german, whom he had precipitately raised from the most abject state of humility and contempt. In revenge for this calumny, our young gentleman explained the whole mystery of her promotion, together with the motive that induced him to bring her into the fashionable world; and repeated among his companions the extravagant encomiums which had been bestowed upon her by the most discerning matrons of the age.

Meanwhile, the infant herself being rebuked by her benefactor for this instance of misbehaviour, promised faithfully to keep a stricter guard for the future over her conduct, and applied herself with great assiduity to the studies, in which she was assisted by the Swiss, who gradually lost the freedom of his heart, while she was profiting by his instruction. In other words, she made a conquest of her preceptor, who yielding to the instigations of the flesh, chose a proper opportunity to declare his passion, which was powerfully recommended by his personal qualifications; and his intention being honourable, she listened to his proposals of espousing her in private. In consequence of this agreement, they made an elopement to-

gether; and being buckled at the Fleet, consummated their nuptials in private lodgings by the Seven Dials, from which the husband next morning sent a letter to our hero, begging forgiveness for the clandestine step he had taken, which he solemnly protested was not owing to any abatement in his inviolable regard for his master, whom he should always honour and esteem to his latest breath, but entirely to the irresistible charms of the young lady, to whom he was now so happy as to be joined in the silken bonds of marriage.

Peregrine, though at first offended at his valet's presumption, was, upon second thoughts, reconciled to the event, by which he was delivered from an incumbrance; for by this time he had performed his frolick, and begun to be tired of his acquisition. He reflected on the former fidelity of the Swiss, which had been manifested in a long course of service and attachment; and thinking it would be cruelly severe to abandon him to poverty and distress for one venial trespass, he resolved to pardon what he had done, and enable him in some shape to provide for the family which he had entailed upon himself.

With these sentiments, he sent a favourable answer to the delinquent, desiring to see him as soon as his passion should permit him to leave the arms of his spouse for an hour or two; and Hadgi, in obedience to this intimation, repaired immediately to the lodgings of his master, before whom he appeared with a most penitential aspect. Peregrine, though he could scarce help laughing at his rueful length of face, reprimanded him sharply for his disrespect and ingratitude, in taking that by stealth which he might have had for asking. The culprit assured him, that next to the vengeance of God, his master's displeasure was that which, of all evils, he dreaded to incur; but that love had distracted his brain in such a manner, as to banish every other consideration but that of gratifying his desire; and he owned that he should not have been able to preserve his fidelity and duty to his own father, had they interfered with the interest of his passion. He then appealed to his master's own heart for the remission of his guilt, alluding to certain circumstances of our hero's conduct, which evinced the desperate effects of love. In short, he made such

repaired, twanged off with the apples, and being buckled armed
tion of d— and w— which the— the seven D— from which
beated with great violence, in the
kind of manual defiance, to the
of the— and the allusion
for the



Plate IX. *Published by the Author, by H. Smith & Co. Sep. 30. 1781.*

The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations, is a non-profit corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York. It is a public institution, and its property is held in trust for the people of the State of New York. The Library is organized into three main departments: the Department of Reference, the Department of Circulation, and the Department of Special Collections. The Department of Reference is responsible for providing information services to the public, including reference, research, and information services. The Department of Circulation is responsible for the acquisition, processing, and distribution of books, periodicals, and other materials. The Department of Special Collections is responsible for the acquisition, processing, and preservation of rare and valuable books, manuscripts, and other materials. The Library is also responsible for the preservation and conservation of its collections, and for the promotion of the use of its collections for the benefit of the public. The Library is a member of the Association of Research Libraries, and is affiliated with the American Library Association. The Library is a public institution, and its property is held in trust for the people of the State of New York. The Library is organized into three main departments: the Department of Reference, the Department of Circulation, and the Department of Special Collections. The Department of Reference is responsible for providing information services to the public, including reference, research, and information services. The Department of Circulation is responsible for the acquisition, processing, and distribution of books, periodicals, and other materials. The Department of Special Collections is responsible for the acquisition, processing, and preservation of rare and valuable books, manuscripts, and other materials. The Library is also responsible for the preservation and conservation of its collections, and for the promotion of the use of its collections for the benefit of the public. The Library is a member of the Association of Research Libraries, and is affiliated with the American Library Association.

an apology, as extorted a smile from his offended judge, who not only forgave his transgression, but also promised to put him in some fair way of earning a comfortable subsistence.

The Swiss was so much affected with this instance of generosity, that he fell upon his knees, and kissed his hand, praying to Heaven with great fervour to make him worthy of such goodness and condescension. His scheme, he said, was to open a coffee-house and tavern in some creditable part of the town, in hopes of being favoured with the custom of a numerous acquaintance he had made among upper servants and reputable tradesmen, not doubting that his wife would be an ornament to his bar, and a careful manager of his affairs. Peregrine approved of the plan, towards the execution of which he made him and his wife a present of five hundred pounds, together with the promise of erecting a weekly club among his friends, for the reputation and advantage of the house.

Hadgi was so transported with his good fortune, than he ran to Pipes, who was in the room, and having hugged him with great cordiality, and made his obedience to his master, bled him home to his bride, to communicate his happiness, cutting capers, and talking to himself all the way.

CHAP. III.

HE IS VISITED BY PALLET; CONTRACTS AN INTIMACY WITH A NEWMARKET NOBLEMAN; AND IS BY THE KNOWING ONES TAKEN IN.

THIS affair being settled, and our adventurer, for the present, free of all female connections, he returned to his former course of fast living among the bucks of the town, and performed innumerable exploits among whores, bullies, rooks, conitables, and justices of the peace.

In the midst of these occupations, he was one morning visited by his old fellow-traveller Pallet, whose appearance gave him equal surprize and concern. Though the weather was severe, he was clothed in the thin summer-dress which he had wore at Paris, and was now not only thread-bare, but in some parts ac-

tually patched; his stockings, by a repetition of that practice known among oeconomists by the term of *coaxing*, hung like pudding-bags about his ankles; his shirt, though new washed, was of the saffron hue, and in divers places appeared through the crannies of his breeches; he had exchanged his own hair for a smoke-dried tye-periwig, which all the flour in his dredging-box had not been able to whiten; his eyes were sunk; his jaws lengthened beyond their usual extension; and he seemed twenty years older than he looked when he and our hero parted at Rotterdam.

In spite of all these evidences of decay, he accosted him with a meagre affectation of content and good-humour; struggled piteously to appear gay and unconcerned; professed his joy at seeing him in England; excused himself for having delayed so long to come and present his respects; alledging, that since his return he had been a mere slave to the satisfaction of some persons of quality and taste, who had insisted upon his finishing some pieces with the utmost expedition.

Peregrine received him with that compassion and complaisance which was natural to his disposition; enquired about the health of Mrs. Pallet and his family, and asked if his friend the doctor was in town. The painter seemed to have resumed his resentment against that gentleman, of whom he spoke in contemptuous terms. 'The doctor,' said he, 'is so much overthadowed with presumption and self-conceit, that his merit has no relief. It does not rise. There is no keeping in the picture, my dear Sir. All the same as if I were to represent the moon under a cloud; there will be nothing but a deep mass of shade, with a little tiny speck of light in the middle; which would only serve to make, as it were, the darkness visible; you understand me. Had he taken my advice, it might have been better for him; but he is bigotted to his own opinion. You must know, Mr. Pickle, upon our return to England, I counselled him to compose a little smart, clever ode, upon my Cleopatra. As Gad shall judge me, I thought it would have been of some service in helping him out of obscurity; for you know, as Sir Richard observes,

Soon will that die, which adds thy fame to mine:

Let me then live, join'd to a work of mine.

By the bye, there is a most picturesque contrast in these lines, of *thy* and *me*, *living* and *dying*, and *thine* and *mine*.

Ah! a prize upon it! Dick, after all, was the man. Ecod! he rounded it off.

But, to return to this unhappy young man, would you believe it, he tossed up his nose at my friendly proposal, and gabbled something in Greek, which is not worth repeating.

The case was this, my dear Sir; he was out of humour at the neglect of the world. He thought the poets of the age were jealous of his genius,

and strove to crush it accordingly, while the rest of mankind wanted taste sufficient to discern it. For my own part, I profess myself one of these;

and as the Clown in Billy Shakespear says of the courtier's oath, had I sworn by the doctor's genius, that the pancakes were nought, they might have been for all that very good, yet shouldn't I have been sworn?

Let that be as it will, he retired from town in great dudgeon, and set up his rest near a hill in Derbyshire, with two tops, resembling Parnassus, and a well at the bottom, which he had christened Hyp-o-the-Green. Egad! if he stays in that habitation, 'tis my opinion he'll soon grow green with the hip indeed.

He'll be glad of an opportunity to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and pay his court to the slighted Queen Cleopatra. Ha! well remembered!

by this light you shall know, my good Sir, that this same Egyptian princess has been courted by so many gallants of taste, that, as I hope to live, I found myself in some sort of dilemma, because in parting with her to one, I should have dishonoured all his rivals.

Now, a man would not chuse to give offence to his friends; at least, I lay it down as a maxim, to avoid the smallest appearance of ingratitude.

Perhaps I may be in the wrong: but every man has his way. For this reason, I proposed to all the candidates, that a lottery or raffle should be set on foot, by which every individual would have an equal chance for her good graces, and the prize be left to

the decision of Fortune. The scheme was mightily relished; and the terms being such a trifle as half a guinea, the whole town crowded into my house, in order to subscribe. But there I was their humble servant.

Gentlemen, you must have a little patience till my own particular friends are served." Among that number,

I do myself the honour to consider Mr. Pickle. Here is a copy of the proposals; and if the list should be adorned with his name, I hope, notwithstanding his merited success among the young ladies, he will for once be shunned by that little vixen called Miss Fortune. He! he! he!

So saying, he bowed with a thousand apish congees, and presented his paper to Peregrine; who seeing the number of subscribers was limited to one hundred, said he thought him too moderate in his expectations, as he did not doubt that his picture would be a cheap purchase at five hundred, instead of fifty pounds, at which the price was fixed. To this unexpected remark Pallet answered, that among the connoisseurs he would not pretend to appraise his picture; but that, in valuing his works, he was obliged to have an eye to the Gothick ignorance of the age in which he lived.

Our adventurer saw at once into the nature of this raffle, which was no other than a begging shift to dispose of a paltry piece, that he could not otherwise have sold for twenty shillings. However, far from shocking the poor man in distress, by dropping the least hint of his conjecture, he desired to be favoured with six chances, if the circumstances of his plan would indulge him so far; and the painter, after some hesitation, condescended to comply with his request, out of pure friendship and veneration; though he observed, that in so doing he must exclude some of his most intimate companions. Having received the money, he gave Pickle his address, desiring he would, with his convenience, visit the princess, who, he was sure, would display her most engaging attractions, in order to captivate his fancy; and took his leave, extremely well pleased with the success of his application.

Though Peregrine was tempted with the curiosity of seeing this portrait, which he imagined must contain some analogy to the ridiculous oddity of the painter,

he

he would not expose himself to the disagreeable alternative of applauding the performance, contrary to the dictates of conscience and common sense, or of condemning it, to the unspeakable mortification of the miserable author; and therefore never dreamed of returning the painter's visit; nor did he ever hear of the lottery's being drawn.

About this time he was invited to spend a few weeks at the country-seat of a certain nobleman, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance, in the course of his debauches, which we have already described. His lordship being remarkable for his skill and success in horse-racing, his house was continually filled with the connoisseurs and admirers of that sport, upon which the whole conversation turned, inasmuch that Peregrine gradually imbibed some knowledge in horse-flesh, and the diversions of the course; for the whole occupation of the day, exclusive of eating and drinking, consisted in viewing, managing, and exercising his lordship's stud.

Our hero looked upon these amusements with an eye of taste, as well as curiosity; he contemplated the animal as a beautiful and elegant part of the creation, and relished the surprising exertion of its speed with a refined and classical delight. In a little time he became personally acquainted with every horse in the stable, and interested himself in the reputation of each; while he also gratified his appetite for knowledge, in observing the methods of preparing their bodies, and training them to the race. His landlord saw and encouraged his eagerness, from which he promised himself some advantage; he formed several private matches for his entertainment, and flattered his discernment, by permitting him to be successful in the first bets he made. Thus was he artfully decoyed into a spirit of keenness and adventure, and disposed to depend upon his own judgment in opposition to that of people who had made horse-racing the sole study of their lives. He accompanied my lord to Newmarket; and entering at once into the genius of the place, was marked as fair game by all the knowing ones there assembled, many of whom found means to take him in, in spite of all the cautions and admonitions of his lordship, who wanted to reserve him for his own use.

It is almost impossible for any man,

let him be never so fearful or phlegmatick, to be an unconcerned spectator in this busy scene. The demon of play hovers in the air, like a pestilential vapour, tainting the minds of all present with infallible infection, which communicates from one person to another like the circulation of a general panick. Peregrine was seized with this epidemick distemper to a violent degree; and, after having lost a few loose hundreds, in his progress through the various roueries of the place, entered into partnership with his noble friend in a grand match, upon the issue of which he ventured no less than three thousand pounds. Indeed he would not have risked such a considerable sum, had not his own confidence been reinforced by the opinion and concurrence of his lordship, who hazarded an equal bett upon the same event. These two associates engaged themselves in the penalty of six thousand pounds, to run one chaise and four against another, three times round the course; and our adventurer had the satisfaction of seeing his antagonist distanced in the first and second heat; but all on a sudden, one of the horses of his machine was knocked up, by which accident the victory was ravished almost from his very grasp, and he was obliged to endure the damage and the scorn.

He was deeply affected with this misfortune, which he imputed to his own extravagance and temerity, but discovered no external signs of affliction, because his illustrious partner bore his loss with the most philosophick resignation, consoling himself, as well as Pickle, with the hope of making it up on some other occasion. Nevertheless, our young gentleman could not help admiring and even envying his equanimity, not knowing that his lordship had managed matters so as to be a gainer by the misfortune; which to retrieve, Peregrine purchased several horses, at the recommendation of his friend, and instead of returning to London, made a tour with him to all the celebrated races in England; at which, after several vicissitudes of fortune, he made shift, before the end of the season, to treble his loss.

But his hopes seemed to increase with his ill-luck. In the beginning of winter he came to town, fully persuaded that fortune must necessarily change, and that the next season he should reap the happy fruits of his experience. In

U 2 this

this confidence he seemed to drown all ideas of prudence and economy. His former expence was mere parsimony, compared with that which he now incurred: he subscribed to the opera, and half a dozen concerts at different parts of the town; was a benefactor to several hospitals; purchased a collection of valuable pictures; took an house, and furnished it in a most magnificent taste; laid in a large stock of French wines, and gave extravagant entertainments to his quality-friends; who, in return, loaded him with compliments, and insisted upon his making use of their interest and good-will.

CHAP. IV.

HE IS TAKEN INTO THE PROTECTION OF A GREAT MAN; SETS UP FOR MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT; IS DISAPPOINTED IN HIS EXPECTATION, AND FINDS HIMSELF EGREGIOUSLY OUTWITTED.

AMONG these professed patrons, the greatest part of whom Peregrine saw through, there was one great personage who seemed to support with dignity the sphere in which fortune had placed him. His behaviour to Pickle was not a series of grinning complaisance in a flat repetition of general expressions of friendship and regard. He demeaned himself with a seemingly honest reserve, in point of profession; his advances to Peregrine appeared to be the result of deliberation and experiment; he chid the young gentleman for his extravagance with the authority of a parent, and the sincerity of a fast friend; and having by gradual enquiries made himself acquainted with the state of his private affairs, condemned his conduct with an air of candour and concern. He represented to him the folly and dangerous consequences of the profligate life in which he had plunged himself; counselled him with great warmth to sell off his race-horses, which would otherwise insensibly eat him up; to retrench all superfluous expence, which would only serve to expose him to the ridicule and ingratitude of those who were benefited by it; to lay out his money upon secure mortgages, at good interest; and carry into execution

his former design of standing candidate for a borough, at the ensuing election for a new parliament; in which case this nobleman promised to assist him with his influence and advice; assuring him, that if he could once procure a seat in the house, he might look upon his fortune as already made.

Our adventurer perceived the wisdom and sanity of this advice, for which he made his acknowledgments to his generous monitor, professing that he would adhere to it in every particular, and immediately set about a reformation. He accordingly took cognizance of his most minute affairs; and after an exact scrutiny, gave his patron to understand, that, exclusive of his furniture, his fortune was reduced to fourteen thousand three hundred and thirty pounds, in Bank and South-Sea annuities, over and above the garrison and it's appendages, which he reckoned at sixty pounds a year. He therefore desired, that as his lordship had been so kind as to favour him with his friendship and advice, he would extend his generosity still farther, by putting him in the way of making the most advantage of his money. My lord said, that for his own part he did not chide to meddle in money matters; that Mr. Pickle would find abundance of people ready to borrow if upon landed security; but that he ought to be extremely cautious in a transaction of such consequence; promising, at the same time, to employ his own steward in seeking out a mortgager to whom it might be safely lent.

This agent was accordingly set at work, and for a few days made a fruitless enquiry; so that the young gentleman was obliged to have recourse to his own intelligence, by which he got notice of several people of reputed credit, who offered him mortgages for the whole sum; but when he made a report of the particulars to his noble friend, his lordship started such doubts and objections relating to each, that he was deterred from entering into any engagements with the proposers; congratulating himself, in the mean time, on his good fortune, in being favoured with the advice and direction of such a sage counsellor. Nevertheless, he began to be impatient, after having unsuccessfully consulted all the money brokers and conveyancers about town, and resolved to try the expedient of a publick advertisement. But

he was persuaded by my lord to postpone that experiment, until every other method should have failed, because it would attract the attention of all the pettifoggers in London, who (though they might not be able to over-reach) would infallibly harraßs and tease him out of all tranquillity.

It was on the back of this conversation that Peregrine, chancing to meet the steward near his lord's house, stopped him in the street, to give him an account of his bad luck; at which the other expressed some concern, and rubbing his chin with his hand, in a musing posture told Pickle, there was a thought just come into his head, pointing out one way of doing his business effectually. The youth, upon this intimation, begged he would accompany him to the next coffee-house, in which having chosen a private situation, this grave manager gave him to understand, that a part of my lord's estate was mortgaged, in consequence of a debt contracted by his grandfather, for provision to the younger children of the family; and that the equity of redemption would be foreclosed in a few months, unless the burden could be discharged. 'My lord,' said he, 'has always lived in a splendid manner, and notwithstanding his ample fortune, together with the profits accruing from the posts he enjoys, he saves so little money, that, upon this occasion, I know he will be obliged to borrow ten thousand pounds, to make up the sum that is requisite to redeem the mortgage. Now, certain I am, that when his design comes to be known, he will be solicited on all hands by people desirous of lending money upon such undoubted security; and it is odds but he has already promised the preference to some particular acquaintance. However, as I know he has your interest very much at heart, I will (if you please) sound his lordship upon the subject, and in a day or two give you notice of my success.'

Peregrine, ravished with the prospect of settling this affair so much to his satisfaction, thanked the steward for his friendly hint and undertaking, which he assured him should be acknowledged by a more solid proof of his gratitude, provided the business could be brought to bear; and next day he was visited by this kind manager, with the happy

news of his lordship's having consented to borrow ten thousand pounds of his stock, upon mortgage, at the interest of five per cent. This information he received as an instance of the singular esteem of his noble patron; and the papers being immediately drawn and executed, the money was deposited in the hands of the mortgager, who, in the hearing of the lender, laid strong injunctions on the steward to pay the interest punctually at quarter-day.

The best part of our hero's fortune being thus happily deposited, and the agent gratified with a present of fifty pieces, he began to put his retrenching scheme in execution; all his servants (Pipes excepted) were discharged, his chariot and running-horses disposed of, his house-keeping broke up, and his furniture sold by auction: nay, the heat of his disposition was as remarkable in this, as any other transaction of his life; for every step of his saving project was taken with such eagerness, and even precipitation, that most of his companions thought he was either ruined or mad. But he answered all their expostulations with a string of prudent apophthegms, such as, *The shortest follies are the best;—Better to retrench upon conviction than compulsion*; and divers other wise maxims, seemingly the result of experience and philosophick reflection. To such a degree of enthusiasm did his present oeconomy prevail, that he was actually seized with the desire of amassing; and as he every day received proposals, from those brokers whom he had employed, about the disposal of his cash, he at length ventured fifteen hundred pounds upon bottomry, being tempted by the excessive premium.

But it must be observed, for the honour of our adventurer, that this reformation did not at all interfere with the good qualities of his heart. He was still as friendly and benevolent as ever, though his liberality was more subject to the restraint of reason; and he might have justly pleaded, in vindication of his generosity, that he retrenched the superfluities in his own way of living, in order to preserve the power of assisting his fellow-creatures in distress. Numberless were the objects to which he extended his charity in private. Indeed, he exerted this virtue in secret, not only on account of avoiding the charge of ostentation, but also because

he was ashamed of being detected in such an awkward unfashionable practice, by the censorious observers of this humane generation. In this particular, he seemed to confound the ideas of virtue and vice; for he did good as other people do evil, by stealth; and was so capricious in point of behaviour, that frequently, in publick, he wagged his tongue in satirical animadversions upon that poverty which his hand had in private relieved. Yet, far from shunning the acquaintance, or discouraging the solicitation, of those who he thought wanted his assistance, he was always accessible, open, and complacent to them, even when the haughtiness of his temper kept his superiors at a distance, and often saved a modest man the anguish and confusion of declaring himself, by penetrating into his necessity, and anticipating his request, in a frank offer of his purse and friendship.

Not that he practised this beneficence to all the needy of his acquaintance, without distinction; there is always a set of idle, profligate fellows, who having squandered away their own fortunes, and conquered all sense of honour and shame, maintain themselves by borrowing from those who have not yet finished the same career, and want resolution to resist their importunate demands. To these he was always inflexible; though he could not absolutely detach himself from their company, because, by dint of effrontery, and such of their original connections as they have been able to retain, they find admission to all places of fashionable resort.

Several unsuccessful attacks had been made upon his pocket by beggars of this class. One of the most artful of them, having one day joined him in the Mall, and made the usual observation on the weather, damned all the fogs of London, and began a dissertation on the difference of air, preferring that of the country in which he was born to any climate under the sun. 'Was you ever in Gloucestershire?' (said he to Peregrine.) Who replying in the negative, he thus went on: 'I have got a house there, where I shall be glad to see you. Let us go down together, during the Easter holidays; I can promise you good country fare and wholesome exercise; for I have every thing within myself, and as good a pack of fox hounds as any in the three king-

doms. I sha'n't pretend to expatiate upon the elegance of the house, which to be sure is an old building; and these, you know, are generally cold, and not very convenient. But, curst the house! the dirty acres about it are the thing; and a damn'd fine parcel they are, to be sure!—If my old grandmother was dead—she can't live another season, for she's turned of fourscore, and quite wore out: nay, as for that matter, I believe I have got a letter in my pocket, giving an account of her being despaired of by the doctors. Let me see!—No, d—n it! I left it at home, in the pocket of another coat.'

Pickle, who from the beginning of this harangue saw its tendency, seemed to yield the most serious attention to what he said; breaking in upon it, every now and then, with the interjections, *Hum! Ha! The deuce!* and several civil questions, from which the other conceived happy omens of success; till perceiving they had advanced as far as the passage into St. James's, the mischievous youth interrupted him all at once, saying—'I see you are for the end of the walk; this is my way.' With these words he took his leave of the faunterer, who would have delayed his retreat, by calling to him aloud; that he had not yet described the situation of his castle. But Peregrine, without stopping, answered in the same tone—'Another time will do as well!' and in a moment disappeared, leaving the projector very much mortified with his disappointment; for his intention was to close the description with a demand of twenty pieces, to be repaid out of the first remittance he should receive from his estate.

It would have been well for our hero, had he always acted with the same circumspection: but he had his unguarded moments, in which he fell a prey to the unsuspecting integrity of his own heart. There was a person among the number of his acquaintances, whose conversation he particularly relished; because it was frank, agreeable, and fraught with many sensible observations upon the craft and treachery of mankind. This gentleman had made a shift to disburse a very genteel fortune, though it was spent with taste and reputation; and now he was reduced to his shifts for the maintenance of his family, which consisted of a wife and

and child. Not that he was destitute of the necessities of life, being comfortably supplied by the bounty of his friends; but this was a provision not at all suited to his inclination; and he had endeavoured, by divers unsuccessful schemes, to retrieve his former independency.

Peregrine happened one evening to be sitting alone in a coffee-house, where he overheard a conversation between this schemer and another gentleman, touching an affair that engaged his attention. The stranger had been left trustee for fifteen hundred pounds bequeathed to the other's daughter by an aunt, and was strongly solicited to pay the money to the child's father, who assured him, he had then an opportunity to lay it out in such a manner as would greatly conduce to the advantage of his family. The trustee reminded him of the nature of his charge which made him accountable for the money, until the child should have attained the age of eighteen; but at the same time gave him to understand, that if he could procure such security as would indemnify him from the consequences, he would forthwith pay the legacy into his hands. To this proposal the father replied, that it was not to be supposed he would risk the fortune of his only child, upon any idle scheme, or precarious issue: and therefore he thought it reasonable, that he should have the use of it in the mean time; and that, as to security, he was loth to trouble any of his friends about an affair which might be compromised without their interposition; observing, that he would not look upon his condescension as a favour, if obtained by a security, on which he could borrow the same sum from any usurer in town.

After much importunity on one side, and evasion on the other, the monied gentleman told him, that though he would not surrender the sum deposited in his hands for the use of his daughter, he would lend him what he should have occasion for in the mean time; and if, upon her being of age, he should be able to obtain her concurrence, the money should be placed to her account, provided he could find any person of credit, who would join with him in a bond for the assurance of the lender. This proviso was an obstruction which the other would not have been able to

surmount without great difficulty, had not his cause been espoused by our hero, who thought it was a pity a man of honour and understanding should suffer in his principal concerns on such a paltry consideration. He therefore, presuming on his acquaintance, interposed in the conversation as a friend, who interested himself in the affair; and being fully informed of the particulars, offered himself as a security for the lender.

This gentleman being a stranger to Peregrine, he was next day made acquainted with his funds; and, without farther scruple, accommodated his friend with one thousand pounds, for which he took their bond, payable in six months, though he protested that the money should never be demanded, until the infant should be of age, unless some accident should happen which he could not then foresee. Pickle believed this declaration sincere, because he could have no interest in dissembling; but what he chiefly depended upon, for his own security, was the integrity and confidence of the borrower, who assured him, that happen what would, he should be able to stand between him and all danger; the nature of his plan being such, as would infallibly treble the sum in a very few months.

In a little time after this transaction, writs being issued out for electing a new parliament, our adventurer, by the advice of his patron, went into the country, in order to canvass for a borough, and lined his pockets with a competent share of bank notes for the occasion. But, in this project, he unfortunately happened to interfere with the interest of a great family in the opposition, who for a long series of years had made members for that place; and were now so much offended at the intrusion of our young gentleman, that they threatened to spend ten thousand pounds in frustrating his design. This menace was no other than an incitement to Peregrine, who confided so much in his own influence and address, that he verily believed he should be able to baffle his grace, even in his own territories. By that victory he hoped to establish his reputation and interest with the minister, who, through the recommendation of his noble friend, countenanced his cause, and would have been very well pleased to see one of his greatest enemies suffer such a disgraceful overthrow, which

would have, moreover, in a great measure shaken his credit with his faction.

Our hero; intoxicated with the ideas of pride and ambition, put all his talents to the test in the execution of this project. He spared no expence in treating the electors; but finding himself rivalled, in this respect, by his competitor, who was powerfully supported, he had recourse to those qualifications in which he thought himself superior. He made balls for the ladies visited the matrons of the corporation, adapted himself to their various humours with surprising facility, drank with those who loved a cherishing cup in private, made love to the amorous, prayed with the religious, gossiped with those who delighted in scandal, and with great sagacity contrived agreeable presents to them all. This was the most effectual method of engaging such electors as were under the influence of their wives. As for the rest, he assailed them in their own way, setting whole hogheads of beer and wine abroad for the benefit of all comers; and into those sordid hearts that liquor would not open, he found means to convey himself by the help of a golden key.

While he thus exerted himself, his antagonist was not idle; his age and infirmities would not permit him to enter personally into their parties; but his stewards and adherents bestirred themselves with great industry and perseverance. The market for votes ran so high, that Pickle's ready-money was exhausted before the day of election; and he was obliged to write to his patron an account of the dilemma to which he was reduced; intreating him to take such speedy measures, as would enable him to finish the business which he had so happily begun.

This nobleman communicated the circumstances of the case to the minister, and in a day or two our candidate found credit with the receiver-general of the county, who lent him twelve hundred pounds on his personal note, payable on demand. By means of this new supply, he managed matters so successfully, that an evident majority of votes was secured in his interest, and nothing could have obstructed his election, had not the noble peer who set up his competitor, in order to avoid the shame and mortification of being foiled in his own borough, offered to compromise the affair with his honour, by giving up two

members in another place, provided the opposition should cease in his own corporation. This proposal was greedily embraced. On the eve of election, Peregrine received an intimation from his patron, desiring him to quit his pretensions, on pain of his and the minister's displeasure; and promising that he should be elected for another place.

No other disappointment in life could have given him such chagrin as he felt at the receipt of this tantalizing order, by which the cup of success was snatched from his lip, and all the vanity of his ambitious hope humbled in the dust. He cursed the whole chain of his court connections; inveighed with great animosity against the rascally scheme of politicks, to which he was sacrificed; and in conclusion swore, he would not give up the fruits of his own address for the pleasure of any minister upon earth. This laudable resolution, however, was rendered ineffectual by his friend the receiver-general, who was bearer of the message, and (after having, in vain, endeavoured to persuade him to submission) fairly arrested him upon the spot for the money he had advanced; this expedient being performed by virtue of a writ which he had been advised to take out, in case the young man should prove refractory.

The reader, who by this time must be pretty well acquainted with the disposition of our adventurer, may easily conceive how he relished this adventure. At first, all the faculties of his soul were swallowed up in astonishment and indignation; and some minutes elapsed before his nerves would obey the impulse of his rage, which manifested itself in such an application to the temples of the plaintiff, as laid him sprawling on the floor. This assault, which was committed in a tavern whither he had been purposely decoyed, attracted the regard of the bailiff and his followers, who, to the number of four, rushed upon him at once, in order to overpower him; but his wrath inspired him with such additional strength and agility, that he disengaged himself from them in a trice, and seizing a poker, which was the first weapon that presented itself to his hand, exercised it upon their skulls with incredible dexterity and execution. The officer himself, who had been the first that presumed to lay violent hands upon him, felt the first effects

of his fury, in a blow upon his jaws, in consequence of which he lost three of his teeth, and fell athwart the body of the receiver, with which he formed the figure of a St. Andrew's cross: one of the myrmidons seeing the fate of his chief, would not venture to attack the victor in front, but wheeling to one side, made an attempt upon him in flank, and was received obliquely by our hero's left-hand and foot, so masterly disposed to the right-side of his leg, and the left-side of his neck, that he bolted head-foremost into the chimney, where his chin was encountered by the grate, which in a moment seared him to the bone. The rest of the detachment did not think proper to maintain the dispute, but evacuating the room with great expedition, locked the door on the outside, and bellowed aloud to the receiver's servants, beseeching them to come to the assistance of their master, who was in danger of his life.

Meanwhile, this gentleman having recollected himself, demanded a parley; which having with difficulty obtained of our incensed candidate, in consequence of the most submissive application, he complained grievously of the young gentleman's intemperance and heat of disposition, and very calmly represented the danger of his rashness and indiscretion. He told him, that nothing could be more outrageous or idle, than the resistance he had made against the laws of his country, because he would find it impracticable to withstand the whole executive power of the county, which he could easily raise to apprehend and secure him; that over and above the disgrace that would accrue to him from this imprudent conduct, he would knock his own interest on the head, by disobliging his friends in the administration, who were, to his knowledge, at present very well disposed to do him service; that, for his own part, what he had done was by the express order of his superiors, and not out of any desire of distressing him; and that, far from being his enemy, notwithstanding the shocking insult he had sustained, he was ready to withdraw the writ, provided he would listen to any reasonable terms of accommodation.

Peregrine, who was not more prone to anger than open to conviction, being appealed by his condescension, moved by his arguments, and chid by his own reflection, for what he had done in the

precipitation of his wrath, began to give ear to his reasonances; and the bailiffs being ordered to withdraw, they entered into a conference, the result of which was, our adventurer's immediate departure for London: so that next day his competitor was unanimously chosen, because nobody appeared to oppose his election.

The discontented Pickle, on his arrival in town, went directly to the house of his patron; to whom, in the anguish of his disappointment, he bitterly complained of the treatment he had received, by which, besides the disgrace of his overthrow, he was no less than two thousand pounds out of pocket, exclusive of the debt for which he stood engaged to the receiver. His lordship, who was prepared for this expostulation, on his knowledge of the young man's impetuous temper, answered all the articles of his charge with great deliberation; giving him to understand the motives that induced the minister to quit his interest in that borough, and soothing him with assurances that his loss would be amply rewarded by his honour, to whom he was next day introduced by this nobleman, in the warmest style of recommendation. The minister, who was a pattern of complaisance, received him with the most engaging affability; thanked him very kindly for his endeavours to support and strengthen the interest of the administration; and faithfully promised to lay hold on the first opportunity to express the sense he had of his zeal and attachment; desiring to see him often at his levee, that in the multiplicity of business he might not be in danger of forgetting his services and desert.

CHAP. V.

PEREGRINE COMMENCES MINISTER'S DEPENDENT; MEETS BY ACCIDENT WITH MRS. GAUNTLET; AND DESCENDS GRADUALLY IN THE CONDITION OF LIFE.

THIS reception, favourable as it was, did not please Peregrine; who had too much discernment to be cajoled with general promises, at a time when he thought himself intitled to the most particular assurance. He accordingly signified his disgust to his intro-

ductor; giving him to understand, that he had laid his account with being chosen representative of one of those boroughs for which he had been sacrificed. His lordship agreed to the reasonableness of his expectation; observing, however, that he could not suppose the minister would enter upon business with him on his first visit; and that it would be time enough at his next audience to communicate his demand.

Notwithstanding this remonstrance, our hero continued to indulge his suspicion and chagrin, and even made a point of it with his patron, that his lordship should next day make application in his behalf, lest the two seats should be filled up, on pretence of his inclinations being unknown. Thus importuned, my lord went to his principal, and returned with an answer, importing that his honour was extremely sorry that Mr. Pickle had not signified his request before the boroughs in question were promised to two gentlemen, whom he could not now disappoint with any regard to his own credit or interest; but as several persons who would be chosen were, to his certain knowledge, very aged and infirm, he did not doubt that there would be plenty of vacant seats in a very short time, and then the young gentleman might depend upon his friendship.

Peregrine was so much irritated at this intimation, that in the first transports of his anger, he forgot the respect he owed to his friend, and in his presence inveighed against the minister, as a person devoid of gratitude and candour; protesting, that if ever an opportunity should offer itself, he would spend the whole remains of his fortune in opposing his measures. The nobleman having given him time to exhaust the impetuosity of his passion, rebuked him very calmly for his disrespectful expressions, which were equally injurious and indiscreet; assured him, that this project of revenge, if ever put in execution, would redound to his own prejudice and confusion; and advised him to cultivate and improve, with patience and assiduity, the footing he had already obtained in the minister's good graces.

Our hero, convinced of the truth, though not satisfied with the occasion of his admonitions, took this leave in a fit of sullen discontent, and began to ruminate upon the flattered posture of his

affairs. All that now remained of the ample fortune he had inherited, was the sum he had deposited in his lordship's hands, together with fifteen hundred pounds he had ventured on bottomry, and the garrison, which he had left for the use and accommodation of the lieutenant; and on the *par contra* side of his account, he was debtor for the supply he had received from the receiver-general, and the money for which he was bound in behalf of his friends; so that he found himself, for the first time of his life, very much embarrassed in his circumstances; for, of the first half year's interest of his ten thousand, which was punctually paid, he had but fourscore pounds in bank, without any prospect of a farther supply till the other term, which was at the distance of four long months. He seriously reflected upon the uncertainty of human affairs; the ship with his fifteen hundred pounds might be lost; the gentleman for whom he was security, might miscarry in this, as well as in his former projects; and the minister might one day, through policy or displeasure, expose him to the mercy of his dependent, who was in possession of his notes.

These suggestions did not at all contribute to the ease of our adventurer's mind, already ruffled by his disappointment. He cursed his own folly and extravagance, by which he was reduced to such an uncomfortable situation. He compared his own conduct with that of some young gentlemen of his acquaintance, who while he was squandering away the best part of his inheritance, had improved their fortunes, strengthened their interest, and increased their reputation. He was abandoned by his gaiety and good-humour; his countenance gradually contracted itself into a representation of severity and care; he dropped all his amusements and the companions of his pleasure; and turned his whole attention to the minister, at whose levee he never failed to appear.

While he thus laboured in the wheel of dependence, with all that mortification which a youth of his pride and sensibility may be supposed to feel from such a disagreeable necessity, he one day heard himself called by name as he crossed the Park; and turning, perceived the wife of Captain Clauter, with another lady. He no sooner recognised the kind Sophy, than he accosted her with

with his wonted civility of friendship; but his former sprightly air was metamorphosed into such austerity, or rather dejection of feature, that she could scarce believe her own eyes; and in her astonishment, 'Is it possible,' said she, 'that the gay Mr. Pickle should be so much altered in such a short space of time?' He made no other reply to this exclamation but by a languid smile; and asked how long she had been in town: observing, that he would have paid his compliments to her at her own lodgings, had he been favoured with the least intimation of her arrival. After having thanked him for his politeness, she told him, it was not owing to any abatement of her friendship and esteem for him that she had omitted to give him that notice; but his abrupt departure from Windsor, and the manner in which he quitted Mr. Gauntlet, had given her just grounds to believe, that they had incurred his displeasure; which suspicion was reinforced by his long silence and neglect from that period to the present time. She observed it was still farther confirmed, by his forbearing to enquire for Emilia and her brother. 'Judge, then,' said she, 'if I had any reason to believe that you would be pleased to hear that I was in town. However, I will not detain you at present, because you seem to be engaged about some particular business; but if you will favour me with your company at breakfast to-morrow, I shall be much pleased, and honoured to boot, by the visit.' So saying, she gave him a direction to her lodgings; and he took his leave, with a faithful promise of seeing her at the appointed time.

He was very much affected with this advance of Sophy, which he considered as an instance of her uncommon sweetness of temper; he felt strange longings of returning friendship towards Godfrey; and the remembrance of Emilia melted his heart, already softened with grief and mortification. Next day, he did not neglect his engagement, and had the pleasure of enjoying a long conversation with this sensible young lady, who gave him to understand, that her husband was with his regiment; and presented to him a fine boy, the first fruits of their love, whom they had christened by the name of Peregrine, in memory of

the friendship which had subsisted between Godfrey and our youth.

This proof of their regard, notwithstanding the interruption in their correspondence, made a deep impression upon the mind of our adventurer, who having made the warmest acknowledgments for this undeserved mark of respect, took the child in his arms, and almost devoured him with kisses, protesting before God, that he should always consider him with the tenderness of a parent. This was the highest compliment he could pay to the gentle Sophy, who again kindly chid him for his disdainful and precipitate retreat immediately after her marriage; and expressed an earnest desire of seeing him and the captain reconciled. He assured her, nothing could give him greater satisfaction than such an event, to which he would contribute all that lay in his power, though he could not help looking upon himself as injured by Captain Gauntlet's behaviour, which denoted a suspicion of his honour, as well as contempt for his understanding. The lady undertook for the concession of her husband, who (she told him) had been extremely sorry for his own heat, after Mr. Pickle's departure, and would have followed him to the garrison, in order to solicit his forgiveness, had he not been restrained by certain punctilios, occasioned by some acrimonious expressions that dropped from Peregrine at the inn.

After having cleared up this misunderstanding, she proceeded to give an account of Emilia, whose behaviour, at that juncture, plainly indicated a continuance of affection for her first lover; and desired, that he would give her full powers to bring that matter also to an accommodation: 'For I am not more certain of my own existence,' said she, 'than that you are still in possession of my sister's heart.' At this declaration the tear started in his eye; but he shook his head, and declined her good offices, wishing that the young lady might be much more happy than ever he should be able to make her.

Mrs. Gauntlet, confounded at these expressions, and moved by the desponding manner in which they were delivered, begged to know if any new obstacle was raised by some late change in his sentiments or situation; and he, in order to avoid a painful explanation, told her,

that he had long despaired of being able to vanquish Emilia's resentment, and for that reason quitted the pursuit, which he would never renew, howsoever his heart might suffer by that resolution; though he took Heaven to witness, that his love, esteem, and admiration of her, were not in the least impaired: but the true motive of his laying aside his design, was the consciousness of his decayed fortune; which, by adding to the sensibility of his pride, increased the horror of another repulse. She expressed her concern for this determination, both on his own account, and in behalf of Emilia, whose happiness (in her opinion) depended upon his constancy and affection; and she would have questioned him more minutely about the state of his affairs, had not he discouraged the enquiry, by seeking to introduce another subject of conversation.

After mutual protestations of friendship and regard, he promised to visit her often during her residence in town; and took his leave in a strange perplexity of mind, occasioned by the images of love intruding upon the remonstrances of carking care. He had some time ago forsaken those extravagant companions with whom he had rioted in the hey-day of his fortune, and began to consort with a graver and more sober species of acquaintances; but he now found himself disabled from cultivating the society of these also, who were men of ample estates, and liberal dispositions; in consequence of which, their parties were too expensive for the consumptive state of his finances; so that he was obliged to descend to another degree, and mingle with a set of old bachelors and younger brothers, who subsisted on slender annuities, or what is called a bare competency in the publick funds. This association was composed of second-hand politicians and minor critics, who in the forenoon saunter in the Mall, or lounge at shows of pictures, appear in the drawing-room once or twice a week, dine at an ordinary, decide disputes in a coffee-house with an air of superior intelligence, frequent the pit of the play-house, and once in a month spend an evening with some noted actor, whose remarkable sayings they repeat for the entertainment of their ordinary friends. After all, he found something comfortable enough in the company of these gentlemen, who never interested his pas-

sions to any violence of transport, nor teased him with impertinent curiosity about his private affairs: for though many of them had maintained a very long, close, and friendly correspondence with each other, they never dreamed of enquiring into particular concerns; and if one of the two who were most intimately connected, had been asked how the other made a shift to live, he would have answered, with great truth, 'Really, that is more than I know.' Notwithstanding this phlegmatick indifference, which is of the true English production, they were all inoffensive, good-natured people, who loved a joke and a song, delighted in telling a merry story, and prided themselves in the art of catering, especially in the articles of fish, venison, and wild-fowl.

Our young gentleman was not received among them on the footing of a common member, who makes interest for his admission; he was courted as a person of superior genius and importance, and his compliance looked upon as an honour to their society. This their idea of his pre-eminence was supported by his conversation, which, while it was more liberal and learned than that to which they had been accustomed, was tinged with an assuming air, so agreeably diffused, that, instead of producing aversion, it commanded respect. They not only appealed to him in all doubts relating to foreign parts, to which one and all of them were strangers, but also consulted his knowledge in history and divinity, which were frequently the topics of their debates; and in poetry of all kinds, he decided with such magisterial authority, as even weighed against the opinions of the players themselves. The variety of characters he had seen and observed, and the high spheres of life in which he had so lately moved, furnished him with a thousand entertaining anecdotes. When he became a little familiarized to his disappointments, so that his natural vivacity began to revive, he flattered among them in such a number of bright sallies, as struck them with admiration, and constituted himself a clabok in wit: in such a manner, that they began to regard his remnants, and even invited some particular friends to come and hear him hold forth. One of the players, who had for many years strutted about the taverns in the neighbourhood of Col-

went Garden as the Grand Turk of wit and humour, began to find his admirers melt away; and a certain petulant physician, who had shone at almost all the Port-clubs in that end of the town, was actually obliged to import his talents into the city, where he has now happily taken root.

Not was this access to be wondered at, if we consider that, over and above his natural genius and education, our adventurer still had the opportunity of knowing every thing which happened among the great, by means of his friend Cadwallader, with whom he still maintained his former intimacy, though it was now chequered with many occasional rifts, owing to the sarcastick remonstrances of the misanthrope, who disapproved of those schemes which miscarried with Peregrine, and now took unfeasonable methods of valuing himself upon his own foresight: nay, he was between whiles like a raven croaking presages of more ill-luck from the deceit of the minister, the dissimulation of his patron, the folly of the projector for whom he was bound, the uncertainty of the seas, and the villainy of those with whom he had entrusted his cash; for Crabtree saw and considered every thing through a perspective of spleen, that always reflected the worst side of human nature.

For these reasons our young gentleman began to be disgusted, at certain intervals, with the character of this old man, whom he now thought a morose cynick, not so much incensed against the follies and vices of mankind, as delighted with the distress of his fellow-creatures. Thus he put the most unfavourable construction on the principles of his friend, because he found himself justly fallen under the lash of his animadversion. This self-accusation very often dissolves the closest friendship: a man, conscious of his own indiscretion, is implacably offended at the reditude of his companion's conduct, which he considers as an insult upon his failings, never to be forgiven, even though he has not tasted the bitterness of reproof, which no sinner can commodiously digest. The friendship, therefore, subsisting between Crabtree and Pickle, had of late suffered several symptomatic shocks that seemed to prognosticate a total dissolution; a great deal of smart dialogue had passed in their

private conversations, and the senior began to repent of having placed his confidence in such an imprudent, headstrong, ungovernable youth.

It was in such paroxysms of displeasure that he prophesied misfortune to Peregrine; and even told him one morning, that he had dreamed of the shipwreck of the two East Indiamen, on board of which he had hazarded his money. But this was no other than a false vision; for in a few weeks one of them arrived at her moorings in the river, and he received a thousand in lieu of eight hundred pounds, which he had lent upon bond to one of the mates. At the same time he was informed, that the other ship in which he was concerned, had, in all probability, lost her passage for the season, by being unable to weather the Cape. He was not at all concerned at that piece of news, knowing, that the longer he should lie out of his money, he would have the more interest to receive; and finding his present difficulties removed by this supply, his heart began to dilate, and his countenance to resume its former alacrity.

This state of exaltation, however, was soon interrupted by a small accident, which he could not foresee; he was visited one morning by the person who had lent his friend a thousand pounds on his security, and given to understand, that the borrower had absconded, in consequence of a disappointment, by which he had lost the whole sum, and all hopes of retrieving it; so that our hero was now liable for the debt, which he besought him to discharge according to the bond, that he (the lender) might not suffer by his humanity. It may be easily conceived that Peregrine did not receive this intelligence in cold blood. He cursed his own imprudence in contracting such engagements with an adventurer whom he did not sufficiently know. They exclaimed against the treachery of the projector; and having for some time indulged his resentment in threats and imprecations, enquired into the nature of the scheme which had miscarried.

The lender, who had informed himself of the whole affair, gratified his curiosity in this particular, by telling him that the fugitive had been caught by a certain knight of the post, who undertook to manage the thousand pounds in

Such

such a manner as would, in a very little time, make him perfectly independent; and thus he delineated the plan: "One half of the sum," said he, "shall be laid out in jewels, which I will pawn to certain persons of credit and fortune, who lend money upon such pledges at an exorbitant interest. The other shall be kept for relieving them, so that they may be again deposited with a second set of those honourable usurers; and when they shall have been circulated in this manner through a variety of hands, we will extort money from each of the pawn-brokers, by threatening them with a publick prosecution, for extorting illegal interest; and I know that they will bleed freely, rather than be exposed to the infamy attending such an accusation." The scheme was feasible, and though not very honourable, made such an impression upon the needy borrower, that he assented to the proposal; and, by our hero's credit, the money was raised. The jewels were accordingly purchased, pawned, relieved, and re-pledged by the agent, who undertook to manage the whole affair; and so judiciously was the project executed; that he could have easily proved each lender guilty of the charge. Having thus far successfully transacted the business, this faithful agent visited them severally on his own account, to give them intimation, that his employer intended to sue them on the statute of usury; upon which, every one for himself bribed the informer to withdraw his evidence, by which alone he could be convicted; and having received these gratifications, he had thought proper to retreat into France with the whole booty, including the original thousand that put them in motion. In consequence of this decampment, the borrower had withdrawn himself; so that the lender was obliged to have recourse to his security.

This was a very mortifying account to our young gentleman, who in vain reminded the narrator of his promise, importing that he would not demand the money, until he should be called to an account by his ward; and observed, that long before that period, the fugitive might appear and discharge the debt. But the other was deaf to these remonstrances, alleging, that his promise was provisional, on the supposition that the

borrower would deal candidly and fairly; that he had forfeited all title to his friendship and trust, by the scandalous scheme in which he had embarked; and that his treacherous flight from his security was no proof of his honesty and intended return; but on the contrary, a warning, by which he (the lender) was taught to take care of himself. He therefore insisted upon his being indemnified immediately, on pain of letting the law take its course; and Peregrine was actually obliged to part with the whole sum he had so lately received. But this payment was not made without extreme reluctance, indignation, and denunciation of eternal war against the absconder and the rigid creditor, betwixt whom he suspected some collusion.

CHAP. VI.

CADWALLADER ACTS THE PART OF A COMFORTER TO HIS FRIEND; AND IN HIS TURN IS CONSOLED BY PEREGRINE, WHO BEGINS TO FIND HIMSELF A MOST EGREGIOUS DUPE.

THIS new misfortune, which he justly charged to the account of his own folly, recalled his chagrin; and though he endeavoured with all his might to conceal the affair from the knowledge of Cadwallader, that prying observer perceived his countenance overcast. The projector's sudden disappearance alarming his suspicion, he managed his enquiries with so much art, that in a few days he made himself acquainted with every particular of the transaction, and resolved to gratify his spleen at the expence of the impatient dupe. With this view, he took an opportunity to accost him with a very serious air, saying, a friend of his had immediate occasion for a thousand pounds, and as Peregrine had the exact sum lying by him, he would take it as a great favour, if he would part with it for a few months on undoubted security. Had Pickle known the true motive of this demand, he would in all likelihood have made a very disagreeable answer; but Crabtree had wrapt himself up so securely in the dissimulation of his features, that the youth could not possibly penetrate into his intention; and in the most galling suspense replied, that the

money

money was otherwise engaged. The misanthrope, not contented with this irritation, assumed the prerogative of a friend, and questioned him so minutely about the disposal of the cash, that after numberless evasions, which cost him a world of torture to invent, he could contain his vexation no longer, but exclaimed in a rage, 'Damn your impertinence! 'tis gone to the devil, and that's enough!' — 'Thereafter as it may be,' said the tormentor, with a most provoking indifference of aspect, 'I should be glad to know upon what footing; for I suppose you have some expectation of advantage from that quarter.' — 'Sdeath,' Sir! cried the impatient youth, 'if I had any expectation from hell, I would make interest with you, for I believe from my soul, you are one of it's most favoured ministers upon earth.' With these words, he flung out of the room, leaving Cadwallader very well satisfied with the chastisement he had bestowed.

Peregrine having cooled himself with a solitary walk in the Park, during which the violence of his choler gradually evaporated, and his reflection was called to a serious deliberation upon the posture of his affairs, he resolved to redouble his diligence and importunity with his patron and the minister, in order to obtain some sinecure, which would indemnify him for the damage he had sustained on their account. He accordingly went to his lordship, and signified his demand, after having told him, that he had suffered several fresh losses, which rendered an immediate provision of that sort necessary to his credit and subsistence.

His noble friend commended him for the regard he manifested for his own interest, which he considered as a proof of his being at last detached from the careless inadvertency of youth; he approved of his demand, which he assured him should be faithfully transmitted to the minister, and backed with all his influence; and encouraged his hope, by observing, that some profitable places were at that time vacant, and, so far as he knew, unengaged.

This conversation helped to restore the tranquillity of Pickle's breast, though he still harboured resentment against Cadwallader, on account of the last insult; and on the instant he formed a plan of revenge. He knew the misanthrope's remittances from his estate in

the country had been of late very scanty, in consequence of repairs and bankruptcies among his tenants: so that, in spite of all his frugality, he had been but barely able to maintain his credit, and even that was engaged on the strength of his running-rent. Being therefore intimately acquainted with the particulars of his fortune, he wrote a letter to Crabtree, subscribed with the name of his principal farmer's wife, importing, that her husband being lately dead, and the greatest part of her cattle destroyed by the infectious distemper, she found herself utterly incapable of paying the rent which was due, or even of keeping the farm, unless he would, out of his great goodness, be pleased to give her some assistance, and allow her to sit free for a twelvemonth to come. This intimation he found means to convey by post from a market-town, adjoining to the farm, directed in the usual style to the cypick, who seeing it stamped with the known marks, could not possibly suspect any imposition.

Harknied as he was in the ways of life, and steeled with his boasted stoicism, this epistle threw him into such an agony of vexation, that a double proportion of souring was visible in his aspect, when he was visited by the author, who having observed and followed the postman at a proper distance, introduced a conversation upon his own disappointments, in which, among other circumstances of his own ill-luck, he told him, that his patron's steward had desired to be excused from paying the last quarter of his interest precisely at the appointed term; for which reason, he should be utterly void of cash; and therefore requested that Crabtree would accommodate him with an hundred pieces out of his next remittance from the country.

This demand galled and perplexed the old man to such a degree, that the muscles of his face assumed a contraction peculiarly virulent, and exhibited the character of Diogenes with a most lively expression; he knew that a confession of his true situation would furnish Pickle with an opportunity to make reprisals upon him, with intolerable triumph; and that, by a downright refusal to supply his wants, he would forever forfeit his friendship and esteem, and might provoke him to take a vengeance for his sordid behaviour, by expelling him, in his native colours, to the

the resentment of those whom he had so long deceived. These considerations kept him some time in a most rancorous state of suspense; which Peregrine affected to misinterpret, by bidding him freely declare his suspicion, if he did not think it safe to comply with his request, and he would make shift elsewhere.

This seeming misconstruction increased the torture of the misanthrope, who with the utmost irritation of feature, "Oons!" cried he, "what villainy have you noted in my conduct, that you treat me like a rascally usurer?" Peregrine very gravely replied, that the question needed no answer; "for," said he, "had I considered you as an usurer, I would have come with a security under my arm; but, all evasion apart, will you steal me? will you pleasure me? shall I have the money?" "Would it were in your belly, with a barrel of gunpowder!" exclaimed the charged cynick; "since I must be exercised, read that plaguy paper!" "Sblood! why didn't nature clap a pair of long ears and a tail upon me, that I might be a real ass, and champ thistles on some common independent of my fellow-creatures? Would I were a worm, that I might creep into the earth, and hatch my habitation with a single straw; or rather a wasp or a viper, that I might make the rascally world feel my resentment. But why do I talk of rascality? folly, folly, is the scourge of life! Give me a scoundrel, (so he be a sensible one) and I will put him in my heart of hearts! but a fool is more mischievous than famine, pestilence, and war. The idiotical hag that writes, or causes to be writ, this same letter, has ruined her family, and broke her husband's heart, by ignorance and mismanagement; and she imputes her calamity to Providence with a vengeance; and so I am defrauded of three hundred pounds, the greatest part of which I owe to tradesmen whom I have promised to pay this very quarter. Pox upon her! I would she were an horned heath, that the distemper might lay hold on her. The beldame has the impudence, too, (after she has brought me into this dilemma) to solicit my assistance to stock the farm anew! Before God, I have a good mind to send her an hal-

ter; and perhaps I might purchase another for myself, but that I would not furnish food for laughter to knaves and coxcombs!"

Peregrine having perused the billet, and listened to this ejaculation, replied with great composure, that he was ashamed to see a man of his years and pretensions to philosophy so ruffled by a trifle. "What signify all the boasted hardships you have overcome," said he, "and the shrewd observations you pretend to have made on human nature? Where is that stoical indifference you affirm you have attained, if such a paltry disappointment can disturb you in this manner? What is the loss of three hundred pounds, compared with the misfortunes which I myself have undergone within these two years? Yet you will take upon you to act the censor, and inveigh against the impatience and impetuosity of youth, as if you yourself had gained an absolute conquest over all the passions of the heart. You was so kind as to insult me t'other day in my affliction, by approaching me with indiscretion and misconduct; suppose I were now to retort the imputation, and ask how a man of your profound sagacity could leave your fortune at the discretion of ignorant peasants? How could you be so blind as not to foresee the necessity of repairs, together with the danger of bankruptcy, murrain, or thin crop? Why did not you convert your land into ready-money, and (as you have no connections in life) purchase an annuity, on which you might have lived at your ease, without any fear of consequence? Can't you, from the whole budget of your philosophy, cull one apophthegm to console you for this trivial mischance?"

"Rot your rapidity!" said the cynick, half choked with gall; "if the cancer or the pox were in your throat, I should not be thus tormented with your tongue: and yet a magpye shall speak infinitely more to the purpose! Don't you know, Mr. Wilsacre, that my case does not fall within the province of philosophy? Had I been curtailed of all members, racked by the gout and gravel, deprived of liberty, robbed of an only child, or visited with the death of a dear friend like you, philosophy might have con-

tributed

tributed to my consolation; but will philosophy pay my debts, or free me from the burden of obligation to a set of fellows whom I despise? Speak!—pronounce—demonstrate—or may Heaven close your mouth for ever!

'These are the comfortable fruits of your misanthropy,' answered the youth; 'your laudable scheme of detaching yourself from the bonds of society, and of moving in a superior sphere of your own. Had not you been so peculiarly sage, and intent upon laughing at mankind, you could never have been disconcerted by such a pitiful inconvenience: any friend would have accommodated you with the sum in question. But now the world may retort the laugh; for you stand upon such an agreeable footing with your acquaintance, that nothing could please them better than an account of your having given disappointment the slip, by the help of a noose properly applied. This I mention by way of hint, upon which I would have you chew the cud of reflection; and should it come to that issue, I will use my whole interest with the coroner to bring in his verdict *Lunacy* that your carcase may have Christian burial.'

So saying, he withdrew, very well satisfied with the revenge he had taken; which operated so violently upon Crabtree, that if it had not been for the sole consideration mentioned above, he would, in all probability, have had recourse to the remedy proposed. But his unwillingness to oblige and entertain his fellow-creatures, hindered him from practising that expedient, till, by course of post, he was happily undeceived with regard to the situation of his affairs; and that information had such an effect upon him, that he not only forgave our hero for the stratagem, which he immediately ascribed to the right author, but also made him a tender of his purse, so that matters, for the present, were brought to an amicable accommodation.

Meanwhile, Peregrine never slackened his attendance upon the great; he never omitted to appear upon every levee day, employed his industry and penetration in getting intelligence of posts that were unfilled, and every day recommended himself to the good offices of his patron, who seemed to espouse his interest with great cordiality: never-

theless, he was always too late in his application, or the place he demanded chanced to be out of the minister's gift.

These intimations, though communicated in the most warm professions of friendship and regard, gave great umbrage to the young gentleman, who considered them as the evasions of an insincere courier, and loudly complained of them as such to his lordship, signifying, at the same time, an intention to sell his mortgage for ready-money, which he would expend to the last farthing in thwarting his honour in the very first election he should patronize. His lordship never wanted a proper exhortation upon these occasions: he did not now endeavour to pacify him with assurances of the minister's favour, because he perceived that these medicines had, by repeated use, lost their effect upon our adventurer, whose menaces he now combated, by representing that the minister's purse was heavier than that of Mr. Pickle; that therefore, should he make a point of opposing his interest, the youth must infallibly fail in the contest; in which case he would find himself utterly destitute of the means of subsistence, and consequently precluded from all hope of provision.

This was an observation, the truth of which our young gentleman could not pretend to doubt, though it did not at all tend to the vindication of his honour's conduct. Indeed, Pickle began to suspect the sincerity of his own patron, who, in his opinion, had trifled with his impatience, and even eluded, by sorry excuses, his desire of having another private audience of the first mover. His lordship also began to be less accessible than usual; and Peregrine had been obliged to dun the steward with repeated demands, before he could singe the last quarter of his interest.

Alarmed by these considerations, he went and consulted the nobleman whom he had obliged in the affair of his son; and had the mortification to hear but a very indifferent character of the person in whom he had so long confided. This new adviser, who (though a courtier) was a rival of the other, gave our adventurer to understand, that he had been leaning upon a broken reed, that his professed patron was a man of a shattered fortune and decayed interest, which extended no farther than a smile and a whisper; that, for his own part, he

Y y should

should have been proud of an opportunity to use his influence with the minister in behalf of Mr. Pickle: But, since you have put yourself under the protection of another peer," said he, "whose connections interfere with mine, I cannot now espouse your cause; without incurring the imputation of seducing that nobleman's adherents; a charge which, of all others, I would most carefully avoid. However, I shall always be ready to assist you with my private advice; as a specimen of which, I now counsel you to insist upon having another interview with Sir Steady Steerwell himself, that you may in person explain your pretensions, without any risk of being misrepresented; and endeavour, if possible, to draw him into some particular promise, from which he cannot retract with any regard to his reputation: for general profession is a necessary armour worn by all ministers in their own defence, against the importunity of those whom they will not befriend, and would not disoblige."

This advice was so conformable to his own sentiments, that our adventurer seized the first opportunity to demand an hearing, and plainly told his patron, that if he could not be indulged with that favour, he should look upon his lordship's influence to be very small, and his own hopes to be altogether desperate; in which case, he was resolved to dispose of the mortgage purchase annuity, and live independent.

C H A P. VII.
HE IS INDULGED WITH A SECOND AUDIENCE BY THE MINISTER, OF WHOSE SINCERITY HE IS CONVINCED: HIS PRIDE AND AMBITION REVIVE, AND AGAIN HE IS MORTIFIED.

IF the young gentleman's money had been in other hands; perhaps the peer would have been at very little pains, either in gratifying his demands, or opposing his revenge: but he knew that the sale of the mortgage could not be effected without an enquiry, to which he did not wish to be exposed. He therefore employed all his interest in procuring the desired audience. This being granted, Peregrine, with great

warmth and elocution, expatiated upon the injury his fortune had suffered in the affair of the borough for which he had stood candidate; he took notice of the disappointment he had sustained in the other election, reminded him of the promises with which he had been amused, and in conclusion, desired to know what he had to expect from his favour.

The minister having patiently heard him to an end, replied with a most gracious aspect, that he was very well informed of his merit and attachment, and very much disposed to convince him of the regard which he paid to both; that, till of late, he did not know the nature of his expectations, neither had he the power of creating posts for those whom he was inclined to serve; but if Mr. Pickle would chalk out any feasible method, by which he could manifest his sentiments of friendship, he should not be backward in executing the plan.

Peregrine laying hold on this declaration, mentioned several places which he knew to be vacant; but the old maxim was still used: one of them was not in his department of business; another had been promised to the third son of a certain earl, before the death of the last possessor; and a third was incumbered with a pension that ate up a good half of the appointments. In short, such objections were started to all his proposals, as he could not possibly surmount; though he plainly perceived, they were no other than specious pretexts to cover the mortifying side of a refusal. Exasperated, therefore, at this lack of sincerity and gratitude, "I can easily foresee," said he, "that such difficulties will never be wanting, when I have any thing to ask, and for that reason will save myself the trouble of any farther application."

So saying, he withdrew in a very abrupt manner, breathing defiance and revenge. But his patron, who did not think proper to drive him to extremities, found means to persuade his honour to do something for the pacification of the young man's cholera: and that same evening our adventurer received a message from his lordship, desiring to see him immediately.

In consequence of this intimation, Pickle went to his house, and appeared before him with a very cloudy aspect, which signified to whom it might concern, that his temper was at present too much galled to endure reproof; and

therefore the sagacious peer forebore taking him to task for his behaviour during the audience he had obtained; but gave him to understand, that the minister, in consideration of his services, had sent him a bank-note of three hundred pounds, with a promise of the like sum yearly, until he could be otherwise provided for. This declaration in some measure appeased the youth, who condescended to accept the present; and next levee day made his acknowledgment to the donor, who favoured him with a smile of infinite complacency, which entirely dissipated all the remains of his resentment; for, as he could not possibly divine the true cause of his being temporized with, he looked upon this condescension as an undoubted proof of Sir Steady's sincerity, and firmly believed that he would settle him in some place with the first opportunity, rather than continue to pay his pension out of his own pocket. In all probability, his prediction would have been verified, had not an unforeseen accident in a moment overwhelmed the bark of his interest at court.

Meanwhile, this short gleam of good fortune recalled the ideas of pride and ambition, which he had formerly cherished. His countenance was again lifted up, his good humour retrieved, and his mien re-exalted. Indeed, he began to be considered as a rising man by his fellow-dependents, who saw the particular notice with which he was favoured at the public levee; and some of them, for that reason, were at pains to court his good graces. He no longer shunned his former inmates, with whom a good part of his fortune had been spent, but made up to them in all places of public resort, with the same ease and familiarity as he had been used to express, and even re-embarked in some of their excesses, upon the strength of his sanguine expectation. Cadwallader and he renewed their consultations in the court of ridicule; and divers exploits were achieved, to the confusion of those who had sailed into the North of their dissipation.

But these enjoyments were soon interrupted by a misfortune equally fatal and unexpected: his noble patron was seized with an apoplectic fit, from which he was recovered by the physicians, that they might dispatch him according to rule; and, in two months

after they were called, he went the way of all flesh. Peregrine was very much afflicted at this event, not only on account of his friendship for the deceased, to whom he thought himself under many and great obligations; but also, because he feared that his own interest would suffer a severe shock, by the removal of this nobleman, whom he considered as it's chief support. He put himself therefore in mourning, out of regard to the memory of his departed friend, and exhibited genuine marks of sorrow and concern; though he had, in reality, more cause to grieve than he as yet imagined.

When quarter day came about, he applied to the steward of his lordship's heir for the interest of his money as usual; and the reader will readily own had some reason to be surprised, when he was told he had no claim either to principal or interest. True it is, the manager talked very civilly as well as sensibly upon the subject. "Your appearance, Sir," said he to Pickle, "screens you from all suspicion of an intended fraud; but the mortgage upon those lands you mention, was granted to another person many years before you pretend to have lent that sum; and I have this very morning paid one quarter's interest, as appears from this receipt, which you may peruse for your satisfaction."

Peregrine was so thunder-struck at this information, which stripped him of his all, that he could not utter one word; a circumstance that did no great honour to his character, in the opinion of the steward; who, in good earnest, began to entertain some doubts of his integrity: for, among the papers of the deceased, which he had examined, there was no writing, memorandum, or receipt, relating to this incumbrance. After a long pause of stupefaction, Peregrine recollected himself so far as to observe, that either he was egregiously mistaken, or the predecession of his lord the greatest villain upon earth. "But, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um," said he, "you must give me leave to tell you, that your base assertion, in this affair, will by no means induce me to put up quietly with the loss of ten thousand pounds."

Having thus expell'd himself, he retired from the house so discontented at this demur, that he scarce knew whether he moved upon his head or heels; and

the Park chancing to lie in his way, he sauntered about, giving vent to a soliloquy in praise of his departed friend, the burden of which was a string of incoherent curses imprecated upon himself; till his transports, by degrees giving way to his reflection, he deliberated seriously and sorrowfully upon his misfortune, and resolved to consult lawyers without loss of time. But, first of all, he proposed to make personal application to the heir, who, by a candid revelation of the case, might be inclined to do him justice.

In consequence of this determination, he next morning put his writings in his pocket, and went in a chair to the house of the young nobleman, to whom being admitted by virtue of his appearance, and a small gratification to the porter, he explained the whole affair, corroborating his assertions with the papers which he produced, and describing the disgrace that would be entailed upon the memory of the deceased, should he be obliged to seek redress in a publick court of justice.

The executor, who was a person of good-breeding, consoled him upon his loss with great good-nature, though he did not seem much surprized at his account of the matter; but wished that, since the fraud must have been committed, the damage had fallen upon the first mortgager, who (he said) was a thievish usurer, grown rich by the distresses of his fellow-creatures. In answer to our hero's remonstrances, he observed, that he did not look upon himself as obliged to pay the least regard to the character of his predecessor, who had used him with great barbarity and injustice, not only in excluding him from his countenance and assistance, but also in prejudicing his inheritance as much as lay in his power; so that it could not be reasonably expected that he would pay ten thousand pounds of his debt, for which he had received no value. Peregrine, in spite of his chagrin, could not help owning within himself, that there was a good deal of reason in this refusal. After having given loose to his indignation, in the most violent invectives against the defunct, he took his leave of the complaisant heir, and had immediately recourse to the advice of counsel, who assured him, that he had an excellent plea, and was accordingly retained in the cause.

All these measures were taken in the first vigour of his exertion, during which his spirits were so flustered with the diversity of passions produced by his mischance, that he mistook for equanimity that which was no other than intoxication; and two whole days elapsed before he attained a due sense of his misfortune. Then, indeed, he underwent a woeful self-examination; every circumstance of the enquiry added fresh pangs to his reflection; and the result of the whole was a discovery, that his fortune was totally consumed, and himself reduced to a state of the most deplorable dependence. This suggestion alone might (in the anguish of his despondency) have driven him to some desperate course, had not it been in some measure qualified by the confidence of his lawyers, and the assurance of the milliner, which (slender as the world hath generally found them) were the only bulwarks between misery and him.

The mind is naturally pliable, and, provided it has the least hope to lean upon, adapts itself wonderfully to the emergencies of fortune, especially when the imagination is gay and luxuriant. This was the case with our adventurer; instead of indulging the melancholy ideas which his loss inspired, he had recourse to the flattering delusions of hope, soothing himself with unsubstantial plans of future greatness, and endeavouring to cover what was passed with the veil of oblivion.

After some hesitation, he resolved to make Crabtree acquainted with his misfortune; that once for all he might pass the ordeal of his satire, without subjecting himself to a long series of sarcastick hints and doubtful allusions, which he could not endure. He accordingly took the first opportunity of telling him, that he was absolutely ruined by the perfidy of his patron, and desired that he would not aggravate his affliction by those cynical remarks which were peculiar to men of his misanthropical disposition. Cadwallader listened to this declaration with internal surprize; which, however, produced no alteration in his countenance; and after some pause, observed that our hero had no reason to look for any new observation from him upon this event, which he had long foreseen, and duly expected; and exhorted him, with an ironical smile, to console himself with the promise of the milliner, who would

double discharge the debts of his deceased holiness.

He did show himself a stout and valiant warrior.

CHAP. VIII.
PEREGRINE COMMITS HIMSELF TO THE PUBLICK, AND IS ADMITTED MEMBER OF A COLLEGE OF AUTHORS.

THE bitterness of this explanation being passed, our young gentleman began to revolve within himself schemes for making up the deficiencies of his yearly income, which was now so grievously reduced; and determined to profit, in some shape or other, by those talents which he owed to nature and education. He had, in his affluence, heard of several authors who, without any pretensions to genius, or human literature, earned a very genteel subsistence, by undertaking work for booksellers, in which reputation was not at all concerned. One (for example) professed all manner of translation, at so much per sheet, and actually kept five or six amanuenses continually employed, like so many clerks in a counting-house; by which means he was enabled to live at his ease, and enjoy his friend and his bottle, ambitious of no other character than that of an honest man and a good neighbour. Another projected a variety of plans for new dictionaries, which were executed under his eye by day-labourers; and the province of a third was history and voyages, collected or abridged by understrappers of the same class.

Mr. Pickle, in his comparisons, paid such deference to his own capacity, as banished all doubts of his being able to excel any of those undertakers in their different branches of profession, if ever he should be driven to that experiment: but his ambition prompted him to make his interest and glory coincide, by attempting some performance which should do him honour with the publick, and at the same time establish his importance among the copy-purchasers in town. With this view he worshipped the muse; and, conscious of the little regard which is, in this age, paid to every species of poetick composition, in which neither satire nor obsequy occurs, he produced a imitation of Jovenal, and lashed some conspicuous characters with equal truth, spirit, and severity. Though his name

did not appear in the title-page of this production, he managed matters so, as that the work was universally imputed to the true author, who was not altogether disappointed in his expectations of success; for the impression was immediately sold off, and the piece became the subject of conversation in all assemblies of taste.

This happy exordium not only attracted the addresses of the booksellers, who made interest for his acquaintance, but also roused the notice of a society of authors, who styled themselves the college, from which he was honoured with a deputation, offering to enrol him a member, by unanimous consent. The person employed for this purpose being a bard who had formerly tasted of our hero's bounty, used all his eloquence to persuade him to comply with the advances of their fraternity, which he described in such a manner, as inflamed the curiosity of Pickle, who dismissed the ambassador, with an acknowledgment of the great honour they conferred upon him, and a faithful promise of endeavouring to merit the countenance of their approbation.

He was afterwards, by the same minister, instructed in the ceremonies of the college; and, in consequence of his information, composed an Ode, to be publicly recited on the evening of his introduction. He understood, that this constitution was no other than a body of authors, incorporated by mutual consent, for their joint advantage and satisfaction, opposed to another assembly of the same kind, their avowed enemies and detractors. No wonder, then, that they sought to strengthen themselves with such a valuable acquisition as our hero was like to prove. The college consisted of authors only, and these of all degrees in point of reputation, from the fabricator of a song set to mulick and sung at Marybone, to the dramatick bard who had appeared in baskins upon the stage; nay, one of the members had actually finished eight books of an epick poem, for the publication of which he was at that time soliciting subscriptions.

It cannot be supposed that such a congregation of the sons of Apollo would sit a whole evening with order and decorum unless they were under the check of some established authority; and this inconvenience having been foreseen, they

had elected a president, vested with full power to silence any member or members, that should attempt to disturb the harmony and subordination of the whole. The sage who at this time possessed the chair, was a person in years, whose countenance was a lively portrait of that rancorous discontent which follows repeated damnation. He had been extremely unfortunate in his theatrical productions, and was (to use the words of a profane wag, who assisted at the condemnation of his last play) by this time *damped beyond redemption*. Nevertheless, he still carried about the skirts of Parnassus, translating some of the classics, and writing miscellanies; and, by dint of an invincible assurance, supercilious insolence, the most undaunted virulence of tongue, and some knowledge of life, he made shift to acquire and maintain the character of a man of learning and wit, in the opinion of people who had neither; that is, thirty-nine or forty of those with whom he associated himself. He was even looked upon in this light by some few of the college; though the major part of those who favoured his election were such as dreaded his malice, respected his experience and seniority, or hated his competitor, who was the epick poet.

The chief end of this society (as I have already hinted) was to assist and support each other in their productions, which they mutually recommended to sale, with all their art and influence, not only in private conversation, but also in occasional epigrams, criticisms, and advertisements, inserted in the publick papers. This science, which is known by the vulgar appellation of *puffing*, they carried to such a pitch of finesse, that an author very often wrote an abusive answer to his own performance, in order to inflame the curiosity of the town, by which it had been overlooked. Notwithstanding this general unanimity in the college, a private animosity had long subsisted between the two rivals I have mentioned, on account of precedence; to which both laid claim, though by a majority of voices it had been decided in favour of the present chairman. The grudge, indeed, never proceeded to any degree of outrage or defiance, but manifested itself at every meeting, in attempts to eclipse each other in smart sayings and pregnant repartees; so that there was always a delicate mess of this kind

of wit served up in the front of the evening, for the entertainment and example of the junior members, who never failed to divide upon this occasion, declaring themselves for one or other of the combatants, whom they encouraged by their looks, gestures, and applause, according to the circumstances of the dispute.

This honourable consistory was held in the best room of an ale-house, which afforded wine, punch, or beer, suitable to the purse or inclination of every individual, who separately paid for his own choice; and here was our hero introduced, in the midst of twenty strangers, who, by their looks and equipage, formed a very picturesque variety. He was received with a most gracious solemnity, and placed upon the right-hand of the president, who having commanded silence, recited aloud his introductory Ode, which met with universal approbation. Then was tendered to him the customary oath, obliging him to consult the honour and advantage of the society as far as it should lie in his power, in every station of life; and this being taken, his temples were bound with a wreath of laurel, which was kept sacred for such inauguration.

When these rites were performed with all due ceremony, the new member cast his eyes around the place, and took a more accurate survey of his brethren, among whom he observed a strange collection of periwigs, with regard to the colour, fashions, and dimensions, which were such as he had never seen before. Those who sat on each side, nearest the president, were generally distinguished by venerable tyes, the fore-tops of which exhibited a surprising diversity; some of them rose slanting backwards, like the glacis of a fortification; some were elevated in two distinct eminences, like the hills Helicon and Parnassus; and others were curled and reflected, as the horns of Jupiter Ammon. Next to these, the majors took place, many of which were mere *succedanea*, made by the application of an occasional rose to the tail of a lank hob; and in the lower form appeared masses of hair which would admit of no description.

Their cloaths were tolerably well suited to the furniture of their heads, the apparel of the upper bench being decent and clean, while that of the second class was threadbare and soiled:

and at the lower end of the room, he perceived divers efforts made to conceal their rent breeches and dirty smocks; nay, he could distinguish by their countenances, the different kinds of poetry in which they exercised the muse; he saw Tragedy conspicuous in a grave solemnity of regard; Satire frowning in a frown of envy and discontent; Elegy whining in a funeral aspect; Pastoral dozing in a most insipid languor of face; Ode, wringing delineated in a distracted stare; and Epigram squinting with a pert sneer. Perhaps our hero refined too much in his penetration, when he affirmed, that over and above these discoveries, he could plainly perceive the state of every one's finances, and would have undertaken to have guessed each particular sum, without varying three farthings from the truth.

The conversation, instead of becoming general, began to fall into parties; and the epick poet had actually attracted the attention of a private committee, when the chairman interposed, calling aloud, 'No cabals! no conspiracies, gentlemen!' His rival thinking incumbent upon him to make some reply to this rebuke, answered, 'We have no secrets; he that hath ears, let him hear.' This was spoke as an intimation to the company, whose looks were instantly whetted with the expectation of their ordinary meal; but the president seemed to decline the contest; for, without putting on his fighting face, he calmly replied, that he had seen Mr. Metaphor tip the wink, and whisper to one of his confederates; and thence judged that there was something mysterious on the carpet.

The epick poet, believing his antagonist crest-fallen, resolved to take the advantage of his dejection, that he might enhance his own character in the opinion of the stranger; and with that view asked, with an air of exultation, if a man might not be allowed to have a convulsion in his eye, without being suspected of a conspiracy. The president perceiving his drift, and piqued at his presumption, 'To be sure,' said he, 'a man of a weak head may be very well supposed to have convulsions in his eyes.' This remark produced a laugh of triumph among the chairman's adherents; one of whom observed, that his rival had got a smart rap on the pate. 'Yes,' replied the bard, 'in that

respect Mr. Chairman has the advantage of me. Had my head been fortified with a horn-work, I should not have been so sensible of the stroke.' This retort, which carried a severe allusion to the president's wife, lighted up the countenances of the aggressor's friends, which had begun to be a little obumbrated; and had a contrary effect upon the other faction, till their chief, collecting all his capacity, returned the salute, by observing, that there was no occasion for an horn-work, when the covered way was not worth defending.

Such a reprisal upon Mr. Metaphor's yoke-fellow, who was by no means remarkable for her beauty, could not fail to operate upon the hearers; and as for the bard himself, he was evidently ruffled by the reflection, to which however he, without hesitation, replied, 'Egad! 'tis my opinion, that if your covered way was laid open, few people would venture to give the assault.' 'Not unless their batteries were more effectual than the fire of your wit,' said the president. 'As for that matter,' cried the other with precipitation, 'they would have no occasion to batter in breach; they would find the angle of the *Lepusella* bastion demolished to their hands.' He then, 'But I believe it would surpass your understanding,' resumed the chairman, 'to fill up the fesse.' 'That, I own, is impracticable,' replied the bard, 'there I should meet with an *obitus maxime defendendus!*'

The president, exasperated at this insinuation, in presence of the new members, exclaimed with indignation in his looks, 'And yet, if a body of pickers were set at work upon your skull, they would find rubbish enough to choke up all the common sewers in town.' Here a groan was uttered by the admirers of the epick poet; who, taking a pinch of snuff with great composure, 'When a man grows servile,' said he, 'I take it for an undoubted proof of his overthrow.' 'If that be the case,' cried the other, 'you yourself must be the vanquished party; for you was the first that was driven to personal abuse.' 'I appeal,' answered the bard, 'to those who can distinguish.' 'Gentlemen, your judgment!'

This reference produced an universal clamour, and the whole college was in a

volved in confusion. Every man entered into dispute with his neighbour on the merits of this cause. The chairman interposed his authority in vain; the noise grew louder and louder; the disputants waxed warm; the epithets of *blockhead*, *fool*, and *scoundrel*, were bandied about. Peregrine enjoyed the uproar, and leaping upon the table, sounded the charge to battle, which was immediately commenced in ten different duels. The lights were extinguished; the combatants thrashed one another without distinction; the mischievous Pickle distributed sundry random blows in the dark; and the people below, being alarmed with the sound of application, the overturning of chairs, and the outcries of those who were engaged, came up stairs in a body with lights, to reconnoitre, and, if possible, quell this hideous tumult.

Objects were no sooner rendered visible, than the field of battle exhibited strange groupes of the standing and the fallen. Each of Mr. Metaphor's eyes was surrounded with a circle of a livid hue; and the president's nose distilled a quantity of clotied blood. One of the tragick authors, finding himself assailed in the dark, had, by way of a pounce, employed upon his adversary's throat a knife which lay upon the table, for the convenience of cutting cheese; but, by the blessing of God, the edge of it was not keen enough to enter the skin, which it had only scratched in divers places. A satirist had almost bit off the ear of a lyrick bard. Shirts and neckcloths were torn to rags; and there was such a woeful wreck of periwigs on the floor, that no examination could adjust the property of the owners, the greatest part of whom were obliged to use handkerchiefs by way of night-cap.

The fray, however, ceased at the approach of those who interposed; part of the combatants being tired of an exercise in which they had received nothing but hard blows; part of them being intimidated by the remonstrances of the landlord and his company, who threatened to call the watch; and a very few being ashamed of the scandalous dispute in which they were detected. But though the battle was ended, it was impossible, for that evening, to restore harmony and good order to the society, which broke up, after the president had pronounced a short and convulsed apology to our au-

thor, for the indecent uproar which had unfortunately happened on the first night of his admission.

Indeed, Peregrine deliberated with himself, whether or not his reputation would allow him to appear again among this venerable fraternity: but, as he knew some of them to be men of real genius, how ridiculous soever their carriage might be modified, and was of that laughing disposition, which is always seeking food for mirth, as Horace observes of Philippos,

Risus undique querit;

he resolved to frequent the college, notwithstanding this accident which happened at his inauguration; being there to, moreover, induced by his desire of knowing the private history of the stage, with which he supposed some of the members perfectly well acquainted. He was also visited, before the next meeting, by his introducer, who assured him, that such a tumult had never happened since the first institution of the assembly till that very night; and promised, that for the future he should have no cause to be scandalized at their behaviour.

Persuaded by these motives and assurances, he trusted himself once more in the midst of their community, and every thing proceeded with great decorum; all dispute and altercation was avoided; and the college applied itself seriously to the purposes of its meeting, namely, to hear the grievances of individuals, and assist them with salutary advice. The first person that craved redress, was a noisy North Briton, who complained (in a strange dialect) that he had, in the beginning of the season, presented a comedy to the manager of a certain theatre; who, after it had lain six weeks in his hands, returned it to the author, affirming there was neither sense nor English in the performance.

The president (who, by the bye, had revised the piece) thinking his own reputation concerned, declared, in presence of the whole society, that with regard to sense, he would not undertake to vindicate the production; but, in point of language, no fault could be justly laid to its charge. The case, however, is very plain, said he; the manager never gave himself the trouble to peruse the play, but formed a

judg.

judgment of it from the conversation of the author, never dreaming that it had undergone the revival of an English writer; be that as it will, you are infinitely obliged to him for having dispatched you so soon, and I shall have the better opinion of him for it as long as I live; for I have known other wise authors than you (that is, in point of interest and fame) kept in continual attendance and dependance the best part of their lives, and after all, disappointed in the expectation of seeing their performances exhibited on the stage.

CHAP. IX.

FARTHER PROCEEDINGS OF THE COLLEGE.

THIS affair was no sooner discussed, than another gentleman exhibited a complaint, signifying, that he had undertaken to translate into English a certain celebrated author, who had been cruelly mangled by former attempts; and that, as soon as his design took air, the proprietors of these miserable translations had endeavoured to prejudice his work, by industrious insinuations, contrary to truth and fair-dealing, importing, that he did not understand one word of the language which he pretended to translate. This being a case that nearly concerned the greatest part of the audience, it was taken into serious deliberation: some observed, that it was not only a malicious effort against the plaintiff, but also a spiteful advertisement to the publick, tending to promote an enquiry into the abilities of all other translators, few of whom (it was well known) were so qualified as to stand the test of such examination. Others said, that over and above this consideration, which ought to have it's due weight with the college, there was a necessity for concerting measures to humble the presumption of book-sellers; who had, from time immemorial, taken all opportunities to oppress and enslave their authors, not only by limiting men of genius to the wages of journeymen scribes, without even allowing them one sabbath in the week, but also in taking such advantages of their necessities, as were inconsistent with justice and humanity. For example,* said one of the

members, *after I myself had acquired a little reputation with the town, I was caressed by one of those tyrants, who professed a friendship for me, and even supplied me with money, according to the exigencies of my situation; so that I looked upon him as the mirror of disinterested benevolence; and had he known my disposition, and treated me accordingly, I should have writ for him upon his own terms. After I had used his friendship in this manner for some time, I happened to have occasion for a small sum of money, and with great confidence made another application to my good friend; when all of a sudden he put a stop to his generosity, refused to accommodate me in the most abrupt and mortifying style, and though I was at that time pretty far advanced in a work for his benefit, which was a sufficient security for what I owed him, he roundly asked, how I proposed to pay the money which I had already borrowed. Thus was I used like a young whore just come upon the town, whom the bawd allows to run into her debt, that she may have it in her power to oppress her at pleasure; and if the sufferer complains, she is treated like the most ungrateful wretch upon earth; and that too with such appearance of reason, as may easily mislead an unconcerned spectator. "You unthankful drab!" she will say, "did'n't I take you into my house when you had'n't a shift to your back, a petticoat to your tail, nor a morsel of bread to put into your belly? Ha'n't I clothed you from head to foot like a gentlewoman; supported you with board, lodging, and all necessaries, till your own extravagance hath brought you into distress; and now you have the impudence, you nasty, stinking, brimstone bung-away! to say you are hardly dealt with, when I demand no more than my own." Thus the whore and the author are equally oppressed, and even left without the melancholy privilege of complaining; so that they are fain to subscribe to such terms as their creditors shall please to impose.

This illustration operated so powerfully upon the conviction and resentment of the whole college, that revenge was universally denounced against those who had aggrieved the plaintiff; and

after some debate it was agreed, that he should make a new translation of some other saleable book, in opposition to a former version belonging to the delinquents, and print it in such a small size, as would enable him to undersell their property; and that this new translation should be recommended and introduced into the world with the whole art and influence of the society.

This affair being settled to the satisfaction of all present, an author of some character stood up, and craved the advice and assistance of his fellows, in punishing a certain nobleman of great pretensions to taste, who, in consequence of a production which this gentleman had ushered into the world with universal applause, not only desired, but even eagerly courted his acquaintance. 'He invited me to his house,' said he, 'where I was overwhelmed with civility and professions of friendship. He insisted upon my treating him as an intimate, and calling upon him at all hours, without ceremony; he made me promise to breakfast with him at least three times a week: in short, I looked upon myself as very fortunate, in meeting with such advances from a man of his interest and reputation, who had it in his power to befriend me effectually in my passage through life; and, that I might not give him any cause to think I neglected his friendship, I went to his house in two days, with a view of drinking chocolate, according to appointment; but he had been so much fatigued with dancing at an assembly over night, that his valet de chambre would not venture to wake him so early; and I left my compliments to his lordship, with a performance in manuscript, which he had expressed a most eager desire to peruse. I repeated my visit next morning, that his impatience to see me might not have some violent effect upon his constitution; and received a message from his minister, signifying, that he had been highly entertained with the manuscript I had left, a great part of which he had read, but was at present so busy in contriving a proper dress for a private masque-rade, which would be given that same evening, that he could not have the pleasure of my company at breakfast. This was a feasible excuse, which I admitted accordingly; and in a day or

two appeared again, when his lordship was particularly engaged. This might possibly be the case; and therefore I returned the fourth time, in hopes of finding him more at leisure; but he had gone out about half an hour before my arrival, and left my performance with his valet de chambre, who assured me that his lord had perused it with infinite pleasure. Perhaps I might have retired very well satisfied with this declaration, had not I, in my passage through the hall, heard one of the footmen, upon the top of the stair-case, pronounce with an audible voice, "Will your lordship please to be at home when he calls?" It is not to be supposed that I was pleased at this discovery; which I no sooner made, than turning to my conductor, "I find," said I, "his lordship is disposed to be abroad to more people than me this morning." The fellow (though a valet de chambre) blushed at this observation; and I withdrew, not a little irritated at the peer's dissimulation, and fully resolved to spare him my visits for the future. It was not long after this occasion, that I happened to meet him in the Park, and being naturally civil, I could not pass him without a salutation of the hat, which he returned in the most distant manner, though we were both solitary, and not a soul within view; and when that very performance, which he had applauded so warmly, was lately published by subscription, he did not bestir himself so much as one copy. I have often reflected with wonder upon this inconsistency in his conduct. I never courted his patronage, nor indeed thought of his name, until he made interest for my acquaintance; and if he was disappointed in my conversation, why did he press me so much to farther connection?

The case is very clear, cried the chairman, interrupting him: he is one of those connoisseurs who set up for taste, and value themselves upon knowing all men of genius, whom they would be thought to assist in their productions. I will lay an even bet with any man, that his lordship, on the strength of that slender interview, together with the opportunity of having seen your performance in manuscript, has already hinted to every

every company in which he is conversant, that you solicited his assistance in retouching the piece, which you have now offered to the publick, and that he was pleased to favour you with his advice, but found you obstinately bigotted to your own opinion, in some points relating to those very passages which have not met with the approbation of the town. As for his caresses, there was nothing at all extraordinary in his behaviour. By that time you have lived to my age, you will not be surprized to see a courtier's promise and performance of a different complexion; not but that I would willingly act as an auxiliary in your resentment.

The opinion of the president was strengthened by the concurrence of all the members; and all other complaints and memorials being deferred till another sitting, the college proceeded to an exercise of wit, which was generally performed once every fortnight, with a view to promote the expectoration of genius. The subject was occasionally chosen by the chairman, who opened the game with some shrewd remark naturally arising from the conversation; and then the ball was tossed about from one corner of the room to the other, according to the motions of the spirit.

That the reader may have a just idea of this sport, and of the abilities of those who carried it on, I shall repeat the sallies of this evening, according to the order and succession in which they escaped. One of the members observing that Mr. Metaphor was absent, was told by the person who sat next to him, that the poet had foul weather at home, and could not stir abroad. 'What!' said the president interposing, with the signal upon his countenance, 'is he wind-bound in port?'—'Wine-bound, I suppose,' cried another.—'Hooped with wine! a strange metaphor!' said the third.—'Not if he has got into a hoghead,' answered the fourth.—'The hoghead will sooner get into him,' replied a fifth; 'it must be a tun or an ocean.'—'No wonder, then, if he should be overwhelmed,' said a sixth.—'If he should,' cried a seventh, 'he will cast up when his gall breaks.'—'That must be very soon,' roared an eighth, 'for it has been long ready to burst.'—'No, no,' observed a ninth, 'he'll stick fast at the bottom,

'take my word for it; he has a natural alacrity in sinking.'—'And yet,' remarked a tenth, 'I have seen him in the clouds.'—'Then was he cloudy, I suppose,' cried the eleventh.—'So dark,' replied the other, 'that his meaning could not be perceived.'—'For all that,' said the twelfth, 'he is easily seen through.'—'You talk,' answered the thirteenth, 'as if his head was made of glass.'—'No, no,' cried a fourteenth, 'his head is made of more durable stuff; it will bend before it breaks.'—'Yet I have seen it broken,' resumed the president.—'Did you perceive any wit come out at the hole?' said another.—'His wit,' replied the chairman, 'is too subtle to be perceived.'

A third mouth was just opened, when the exercise was suddenly interrupted by the dreadful cry of 'Fire!' which issued from the kitchen, and involved the whole college in confusion. Every man endeavouring to be the first in making his exit, the door and passage were blocked up: each individual was pummelled by the person that happened to be behind him. This communication produced noise and exclamation; clouds of smoke rolled upwards into the apartment, and terror sat on every brow; when Peregrine, seeing no prospect of retreating by the door, opened one of the windows, and fairly leaped into the street, where he found a crowd of people assembled to contribute their assistance in extinguishing the flames. Several members of the college followed his example, and happily accomplished their escape: the chairman himself being unwilling to use the same expedient, stood trembling on the brink of descent, dubious of his own agility, and dreading the consequence of such a leap, when a chair happening to pass, he laid hold on the opportunity, and by an exertion of his muscles pitched upon the top of the carriage, which was immediately overturned in the kennel, to the grievous annoyance of the fare, which happened to be a certain effeminate beau, in full dress, on his way to a private assembly.

This phantom hearing the noise over head, and seeing the shock of being overthrown at the same time, thought that some whole regiment had fallen upon the chair, and, in the terror of being crushed to pieces, uttered
 222 a scream

a scream which the populace supposed to proceed from the mouth of a woman; and therefore went to his assistance; while the chairmen, instead of ministering to his occasions, no sooner recollected themselves, than they ran in pursuit of their overthrower, who being accustomed to escape from bailiffs, dived into a dark alley, and vanishing in a trice, was not visible to any living soul, until he appeared next day on Tower Hill.

The humane part of the mob, who desired themselves for the relief of the supposed lady, no sooner perceived their mistake in the appearance of the beau, who stared around him with horror and affright, than their compassion was changed into mirth, and they began to pass a great many unfavourable jokes upon his misfortune, which they now discovered no inclination to alleviate; and he found himself very uncomfortably beset, when Pickle, pitying his situation, interposed in his behalf, and prevailed upon the chairmen to carry him into the house of an apothecary in the neighbourhood, to whom his mischance proved a very advantageous accident; for the fright operated so violently upon his nerves, that he was seized with a delirium, and lay a whole fortnight deprived of his senses; during which period he was not neglected in point of medicines, food, and attendance, but royally regaled, as appeared by the contents of his landlord's bill.

Our adventurer having seen this unfortunate beau safely housed, returned to the scene of the other calamity; which, as it was no other than a foul chimney, soon yielded to the endeavours of the family, and was happily overcome, without any other bad consequence than that of alarming the neighbours, disturbing the college, and disordering the brain of a beau.

Eager to be acquainted with the particular constitutions of a society which seemed to open upon him by degrees, Mr. Pickle did not fail to appear at the next meeting, when several petitions were laid before the board, in behalf of those members who were confined in the prisons of the Fleet, Marshalsea and King's Bench. As those unhappy authors expected nothing from their brethren but advice and good offices, which did not concern the parle, the memorials were considered with

great care and humanity; and, upon this occasion, Peregrine had it in his power to manifest his importance to the community; for he happened to be acquainted with the creditor of one of the prisoners, and knew that gentleman's severity was owing to his resentment at the behaviour of the debtor, who had lampooned him in print, because he refused to comply with a fresh demand, after he had lent him money to the amount of a considerable sum. Our young gentleman therefore understanding that the author was penitent, and disposed to make a reasonable submission, promised to employ his influence with the creditor towards an accommodation; and in a few days actually obtained his release.

The social duties being discharged, the conversation took a general turn, and several new productions were freely criticised; those especially which belonged to authors who were either unconnected with, or unknown to the college. Nor did the profession of stage-playing escape the cognizance of the assembly: a deputation of the most judicious members being sent weekly to each theatre, with a view of making remarks upon the performance of the actors. The censors for the preceding week were accordingly called upon to give in their report; and the play which they had reviewed was the *Revenge*.

Mr. Q. said the second censor, take him all in all, is certainly the most complete and unblemished performer that ever appeared on our stage, notwithstanding the blind adoration which is paid to his rival. I went two nights ago, with an express design to criticise his action: I could find no room for censure, but infinite subject for admiration and applause. In *Pierre* he is great, in *Othello* excellent, but in *Zanga* beyond all imitation. Over and above the distinctness of pronunciation, the dignity of attitude, and expression of face, his gestures are so just and significant, that a man, though utterly bereft of the sense of hearing, might, by seeing him only, understand the meaning of every word he speaks. Sure nothing can be more exquisite than his manner of telling *Isabella* how *Alonzo* behaved when he found the incendiary letter which she had dropped

ped by the Moor's direction; and when, to crown his vengeance, he discovers himself to be the contriver of all the mischief that had happened, he manifests a perfect master-piece of action, in pronouncing these four little monosyllables, *Know, then, 'twas—I.*

Peregrine having eyed the critick some minutes—'I fancy,' said he, 'your praise must be ironical, because, in the very two situations you mention, I think I have seen that player out-herod Herod; or, in other words, exceed all his other extravagancies. The intention of the author is, that the Moor should communicate to his confidante a piece of information contained in a few lines; which, doubtless, ought to be repeated with an air of eagerness and satisfaction, not with the ridiculous grimace of a monkey, to which, methought, his action bore an intimate resemblance in uttering this plain sentence:

—he took it up;
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,
When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,
Started, and trembling dropp'd it on the
ground.'

In pronouncing the first two words, this egregious actor stoops down, and seems to take up something from the stage; then proceeding to repeat what follows, mimicks the manner of unfolding a letter: when he mentions the simile of an arrow piercing the eye, he darts his fore-finger towards that organ, then recoils with great violence when the word *started* is expressed; and when he comes to *trembling dropp'd it on the ground*, he throws all his limbs into a tremulous motion, and shakes the imaginary paper from his hand. The latter part of the description is carried on with the same minute gesticulation while he says—

Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,
Disguis'd a sigh or two, and puff'd them
from him;
Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.

The player's countenance assumes a wild stare; he sighs twice most piteously, as if he were on the point of

suffocation; scrubs his forehead, and bending his body, apes the action of snatching an object from the floor. Nor is this dexterity of dumb-show omitted, when he concludes his intimation in these three lines:
At first, he look'd as if he meant to read it;
But, check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it
thus,
And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Here the judicious performer imitates the confusion and concern of Alonzo; seems to cast his eyes upon something, from which they are immediately withdrawn with horror and precipitation; then shutting his fist with a violent squeeze, as if he intended to make immediate application to Isabella's nose, he rams it in his own bosom, with all the horror and agitation of a thief taken in the manner. Were the player debarred the use of speech, and obliged to act to the eyes only of the audience, this mimicry might be a necessary conveyance of his meaning; but when he is at liberty to signify his ideas by language, nothing can be more trivial; forced, unnatural, and antick, than this superfluous mummery. Not that I would exclude from the representation the graces of action, without which the choicest sentiments, cloathed in the most exquisite expression, would appear unanimated and insipid; but these are as different from this ridiculous burlesque, as is the demeanor of a Tully in the rostrum, from the tricks of a Jack-pudding on a mountebank's stage; and for the truth of what I alledge, I appeal to the observation of any person who has considered the elegance of attitude and propriety of gesture, as they are universally acknowledged in the real characters of life. Indeed, I have known a Gascon, whose limbs were as eloquent as his tongue: he never mentioned the word *sleep* without reclining his head upon his hand; when he had occasion to talk of an *hurle*, he always started up and trotted across the room, except when he was so situated that he could not stir without incommoding the company, and in that case he contented himself with neighing aloud: if a dog happened to be the subject of his conversation,

recreation, he wagged his tail, and grinned in a most significant manner; and one day he expressed his desire of going backwards with such natural imitation of his purpose, that every body in the room firmly believed he had actually oversteer'd of himself, and fortified their notions accordingly. Yet no man ever looked upon this virtuoso to be the standard of propriety in point of speaking and deportment. For my own part, I confess the player in question would, by dint of these qualifications, make a very good figure in the character of Pantlloon's lacquey, in the entertainment of Perseus and Andromeda, and perhaps might acquire some reputation, by turning the Revenge into a pantomime; in which case, I would advise him to come upon the stage, provided with an handful of flour, in order to besmear his face, when he pronounces *pale and aghast*, &c. and methinks he ought to illustrate the adder with an hideous hiss. But let us now come to the other situation, in which this modern Æsopus is supposed to distinguish himself so much; I mean that same *eclaircissement* comprehended in, *Known then, 'twas—* &c. His manner, I own, may be altered since I was present at the representation of that performance: but certain I am, when I beheld him in that critical conjuncture, his behaviour appeared to me so uncouth, that I really imagined he was visited by some epileptick distemper; for he stood tottering and gasping for the space of two minutes, like a man suddenly struck with the palsy; and after various distortions and side shakings, as if he had got fleas in his doublet, heaved up from his lungs the letter Z, like a huge anchor from foul ground.

This criticism was acceptable to the majority of the college, who had no great veneration for the player in question; and his admirer, without making any reply, asked in a whisper, of the gentleman who sat next to him, if Pickle had not offered some production to the stage, and met with a repulse.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS IN-

PRODUCED TO A VIRTUOSO OF THE FIRST ORDER, AND COMMENCES YELPER.

HITHERTO Peregrine had professed himself an author, without reaping the fruits of that occupation, except the little fame he had acquired by his late satire; but now he thought it high time to weigh *solid pudding against empty praise*; and therefore engaged with some bookellers in a certain translation, which he obliged himself to perform for the consideration of two hundred pounds. The articles of agreement being drawn, he began his task with great eagerness; rose early in the morning to his work, at which he laboured all day long; went abroad with the bats in the evening, and appeared in the coffee-house, where he amused himself with the newspapers and conversation till nine o'clock; then he retired to his own apartment, and after a slight repast, betook himself to rest, that he might be able to unroot with the cock. This sudden change from his former way of life agreed so ill with his disposition, that, for the first time, he was troubled with flatulencies and indigestion, which produced anxiety and dejection of spirits; and the nature of his situation began in some measure to discompose his brain; a discovery which he no sooner made, than he had recourse to the advice of a young physician, who was a member of the college of authors, at this time one of our hero's most intimate acquaintance.

The son of Æsculapius having considered his case, imputed his disorder to the right cause, namely, want of exercise; dissuaded him from such close application to study, until he should be gradually familiarized to a sedentary life; advised him to enjoy his friend and his bottle in moderation, and wean himself from his former customs by degrees; and, above all things, to rise immediately after his first sleep, and exercise himself in a morning's walk. In order to render the last part of the prescription the more palatable, the doctor promised to attend him in these early excursions, and even to introduce him to a certain personage of note, who gave a sort of public breakfasting to the minor virtuosi of the age, and often employed his interest in behalf of those

those who properly cultivated his countenance and approbation.

This proposal was extremely acceptable to our young gentleman, who, besides the advantage which might accrue to him from such a valuable connection, foresaw much entertainment and satisfaction in the discourse of so many learned guests. The occasions of his health and interest, moreover, coincided in another circumstance; the minister's levee being kept sometimes in the morning; so that he could perform his walk, yield his attendance, and breakfast at this philosophical board, without encroaching a great deal upon his other avocations.

Measures being thus preconcerted, the physician conducted our adventurer to the house of this celebrated sage, to whom he recommended him as a gentleman of genius and taste, who craved the honour of his acquaintance: but he had previously smoothed the way to his introduction, by representing Peregrine as a young fellow of great ambition, spirit, and address, who could not fail to make a figure in the world; that therefore he would be a creditable addition to the subordinates of such a patron; and by his qualifications, intrepidity, and warmth of temper, turn out a consummate herald of his fame.

Upon these considerations, he met with a most engaging reception from the entertainer, who was a well-bred man, of some learning, generosity, and taste; but his foible was, the desire of being thought the inimitable pattern of all three.

It was with a view to acquire and support this character, that his house was open to all those who had any pretensions to literature; consequently he was surrounded by a strange variety of pretenders; but none were discouraged, because he knew that even the most insignificant might, in some shape, conduce to the propagation of his praise. A babbler, though he cannot run upon the scent, may spring the game, and by his yelping help to fill up the cry: no wonder, then, that a youth of Pickle's accomplishments was admitted, and even invited into the pack. After having enjoyed a very short private audience in the closet, our young gentleman was shewn into another room, where half a dozen of his fellow adherents waited for their Mæcenæ; who

in a few minutes appeared, with a most gracious aspect received the compliments of the morning, and sat down to breakfast in the midst of them without any farther ceremony.

The conversation at first turned upon the weather, which was investigated in a very philosophical manner by one of the company, who seemed to have consulted all the barometers and thermometers that ever were invented, before he would venture to affirm that it was a chill morning. This subject being accurately discussed, the chief enquired about the news of the learned world; and his inclination was no sooner expressed, than every guest opened his mouth, in order to gratify his curiosity: but he that first captivated his attention was a meagre, shrivelled antiquary, who looked like an animated mummy, which had been scorched among the sands of the desert. He told the patron, that he had by accident met with a medal, which, though it was defaced by time, he would venture to pronounce a genuine antique, from the ringing and taste of the metal, as well as from the colour and composition of the rust: so saying, he produced a piece of copper coin, so consumed and disfigured by age, that scarce a vestige of the impression was to be perceived. Nevertheless, this connoisseur pretended to distinguish a face in profile, from which he concluded that the piece was of the Upper Empire, and on the reverse he endeavoured to point out the bulb of the spear, and part of the paragonium, which were the insignia of the Roman Virtus, together with the fragment of one fold of the mulicium in which she was clothed. He likewise had discovered an angle of the letter N; and at some distance an entire I; from these circumstances conjecturing, and indeed concluding, that the medal was struck by Severus, in honour of the victory he obtained over his rival Nigger, after he had forced the passes of Mount Taurus. This criticism seemed very satisfactory to the entertainer, who having examined the coin by the help of his spectacles, plainly discerned the particulars which the owner had mentioned, and was pleased to term his account of the matter a very ingenious explanation.

The curiosity was circulated through the hands of all present; and every

virtuoso,

virtuoso, in his turn, becked the copper, and rung it upon the hearth, declaring his assent to the judgment which had been pronounced. At length it fell under the inspection of our young gentleman; who, though no antiquarian, was very well acquainted with the current coin of his own country, and no sooner cast his eyes upon the valuable antique, than he affirmed, without hesitation, that it was no other than the ruins of an English farthing, and that same spear, parazonium, and melleus, the remains of the emblems and drapery with which the figure of Britannia is delineated on our copper money.

This hasty affirmation seemed to disconcert the patron, while it incensed the medalist, who grinning like an enraged baboon, 'What d'ye tell me of a brass farthing?' said he. 'Did you ever know modern brass of such a relish? Do but taste it, young gentleman; and sure I am, if you have ever been conversant with subjects of this kind, you will find as wide a difference in the flavour between this and an English farthing, as can possibly be perceived betwixt an onion and a turnip: besides, this medal has the true Corinthian ring; then the attitude is upright, whereas that of Britannia is reclining; and how is it possible to mistake a branch of palm for a parazonium?'

All the rest of the company espoused the virtuoso's side of the question, because the reputation of each was concerned. The patron finding himself in the same circumstance, assumed a solemnity of feature, dashed with a small mixture of displeasure; and told Peregrine, that as he had not made that branch of literature his particular study, he was not surprized to see him mistaken in his opinion. Pickle immediately understood the reproof. Though he was shocked at the vanity or infatuation of his entertainer and fellow-guests, asked pardon for his presumption, which was accordingly excused, in consideration of his inexperience; and the English farthing dignified with the title of a true antique.

The next person that addressed himself to the chief was a gentleman of a very mathematical turn, who valued himself upon the improvements he had made in several cornetick machines,

and now presented the plan of a new contrivance for cutting cabbages, in such a manner as would secure the stock against the rotting rain, and enable it to produce a plentiful after crop of delicious sprouts. In this important machine he had united the whole mechanic powers, with such massy complication of iron and wood, that it could not have been moved without the assistance of an horse, and a road made for the convenience of the draught. These objections were so obvious, that they occurred at first sight to the inspector general, who greatly commended the invention, which, he observed, might be applied to several other useful purposes, could it once be rendered a little more portable and commodious.

The inventor, who had not foreseen these difficulties, was not prepared to surmount them; but he took the hint in good part, and promised to task his abilities anew, in altering the constitution of his design. Not but that he underwent some severe irony from the rest of the virtuosi, who complimented him upon the momentous improvement he had made, by which a family might save a dish of greens in a quarter, for so trifling an expence as that of purchasing, working, and maintaining, such a stupendous machine: but no man was ever more sarcastick in his remarks upon this piece of mechanism than the naturalist, who next appealed to the patron's approbation for a curious disquisition he had made touching the procreation of muck flies, in which he had laid down a curious method of collecting, preserving, and hatching, the eggs of these insects, even in the winter, by certain modifications of artificial heat. The nature of this discovery was no sooner communicated, than Peregrine, unable to contain himself, was seized with a fit of laughter, which infected every person at the table, the landlord himself not excepted, who found it impossible to preserve his wonted gravity of face.

Such unmannerly mirth did not fail to mortify the philosopher; who, after some pause, during which, indignation and disdain were painted in his countenance, reprehended our young gentleman for his unphilosophical behaviour, and undertook to prove, that the subject of his enquiry was of infinite consequence to the progress and increase of natural knowledge: but he found

found no quarter from the vegesimal engineer, who now returned his ironical compliments with great emphasis, upon this hot-bed for the generation of vermin, and advised him to lay the whole process before the Royal Society, which would, doubtless, present him with a medal, and give him a place among their memoirs, as a distinguished promoter of the useful arts. "If," said he, "you had employed your studies in finding out some effectual method to destroy those insects which prejudice and annoy mankind, in all probability you must have been contented with the contemplation of the good you had done; but this curious expedient for multiplying maggots, will surely intitle you to an honourable rank in the list of learned philosophers."

"I don't wonder," replied the naturalist, "that you should be so much averse to the propagation of insects, because, in all likelihood, you are afraid that they will not leave you a cabbage to cut down with the same miraculous machine." "Sir," answered the mechanic, with great bitterness of voice and aspect, "if the cabbage be as light-headed as some muck-worm philosophers, it will not be worth cutting down." "I never dispute upon cabbage with the son of a cucumber," said the fly-breeder, alluding to the pedigree of his antagonist; who, impatient of the affront, started up with fury in his looks, exclaiming, "Sdeath! meaning me, Sir?"

Here the patron, perceiving things drawing towards a rupture, interposed his authority, rebuking them for their intemperance, and recommending to them amity and concord against the Goths and Vandals of the age, who took all opportunities of ridiculing and discouraging the adherents of knowledge and philosophy. After this exhortation, they had no pretence for carrying on the dispute, which was dropped in all appearance, though the mechanic still retained his resentment; and after breakfast, when the company broke up, accosted his adversary in the street, desiring to know how he durst be so insolent as to make that scurrilous reflection upon his family. The fly-fancier, thus questioned, accused the mathematician of having been the aggressor, in likening his head to a light cabbage; and here the altercation being renewed, the engineer pro-

ceeded to the illustration of his mechanics, tilting up his hand like a balance, thrusting it forward by way of lever, embracing the naturalist's nose like a wedge betwixt two of his fingers, and turning it round with the momentum of a screw or peritrochium. Had they been obliged to decide the dispute with equal arms, the assistant would have had great advantage over the other, who was very much his inferior in muscular strength; but the philosopher being luckily provided with a cane, no sooner disengaged himself from this opprobrious application, than he handled his weapon with great dexterity about the head and shoulders of his antagonist; who finding this shower of blows very disagreeable, was fain to betake himself to his heels for shelter, and was pursued by the angry victor, who chased him from one end of the street to the other, affording unspeakable satisfaction to the multitude, as well as to our hero and to his introducer, who were spectators of the whole scene.

Thus was our adventurer initiated in the society of Yelpers, though he did not as yet fully understand the nature of his office, which was explained by the young physician, who chid him for his blunt behaviour in the case of the medal; and gave him to understand, that their patron's favour was neither to be gained nor preserved by any man that would pretend to convict him of a mistake: he therefore counselled him to respect this folble, and cultivate the old gentleman with all the zeal and veneration which regard to his own character would permit him to pay. This task was the easier to one of our young gentleman's pliant disposition, because the virtuoso's behaviour was absolutely free from that insolent self-conceit, which he could not bear without disgust; the senior was, on the contrary, mild and beneficent, and Pickle was rather pleased than shocked at his weakness, because it flattered his vanity with the supposition of his own superior sense.

Cautioned in this manner, Peregrine profited so much by his insinuating qualifications, that, in a very little time, he was looked upon as one of the chief favourites of the patron, to whom he dedicated a small occasional poem; and every body believed he

would reap the fruits of his attachment among the first of the old gentleman's dependants.

CHAP. XI.
PEREGRINE FINDING HIMSELF NEGLECTED BY SIR STEADY STEE-
WELL, EXPOSTULATES WITH HIM
IN A LETTER; IN CONSEQUENCE
OF WHICH HE IS FORBID HIS
HOUSE, LOSES HIS PENSION, AND
INCURS THE CHARGE OF LU-
NACY.

THIS prospect of success, to-
gether with his expectations from
the minister, whom he did not neglect,
helped to comfort him under the re-
verses of fortune which he had under-
gone, and the uncertainty of the law-
suit, which he still maintained for the
recovery of his ten thousand pounds.
The lawyers, indeed, continued to drain
his pocket of money, while they filled
his brain with unsubstantial hopes; and
he was actually obliged to borrow money
from his book-seller, on the strength of
the transiency, in order to satisfy the
demands of those ravenous harpies, ra-
ther than lay the misanthrope under any
difficulties, or have recourse to his friend
Hatchway, who lived at the garrison,
entirely ignorant of his distress. This
was not at all alleviated by the arrival
of the Indian in which he had ad-
ventured seven hundred pounds, as we
have already observed; for he was given
to understand that the borrower was left
dangerously ill at Bombay when the ship
sailed, and that his chances for re-
trieving his money was extremely slender.

So situated, it is not to be supposed
that he led a life of tranquillity, though
he made a shift to struggle with the
remembrances of misfortune: yet such
a gush of affliction would sometimes
rush upon his thoughts, as overwhelmed
all the ideas of his hope, and sunk him
to the very bottom of despondence.
Every enjoyment that passed him in the
street, every person of rank and fortune
whom he met, recalled
the gay images of his former life, with
such mortifying reflection as stabbed
him to the very soul. He lived, there-
fore, incessantly exposed to all the pangs
of anxiety and inquiet. When I say

envy, I do not mean that sordid pas-
sion, in consequence of which a man
repines at his neighbour's success, how-
soever deserved; but that self-torment-
ing indignation which is inspired by
the prosperity of folly, ignorance, and
vice. Without the intervening gleams
of enjoyment, which he felt in the con-
versation of a few friends, he could not
have supported his existence; or, at
least, he must have suffered some vio-
lent discomposure of the brain: but
one is still finding some circumstance of
alleviation, even in the worst of con-
jectures; and Pickle was so ingenious in
these researches, that he maintained a
good battle with disappointment, till the
revolution of the term at which he had
received his pension of three hundred
pounds.

However, seeing the day elapse, with-
out touching his allowance, notwith-
standing his significant method of pre-
sentsing himself at the minister's levee,
when the year was expired he wrote a
letter to Sir Steady, reminding him of
his situation and promise, and giving
him to understand, that his occasions
were such as compelled him to demand
his salary for the ensuing year.

In the morning after this letter was
conveyed, the author went to his hon-
our's house, in expectation of being
admitted by particular order; but was
mistaken in his hope, the minister not
being visible. He then made his ap-
pearance at the levee, in hopes of being
closeted; but though he took all op-
portunities of watching Sir Steady's
eyes, he could not obtain one glance,
and had the pleasure of seeing him retire,
without being favoured with the least
notice. These circumstances of wilful
neglect were not over, and above agree-
able to our young hero, who, in the
agonies of vexation and resentment,
went home, and composed a most atri-
monious remonstrance to his honour in
consequence of which he was not only
deprived of all pretensions to a private
audience, but expressly denied admi-
ttance on a public day, by Sir Steady's
own order. This prohibition, which announced
his total ruin, filled him with rage,
horror, and despair; he insulted the
porter who signified the minister's com-
mand, threatening to chastise him up-
on the spot; for his presumption, and
vented the most virulent imprecations
upon

upon his master, to the astonishment of those who chanced to enter during this conference. Having exhausted himself in these vain exclamations, he returned to his lodgings in a most frantick condition; biting his lips so that the blood ran from his mouth; dashing his head and fists against the sides of his chimney; and weeping with the most bitter expressions of woe. His perception had been just sufficient to let him see that there was some difference between the present and former situation of his master, overbearing his transports, essayed to enter his apartment, with a view of administering consolation; and finding the door locked on the inside, desired admittance, protesting that otherwise he would down with the bulk-head in the turning of an handspike. Peregrine ordered him to retire, on pain of his displeasure, and swore that if he should offer to break open the door, he would instantly shoot him through the head. Tom, without paying the least regard to this injunction, set himself at work immediately. His master, exasperated at his want of reverence and respect, which in his present paroxysm appeared with the most provoking aggravation, flew into his closet, and reaching up one of his pistols already loaded, no sooner saw his valet enter the apartment, in consequence of having forced the lock, than he presented full at his face, and drew the trigger. Happily the priming flashed in the pan, without communicating with the charge; so that his furious purpose did not take effect upon the countenance of honest Pipes, who, disregarding of the attempt, though he knew the contents of the piece, asked, without the least alteration of feature, if it must be foul weather through the whole voyage.

Peregrine, mad as he was, repented of his mischievous intent against such a faithful adherent, in the very moment of execution; and had it proved fatal, according to the design, in all probability he would have applied another to his own head. There are certain considerations that strike upon the mind with irresistible force, even in the midst of its distraction; the momentary recollection of some particular scene, occasioned by the features of the devoted victim, hath often struck the dagger from the assassin's hand.

By such an impulse was Pipes protected from any repeated efforts of his master's rage; the friendly cause of his present disobedience flashed upon the conviction of Peregrine, when he beheld the rugged front of his valet, in which also stood disclosed his long and faithful service, together with the recommendation of the deceased commodore.

Though his wrath was immediately suppressed, and his heart torn with remorse for what he had done, his brows remained still contracted; and darting a most ferocious regard at the intruder, 'Villain!' said he, 'how dare you treat me with such disrespect?'—'Why shouldn't I lend a hand for the preservation of the ship,' answered the unruffled Pipes, 'when there is more sail than ballast aboard, and the pilot quits the helm in despair? What signifies one or two broken voyages, so long as our timbers are strong, and our vessel in good trim; if she loses upon one tack, mayhap she may gain upon another; and I'll be damn'd if one day or other we don't fetch up our lee-way as for the matter of provision, you have started a pretty good stock of money into my hold, and you are welcome to hoist it up again when you woot.'

Here Tom was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Crabtree, who seeing Peregrine with a pistol in his hand, and such wild disorder in his looks; his head, hands, and mouth, besmeared with blood; and moreover, smelling the gunpowder which had been burnt, actually believed he had either committed, or was bent upon murder, and accordingly retreated down stairs with infinite dispatch. All his speed could not convey him without the reach of Pipes, who overtaking him in his passage, carried him back into his master's apartment, observing by the way, that this was no time to sheer off, when his consort stood in need of his assistance.

There was something so ruefully severe in the countenance of Cadwallader, thus compelled, that at any other time our hero would have laughed at his concern; but at present there was nothing risible in his disposition; he had, however, laid aside his pistol, and endeavoured, though in vain, to compose his internal disturbances; for he could not utter one syllable to the com-

anthrope, but stood staring at him in silence, with a most delirious aspect. This did not tend to dispel the dismay of his friends; who, after some recollection—'I wonder,' said he, 'that you have never killed your man before. Pray how may you have disposed of the body?' Pickle having recovered the faculty of speech, ordered his lacquy out of the room, and in a most incoherent detail, made Crabtree acquainted with the perfidious conduct of the minister.

The confidante was very glad to find his fears disappointed; for he had really concluded, that some life was lost. Perceiving the youth too much agitated to be treated by him in his usual style, he owned that Sir Steady was a rascal; encouraged Pickle with the hope of being one day able to make reprisals upon him; in the mean time offered him money for his immediate occasions; exhorted him to exert his own qualifications in rendering himself independent of such miscreants; and finally counselled him to represent his wrongs to the nobleman whom he had formerly obliged, with a view of interesting that peer in his behalf, or at least of obtaining a satisfactory explanation from the minister, that he might take no premature measures of revenge.

These admonitions were so much milder and more agreeable than our hero expected from the misanthrope, that they had a very favourable effect upon his transports, which gradually subsided, until he became so tractable as to promise that he would conform to his advice; in consequence of which he next morning waited upon his lordship, who received him very politely, as usual; and with great patience heard his complaint, which, by the bye, he could not repeat without some hasty exclamations of passionate resentment. This peer, after having gently disapproved of the letter of expostulation, which had produced such unfortunate effects, kindly undertook to recommend his case to the minister, and actually performed his promise that same day, when Sir Steady informed him, to his utter astonishment, that the poor young gentleman was disordered in his brain, so that he could not possibly be provided for in a place of importance with any regard to the service; and it could

not be expected that he (Sir Steady) would support his extravagance from his own private purse; that he had, indeed, at the solicitation of a nobleman deceased, made him a present of three hundred pounds, in consideration of some loss that he pretended to have sustained in an election; but since that time had perceived in him such indisputable marks of lunacy, both by his distracted letters and personal behaviour, as obliged him to give order, that he should not be admitted into the house. To corroborate this assertion, the minister actually called in the evidence of his own porter, and one of the gentlemen of his household, who had heard the execrations that escaped our youth when he first found himself excluded. In short, the nobleman was convinced, that Peregrine was certainly and *bona fide* mad as a March hare; and, by the help of this intimation, began to recollect some symptoms of distraction which appeared in his last visit; he remembered a certain incoherence in his speech, a violence of gesture and wildness of look, that now evidently denoted a disturbed understanding; and he determined, for his own credit and security, to disentangle himself from such a dangerous acquaintance.

With this view, he, in imitation of Sir Steady, commanded his gate to be shut against our adventurer; so that when he went to know the result of his lordship's conference with the minister, the door was hung in his face, and the janitor told him, through an iron grate, that he needed not to give himself the trouble of calling again, for his lord desired to be excused from seeing him. He spoke not a word in answer to this declaration, which he immediately imputed to the ill offices of the minister, against whom he breathed defiance and revenge, in his way to the lodgings of Cadwallader, who being made acquainted with the manner of his reception, begged he would desist from all schemes of vengeance, until he (Crabtree) should be able to unriddle the mystery of the whole, which he did not doubt of unveiling by means of his acquaintance with a family in which his lordship often spent the evening at whist.

It was not long before he had the desired opportunity; the nobleman lies

ing under no injunctions or obligation to keep the affair secret, discovered the young gentleman's misfortune, by way of news, to the first company in which he happened to be; and Peregrine's name was not so obscure in the fashionable world, but that his disorder became the general topick of conversation for a day; so that his friend soon partook of the intelligence, and found means to learn the particulars of the minister's information, as above related. Nay, he was in danger of becoming a proselyte to Sir Steady's opinion, when he recalled and compared every circumstance which he knew of Pickle's impatience and impetuosity.

Indeed, nothing more easily gains credit than an imputation of madness fixed upon any person whatsoever: for when the suspicion of the world is roused, and its observation once set at work, the wisest, the coolest man upon earth, will, by some particulars in his behaviour, convict himself of the charge: every singularity in his dress and manner (and such are observable in every person) that before passed unheeded, now rises up in judgment against him, with all the exaggeration of the observer's fancy; and the sagacious examiner perceives distraction in every glance of the eye, turn of the finger, and motion of the head: when he speaks, there is a strange peculiarity in his argument and expression; when he holds his tongue, his imagination seems with some extravagant severity; his sobriety of demeanor is no other than a lucid interval, and his passion mere delirium.

If people of the most sedate and insipid life and conversation are subject to such criticisms, no wonder, then, they should take place upon a youth of Peregrine's fiery disposition, which, on some occasions, would have actually justified any remarks of this kind which his greatest enemies could make. He was accordingly presented as one of those enterprising bucks, who, after having spent their fortunes in riot and excess, are happily bereft of their understanding, and consequently insensible of the want and disgrace which they have entailed upon themselves.

Cadwallader himself was so much affected with the report, that for some time he hesitated in his deliberations

upon our hero, before he could prevail upon himself to communicate to him the information he had received, or to treat him in other respects as a man of sound intellects. At length, however, he ventured to make Pickle acquainted with the particulars he had learned, imparting them with such caution and circumlocution, as he thought necessary to prevent the young gentleman from transgressing all bounds of temper and moderation: but, for once, he was agreeably deceived in his prognostick. Incensed as our hero was at the conduct of the minister, he could not help laughing at the ridiculous assertion, which he told his friend he would soon refute in a manner that should not be very agreeable to his calumniator; observing, that it was a common practice with the state pilot thus to slander those people to whom he lay under obligations which he had no mind to discharge. 'True it is,' said Peregrine, 'he has succeeded more than once in contrivances of this kind, having actually reduced divers people of weak heads to such extremity of despair, as hath issued in downright distraction, whereby he was rid of their importunities, and his judgment confirmed at the same time: but I have now (thank Heaven!) attained to such a pitch of philosophical resolution, as will support me against all his machinations; and I will forthwith exhibit the vanquisher to the publick, in his true lineaments of craft, perfidy, and ingratitude.'

This indeed was the plan with which Mr. Pickle had amused himself during the researches of Crabtree; and by this time it so effectually flattered his imagination, that he believed he should be able to bring his adversary (in spite of all his power) to his own terms of submission, by distinguishing himself in the list of those who, at that period, wrote against the administration. Nor was this scheme so extravagant as it may seem to be, had he not overlooked one material circumstance, which Cadwallader himself did not recollect when he approved of this project.

While he thus meditated vengeance, the fame of his disorder, in due course of circulation, reached the ears of that lady of quality, whose memoirs have appeared in the third volume of these adventures.

adventures. The correspondence with which she had honoured our hero had been long broke off, for the reason already advanced, namely, his dread of being exposed to her insatiable charms. He had been candid enough to make her acquainted with the cause of excluding himself from her presence; and she admitted the prudence of self-restraint, although she would have been very well satisfied with the continuance of his intimacy and conversation, which were not at all beneath the desire of any lady in the kingdom. Notwithstanding this interruption, she still retained a friendship and regard for his character, and felt all the affliction of a humane heart, at the news of his misfortunes and deplorable distemper. She had seen him courted and cultivated in the sun-shine of his prosperity; but she knew, from sad experience, how all those insect followers shrink away in the winter of distress. Her compassion represented him as a poor unhappy lunatic, destitute of all the necessaries of life, dragging about the ruins of human nature, and exhibiting the spectacle of blasted youth, to the scorn and abhorrence of his fellow-creatures. Acting with these charitable considerations, she found means to learn in what part of the town he lodged; and laying aside all superfluous ceremony, went in a hackney-chair to his door, which was opened by his ever faithful Pipes.

Her ladyship immediately recollected the features of his trusty follower, whom she could not help loving in her heart, for his attachment and fidelity; which, after she had applauded with a most gracious commendation, she kindly enquired after the state of his master's health, and asked if he was in a condition to be seen.

Tom, who could not suppose that the visit of a fine lady would be unacceptable to a youth of Peregrine's complexion, made no verbal reply to the question; but beckoning her ladyship with an arch significance of feature, at which she could not forbear smiling, walked softly up stairs; and she, in obedience to the signal, followed her guide into the apartment of our hero, whom she found at a writing-table, in the very act of composing an eulogium upon his good friend Sir Steady. The nature of his work had

animated his countenance with an uncommon degree of vivacity; and being dressed in a neat dishabille, his figure could not have appeared to more advantage in the eye of a person who despised the tinsel of unnecessary ornament. She was extremely well pleased to see her expectations so agreeably disappointed; for, instead of the squallid circumstances and wretched looks attending indigence and distraction, every thing was decent and genteel, and the patient's aspect such as betokened internal satisfaction. Hearing the rustling of silk in the room, he lifted up his eyes from the paper, and seeing her ladyship, was struck with astonishment and awe, as at the unexpected apparition of some supernatural being.

Before he could recollect himself from his confusion, which called the blood into his cheeks, she told him, that, on the strength of old acquaintance, she was come to visit him; though it was a long time since he had given her good reason to believe he had absolutely forgot that there was such a person as she in being. After having made the most warm acknowledgments for this unforeseen honour, he assured her ladyship, that the subject of her reproach was not his fault, but rather his very great misfortune; and that if it had been in his power to forget her so easily as she seemed to imagine, he should never have given her cause to tax him with want of duty and respect.

Still dubious of this situation, she began to converse with him on different subjects; and he acquitted himself so well in every particular, that she no longer doubted his having been misrepresented by the malice of his enemies; and candidly told him the cause and intent of her coming. He was not deficient in expressions of gratitude for this instance of her generosity and friendship, which even drew tears from his eyes. As to the imputation of madness, he explained it so much to her ladyship's satisfaction, that she evidently perceived he had been barbarously dealt with; and that the charge was no other than a most villainous aspersion.

Notwithstanding all his endeavours to conceal the true state of his finances, it was impossible for him to give this detail

detail without disclosing some of the difficulties under which he laboured; and her ladyship's sagacity divining the rest, she not only made him a tender of assistance, but presented a bank-note for a considerable sum, insisting upon his acceptance of it, as a trifling mark of her esteem, and a specimen of what she was inclined to do in his behalf. But this mark of her benevolence he would by no means receive; assuring her that though his affairs were at present a little perplexed, he had never felt the least circumstance of distress, and begging that she would not subject him to the burden of such an unnecessary obligation.

Being obliged to put up with this refusal, she protested she would never forgive him, should she ever hear that he had rejected her offer when he stood in need of her aid; or if in time to come, he should not apply to her friendship, if ever he should find himself incommoded in point of fortune: 'An over-delicacy in this respect,' said she, 'I shall look upon as a disapprobation of my own conduct; because I myself have been obliged to have recourse to my friends in such emergencies.'

These generous remonstrances and marks of particular friendship, could not fail to make a deep impression upon the heart of our hero, which still smarted from the former impulse of her charms: he not only felt all those transports which a man of honour and sensibility may be supposed to feel upon such an occasion, but the sentiments of a more tender passion awaking in his breast, he could not help expressing himself in terms adapted to the emotions of his soul; and at length plainly told her, that were he disposed to be a beggar, he would ask something of infinitely more importance to his peace, than the charitable assistance she had proffered.

Her ladyship had too much penetration to mistake his meanings; but as she did not chuse to encourage his advances, pretended to interpret his intimation into a general compliment of gallantry, and in a jocular manner, desired he would not give her any reason to believe his lucid interval was past.

'In faith, my lady,' said he, 'I perceive the fit coming on; and I don't see why I may not use the privilege of my distemper, so far as to declare my-

self one of your most passionate admirers.'—'If you do,' replied her ladyship, 'I shall not be fool enough to believe a madman, unless I were assured that your disorder proceeded from your love; and that this was the case, I suppose you will find it difficult to prove.'—'Nay, Madam,' cried the youth, 'I have in this drawer what will convince you of my having been mad on that strain; and since you doubt my pretension, you must give me leave to produce my testimonials.' So saying, he opened a scrutoire, and taking out a paper, presented her with the following Song, which he had written in her praise, immediately after he was made acquainted with the particulars of her story.

WHILE with fond rapture and amaze,
On thy transcendent charms I gaze,
My cautious soul essays in vain
Her peace and freedom to maintain;
Yet let that blooming form divine,
Where grace and harmony combine,
Those eyes, like genial orbs that move,
Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
In all their potent asail, my view,
Intent my bosom to subdue;
My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,
Not all those charms shall force to yield.

But when, invok'd to beauty's aid,
I see th' enlighten'd soul display'd;
That soul, so sensibly sedate
Amid the storms of troward fate
Thy genius active, strong, and clear,
Thy wit sublime, tho' not severe;
The social ardour, void of art,
That glows within thy candid heart;
My spirits, sense, and strength, decay,
My resolution dies away;
And, ev'ry faculty oppress'd,
Almighty Love invades my breast.

Her ladyship having perused this production; 'Were I inclined to be suspicious,' said she, 'I should believe that I had no share in producing this composition, which seems to have been inspired by a much more amiable object. However, I will take your word for your intimation, and thank you for the unmerited compliment, though I have met with it in such an accidental manner. Nevertheless, I must be so free as to tell you, it is now high time for you to contract that unbounded spirit of gallantry, which you have indulged

indulged so long, into a sincere attachment for the fair Emilia, who, by all accounts, deserves the whole of your attention and regard. His nerves thrilled at mention of that name, which he never heard pronounced without agitation. Rather than undergo the consequence of a conversation upon this subject, he chose to drop the theme of love altogether, and industriously introduced some other topick of discourse.

CHAP. XII.

HE WRITES AGAINST THE MINISTER, BY WHOSE INSTIGATION HE IS ARRESTED, AND MOVES HIMSELF BY HABEAS CORPUS INTO THE FLEET.

MY lady having prolonged her stay beyond the period of a common visit, and repeated her protestations in the most frank and obliging manner, took her leave of our adventurer, who promised to pay his respects to her in a few days at her own house. Meanwhile, he resumed his task, and having finished a most severe remonstrance against Sir Steady, not only with regard to his private ingratitude, but also to his mal-administration of publick affairs, he sent to the author of a weekly paper, who had been long a professed reformer in politics, and it appeared in a very few days, with a note of the publisher, desiring the favour of farther correspondence with the author.

The animadversions contained in this small essay were so spirited and judicious, and a great many new lights thrown upon the subject with such perspicuity, as attracted the notice of the publick in an extraordinary manner, and helped to raise the character of the paper in which it was inserted. The minister was not the last who examined the performance, which, in spite of all his boisterous temper, provoked him to such a degree, that he set his emissaries at work, and by dint of corruption procured a sight of the manuscript in Peregrine's own hand-writing; which he immediately recognized, but for farther confirmation of his opinion, he compared it with the two letters which he

had received from our adventurer. Had he known the young gentleman's talents for declamation were so acute, perhaps he would never have given him cause to complain; but employed him in the vindication of his own measures; nay, he might still have treated him like some other authors whom he had brought over from the opposition, had not the keenness of this first assault incensed him to a desire of revenge. He, therefore, no sooner made this discovery, than he conveyed his directions to his dependant the receiver-general, who was possessed of Pickle's notes. Next day, while our author stood within a circle of his acquaintance, at a certain coffee-house, holding forth with great eloquence upon the diseases of the state, he was accosted by a bailiff, who entering the room with five or six followers, told him aloud, that he had a writ against him for twelve hundred pounds, at the suit of Mr. Ravage Gleanum.

The whole company were astonished at this address, which did not fail to discompose the defendant himself, who (as it were instinctively) in the midst of his confusion, saluted the officer across the head with his cane; in consequence of which application he was surrounded and disarmed in an instant by the gang, who carried him off to the next tavern in the most opprobrious manner. Nor did one of the spectators interpose in his behalf, or visit him in his confinement with the least tender of advice or assistance; such is the zeal of a coffee-house friendship.

This stroke was the more severe upon our hero, as it was altogether unexpected: for he had utterly forgot the debt for which he was arrested. His present indignation was, however, chiefly kindled against the bailiff, who had done his office in such a disrespectful manner: and the first use he made of his recollection in the house to which they conducted him, was to chastise him for the insolence and indecency of his behaviour. This task he performed with his bare fists, every other weapon being previously conveyed out of his reach; and the delinquent underwent his discipline with surprizing patience and resignation, asking pardon with great humility, and protesting before God, that he had never willingly and wittingly used any gentleman with ill-manners, but had been

commanded to arrest our adventurer according to the express direction of the creditor, on pain of forfeiting his place. By this declaration Peregrine was appalled, and out of a delirium of passion waked to all the horrors of reflection. All the glory of his youth was now eclipsed; all the blossoms of his hope were blasted, and he saw himself doomed to the miseries of a gaol, without the least prospect of enlargement, except in the issue of this law-suit, of which he had, for some time past, grown less and less confident every day. What would become of the unfortunate, if the constitution of the mind did not permit them to bring one passion into the field against another! passions that operate on the human breast, like poisons of a different nature, extinguishting each other's effect. Our hero's grief reigned in full despotism, until it was deposed by resentment; during the predominancy of which, he considered every thing which had happened as a circumstance conducive to it's gratification: 'If I must be prisoner for life,' said he to himself, 'if I must relinquish all my gay expectations, let me at least have the satisfaction of clanking my chains so as to interrupt the repose of my adversary; and let me search in my own breast for that peace and contentment, which I have not been able to find in all the successes of my success. In being detached from the world, I shall be delivered from folly and ingratitude, as well as exempted from an expence, which I should have found it very difficult, if not impracticable, to support; I shall have little or no temptation to mispend my time, and more undisturbed opportunity to earn my subsistence, and prosecute my revenge. After all, a gaol is the best tub to which a cynick philosopher can retire.'

In consequence of these comfortable reflections, he sent a letter to Mr. Crabtree, with an account of his misfortune, signifying his resolution to move himself immediately into the Fleet, and desiring that he would send him some understanding attorney of his acquaintance, who would direct him into the steps necessary to be taken for that purpose. The misanthrope, upon the receipt of this intimation, went in person to a lawyer, whom he accompanied to the spunging-house, whither the prisoner

had by this time retired. Peregrine was, under the auspices of this director, conducted to the judges chamber, where he was left in the custody of a tipstaff; and after having paid for a warrant of Habeas Corpus, by him conveyed to the Fleet, and delivered to the care of the warden.

Here he was introduced to the lodge, in which he was obliged to expose himself a full half hour to the eyes of all the turnkeys and door-keepers, who took an accurate survey of his person, that they might know him again at first sight; and then he was turned loose into the place called the Master's Side, having given a valuable consideration for that privilege. This is a large range of building, containing some hundreds of lodging-rooms for the convenience of the prisoners, who pay so much per week for that accommodation. In short, this community is like a city detached from all communication with the neighbouring parts, regulated by it's own laws, and furnished with peculiar conveniences for the use of the inhabitants. There is a coffee-house for the resort of gentlemen, in which all sorts of liquors are kept, and a publick kitchen where any quantity of meat is sold at a very reasonable rate, or any kind of provision boiled and roasted gratis for the poor prisoners: nay, there are certain servants of the publick, who are obliged to go to market, at the pleasure of individuals, without fee or reward from those who employ them; nor are they cooped up, so as to be excluded from the benefit of fresh air, there being an open area of a considerable extent, adjacent to the building, on which they may exercise themselves in walking, skittles, bowls, and variety of other diversions, according to the inclination of each.

Our adventurer being admitted a denizen of this community, found himself bewildered in the midst of strangers, who, by their appearance, did not at all prepossess him in their favour; and after having strolled about the place with his friend Cadwallader, repaired to the coffee-house, in order to be farther informed of the peculiar customs which it was necessary for him to know.

There, while he endeavoured to pick up intelligence from the bar-keeper, he was accosted by a person in canonicals, who very civilly asked if he was a new-

corner. Being answered in the affirmative, he gave him the salutation of welcome to the society, and, with great hospitality, undertook to initiate him in the constitutions of the brotherhood. This humane clergyman gave him to understand, that his first care ought to be that of securing a lodging; telling him, there was a certain number of apartments in the prison let at the same price, though some were more commodious than others; and that when the better sort became vacant, by the removal of their possessors, those who succeeded in point of seniority had the privilege of occupying the empty tenements preferable to the rest of the inhabitants, howsoever respectable they might otherwise be; that when the gaol was very much crowded, there was but one chamber allotted for two lodgers; but this was not considered as any great hardship on the prisoners, because, in that case, there was always a sufficient number of males who willingly admitted the females to a share in their apartments and beds: not but that the time had been, when this expedient would not answer the occasion, because after a couple had been quartered in every room, there was a considerable residue still unprovided with lodging; so that for the time being, the last comers were obliged to take up their habitation in Mount Secunderel, an apartment most miserably furnished, in which they lay promiscuously amidst filth and vermin, until they could be better accommodated in due course of rotation.

Peregrine hearing the description of this place, began to be very impatient about his night's lodging; and the parson perceiving his anxiety, conducted him, without loss of time, to the warden, who forthwith put him in possession of a paltry chamber, for which he agreed to pay half a crown a week. This point being settled, his director gave him an account of the different methods of eating, either singly, in a mess, or at an ordinary; and advised him to choose the last, as the most reputable, offering to introduce him next day to the best company in the Fleet, who always dined together in public.

Pickle having thanked his gentleman for his civilities, and promised to be governed by his advice, invited him to pass the evening at his apartment; and in the mean time shut himself up with

Crabtree, in order to deliberate upon the wreck of his affairs. Of all his ample fortune, nothing now remained but his wardrobe, which was not very sumptuous, about thirty guineas in cash, and the garrison, which the misanthrope counselled him to convert into ready money for his present subsistence. This advice, however, he absolutely rejected, not only on account of his having already bestowed it upon Hatchway, during the term of his natural life, but also with a view of retaining some memorial of the commodore's generosity. He proposed, therefore, to finish in this retreat the translation which he had undertaken, and earn his future subsistence by labour of the same kind. He desired Cadwallader to take charge of his moveables, and send to him such linen and cloaths as he should have occasion for in his confinement. But, among all his difficulties, nothing embarrassed him so much as his faithful Pipes, whom he could no longer entertain in his service. He knew Tom had made shift to pick up a competency in the course of his ministrations; but that reflection, though it in some measure alleviated, could not wholly prevent the mortification he should suffer in parting with an affectionate adherent, who was by this time become as necessary to him as one of his own members, and who was so accustomed to live under his command and protection, that he did not believe the fellow could reconcile himself to any other way of life.

Crabtree, in order to make him easy on that score, offered to adopt him in the room of his own valet, whom he would dismiss; though he observed, that Pipes had been quite spoiled in our hero's service. But Peregrine did not chuse to lay his friend under that inconvenience, knowing that his present acquiescence understood and complied with all the peculiarities of his humour, which Pipes would never be able to study or regard; he therefore determined to send him back to his ship-mate Hatchway, with whom he had spent the fore part of his life.

These points being adjusted, the two friends adjourned to the coffee-house, with a view of enquiring into the character of the clergyman, to whose beneficence our adventurer was so much indebted. They learned he was a person who had incurred the displeasure of

the bishop in whose diocese he was settled, and, being unequal in power to his antagonist, had been driven to the Fleet, in consequence of his obstinate opposition; though he still found means to enjoy a pretty considerable income, by certain irregular practices in the way of his function, which income was chiefly consumed in acts of humanity to his fellow-creatures in distress.

His eulogium was scarce finished, when he entered the room, according to appointment with Peregrine, who ordering wine and something for supper to be carried to his apartment, the triumvirate went thither; and Cadwallader taking his leave for the night, the two fellow-prisoners passed the evening very sociably, our hero being entertained by his new companion with the private history of the place, some particulars of which were extremely curious. He told him, that the person who attended them at supper, bowing with the most abject servility, and worshipping them every time he opened his mouth, with the epithets of *your lordship* and *your honour*, had, a few years before, been actually a captain in the guards; who, after having run his career in the great world, had threaded every station in their community, from that of a buck of the first order, who swaggers about the Fleet in a laced coat with a footman and whore, to the degree of a tapster, in which he was now happily settled. 'If you will take the trouble of going into the cook's kitchen,' said he, 'you will perceive a Beau metamorphosed into a turn-spit; and there are some hewers of wood and drawers of water in this infernal den, who have had forests and fish-ponds of their own: yet notwithstanding such a miserable reverse of fortune, they are neither objects of regard or compassion, because their misfortunes are the fruits of the most vicious extravagance, and they are absolutely insensible of the misery which is their lot. Those of our fellow-sufferers who have been reduced by undeserved loss, or the precipitation of unexperienced youth, never fail to meet with the most brotherly assistance, provided they behave with decorum, and a due sense of their unhappy circumstances. Nor are we destitute of power to chastise the licentious, who refuse to comply with the regulations of the place, and disturb

the peace of the community with riot and disorder. Justice is here impartially administered by a court of equity, consisting of a select number of the most respectable inhabitants, who punish all offenders with equal judgment and resolution, after they have been fairly convicted of the crimes laid to their charge.'

The clergyman having thus explained the oeconomy of the place, as well as the cause of his own confinement, began to discover signs of curiosity touching our hero's situation; and Pickle, thinking he could do no less for the satisfaction of a man who had treated him in such an hospitable manner, favoured him with a detail of the circumstances which produced his imprisonment; at the same time gratifying his resentment against the minister, which delighted in recapitulating the injuries he had received. The parson, who had been prepossessed in favour of our youth at first sight, understanding what a considerable part he had acted on the stage of life, felt his veneration increase; and, pleased with the opportunity of introducing a stranger of his consequence to the club, left him to his repose, or rather to ruminate on an event which he had not as yet seriously considered.

I might here, in imitation of some celebrated writers, furnish out a page or two, with the reflections he made upon the instability of human affairs, the treachery of the world, and the temerity of youth; and endeavour to decoy the reader into a smile, by some quaint observation of my own, touching the sagacious moralizer: but, besides that I look upon this practice as an impertinent anticipation of the peruser's thoughts, I have too much matter of importance upon my hands, to give the reader the least reason to believe that I am driven to such paltry shifts in order to eke out the volume. Suffice it then to say, our adventurer passed a very uneasy night, not only from the thorny suggestions of his mind, but likewise from the anguish of his body, which suffered from the hardness of his couch, as well as from the natural inhabitants thereof, that did not tamely suffer his intrusion.

In the morning he was waked by Pipes, who brought upon his shoulder a portmanteau filled with necessities, according to the direction of Cadwalla-

der, and tossing it down upon the floor, regaled himself with a quid, without the least manifestation of concern. After some pause, 'You see, Pipes,' said his master, 'to what I have brought myself.' 'Ey, ey,' answered the valet, 'once the vessel is ashore, what signifies talking? We must bear a hand to tow her off, if we can: if she won't budge for all the anchors and capstans aboard, after we have lightened her, by cutting away her masts, and heaving her guns and cargo overboard, why, then, mayhap a brisk gale of wind, a tide, or current, setting from shore, may float her again in the blast of a whistle. Here is two hundred and ten guineas, by the tale, in this here canvas bag; and upon this scrap of paper—no, avast!—that's my discharge from the parish for Moll Trundle—ey, here it is—an order for thirty pounds upon the what-d'ye-call 'em in the city; and two tickets for twenty-five and eighteen, which I lent, d'ye see, to Sam Strudding, to buy a cargo of rum, when he hoisted the flag of the Commodore at St. Catharine's.' So saying, he spread his whole stock upon the table, for the acceptance of Peregrine; who, being very much affected with this fresh instance of his attachment, expressed his satisfaction at seeing he had been such a good economist, and paid his wages up to that very day. He thanked him for his faithful services; and, observing that he himself was no longer in a condition to maintain a domestick, advised him to retire to the garrison, where he would be kindly received by his friend Hatchway, to whom he would recommend him in the strongest terms.

Pipes looked blank at this unexpected intimation, to which he replied, that he wanted neither pay nor provision, but only to be employed as a tender; and that he would not steer his course for the garrison, unless his master would first take his lumber aboard. Pickle, however, peremptorily refused to touch a farthing of the money, which he commanded him to put up; and Pipes was so mortified at his refusal, that twirling the notes together, he threw them into the fire without hesitation, crying, 'Damn the money!' The canvas bag, with its contents, would have shared the same fate, had not Peregrine started up, and snatching the paper from

the flames, ordered his valet to forbear, on pain of being banished for ever from his sight. He told him, that, for the present, there was a necessity for his being dismissed, and he discharged him accordingly; but, if he would go and live quietly with the lieutenant, he promised, on the first favourable turn of his fortune, to take him again into his service. In the meantime, he gave him to understand, that he neither wanted, nor would make any use of his money, which he insisted upon his pocketing immediately, on pain of forfeiting all title to his favour.

Pipes was very much chagrined at these injunctions, to which he made no reply; but sweeping the money into his bag, stalked off, in silence, with a look of grief and mortification, which his countenance had never exhibited before. Nor was the proud heart of Pickle unmoved upon this occasion: he could scarce suppress his sorrow in the presence of Pipes; and, as soon as he was gone, it vented itself in tears.

Having no great pleasure in conversing with his own thoughts, he dressed himself with all convenient dispatch, being attended by one of the occasional valets of the place, who had formerly been a rich mercer in the city; and this operation being performed, he went to breakfast at the coffee-house, where he happened to meet with his friend the clergyman, and several persons of genteel appearance, to whom the doctor introduced him as a new acquaintance. By these gentlemen he was conducted to a place where they spent the forenoon in playing at five, an exercise in which our hero took singular delight; and about one o'clock a court was held, for the trial of two delinquents, who had transgressed the laws of honesty and good order.

The first who appeared at the bar was an attorney, accused of having picked a gentleman's pocket of his handkerchief; and, the fact being proved by incontestible evidence, he received sentence, in consequence of which he was immediately carried to the public pump, and subjected to a severe cascade of cold water. This cause being dismissed, they proceeded to the trial of the other offender, who was a lieutenant of a man of war, indicted for a riot, which he had committed in company with a female, not yet taken, against the

the laws of the place; and the peace of his fellow-prisoners. The culprit had been very obstreperous; and absolutely refused to obey the summons, with many expressions of contempt and defiance against the authority of the court; upon which the constables were ordered to bring him to the bar, *vi & armis*; and he was accordingly brought before the judge, after having made a most desperate resistance with a hanger, by which one of the officers was dangerously wounded. This outrage was such an aggravation of his crime, that the court would not venture to decide upon it, but remitted him to the sentence of the warden; who, by virtue of his dilatory power, ordered the rioter to be loaded with irons, and confined in the strong-room, which is a dismal dungeon, situated upon the side of the ditch, infested with toads and vermin, surcharged with noisome damps; and impervious to the least ray of light.

Justice being done upon these criminals, our adventurer and his company adjourned to the ordinary, which was kept at the coffee-house; and he found, upon enquiry, that his mess-mates consisted of one officer, two under-writers, three projectors, an alchymist, an attorney, a parson, a brace of poets, a baronet, and a knight of the bath. The dinner, though not sumptuous, nor very elegantly served up, was nevertheless substantial, and pretty well dressed; the wine was tolerable, and all the guests as chearful as if they had been utter strangers to calamity; so that our adventurer began to relish the company, and mix in the conversation with that sprightliness and ease which were peculiar to his disposition. The repast being ended, the reckoning paid, and part of the gentlemen withdrawn to cards, or other avocations, those who remained, among whom Peregrine made one, agreed to spend the afternoon in conversation over a bowl of punch; and the liquor being produced, they passed the time very socially in various topics of discourse, including many curious anecdotes relating to their own affairs. No man scrupled to own the nature of the debt for which he was confined, unless it happened to be some piddling affair; but on the contrary, boasted of the importance of the sum, as a circumstance that implied his having been a person of consequence in life; and he who had

made the most remarkable escapes from bailiffs, was looked upon as a man of superior genius and address.

Among other extraordinary adventures of this kind, none was more romantic than the last elopement achieved by the officer, who told them he had been arrested for a debt of two hundred pounds, at a time when he could not command as many pence; and conveyed to the bailiff's house, in which he continued a whole fortnight, moving his lodgings higher and higher, from time to time, in proportion to the decay of his credit; until, from the parlour, he had made a regular ascent to the garret. There, while he ruminated on his next step, which would have been to the Marshalsea, and saw the night come on, attended with hunger and cold, the wind began to blow, and the tiles of the house rattled with the storm: his imagination was immediately struck with the idea of escaping unperceived, amidst the darkness and noise of the tempest, by creeping out of the window of his apartment, and making his way over the tops of the adjoining houses. Glawing with this prospect, he examined the passage, which, to his infinite mortification, he found grated with iron bars on the outside; but even this difficulty did not divert him from his purpose. Conscious of his own strength, he believed himself able to make an hole through the roof, which seemed to be slender and crazy; and on this supposition, he barricaded the door with the whole furniture of the room; then, settling himself to work with a poker, in a few minutes effected a passage for his hand, with which he gradually stripped off the boards and tiling, so as to open a sally-port for his whole body, through which he fairly set himself free, groping his way towards the next settlement. Here, however, he met with an unlucky accident: his hat being blown off his head, chanced to fall into the court; just as one of the bailiff's followers was knocking at the door, and his myrmidon recognizing it immediately gave the alarm to his chief, who running up stairs to the garret, forced open the door in a twinkling, notwithstanding the precautions which the prisoner had taken, and, with his attendant, pursued the fugitive through his own mark. After this chase had continued some time, said the officer, to the imminent danger

danger of all three; I found my progress suddenly stopped by a sky-light, through which I perceived seven fellows sitting at work upon a board. Without the least hesitation or previous notice, I plunged among them with my backside foremost. Before they could recollect themselves from the consternation occasioned by such a strange visit, I told them my situation, and gave them to understand that there was no time to be lost. One of the number, taking the hint, led me hastily down stairs, and dismissed me at the street-door; while the bailiff and his follower, arriving at the breach, were deterred from entering by the brethren of my delivery who presenting their shears, like a range of *chevaux de frise*, commanded them to retire on pain of immediate death: and the catchpole, rather than risk his escape, consented to discharge the debt, comforting himself with the hope of making me prisoner again. There, however, he was disappointed: I kept snug, and laughed at his escape-warrant; until I was ordered abroad with the regiment, when I conveyed myself in a hearse to Gravesend, where I embarked for Flanders; but, being obliged to come over again on the recruiting service, I was nabbed on another score: and all the satisfaction my first-captor has been able to obtain, is a writ of *detsiner*; which, I believe, will fix me in this place, until the Parliament, in its great goodness, shall think proper to discharge my debts by a new act of insolvency.

Every body owned, that the captain's success was equal to the hardness of his enterprise, which was altogether in the style of a soldier: but one of the merchants observed, that he must have been a bailiff of small experience, who would trust a prisoner of that consequence in such an unguarded place. If the captain, said he, had fallen into the hands of such a cunning rascal as the fellow that arrested me, he would not have found it such an easy matter to escape; for the manner in which I was caught, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary that ever was practised in these realms. You must know, gentlemen, I suffered such losses by pursuing myself during the war, that I was obliged to stop payment, though

my expectations were such as enticed me to manage one branch of business, without coming to any immediate composition with my creditors. In short, I received consignments from abroad as usual; and that I might not be subject to the visits of those catchpoles, I never stirred abroad; but turning my first-floor into a warehouse, ordered all my goods to be hoisted up by a crane, fixed to the upper story of my house. Divers were the stratagems practised by those ingenious ferrets, with a view of decoying me from the walls of my fortification. I received innumerable messages from people who wanted to see me at certain taverns upon particular business: I was summoned into the country, to see my own mother, who was said to be at the point of death. A gentlewoman, one night, was taken in labour on my threshold: at another time, I was disturbed with the cry of murder in the street; and once I was alarmed by a false fire. But, being still upon my guard, I baffled all their attempts, and thought myself quite secure from their inventions, when one of those blood-hounds, inspired, I believe, by the devil himself, contrived a snare by which I was at last entrapped. He made it his business to enquire into the particulars of my traffick; and understanding that, among other things, there were several chests of Florence entered at the custom-house on my behalf, he ordered himself to be enclosed in a box of the same dimensions, with air-holes in the bottom, for the benefit of breathing, and No. III, marked upon the cover; and being conveyed to my door in a cart, among other goods, was, in his turn, hoisted up to my warehouse, where I stood with a hammer, in order to open the chests, that I might compare the contents with the invoice. You may guess my surprise and consternation, when, upon uncovering the box, I saw a bailiff resting up his head, like *Lazarus* from the grave, and heard him declare that he had a writ against me for a thousand pounds. Indeed, I aimed the hammer at his head, but in the hurry of my confusion missed my mark: before I could repeat the blow, he flurried up with great agility, and executed his office in spite of a

veral

veral evidences, whom he had assembled in the street for that purpose; so that I could not possibly disentangle myself from the toil, without incurring an escape-warrant, from which I had no protection. But, had I known the contents of the chest, by all that's good! I would have ordered my porter to raise it up as high as the crane would permit, and then have cut the rope by accident.

That expedient," said the knight with the red ribbon, "would have discouraged him from such hazardous attempts for the future, and would have been an example in terror of all his brethren. The story put me in mind of a deliverance achieved by Tom Hackabout, a very stout, honest fellow, an old acquaintance of mine, who had been so famous for maiming bailiffs, that another gentleman having been ill-used at a gaming-house, no sooner obtained his liberty, than, with a view of being revenged upon the landlord, he, for five shillings, bought one of Tom's notes, which sold at a very large discount, and taking out a writ upon it, put it into the hands of the bailiff who had used him ill. The catchpole, after a diligent search, had an opportunity of executing the writ upon the defendant, who, without ceremony, broke one of his arms, fractured his skull, and belaboured him in such a manner, that he lay without sense or motion on the spot. By such exploits, this hero became so formidable, that no single bailiff would undertake to arrest him; so that he appeared in all public places untouched. At length, however, several officers of the Marshalsea court entered into a conspiracy against him; and two of the number, attended by three desperate followers, ventured to arrest him one day in the Strand, near Hungerford Market: he found it impossible to make resistance, because the whole gang sprung upon him at once, like so many tigers, and pinioned his arms, so fast that he could not wag a finger. Perceiving himself fairly overpowered, he desired to be conducted forthwith to gaol, and was stowed in a boat accordingly: by that time they had reached the middle of the river, he found means to overset the wherry by accident, and

every man, disregarding the prisoner, consulted his own safety. As for Hackabout, to whom that element was quite familiar, he mounted astride upon the keel of the boat, which was uppermost, and exhorted the bailiffs to swim for their lives, protesting, before God, that they had no other chance to be saved.

The watermen were immediately taken up by some of their own friends, who, far from yielding any assistance to the catchpoles, kept aloof, and exulted in their calamity. In short, two of the five went to the bottom, and never saw the light of God's sun; and the other three, with great difficulty, saved themselves by laying hold on the rudder of a dung-barge, to which they were carried by the stream, while Tom, with great deliberation, swam across to the Surrey shore. After this achievement, he was so much dreaded by the whole fraternity, that they shivered at the very mention of his name; and this character, which some people would think an advantage to a man in debt, was the greatest misfortune that could possibly happen to him; because no tradesman would give him credit for the least trifle, on the supposition that he could not indemnify himself in the common course of law.

The parson did not approve of Mr. Hackabout's method of escaping, which he considered as a very unchristian attempt upon the lives of his fellow-subjects. "It is enough," said he, "that we elude the laws of our country, without murdering the officers of justice: for my own part, I can lay my hand upon my heart, and safely say, that I forgive from my soul the fellow by whom I was made a prisoner; although the circumstances of his behaviour were treacherous, wicked, and profane. You must know, Mr. Pickle, I was one day called into my chapel, in order to join a couple in the holy bands of matrimony; and my affairs being at that time so situated, as to lay me under apprehensions of an arrest, I cautiously surveyed the man through a lattice which was made for that purpose, before I would venture to come within his reach. He was clothed in a seaman's jacket and trousers, and had such an air of simplicity in his countenance, as directed

me of all suspicion : I therefore, without farther scruple, trusted myself in his presence, began to exercise the duty of my function, and had actually performed one half of the ceremony, when the supposed woman, pulling out a paper from her bosom, exclaimed with a masculine voice, " Sir, you are my prisoner. I have got a writ against you for five hundred pounds." I was thunderstruck at this declaration, not so much on account of my own misfortune, which (thank Heaven!) I can bear with patience and resignation, as at the impiety of the wretch; first, in disguising such a worldly aim under the cloak of religion; and, secondly, in prostituting the service, when there was no occasion for so doing, his design having previously taken effect. Yet I forgive him, poor soul! because he knew not what he did; and I hope you, Sir Sipple, will exert the same Christian virtue towards the man by whom you was likewise over-reached.

" Oh, damn the rascal!" cried the knight, " were I his judge, he should be condemned to flames everlasting. A villain! to disgrace me in such a manner, before almost all the fashionable company in town." Our hero expressing a curiosity to know the particulars of this adventure, the knight gratified his desires by telling him, that one evening, while he was engaged in a *partie* of cards at a drum in the house of a certain lady of quality, he was given to understand by one of the servants, that a stranger, very richly dressed, was just arrived in a chair, preceded by five footmen with flambeaus, and that he refused to come up stairs, until he should be introduced by Sir Sipple. " Upon this notice," continued the knight, " I judged it was some of my quality friends; and having obtained her ladyship's permission to bring him up, went down to the hall, and perceived a person, whom, to the best of my recollection, I had never seen before. However, his appearance was so magnificent that I could not harbour the least suspicion of his true quality; and seeing me advance, he saluted me with a very genteel bow, observing, that though he had not the honour of my acquaintance, he could not dispense with waiting upon me, even on that occasion, in consequence of a letter which he had received from a particu-

lar friend. So saying, he put a paper into my hand, intimating, that he had got a writ against me for ten thousand pounds, and that it would be my interest to submit without resistance, for he was provided with a guard of twenty men, who surrounded the door in different disguises, determined to secure me against all opposition. Enraged at the scoundrel's finesse, and trusting to the assistance of the real footmen assembled in the hall, " So, you are a rascally bailiff," said I, " who have assumed the garb of a gentleman, in order to disturb her ladyship's company. Take this fellow, my lads, and roll him in the kennel: here are ten guineas for your trouble." These words were no sooner pronounced, than I was seized, lifted up, placed in a chair, and carried off in the twinkling of an eye: not but that the servants of the house, and some other footmen, made a motion towards my rescue, and alarmed all the company above; but the bailiff affirming with undaunted effrontery, that I was taken up upon an affair of state, and so many people appearing in his behalf, the countess would not suffer the supposed messenger to be insulted, and he carried me to the county-gaol without farther lett or molestation.

CHAP. XIII.

PICKLE SEEMS TOLERABLY WELL RECONCILED TO HIS CAGE; AND IS BY THE CLERGYMAN ENTERTAINED WITH THE MEMOIRS OF A NOTED PERSONAGE, WHOM HE SEES BY ACCIDENT IN THE FLEET.

THE knight had scarce finished his narrative, when our hero was told, that a gentleman in the coffee-room wanted to see him; and when he went thither, he found his friend Crabtree, who had transacted all his affairs according to the determination of the preceding day; and now gave him an account of the remarks he had overheard on the subject of his misfortune; for the manner of the arrest was so publick and extraordinary, that those who were present, immediately propagated it among their acquaintance, and it was that same evening discoursed upon at several

several tea and card-tables, with this variation from the truth, that the debt amounted to twelve thousand, instead of twelve hundred pounds: from which circumstance it was conjectured, that Peregrine was a bite from the beginning, who had found credit on account of his effrontery and appearance, and imposed himself upon the town as a young gentleman of fortune. They rejoiced, therefore, at his calamity, which they considered as a just punishment for his fraud and presumption, and began to review certain particulars of his conduct, that plainly demonstrated him to be a rank adventurer, long before he had arrived at this end of his career.

Pickle, who now believed his glory was set for ever, received this intelligence with that disdain which enables a man to detach himself effectually from the world, and, with great tranquillity, give the misanthrope an entertaining detail of what he had seen and heard since their last parting. While they amused themselves in this manner over a dish of coffee, they were joined by the parson, who congratulated our hero upon his bearing mischance with such philosophick quiet, and began to regale the two friends with some curious circumstances relating to the private history of the several prisoners, as they happened to come in.

At length a gentleman entered; at sight of whom the clergyman rose up, and saluted him with a most reverential bow, which was graciously returned by the stranger; who, with a young man that attended him, retired to the other end of the room. They were no sooner out of hearing, than the communicative priest desired his company to take particular notice of this person to whom he had paid his respects: 'That man,' said he, 'is this day one of the most flagrant instances of neglected virtue which the world can produce. Over and above a cool discerning head, fraught with uncommon learning and experience, he is possessed of such fortitude and resolution, as no difficulties can discourage, and no dangers impair; and so indefatigable in his humanity, that even now, while he is surrounded with such embarrassments as would distract the brain of any ordinary mortal, he has added considerably to his incumbrances, by taking under his protection that young

gentleman; who, induced by his character, appealed to his benevolence for redress of the grievances under which he labours from the villainy of his guardian.'

Peregrine's curiosity being excited by this encomium, he asked the name of this generous patron, of which when he was informed, 'I am no stranger,' said he, 'to the fame of that gentleman, who has made a considerable noise in the world, on account of that great cause he undertook in defence of an unhappy orphan; and since he is a person of such an amiable disposition, I am heartily sorry to find that his endeavours have not met with that successful issue which their good fortune in the beginning seemed to promise. Indeed, the circumstance of his espousing that cause was so uncommon and romantic, and the depravity of the human heart so universal, that some people, unacquainted with his real character, imagined his views were altogether selfish; and some were not wanting, who affirmed he was a mere adventurer. Nevertheless, I must do him the justice to own, I have heard some of the most virulent of those who were concerned on the other side of the question bear testimony in his favour; observing, that he was deceived into the expence of the whole, by the plausible story which at first engaged his compassion. Your description of his character confirms me in the same opinion; though I am quite ignorant of the affair; the particulars of which I should be glad to learn, as well as a genuine account of his own life, many circumstances of which are by his enemies, I believe, egregiously misrepresented.'

'Sir,' answered the priest, 'that is a piece of satisfaction which I am glad to find myself capable of giving you: I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. M—— from his youth, and every thing which I shall relate concerning him, you may depend upon as a fact which hath fallen under my own cognizance, or been vouched upon the credit of undoubted evidence.'

'Mr. M——'s father was a minister of the established church of Scotland, descended from a very ancient clan, and his mother nearly related to a noble family in the northern part of

that kingdom. While the son was boarded at a publick school, where he made good progress in the Latin tongue, his father died, and he was left an orphan to the care of an uncle, who finding him determined against any servile employment, kept him at school, that he might prepare himself for the university, with a view of being qualified for his father's profession.

Here his imagination was so heated by the warlike achievements he found recorded in the Latin authors, such as Cæsar, Curtius, and Buchanan, that he was seized with an irresistible thirst of military glory, and desire of trying his fortune in the army. His majesty's troops taking the field, in consequence of the rebellion which happened in the year seventeen hundred and fifteen, this young adventurer, thinking no life equal to that of a soldier, found means to furnish himself with a fusil and bayonet, and leaving the school, repaired to the camp near Stirling, with a view of signaling himself in the field, though he was at that time but just turned of thirteen. He offered his service to several officers, in hope of being enlisted in their companies; but they would not receive him, because they rightly concluded that he was some school boy, broke loose without the knowledge or consent of his relations. Notwithstanding this discouragement, he continued in camp, curiously prying into every part of the service; and such was the resolution conspicuous in him, even at such a tender age, that after his small finances were exhausted, he persisted in his design; and because he would not make his wants known, actually subsisted for several days on hips, haws, and sloes, and other spontaneous fruits which he gathered in the woods and fields. Meanwhile, he never failed to be present when any regiment or corps of men were drawn out to be exercised and reviewed, and accompanied them in all their evolutions, which he had learned to great perfection, by observing the companies which were quartered in the place where he was at school. This eagerness and perseverance attracted the notice of many officers; who, after having commended his spirit and zeal, picked him to return

to his parents, and even threatened to expel him from the camp, if he would not comply with their advice.

These remonstrances having no other effect than that of warning him to avoid his monitors, they thought proper to alter their behaviour towards him, took him into their protection, and even into their mess; and what, above all other marks of favour, pleased the young soldier most, permitted him to incorporate in the battalion, and take his turn of duty with the other men. In this happy situation he was discovered by a relation of his mother, who was a captain in the army, and who used all his authority and influence in persuading M—— to return to school; but finding him deaf to his admonitions and threats, he took him under his own care; and when the army marched to Dunblane, left him at Stirling, with express injunction to keep himself within the walls.

He temporized with his kinsman, fearing that should he seem refractory, the captain would have ordered him to be shut up in the castle. Inflamed with the desire of seeing a battle, his relation no sooner marched off the ground, than he mixed in with another regiment, to which his former patrons belonged, and proceeded to the field, where he distinguished himself, even at that early time of life, by his gallantry, in helping to retrieve a pair of colours belonging to M——'s regiment; so that after the affair he was presented to the Duke of Argyle, and recommended strongly to Brigadier Grant, who invited him into his regiment, and promised to provide for him with the first opportunity: but that gentleman in a little time lost his command upon the duke's disgrace, and the regiment was ordered for Ireland, being given to Colonel Nassau, whose favour the young volunteer acquired to such a degree, that he was recommended to the king for an ensigncy, which in all probability he would have obtained, had not the regiment been unluckily reduced.

In consequence of this reduction, which happened in the most severe season of the year, he was obliged to return to his own country, though infinite hardships to which he was exposed from the narrowness of his circumstances;

' circumstances; and continuing still en-
 ' moured of a military life, he entered
 ' into the regiment of Scotch Greys,
 ' at that time commanded by the late
 ' Sir James Campbell, who being ac-
 ' quainted with his family and charac-
 ' ter, encouraged him with the promise
 ' of speedy preferment. In this corps
 ' he remained three years, during which
 ' he had no opportunity of seeing actual
 ' service, except at the affair of Glen-
 ' sheel; and this life of insipid quiet
 ' must have hung heavy upon a youth
 ' of M——'s active disposition, had not
 ' he found exercise for the mind, in
 ' reading books of amusement, history,
 ' voyages, and geography, together with
 ' those that treated of the art of war
 ' ancient and modern, for which he
 ' contracted such an eager appetite, that
 ' he used to spend sixteen hours a day
 ' in this employment. About that time
 ' he became acquainted with a gentle-
 ' man of learning and taste, who ob-
 ' serving his indefatigable application,
 ' and insatiable thirst after knowledge,
 ' took upon himself the charge of super-
 ' intending his studies; and by the di-
 ' rection of such an able guide, the
 ' young soldier converted his attention
 ' to a more solid and profitable course
 ' of reading. So inordinate was his
 ' desire of making speedy advances in
 ' the paths of learning, that within the
 ' compass of three months, he dili-
 ' gently perused the writings of Locke
 ' and Malbranche, and made himself
 ' master of the first six, and of the ele-
 ' venth and twelfth book of Euclid's
 ' Elements. He considered Pufendorf
 ' and Grotius with uncommon care,
 ' acquired a tolerable degree of know-
 ' ledge in the French language, and his
 ' imagination was so captivated with
 ' the desire of learning, that seeing no
 ' prospect of war, or views of being
 ' provided for in the service, he quitted
 ' the army, and went through a regular
 ' course of university education. Hav-
 ' ing made such progress in his studies,
 ' he resolved to qualify himself for the
 ' church; and acquired such a stock of
 ' school divinity under the instructions
 ' of a learned professor at Edinburgh,
 ' that he more than once mounted the
 ' rostrum in the publick hall, and held
 ' forth with uncommon applause: but
 ' being discouraged from a prosecution
 ' of his plan, by the unreasonable au-
 ' sterity of some of the Scotch clergy:

' by whom the most indifferent and in-
 ' nocent words and actions were often
 ' misconstrued into levity and miscon-
 ' duct, he resolved to embrace the first
 ' favourable opportunity of going a-
 ' broad, being inflamed with the desire
 ' of seeing foreign countries, and actu-
 ' ally set out for Holland, where for the
 ' space of two years he studied the Ro-
 ' man law, with the law of nature and
 ' nations, under the famous professors
 ' Tolieu and Barbeyrac.

' Having thus finished his school edu-
 ' cation, he set out for Paris, with a view
 ' to make himself perfect in the French
 ' language, and learn such usual exer-
 ' cises as might be acquired with the
 ' wretched remnant of his slender estate,
 ' which was by that time reduced very
 ' low. In his journey through the Ne-
 ' therlands, he went to Namur, and paid
 ' his respects to Bishop Strickland and
 ' General Collier, by whom he was re-
 ' ceived with great civility, in conse-
 ' quence of letters of recommendation,
 ' with which he was provided from the
 ' Hague, and the old general assured
 ' him of his protection and interest for
 ' a pair of colours, if he was disposed
 ' to enter into the Dutch service.

' Though he was by that time pr t y
 ' well cured of his military Quixotism,
 ' he would not totally decline the gene-
 ' rous proffer, for which he thanked
 ' him in the most grateful terms, telling
 ' the general that he would pay his duty
 ' to him on his return from France, and
 ' then, if he could determine upon re-
 ' engaging in the army, should think
 ' himself highly honoured in being un-
 ' der his command.

' After a stay of two months in Flan-
 ' ders, he proceeded to Paris; and, far
 ' from taking up his habitation in the
 ' suburbs of St. Germain, according to
 ' the custom of English travellers, he
 ' hired a private lodging on the other
 ' side of the river, and associated chiefly
 ' with French officers, who (their youth-
 ' ful sallies being over) are allowed to
 ' be the politest gentlemen of that king-
 ' dom. In this scheme he found his
 ' account so much, that he could not
 ' but wonder at the folly of his country-
 ' men, who lose the main scope of their
 ' going abroad, by spending their time
 ' and fortune idly with one another.

' During his residence in Holland he
 ' had made himself acquainted with the
 ' best authors in the French language,

so that he was able to share in their conversation; a circumstance from which he found great benefit; for it not only improved him in his knowledge of that tongue, but also tended to the enlargement of his acquaintance, in the course of which he contracted intimacies in some families of good fashion, especially those of the long robe, which would have enabled him to pass his time very agreeably, had he been a little easier in point of fortune: but his finances, notwithstanding the most rigid economy, being in a few months reduced to a very low ebb the prospect of indigence threw a damp upon all his pleasures, though he never suffered himself to be thereby in any degree dispirited; being in that respect of so happy a disposition, that conscious poverty or abundance made very slight impressions upon his mind.

This consumption of his cash, however, involved him in some perplexity; and he deliberated with himself, whether he should return to General Collier, or repair to London, where he might possibly fall into some business not unbecoming a gentleman; though he was very much mortified to find himself incapable of gratifying an inordinate desire which possessed him of making the grand tour, or at least of visiting the southern parts of France.

While he thus hesitated between different suggestions, he was one morning visited by a gentleman who had sought and cultivated his friendship, and for whom he had done a good office, in supporting him with spirit against a brutal German, with whom he had an affair of honour. This gentleman came to propose a party for a fortnight to Fontainebleau, where the court then was; and the proposal being declined by M—— with more than usual stiffness, his friend was very urgent to know the reason of his refusal, and at length, with some confusion, said, “Perhaps your finances are low.” M—— replied, that he had wherewithal to defray the expence of his journey to London, where he could be furnished with a fresh supply; and this answer was no sooner made, than the other taking him by the hand, “My dear friend,” said he, “I am not unacquainted with your affairs, and would have offered you my credit long ago, if I had thought it would be acceptable, even now, I do not pretend to

give you money, but desire and insist upon it, that you will accept of the loan of these two pieces of paper, to be repaid when you marry a woman with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, or obtain an employment of a thousand a year.” So saying, he presented him with two actions of above two thousand livres each.

M—— was astonished at this unexpected instance of generosity in a stranger, and with suitable acknowledgment peremptorily refused to incur such an obligation; but at length he was, by dint of importunity and warm exhortation, prevailed upon to accept one of the actions, on condition that the gentleman would take his note for the sum; and this he absolutely rejected, until M—— promised to draw upon him for double the value or more, in case he should at any time want a farther supply. This uncommon act of friendship and generosity M—— afterwards had an opportunity to repay ten fold; though he could not help regretting the occasion on his friend's account. That worthy man having, by placing too much confidence in a villainous lawyer, and a chain of other misfortunes, involved himself and his amiable lady in a labyrinth of difficulties, which threatened the total ruin of his family; M—— felt the inexpressible satisfaction of delivering his benefactor from the snare.

Being thus reinforced by the generosity of his friend, M—— resolved to execute his former plan of seeing the south of France, together with the sea-ports of Spain as far as Cadiz, from whence he proposed to take a passage for London by sea; and with this view, sent forwards his trunks by the diligence to Lyons, determined to ride post, in order to enjoy a better view of the country, and for the convenience of stopping at those places where there was any thing remarkable to be seen or enquired into. While he was employed in taking leave of his Parisian friends, who furnished him with abundant recommendation, a gentleman of his own country, who spoke little or no French, hearing of his intention, begged the favour of accompanying him in his expedition.

With this new companion, therefore, he set out for Lyons, where he was perfectly well received by the in-

stant

endant and some of the best families of the place, in consequence of his letters of recommendation; and after a short stay in that city, proceeded down the Rhone to Avignon, in what is called the *cocbe d'eau*; then visiting the principal towns of Dauphiné, Languedoc, and Provence, he returned to the delightful city of Marseilles, where he and his fellow-traveller were so much captivated by the serenity of the air, and the good nature and hospitality of the sprightly inhabitants, that they never dreamed of changing their quarters, during the whole winter and part of the spring: here he acquired the acquaintance of the Marquis D'Argens, attorney-general in the parliament of Aix, and of his eldest son, who now makes so great a figure in the literary world; and when the affair of Fa ner Girard and Madame Cadiere began to make a noise, he accompanied these two gentlemen to Toulon, where the marquis was ordered to take precognition of the facts.

On his return to Marseilles, he found a certain noble lord of great fortune under the direction of a Swiss governor, who had accommodated him with two of his own relations, of the same country, by way of companions, together with five servants in his train. They being absolute strangers in the place, M—— introduced them to the intendant, and several other good families; and had the good fortune to be so agreeable to his lordship, that he proposed and even pressed him to live with him in England, as a friend and companion, and to take upon him the superintendence of his affairs; in which case he would settle upon him four hundred a year for life.

This proposal was too advantageous to be slighted by a person of no fortune or fixed establishment; he therefore made no difficulty of closing with it: but as his lordship's departure was fixed to a short day, and he urged him to accompany him to Paris, and from thence to England, M—— thought it would be improper and indecent to interfere with the office of his governor, who might take umbrage at his favour, and therefore excused himself from a compliance with his lordship's request, until his minority should be expired, as he was within a few months of being of age.

However, he repeated his importunities so earnestly, and the governor joined in the request with such appearance of cordiality, that he was prevailed upon to comply with their joint desire; and in a few days set out with them for Paris, by the way of Lyons. But before they had been three days in the city, M—— perceived a total change in the behaviour of the Swiss and his two relations, who, in all probability, became jealous of his influence with his lordship; and he no sooner made this discovery, than he resolved to withdraw himself from such a disagreeable participation of that young nobleman's favour. He therefore, in spite of all his lordship's intreaties and remonstrances, quitted him for the present; alleging, as a pretext, that he had a long-ling desire to see Switzerland and the banks of the Rhine, and promising to meet him again in England.

This his intention being made known to the governor and his friends, their countenances immediately cleared up, their courtesy and complaisance returned, and they even furnished him with letters for Geneva, Lausanne, Bern, and Soleures; in consequence of which he met with unusual civilities at these places. Having made this tour with his Scotch friend, (who came up to him before he left Lyons) and visited the most considerable towns on both sides of the Rhine, and the courts of the Electors Palatine, Mentz, and Cologne, he arrived in Holland; and from thence through the Netherlands repaired to London, where he found my lord just returned from Paris.

His lordship received him with expressions of uncommon joy, would not suffer him to stir from him for several days, and introduced him to his relations.

M—— accompanied his lordship from London to his country seat, where he was indeed treated with great friendship and confidence, and consulted in every thing; but the noble peer never once made mention of the annuity which he had promised to settle upon him; nor did M—— remind him of it, because he conceived it was his affair to fulfil his engagements of his own accord. M—— being tired of the manner of living at this place, made an excursion

‘ sion to Bath, where he staid about a
 ‘ fortnight, to partake of the diversions;
 ‘ and, upon his return, found his lord-
 ‘ ship making dispositions for another
 ‘ journey to Paris.

‘ Surprized at this sudden resolution,
 ‘ he endeavoured to dissuade him from
 ‘ it: but his remonstrances were ren-
 ‘ dered ineffectual by the insinuations
 ‘ of a foreigner who had come over with
 ‘ him, and filled his imagination with
 ‘ extravagant notions of pleasure, infi-
 ‘ nitely superior to any which he could
 ‘ enjoy while he was in the trammels,
 ‘ and under the restraints of a governor.
 ‘ He therefore turned a deaf ear to all
 ‘ M——’s arguments, and intreated him
 ‘ to accompany him in the journey; but
 ‘ this gentleman foreseeing that a young
 ‘ man like my lord, of strong passions
 ‘ and easy to be misled, would in all
 ‘ probability squander away great sums
 ‘ of money, in a way that would neither
 ‘ do credit to himself or to those who
 ‘ were concerned with him, resisted all
 ‘ his solicitations, on pretence of having
 ‘ business of consequence at London;
 ‘ and afterwards had reason to be ex-
 ‘ tremely well pleased with his own
 ‘ conduct in this particular.

‘ Before he set out on this expedition,
 ‘ M——, in justice to himself, remind-
 ‘ ed him of the proposal which he had
 ‘ made to him at Marseilles, desiring to
 ‘ know if he had altered his design in
 ‘ that particular; in which case he would
 ‘ turn his thoughts some other way, as
 ‘ he would not in the least be thought
 ‘ to intrude or pin himself upon any
 ‘ man. My lord protested, in the most
 ‘ solemn manner, that he still continued
 ‘ in his former resolution; and again
 ‘ beseeching him to bear him company
 ‘ into France, promised that every thing
 ‘ should be settled to his satisfaction
 ‘ upon their return to England. M——,
 ‘ however, still persisted in his refusal,
 ‘ for the abovementioned reasons: and
 ‘ though he never heard more of the
 ‘ annuity, he nevertheless continued to
 ‘ serve his lordship with his advice and
 ‘ good offices ever after; particularly
 ‘ in directing his choice to an alliance
 ‘ with a lady of eminent virtue, the
 ‘ daughter of a noble lord, more con-
 ‘ spicuous for his shining parts than the
 ‘ splendor of his titles. (a circumstance
 ‘ upon which he always reflected with
 ‘ particular satisfaction, as well on ac-
 ‘ count of the extraordinary merit of
 ‘ the lady, as because it veiled in her

‘ children a considerable part of that
 ‘ great estate, which, of right, belong-
 ‘ ed to her grandmother;) and after-
 ‘ wards put him in a way to retrieve his
 ‘ estate from a heavy load of debt he
 ‘ had contracted. When my lord set
 ‘ out on his Paris expedition, the mio-
 ‘ ney M—— had received from his
 ‘ generous friend at Paris was almost
 ‘ reduced to the last guinea. He had
 ‘ not yet reaped the least benefit from
 ‘ his engagements with his lordship;
 ‘ and disdaining to ask for a supply
 ‘ from him, he knew not how to subsist,
 ‘ with any degree of credit, till his re-
 ‘ turn.

‘ This uncomfortable prospect was
 ‘ the more disagreeable to him, as, at
 ‘ that time of life, he was much in-
 ‘ clined to appear in the gay world,
 ‘ had contracted a taste for plays, ope-
 ‘ ras, and other publick diversions, and
 ‘ had acquired an acquaintance with
 ‘ many people of good fashion, which
 ‘ could not be maintained without a
 ‘ considerable expence. In this emer-
 ‘ gency, he thought he could not em-
 ‘ ploy his idle time more profitably
 ‘ than in translating from foreign lan-
 ‘ guages such books as were then chief-
 ‘ ly in vogue; and upon application to
 ‘ a friend, who was a man of letters, he
 ‘ was furnished with as much business
 ‘ of that kind as he could possibly ma-
 ‘ nage, and wrote some pamphlets on
 ‘ the reigning controversies of that time
 ‘ that had the good fortune to please.
 ‘ He was also concerned in a monthly
 ‘ journal of literature, and the work
 ‘ was carried on by the two friends
 ‘ jointly, though M—— did not at all
 ‘ appear in the partnership. By these
 ‘ means he not only spent his morn-
 ‘ ings in useful exercise, but supplied
 ‘ himself with money for what the
 ‘ French call the *menus plaisirs* during
 ‘ the whole summer. He frequented
 ‘ all the assemblies in and about Lon-
 ‘ don, and considerably enlarged his
 ‘ acquaintance among the fair-sex.

‘ He had, upon his first arrival in
 ‘ England, become acquainted with a
 ‘ lady at an assembly not far from Lon-
 ‘ don; and though, at that time, he
 ‘ had no thoughts of extending his
 ‘ views farther than the usual gallantry
 ‘ of the place, he met with such distin-
 ‘ guishing marks of her regard in the
 ‘ sequel, and was so particularly en-
 ‘ couraged by the advice of another lady,
 ‘ with whom he had been intimate in
 ‘ France,

France, and who was now of their parties, that he could not help entertaining hopes of making an impression upon the heart of his agreeable partner, who was a young lady of an ample fortune and great expectations. He, therefore, cultivated her good graces with all the assiduity and address of which he was master; and succeeded so well in his endeavours, that, after a due course of attendance, and the death of an aunt, by which she received an accession of fortune to the amount of three and twenty thousand pounds, he ventured to declare his passion; and she not only heard him with patience and approbation, but also replied in terms adequate to his warmest wishes.

Finding himself so favourably received, he pressed her to secure his happiness by marriage; but, to this proposal, she objected the recency of her kinswoman's death, which would have rendered such a step highly indecent, and the displeasure of her other relations, from whom she had still greater expectations, and who at that time importuned her to marry a cousin of her own, whom she could not like. However, that M—— might have no cause to repine at her delay, she freely entered with him into an intimacy of correspondence; during which, nothing could have added to their mutual felicity, which was the more poignant and refined, from the mysterious and romantick manner of their enjoying it; for though he publicly visited her as an acquaintance, his behaviour on these occasions was always so distant, respectful, and reserved, that the rest of the company could not possibly suspect the nature of their reciprocal attachment; in consequence of which, they used to have private interviews, unknown to every soul upon earth except her maid, who was necessarily intrusted with the secret.

In this manner they enjoyed the conversation of each other for above twelve months, without the least interruption; and though the stability of Mr. M——'s fortune entirely depended upon their marriage, yet as he perceived his mistress so averse to it, he never urged it with vehemence, nor was at all anxious on that score; being easily induced to defer a ceremony, which, as he then thought, could in no shape have added to their

satisfaction, though he hath since altered his sentiments.

Be that as it will, his indulgent mistress, in order to set his mind at ease in that particular, and in full confidence of his honour, insisted on his accepting a deed of gift of her whole fortune, in consideration of their intended marriage; and after some difficulty he was prevailed upon to receive this proof of her esteem, well knowing that it would still be in his power to return the obligation. Though she often intreated him to take upon himself the entire administration of her finances, and upon divers occasions pressed him to accept of large sums, he never once abused her generous disposition, or solicited her for money, except for some humane purpose, which she was always more ready to fulfil than he to propose.

In the course of this correspondence, he became acquainted with some of her female relations; and, among the rest, with a young lady, so eminently adorned with all the qualifications of mind and person, that, notwithstanding all his philosophy and caution, he could not behold and converse with her without being deeply smitten with her charms. He did all in his power to discourage this dangerous invasion in the beginning, and to conceal the least symptom of it from her relation; he summoned all his reflection to his aid; and thinking it would be base and dishonest to cherish any sentiment repugnant to the affection which he owed to a mistress, who had placed such unlimited confidence in him, he attempted to stifle the infant flame, by avoiding the amiable inspirer of it. But the passion had taken too deep a root in his heart to be so easily extirpated; his absence from the dear object increased the impatience of his love. The intestine conflict between that and gratitude, deprived him of his rest and appetite. He was in a short time emaciated by continual watching, anxiety, and want of nourishment; and so much altered from his usual cheerfulness, that his mistress being surprized and alarmed at the change, which from the symptoms she judged was owing to some uneasiness of mind, took all imaginable pains to discover the cause.

In all probability, it did not escape her penetration; for she more than once

“once asked if he was in love with her cousin, protesting, that far from being an obstacle to his happiness, she would in that case be an advocate for his passion. However, this declaration was never made without manifest signs of anxiety and uneasiness, which made such an impression upon the heart of M——, that he resolved to sacrifice his happiness, and even his life, rather than take any step which might be construed into an injury or insult to a person who had treated him with such generosity and goodness.

“In consequence of this resolution, he formed another, which was to go abroad, under pretence of recovering his health, but in reality to avoid the temptation, as well as the suspicion, of being inconstant; and in this design he was confirmed by his physician, who actually thought him in the first stage of a consumption, and therefore advised him to repair to the south of France. He communicated his design, with the doctor’s opinion, to the lady, who agreed to it with much less difficulty than he found in conquering his own reluctance at parting with the dear object of his love. The consent of his generous mistress being obtained, he waited upon her with the instrument whereby she had made the conveyance of her fortune to him; and all his remonstrances being insufficient to persuade her to take it back, he cancelled it in her presence, and placed it in that state upon her toilet while she was dressing; whereupon she shed a torrent of tears, saying, she now plainly perceived that he wanted to tear himself from her, and that his affections were settled upon another. He was sensibly affected by this proof of her concern; and endeavoured to calm the perturbation of her mind, by vowing eternal fidelity, and pressing her to accept of his hand in due form before his departure. By these means her transports were quelled for the present, and the marriage deferred, for the same prudential reasons which had hitherto prevented it.

“Matters being thus compromised, and the day fixed for his departure, she, together with her faithful maid, one morning visited him for the first time at his own lodgings; and after breakfast, desiring to speak with him in private, he conducted her into an-

“other room, where assuming an unusual gravity of aspect, “My dear M——,” said she, “you are now going to leave me, and God alone knows if ever we shall meet again; therefore, if you really love me with that tenderness which you profess, you will accept of this mark of my friendship and unalterable affection; it will at least be a provision for your journey; and if any accident should befall me before I have the happiness of receiving you again into my arms, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that you are not altogether without resource.” So saying, she put an embroidered pocket-book into his hand. He expressed the high sense he had of her generosity and affection in the most pathetick terms, and begged leave to suspend his acceptance, until he should know the contents of her present, which was so extraordinary, that he absolutely refused to receive it; he was, however, by her repeated intreaties, in a manner compelled to receive about one half, and she afterwards insisted upon his taking a reinforcement of a considerable sum for the expense of his journey.

“Having staid with her ten days beyond the time he had fixed for his departure, and settled the method of their correspondence, he took his leave with an heart full of sorrow, anxiety, and distraction, produced from the different suggestions of his duty and love. He then set out for France, and after a short stay at Paris proceeded to Aix in Provence, and from thence to Marseilles, at which two places he continued for some months; but nothing he met with being able to dissipate those melancholy ideas which still preyed upon his imagination, and affected his spirits, he endeavoured to elude them with a succession of new objects; and with that view, persuaded a counsellor of the parliament of Aix, a man of great worth, learning, and good-humour, to accompany him in making a tour of those parts of France which he had not yet seen. On their return from this excursion, they found at Aix an Italian Abbé, a person of character, and great knowledge of men and books; who having travelled all over Germany and France, was so far on his return to his own country.

“M—— having, by means of his friend the counsellor, contracted an acquaintance

acquaintance with this gentleman, and being desirous of seeing some parts of Italy, particularly the carnival at Venice, they set out together from Marseilles, in a tartan, for Genoa, coasting it all the way, and lying on shore every night. Having shewn him what was most remarkable in this city, his friend the abbé was so obliging as to conduct him through Tuscany, and the most remarkable cities in Lombardy, to Venice, where M—— insisted upon detraying the expense of the whole tour, in consideration of the abbé's complaisance, which had been of infinite service to him in the course of this expedition. Having remained five weeks at Venice, he was preparing to set out for Rome with some English gentlemen whom he had met by accident, when he was all of a sudden obliged to change his resolution by some disagreeable letters which he received from London. He had, from his first departure, corresponded with his generous, though inconstant mistress, with a religious exactness and punctuality; nor was she, for some time, less observant of the agreement they had made. Nevertheless, she by degrees became so negligent and cold in her expression, and so slack in her correspondence, that he could not help observing and upbraiding her with such indifference; and her endeavours to palliate it were supported by pretences so frivolous, as to be easily seen through by a lover of very little discernment.

While he tortured himself with conjectures about the cause of this unexpected change, he received such intelligence from England, as when joined with what he himself had perceived by her manner of writing, left him little or no room to doubt of her fickleness and inconstancy. Nevertheless, as he knew by experience that informations of that kind are not to be entirely relied upon, he resolved to be more certainly apprized; and for that end departed immediately for London, by the way of Tirol, Bavaria, Alsace, and Paris.

On his arrival in England, he learned with infinite concern, that his intelligence had not been at all exaggerated; and his sorrow was inexpressible, to find a person, endowed with so many

other noble and amiable qualities, seduced into an indiscretion, that of necessity ruined the whole plan which had been concerted between them for their mutual happiness. She made several attempts, by letters and interviews, to palliate her conduct, and soften him into a reconciliation; but his honour being concerned, he remained deaf to all her intreaties and proposals. Nevertheless, I have often heard him say, that he could not help loving her, and revering the memory of a person to whose generosity and goodness he owed his fortune, and one whose foibles were overbalanced by a thousand good qualities. He often insisted on making restitution; but far from complying with that proposal, she afterwards often endeavoured to lay him under yet greater obligations of the same kind, and importuned him, with the warmest solicitations, to renew their former correspondence, which he as often declined.

M—— took this instance of the inconstancy of the sex so much to heart, that he had almost resolved for the future to keep clear of all engagements for life, and returned to Paris in order to dissipate his anxiety, where he hired an apartment in one of the academies, in the exercises whereof he took singular delight. During his residence at this place, he had the good fortune to ingratiate himself with a great general, a descendant of one of the most ancient and illustrious families in France, having attracted his notice by some remarks he had written on Follard's Polybius, which were accidentally shewn to that great man by one of his aids du camp, who was a particular friend of M——. The favour he had thus acquired, was strengthened by his assiduity and attention. Upon his return to London, he sent some of Handel's newest compositions to the prince, who was particularly fond of that gentleman's productions; together with Clark's edition of Cæsar; and in the spring of the same year, before the French army took the field, he was honoured with a most obliging letter from the prince, inviting him to come over, if he wanted to see the operations of the campaign, and desiring he would give himself no trouble about his equipage.

M—— having still some remains of

a military disposition, and conceiving this to be a more favourable opportunity than any he should ever meet with again, readily embraced the offer, and sacrificed the soft delights of love, which at that time he enjoyed without controul, to an eager, laborious, and dangerous curiosity. In that and the following campaign, during which he was present at the siege of Philipsburg, and several other actions, he enlarged his acquaintance among the French officers, especially those of the graver sort, who had a taste for books and literature; and the friendship and interest of those gentlemen were afterwards of singular service to him, though in an affair altogether foreign from their profession.

He had all along made diligent enquiry into the trade and manufactures of the countries through which he had occasion to travel, more particularly those of Holland, England, and France; and as he was well acquainted with the revenue and farms of this last kingdom, he saw with concern the great disadvantages under which our tobacco trade (the most considerable branch of our commerce with that people) was carried on; what considerable returns were made to the planters, out of the low price given by the French company; and how much it was in the power of that company to reduce it still lower. M—— had formed a scheme to remedy this evil, so far as it related to the national loss or gain, by not permitting the duty of one penny in the pound, old subsidy, to be drawn back on tobacco re-exported. He demonstrated to the ministry of that time, that so inconsiderable a duty could not in the least diminish the demand from abroad, which was the only circumstance to be apprehended, and that the yearly produce of that revenue would amount to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, without one shilling additional expence to the publick; but the ministry having the excise scheme then in contemplation, could think of no other till that should be tried; and that project having miscarried he renewed his application, when they approved of his scheme in every particular, but discovered a surprising backwardness to carry it into execution.

His expectations in this quarter being disappointed, he, by the interposition of his friends, presented a plan to the French company, in which he set forth the advantages that would accrue to themselves from fixing the price, and securing that sort of tobacco which best suited the taste of the publick and their manufactures; and finally proposed to furnish them with any quantity, at the price which they paid in the port of London.

After some dispute, they agreed to his proposal, and contracted with him for fifteen thousand hogheads a year, for which they obliged themselves to pay ready money, on its arrival in any one or more convenient ports in the south or western coasts of Great Britain that he should please to fix upon for that purpose. M—— no sooner obtained this contract, than he immediately set out for America, in order to put it in execution; and, by way of companion, carried with him a little French abbé, a man of humour, wit, and learning, with whom he had been long acquainted, and for whom he had done many good offices.

On his arrival in Virginia, which opportunely happened at a time when all the gentlemen were assembled in the capital of that province, he published a memorial, representing the disadvantages under which their trade was carried on; the true method of redressing their own grievances, on that respect; and proposing to contract with them for the yearly quantity of fifteen thousand hogheads of such tobacco as was fit for the French market, at the price which he demonstrated to be considerably greater than that which they had formerly received.

This remonstrance met with all the success and encouragement he could expect: the principal planters, seeing their own interest concerned, readily assented to the proposal, which, through their influence, was also relished by the rest; and the only difficulty that remained related to the security for payment of the bills on the arrival of the tobacco in England, and to the time stipulated for the continuance of the contract.

In order to remove these objections, Mr. M—— returned to Europe, and found the French company of tobacco

disposed to agree to every thing he desired for facilitating the execution of the contract, and perfectly well pleased with the sample which he had already sent; but his good friend the abbé, (whom he had left behind him in America) by an unparalleled piece of treachery, found means to overturn the whole project. He secretly wrote a memorial to the company, importing, that he found by experience M—— could afford to furnish them at a much lower price than that which they had agreed to give; and that, by being in possession of the contract for five years, as was intended according to the proposal, he would have the company so much in his power, that they must afterwards submit to any price he should please to impose; and that if they thought him worthy of such a trust, he would undertake to furnish them at an easier rate, in conjunction with some of the leading men in Virginia and Maryland, with whom he said he had already concerted measures for that purpose.

The company were so much alarmed at these insinuations, that they declined complying with Mr. M——'s demands until the abbé's return; and though they afterwards used all their endeavours to persuade him to be concerned with that little traitor in his undertaking (by which he might still have been a very considerable gainer) he resisted all their solicitations, and plainly told them in the abbé's presence, that he would never prostitute his own principles so far, as to enter into engagements of any kind with a person of his character, much less in a scheme that had a manifest tendency to lower the market price of tobacco in England.

Thus ended a project the most extensive, simple, and easy, and (as appeared by the trial made) the best calculated to raise an immense fortune, of any that was ever undertaken or planned by a private person; a project, in the execution of which M—— had the good of the publick, and the glory of putting in a flourishing condition that valuable branch of our trade, (which gives employment to two great provinces, and above two hundred sail of ships) much more at heart than his own private interest. It was reasonable to expect, that a man whose debts

M—— had paid more than once, whom he had obliged in many other respects, and whom he had carried with him at a very considerable expence on this expedition, merely with a view of bettering his fortune, would have acted with common honesty, if not with gratitude; but such was the depravity of this little monster's heart, that on his death-bed he left a considerable fortune to mere strangers, with whom he had little or no connection, without the least thought of refunding the money advanced for him by M——, in order to prevent his rotting in a gaol.

When M—— had once obtained a command of money, he, by his knowledge in several branches of trade, as well as by the assistance of some intelligent friends at Paris and London, found means to employ it to very good purpose; and had he been a man of that selfish disposition, which too much prevails in the world, he might have been at this day master of a very ample fortune: but his ear was never deaf to the voice of distress, nor his beneficent heart shut against the calamities of his fellow-creatures. He was even ingenious in contriving the most delicate methods of relieving modest indigence, and, by his industrious benevolence, often anticipated the requests of misery.

I could relate a number of examples to illustrate my assertions, in some of which you would perceive the most disinterested generosity; but such a detail would surpass too much upon your time, and I do not pretend to dwell upon every minute circumstance of his conduct. Let it suffice to say, that upon the declaration of war with Spain, he gave up all his commercial schemes, and called in his money from all quarters, with a view of sitting down for the rest of his life contented with what he had got, and retraining his liberalities to what he could spare from his yearly income. This was a very prudential resolution, could he have kept it; but, upon the breaking out of the war, he could not without concern see many gentlemen of merit, who had been recommended to him, disappointed of commissions, merely for want of money to satisfy the expectations of the commission-brokers of that time; and therefore

launched out considerable sums for them on their bare notes, great part whereof was lost by the death of some in the unfortunate expedition to the West Indies.

He at length, after many other actions of the like nature, from motives of pure humanity, love of justice, and abhorrence of oppression, embarked in a cause, every way the most important that ever came under the discussion of the courts of law in these kingdoms; whether it be considered in relation to the extraordinary nature of the case, or the immense property of no less than fifty thousand pounds a year, and three peerages, that depended upon it.

In the year 1740, the brave admiral who at that time commanded his majesty's fleet in the West Indies, among the other transactions of his squadron transmitted to the Duke of Newcastle, mentioned a young man, who though in the capacity of a common sailor on board one of the ships under his command, laid claim to the estate and titles of the Earl of A—. These pretensions were no sooner communicated in the publick papers, than they became the subject of conversation in all companies; and the person whom they chiefly affected, being alarmed at the appearance of a competitor, though at such distance, began to put himself in motion, and take all the precautions which he thought necessary to defeat the endeavour of the young upstart. Indeed the early intelligence he received of Mr. A—y's making himself known in the West Indies, furnished him with numberless advantages over that unhappy young gentleman; for being in possession of a plentiful fortune, and lord of many manors in the neighbourhood of the very place where the claimant was born, he knew all the witnesses who could give the most material evidence of his legitimacy; and, if his probity did not restrain him, had, by his power and influence, sufficient opportunity and means of applying to the passions and interests of the witnesses, to silence many, and gain over others to his side; while his competitor, by an absence of fifteen or sixteen years from his native country, the want of education and friends, together with his present helpless si-

tuation, was rendered absolutely incapable of taking any step for his own advantage. And although his worthy uncle's conspicuous virtue and religious regard for justice and truth might possibly be an unconquerable restraint to his taking any undue advantages; yet the consciences of that huge army of emissaries he kept in pay, were not altogether so very tender and scrupulous. This much, however, may be said, without derogation from or impeachment of the noble earl's nice virtue and honour, that he took care to compromise all differences with the other branches of the family, whose interests were, in this affair, connected with his own, by sharing the estate with them, and also retained most of the eminent council within the bar of both kingdoms against this formidable bastard, before any suit was instituted by him.

While he was thus entrenching himself against the attack of a poor forlorn youth, at the distance of fifteen hundred leagues, continually exposed to the dangers of the sea, the war, and an unhealthy climate, Mr. M—, in the common course of conversation, chanced to ask some questions relating to this romantick pretender of one H—, who was at that time the present Lord A—y's chief agent. This man, when pressed, could not help owning the late Lord A—m actually left a son, who had been spirited away into America soon after his father's death; but said he did not know whether this was the same person.

This information could not fail to make an impression on the humanity of Mr. M—, who being acquainted with the genius of the wicked party, who had possessed themselves of this unhappy young man's estate and honours, expressed no small anxiety and apprehension lest they should take him off by some means or other; and, even then, seemed disposed to contribute towards the support of the friendless orphan, and to enquire more circumstantially into the nature of his claim. In the mean time, his occasions called him to France; and during his absence, Mr. A—y arrived in London in the month of October 1741.

Here the clergyman was interrupted by Peregrine, who said there was something

thing so extraordinary, not to call it improbable, in the account he had heard of the young gentleman's being sent into exile, that he would look upon himself as infinitely obliged to the doctor, if he would favour him with a true representation of that transaction, as well as of the manner in which he arrived and was known at the island of Jamaica.

The parson, in compliance with our hero's request, taking up the story from the beginning, 'Mr. A—y,' said he, 'is son of Arthur late Lord Baron of A—m, by his wife Mary St—d, a natural daughter to John Duke of B— and N—by, whom he publicly married on the 21st day of July 1706, contrary to the inclination of his mother and all his other relations, particularly of Arthur late Earl of A—y, who bore an implacable enmity to the duke her father, and for that reason did all that lay in his power to traverse the marriage: but finding his end avours ineffectual, he was so much offended, that he would never be perfectly reconciled to Lord A—m, though he was his presumptive heir. After their nuptials, they cohabited together in England for the space of two or three years; during which she miscarried more than once; and he being a man of levity, and an extravagant disposition, not only squandered away all that he had received of his wife's fortune, but also contracted many considerable debts, which obliged him to make a precipitate retreat into Ireland, leaving his lady behind him in the house with his mother and sister; who, having also been averse to the match, had always looked upon her with eyes of disgust.

It was not likely that harmony should long subsist in this family, especially as Lady A—m was a woman of a lofty spirit, who could not tamely bear insults and ill-usage from persons who, she had reason to believe, were her enemies at heart. Accordingly a misunderstanding soon happened among them, which was fomented by the malice of one of her sisters-in-law: divers scandalous reports of her misconduct, to which the empty pretensions of a vain, wretched coxcomb, (who was made use of as an infamous tool for that purpose) gave a colourable pretext, were trumped up,

and transmitted, with many false and aggravating circumstances, to her husband in Ireland, who being a giddy, unthinking man, was so much incensed at these insinuations, that, in the first transports of his passion, he sent to his mother a power of attorney, that she might sue for a divorce in his behalf. A libel was thereupon exhibited, containing many scandalous allegations, void of any real foundation in truth; but being unsupported by any manner of proof, it was at length dismissed with costs, after it had depended upwards of two years.

Lord A—m finding himself abused by the misrepresentations of his mother and sister, discovered an inclination to be reconciled to his lady; in consequence of which, she was sent over to Dublin by her father, to the care of a gentleman in that city; in whose house she was received by her husband; with all the demonstrations of love and esteem. From thence he conducted her to his lodgings, and then to his country-house, where she had the misfortune to suffer a miscarriage, through fear and resentment of my lord's behaviour, which was often brutal and indecent. From the country they removed to Dublin about the latter end of July, or beginning of August 1714, where they had not long continued, when her ladyship was known to be again with child.

Lord A—m and his issue being next in remainder to the honours and estate of Arthur Earl of A—a, was extremely solicitous to have a son; and, warned by the frequent miscarriages of his lady, resolved to curb the natural impatience and rusticity of his disposition, that she might not, as formerly, suffer by his outrageous conduct. He accordingly cherished her with uncommon tenderness and care; and her pregnancy being pretty far advanced, conducted her to his country-seat, where she was delivered of Mr. A—y, about the latter end of April or beginning of May; for none of the witnesses have been able, at this distance, with absolute certainty to fix the precise time of his birth, and there was no register kept in the parish: as an additional misfortune, no gentleman of fashion lived in that parish; nor did those who lived at any

con-

considerable distance care to cultivate an acquaintance with a man of Lord A——m's strange conduct.

Be that as it will, the occasion was celebrated by his lordship's tenants and dependants upon the spot, and in the neighbouring town of New R——s, by bonfires, illuminations, and other rejoicings; which have made such an impression upon the minds of the people, that in the place where they happened: and the contiguous parishes, several hundred persons have already declared their knowledge and remembrance of this event, in spite of the great power of the claimant's subversary in that quarter, and the great pains and indirect methods taken by his numberless agents and emissaries, as well as by those who are interested with him in the event of the suit, to construct and suppress the evidence.

Lord A——m, after the birth of his son, who was sent to nurse in the neighbourhood, according to the custom of the country, (where people of the highest distinction put their children out to nurse into farm-houses and cabins) lived in harmony with his lady for the space of two years: but having by his folly and extravagance ruined himself to great difficulties, he demanded the remainder of her fortune from her father the Duke of B——, who absolutely refused to part with a shilling until a proper settlement should be made on his daughter, which by that time he had put out of his own power to make by his folly and extravagance.

As her ladyship, by her endeavours to reform the economy of her house, had incurred the displeasure of some idle, profligate fellows, who had fastened themselves upon her husband, and helped to consume his substance, they seized this opportunity of the duke's refusal; and in order to be revenged upon the innocent lady, persuaded Lord A——m, that the only means of extracting money from his grace would be to turn her away, on pretence of infidelity to his bed, for which they hinted, there was but too much foundation. At their suggestions, a most infamous plan was contrived, in the execution of which one P——, a poor, unbred, simple country boy, whom they had decoyed into a snare, lost one of his

ears, and the injured lady retired that same day to New R——s, where she continued several years. She did not, however, leave the house, without struggling hard to carry her child along with her; but far from enjoying such indulgence, strict orders were given, that the boy should not for the future be brought within her sight. This base, inhuman treatment, instead of answering the end proposed, produced such a contrary effect, that the Duke of B——, by a codicil to his will, in which he reflects upon Lord A——m's evil temper, directed his executors to pay to his daughter an annuity of one hundred pounds, while her lord and she should continue to live separate; and this allowance was to cease on Lord A——m's death.

While she remained in this solitary situation, the child was universally known and received as the legitimate son and heir of her lord, whose affection for the boy was so conspicuous, that in the midst of his own necessities, he never failed to maintain him in the dress and equipage of a young nobleman. In the course of his infancy, his father having often changed his place of residence, the child was put under the instructions of a great many different schoolmasters, so that he was perfectly well known in a great many different parts of the kingdom; and his mother seized all opportunities (which were but rare, on account of his father's orders to the contrary) of seeing and giving him proofs of her maternal tenderness, until the set out for England, after having been long in a declining state of health by a paralytical disorder; upon the consequence of which, such dependence was placed by her inconsiderate husband, who was by this time reduced to extreme poverty, that he actually married a woman whom he had long kept as a mistress. This creature no sooner understood that Lady A——m was departed from Ireland, than she openly avowed her marriage, and went about publicly with Lord A——m, visiting his acquaintance in the character of his wife.

From this era may be dated the beginning of Mr. A——y's misfortunes: this artful woman, who had formerly treated the child with an ap-

pearance

pearance of fondness in order to ingratiate herself with the father, now looking upon herself as sufficiently established in the family, thought it was high time to alter her behaviour with regard to the unfortunate boy; and accordingly, for obvious reasons, employed a thousand artifices to alienate the heart of the weak father from his unhappy offspring: yet, notwithstanding all her insinuations, nature still maintained her influence in his heart; and though she often found means to irritate him by artful and malicious accusations, his resentment never extended farther than fatherly correction. She would have found it impossible to accomplish his ruin, had not her efforts been reinforced by a new auxiliary, who was no other than his uncle, the present usurper of his title and estate; yet even this confederacy was over-awed, in some measure, by the fear of alarming the unfortunate mother, until her dis temper increased to a most deplorable degree of the dead palsy, and the death of her father had reduced her to a most forlorn and abject state of distress. Then they ventured upon the execution of their projects; and (though their aims were widely different) concurred in their endeavours to remove the hapless boy, as the common obstacle to both.

Lord A——m, who (as I have already observed) was a man of weak intellects, and utterly void of any fixed principle of action, being by this time reduced to such a pitch of misery, that he was often obliged to pawn his wearing-apparel in order to procure the common necessaries of life; and having no other fund remaining, with which he could relieve his present necessities, except a sale of the reversion of the A——a estate, to which the nonage of his son was an effectual bar, he was advised by his virtuous brother, and the rest of his counsellors, to surmount this difficulty by secreting his son, and spreading a report of his death. This honest project he the more readily embraced, because he knew that no act of his could frustrate the child's succession. Accordingly, the boy was removed from the school at which he was boarded, to the house of one K——gh, an agent and accomplice of the present

Earl of A——a, where he was kept for several months closely confined; and in the mean time it was industriously reported that he was dead.

This previous measure being taken, Lord A——m published advertisements in the Gazette, offering reversions of the A——a estate to sale; and emissaries of various kinds were employed, to inveigle such as were ignorant of the nature of the settlement of these estates, or strangers to the affairs of his family. Some people, impelled upon by the report of the child's death, were drawn in to purchase, thinking themselves safe in the concurrence of his lordship's brother, upon presumption that he was next in remainder to the succession; others, tempted by the smallness of the price, (which rarely exceeded half a year's purchase, as appears by many deeds) though they doubted the truth of the boy's being dead, ran small risks on the contingency of his dying before he should be of age, or in hope of his being prevailed upon to confirm the grants of his father; and many more were treating with him on the same notions, when their transactions were suddenly interrupted, and the scheme of raising more money for the present defeated by the unexpected appearance of the boy, who being naturally sprightly and impatient of restraint, had found means to break from his confinement, and wandered up and down the streets of Dublin, avoiding his father's house, and chusing to encounter all sorts of distress, rather than subject himself again to the cruelty and malice of the woman who supplied his mother's place. Thus debarred his father's protection, and destitute of any fixed habitation, he herded with all the loose, idle, and disorderly youths in Dublin, skulking chiefly about the college, several members and students of which taking pity on his misfortunes, supplied him at different times with charms and money. In this unsettled and uncomfortable way of life did he remain from the year 1725 to the latter end of November, 1727, at which time his father died so miserably poor, that he was actually buried at the publick expence.

This unfortunate nobleman was no sooner dead, than his brother Richard, now

now Earl of A——, taking advantage of the nonage and helpless situation of his nephew, seized upon all the papers of the defunct, and afterwards assumed the title of Lord A——, to the surprise of the servants and others who were acquainted with the affairs of the family. This usurpation, bold as it was, produced no other effect than that of his being infested by the populace as he went through the streets, and the refusal of the king in arms to enrol the certificate of his brother's having died without issue. The first of these inconveniences he bore without any sense of shame, though not without repining; conscious that it would gradually vanish with the novelty of his invasion; and as to the last, he conquered it by means well known and obvious. — A and I as before.

Nor it will it seem strange, that he should thus invade the rights of an orphan with impunity, if people will consider, that the late Lord A—— had not only squandered away his fortune with the most ridiculous extravagance, but also associated himself with low company, so that he was little known, and less regarded, by persons of any rank and figure in life; and his child, of consequence, deprived of the advantages which might have accrued from valuable connections. And though it was universally known, that Lady A—— had a son in Ireland, such was the obscurity in which the father had lived during the last years of his life, that to few of the nobility could he supposed to be acquainted with the particular circumstances of a transaction in which they had no concern, and which had happened at the distance of twelve years before the date of this usurpation. Moreover, as their first information was no other than common fame, the public clamour scarcely raised by the suspension might inculpation were large to the family, and with a mistaken notion of the child's having been born about a quarter of a century before the event. The hurry and bustle occasioned by the arrival of the lord lieutenant at this period, who was in a great measure ignorant of the claimant's death, the obscurity and concealment in which the boy was obliged to live in order

to elude the wicked attempts of his uncle, might also contribute to his peaceable enjoyment of an empire; and, lastly, Lord Chancellor W——, whose immediate province it was to issue writs for parliament, was an utter stranger in Ireland, unacquainted with the defects of families, and consequently did not examine farther than the certificate enrolled in the books of the king in arms. Over and above these circumstances, which naturally account for the success of the imposture, it may be observed, that the happy youth had no one relation alive, on the side of his father, whose interest it was not to forward or contrive at his destruction; that his grandfather the Duke of B—— was dead; and that his mother was then in England, in a forlorn, destitute, dying condition, secluded from the world, and even from her own relations, by her woman Mary H——, who had a particular interest to secrete her, and altogether dependent upon a miserable and precarious allowance from the Duchess of B——, to whose caprice she was moreover a most wretched slave.

Notwithstanding these concurring circumstances in favour of the usurper, he did not think himself secure while the orphan had any chance of finding a friend who would undertake his cause, and therefore laid a plan for this being kidnapped, and sent to America as a slave. His confederate in this humane scheme was a person who carried on the trade of transporting servants to our plantations; and was deeply interested on this occasion, having for a mere trifle purchased of the late Lord A—— the reversion of a considerable part of the A—— estate; which shameful bargain was confirmed by the brother, but could never take place unless the boy could be effectually removed. Every thing being settled with this auxiliary, several persons were employed in search of the unhappy victim; and the first strenuous man was made upon him, in which his uncle personally assisted, happening near the great markets of the city of Dublin, an honest butcher, with the assistance of his neighbours, rescued him by force from the ill-ordered hands. This, however, was but a short respite, for

(though

(though warned by this adventure, the boy seldom crept out of his lurking-place without the most cautious circumspection) he was, in March 1728, discovered by the diligence of his persecutors, and forcibly dragged on board of a ship bound for Newcastle on Delaware river in America, where he was sold as a slave, and kept to hard labour, much above his age or strength, for the space of thirteen years, during which he was transferred from one person to another.

While he remained in this servile situation, he often mentioned, to those in whom he thought such confidence might be placed, the circumstances of his birth and title, together with the manner of his being exiled from his native country; although in this particular he neglected a caution which he had received in his passage, importing that such a discovery would cost him his life. Meanwhile the usurper quietly enjoyed his rights; and to those who questioned him about his brother's son, constantly replied, that the boy had been dead for several years. And Arthur Earl of A——a dying in April 1737, he, upon pretence of being next heir, succeeded to the honours and estate of that nobleman.

The term of the nephew's bondage, which had been lengthened out beyond the usual time, on account of his repeated attempts to escape, being expired in the year 1740, he hired himself as a common sailor in a trading vessel bound to Jamaica; and there, being entered on board of one of his majesty's ships under the command of Admiral Vernon, openly declared his parentage and pretensions. This extraordinary claim, which made a great noise in the fleet, reaching the ears of one Lieutenant S——n, nearly related to the usurper's Irish wife, he believed the young gentleman to be an impostor; and thinking it was incumbent on him to discover the cheat, he went on board the ship to which the claimant belonged, and having heard the account which he gave of himself, was, notwithstanding his prepossessions, convinced of the truth of what he alleged. On his return to his own ship, he chanced to mention this extraordinary affair upon the quarter-deck, in the hearing of Mr. B——n, one of the midshipmen, who had for-

merly been at school with Mr. A——n. This young gentleman not only told the lieutenant that he had been school-fellow with Lord A——m's son, but also declared that he should know him again, if not greatly altered, as he still retained a perfect idea of his countenance.

Upon this intimation, the lieutenant proposed that the experiment should be tried; and went with the midshipman on board the ship that the claimant was in, for that purpose. After all the sailors had assembled upon deck, Mr. B——n, casting his eyes around, immediately distinguished Mr. A——y in the crowd, and laying his hand on his shoulder—"This is the man!" said he; affirming at the same time, that while he continued at school with him, the claimant was reputed and respected as Lord A——m's son and heir, and maintained in all respects suitable to the dignity of his rank. Nay, he was, in like manner, recognized by several other persons in the fleet, who had known him in his infancy.

These things being reported to the admiral, he generously ordered him to be supplied with necessaries, and treated like a gentleman; and, in his next dispatches, transmitted an account of the affair to the Duke of Newcastle, among the other transactions of the fleet.

In September or October 1741, Mr. A——y arrived in London; and the first person to whom he applied for advice and assistance was a man of the law, nearly related to the families of A——a and A——m, and well acquainted with the particular affairs of each; who, far from treating him as a bastard and impostor, received him with civility and seeming kindness, asked him to eat, presented him with a piece of money, and excusing himself from meddling in the affair, advised him to go to Ireland, as the most proper place for commencing a suit for the recovery of his right.

Before the young gentleman had an opportunity, or indeed any inclination to comply with this advice, he was accidentally met in the street by that same H——n, who, as I have mentioned, gave Mr. M—— the first insight into the affair; this man immediately knew the claimant, having

been formerly an agent for his father, and afterwards a creature of his uncle's, with whom he was, not without reason, suspected to be concerned in kidnappings and transporting his nephew. Be that as it will, his connections with the usurper were now broke off by a quarrel, in consequence of which he had thrown up his agency, and he invited the hapless stranger to his house, with a view of making all possible advantage of such a guest. There he had not long remained, when his treacherous landlord, tampering with his inexperience, effected a marriage between him and the daughter of one of his town friends, who lodged in his house at the same time: but afterwards, seeing no person of consequence willing to espouse his cause, he looked upon him as an inconvenience, and wanted to rid his hands of him accordingly. He remembered that Mr. M—— had expressed himself in all the humanity of apprehension in favour of the unfortunate young noblemen, before his arrival in England; and being well acquainted with the generosity of his disposition, he no sooner understood that he was returned from France, than he waited upon him with an account of Mr. A——y's being safely arrived. Mrs. M—— was sincerely rejoiced to find that a person who had been so severely injured, and undergone so long and continued a scene of distress, was restored to a country where there was sure of obtaining justice, and where every good man (as he imagined) would make the cause his own; and, being informed that the youth was in want of necessaries, he gave twenty guineas to H—— for his use, and promised to do him all the service in his power; but had no intention to take upon himself the whole weight of such an important affair, or indeed to appear in the cause, until he should be fully and thoroughly satisfied that the villain's pretensions were well founded.

In the meantime, H——, in insinuating that the young gentleman was not safe in his present lodging from the machinations of his enemies, recommended him with an apartment over his own house, where he was at great pains to remedy the defect in his

education, by rendering him fit to appear as a gentleman in the world. Having received from him all the intelligence he could give, relating to his own affair, he laid the case before counsel, and dispatched a person to Ireland, to make farther enquiries upon the same subject; who, on his first arrival in that kingdom, found the claimant's birth was as publicly known as any circumstance of that kind could possibly be at so great a distance of time.

The usurper and his friends gave all the interruption in their power to any researches concerning that affair; and had recourse to every art and expedient that could be invented, to prevent its being brought to a legal discussion: privilege bills in chancery, orders of court surreptitiously and illegally obtained, and every other invention was made use of to bar and prevent a fair and honest trial by a jury. The usurper himself and his agents, at the same time that they formed divers conspiracies against his life, in vain endeavoured to detach Mr. M—— from the orphan's cause by innumerable artifices, insinuating, cajoling, and misrepresenting, with surprizing dexterity and perseverance.

His protector, far from being satisfied with their reasons, was not only deaf to their remonstrances, but, believing him in danger from their repeated efforts, had him privately conveyed into the country; where an unhappy accident (which he hath ever since sincerely regretted) furnished his adversary with a colourable pretext to cut him off in the beginning of his career.

A man happening to lose his life by the accidental discharge of a piece that chanced to be in the young gentleman's hands, the account of this misfortune no sooner reached the ears of his uncle, than he expressed the most immoderate joy at having found so good a handle for destroying him under colour of law. He immediately constituted himself prosecutor, let his emissaries at work to secure a coroner's inquest, suited to his cruel purposes; let out for the place in person, to make sure that the prisoner should not escape; thrust him in goal, in the most inhuman manner, employed a whole army of attorneys and agents

to spirit up and carry on a most virulent prosecution, practised all the unfair methods that could be invented, in order that the unhappy gentleman should be transported to Newgate, from the healthy prison to which he was at first committed; endeavoured to inveigle him into destructive confessions; and not to mention other more infamous arts employed in the affair of evidence, attempted to surprize him upon his trial in the absence of his witnesses and counsel, contrary to a previous agreement with the prosecutor's own attorney: nay, he even appeared in person upon the bench at the trial, in order to intimidate the evidence, and brow beat the unfortunate prisoner at the bar; and expended above a thousand pounds in that prosecution. In spite of all his wicked efforts, however, which were defeated by the spirit and indefatigable industry of Mr. M——, the young gentleman was honourably acquitted; to the evident satisfaction of all the impartial; the misfortune that gave a handle for that unnatural prosecution appearing to a demonstration to have been a mere accident.

In a few months his protector, who had now openly espoused his cause, (taking with him two gentlemen to witness his transactions) conducted him to his native country, with a view to be better informed of the strength of his pretensions; than he could be by the intelligence he had hitherto received, or by the claimant's own dark and almost obliterated remembrance of the facts which were essential to be known. Upon their arrival in Dublin, application was made to those persons whom Mr. A——y had named as his schoolmasters and companions, together with the servants and neighbours of his father. These, though examined separately, without having the least previous intimation of what the claimant had reported, agreed in their accounts with him, as well as with one another, and mentioned many other people as acquainted with the same facts, to whom Mr. M——r had recourse, and still met with the same unvaried information. By these means he made such progress in his enquiries, that in less than two months no fewer than one hundred persons from different quarters of the king-

dom, either personally or by letters, communicated their knowledge of the claimant; in declarations consonant with one another, as well as with the accounts he gave of himself. Several servants who had lived with his father, and been deceived with the story of his death, so industriously propagated by his uncle, no sooner heard of his being in Dublin, than they came from different parts of the country to see him; and though great pains were taken to deceive them, they nevertheless knew him at first sight; some of them fell upon their knees to thank Heaven for his preservation, embraced his legs, and shed tears of joy for his return.

Although the conduct of his adversary, particularly in the above-mentioned prosecution, together with the evidence that already appeared, were sufficient to convince all mankind of the truth of the claimant's pretensions, Mr. M——r, in order to be farther satisfied, resolved to see how he would be received upon the spot where he was born; justly concluding, that if he was really an impostor, the bawling of a kitchen-wench, produced in a country entirely possessed by his enemy and his allies, he must be looked upon in that place with the utmost detestation and contempt.

This his intention was no sooner known to the adverse party, than their agents and friends, from all quarters, repaired to that place with all possible dispatch, and used all their influence with the people, in remonstrances, threats, and all the other arts they could devise, not only to discountenance the claimant upon his arrival, but even to spirit up a mob to insult him. Notwithstanding these precautions, and the terrible awe and subjection in which tempers are kept by their landlords in that part of the country, as soon as it was known that Mr. A——y approached the town, the inhabitants crowded out in great multitudes to receive and welcome him, and accompanied him into town with acclamations and other expressions of joy; so much that the agents of his adversary durst not show their faces. The foreign of the cooperation, who was a particular creature and favourite of the impostor, and whose dependence upon the issue of the cause, was

so conscious of the stranger's sight, and so much awed by the behaviour of the people, who knew that consciousness, that he did not think it safe, even to preserve the appearance of neutrality upon this occasion, but actually held the stirrup gables. Mr. A. — y, who mounted from his horse, to exhibit this sense of conviction in the people manifested itself still more powerfully, when he returned to the same place in the year 1744, about which time Lord A. — y being informed of his resolution, determined again to be beforehand with him, and set out in person with his agents and friends, some of whom were detached before him, to prepare for his reception, and induce the people to meet him in a body, and accompany him to town, with such expressions of welcome as they had before bestowed on his nephew; but in spite of all their art and interest, he was suffered to pass through the street in a mournful silence; and though several barrels of beer were produced, to court the favour of the populace, they had no other effect than that of drawing their ridicule upon the donors; whereas, when Mr. A. — y, two days afterwards appeared, all the inhabitants, with garlands, streamers, musick, and other ensigns of joy, crowded out to meet him, and ushered him into town with such demonstrations of pleasure and good-will, that the noble peer found it convenient to hide himself from the resentment of his own tenants, the effects of which he must have severely felt, had not he been screened by the timely remonstrances of Mr. M. — y, and the other gentleman, who accompanied his competitor.

Nor did his apprehension vanish with the translation of this day; the town was again in uproar on the Sunday following, when it was known that Mr. A. — y intended to come thither from Dunmavin to church; they went out to meet him as before, and conducted him to the church-door with acclamations, which terrified his uncle to such a degree, that he fled with precipitation in a boat, and soon afterwards quitted the place.

It would be almost an endless task to enumerate the particular steps that were taken by one side to promote, and by the other to delay the trial;

the young gentleman's adversaries finding that they could not, by all the subtleties and arts they had used, evade it; repeated attempts were made to assassinate him and his protector, and every obstruction thrown in the way of his cause which craft could invent, villainy execute, and undue influence confirm. But all these difficulties were surmounted by the vigilance, constancy, courage, and sagacity of Mr. — y; and at last the affair was brought to a very solemn trial at bar, which being continued, by several adjournments, from the eleventh to the twenty-fifth day of November, a verdict was found for the claimant by a jury of gentlemen, which, in point of reputation and property, cannot be easily paralleled in the annals of that or any other country; a jury that could by no means be suspected of prepossessions in favour of Mr. A. — y, (to whose person they were absolute strangers) especially if we consider that a gentleman in their neighbourhood, who was nephew to the foreman, and nearly related to some of the rest of their number, forfeited a considerable estate by their decision.

This verdict, said the parson, gave the highest satisfaction to all impartial persons that were within reach of being duly informed of their proceedings, and of the different genius and conduct of the parties engaged in the contest; but more especially to such as were in court (as I was) at the trial, and had an opportunity of observing the characters and behaviour of the persons who appeared there to give evidence. To such it was very apparent, that all the witnesses produced there on the part of the uncle, were either his tenants, dependents, or companions, or persons some way or other interested in the issue of the suit, and remarkable for a low kind of cunning, that many of them were persons of profligate lives, who deserved no credit; that (indeed) of the levity of their characters; those of them who went under the denomination of colonels (Colonel I. — y was alone excepted, who had nothing to say, and was only brought there in order to give credit to that party) made so ridiculous a figure, and gave so absurd, contradictory, and inconsistent an evidence, as no sound jury could

could give the least degree of credit to. On this other hand it was observed, that the nephew and Mr. A——, his chief managers, (being absolute strangers in that country, and unacquainted with the characters of the persons they had to deal with) were obliged to lay before the court and jury such evidence as came to their hands, some of whom plainly appeared to have been put upon them by their adversaries, with a design to hurt. It was also manifest, that the witnesses produced for Mr. A—— were such as could have no manner of connection with him; nor any dependence whatsoever upon him, to influence their evidence; for the far greatest part of them had never seen him from his infancy till the trial began; and many of them (though poor and undignified with the title of colonels) were people of unblemished character, of great simplicity, and such as no man in his senses would pitch upon to support a bad cause. It is plain that the jury (whose well-known honour, impartiality, and penetration, must be revered by all who are acquainted with them) were not under the least difficulty about their verdict; for they were not inclosed above half an hour when they returned with it. These gentlemen could not help observing the great inequality of the parties engaged, the great advantages that the uncle had in every other respect (except the truth and justice of his cause) over the nephew, by means of his vast possessions, and of his power and influence all round the place of his birth; nor could the contrast between the different geniuses of the two parties escape their observation. They could not but see and conclude, that a person who had confessedly transported and sold his orphan nephew into slavery; who, on his return, had carried on so unwarrantable and cruel a prosecution to take away his life, under colour of law; and who had also given such glaring proofs of his skill and dexterity in the management of witnesses for that cruel purpose, was in like manner capable of exerting the same happy talent on this occasion, when his all was at stake, more especially as he had so many others who were equally interested with himself, and whose abilities in that respect fell

nothing short of his own, to second him in it. The gentlemen of the jury had also a bear view of the manner in which the witnesses delivered their testimonies, and had from thence an opportunity of observing many circumstances and distinguishing characteristics of truth and falsehood, from which a great deal could be gathered that could not be adequately conveyed by any printed account, how exact soever; consequently they must have been much better judges of the evidence on which they founded their verdict, than any person who had not the same opportunity can possibly be.

These, Mr. Pickle, were my reflections on what I had occasion to observe concerning that famous trial; and on my return to England two years after, I could not help pitying the self-sufficiency of some people, who, at this distance, pretended to pass their judgment on that verdict, with as great positiveness as if they had been in the secrets of the cause, or upon the jury who tried it, and that from no better authority than the declamations of Lord A——'s emissaries, and some falsified printed accounts, artfully cooked up on purpose to mislead and deceive.

But to return from this digression: Lord A——, the defendant in that cause, was so conscious of the strength and merits of his injured nephew's case, and that a verdict would go against him, that he ordered a writ of error to be made out before the trial was ended; and the verdict was no sooner given, than he immediately lodged it, though he well knew he had no manner of error to assign. This expedient was practised merely for vexation and delay, in order to keep Mr. A—— from the possession of the small estate he had recovered by the verdict; that his slender funds being exhausted, he might be deprived of other means to prosecute his right; and by the most oppressive contrivances and scandalous chicanery, it has been kept up to this day, without his being able to assign the least shadow of any error.

Lord A—— was not the only antagonist that Mr. A—— had to deal with; all the different branches of the A—— family, who had been working one another at law ever since the death

death of the late Earl of A—, about the partition of his great estate, were now firmly united in an association against this unfortunate gentleman; mutual debts were excited among them, by which many great lordships and estates were given up by the uncle to persons who had no right to possess them, in order to engage them to side with him against his nephew, in withholding the unjust possession of the remainder.

These confederates having held several consultations against their common enemy, and finding that his cause gathered daily strength since the trial, by the accession of many witnesses of figure and reputation who had not been heard of before; and that the only chance they had to prevent the speedy establishment of his right, and their own destruction, was by stripping Mr. M— of the little money that yet remained, and stopping all farther resources whereby he might be enabled to proceed; they therefore came to a determined resolution to carry that hopeful scheme into execution; and in pursuance thereof, they have left no expedient or stratagem, how extraordinary or scandalous soever, unpractised, to distress Mr. A— and that gentleman. For that end, all the oppressive, and dilatory, expensive contrivances that the fertile invention of the lawless pettifoggers of the law could possibly devise, have with great dexterity been played off against them in fruitless quibbling and malicious suits, entirely foreign to the merits of the cause. Not to mention numberless other acts of oppression, the most extraordinary and unprecedented proceedings, by means whereof this sham suit of error hath been kept on foot ever since November 1743, is to me, said the doctor, a most flagrant instance, not only of the prevalence of grow and money (when employed, as in the present case) against an unfortunate, helpless man, disabled as he is, of the means of ascertaining his right; but of the badness of a cause, that hath recourse to so many iniquitous expedients to support itself; and the whole conduct of Lord A— and his party from the beginning to the time, hath been such, as sufficiently manifests that it could

proceed from no other motives than a consciousness of Mr. A—'s right, and of their own illegal usurpation, and from a terror of trusting the merits of their case to a fair discussion by the laws of their country; and that the intention and main drift of all their proceedings plainly tends to stifle and smother the merits of the case from the knowledge of the world, by oppressive arts and ingenious delays, rather than trust it to the candid determination of an honest jury. What else could be the motives of kidnapping the claimant, and transporting him when an infant; of the various attempts made upon his life since his return; of the attempts to divest him of all assistance to ascertain his right, by endeavouring to solicitously prevail on Mr. M— to abandon him in the beginning; of retaining an army of counsel, before any suit had been commenced; of the many sinister attempts to prevent the trial at bar; of the various arts made use of to terrify any one from appearing as witness for the claimant, and to seduce those who had appeared, of the shameless, unprecedented, low tricks, now practised to keep him out of the possession of that estate for which he had obtained the verdict, thereby to disable him from bringing his cause to a farther hearing; and of the attempts made to buy up Mr. M—'s debts, and to spirit up suits against him. Is it not obvious, from all these circumstances, as well as from the obstruction they have given to the attorney-general's proceeding, to make a report to his majesty on the claimant's petition to the king for the peerage, which was referred by his majesty to that gentleman so far back as 1743; that all their efforts are bent to that one point of stalling, rather than suffering the merits of this cause to come to a fair and candid hearing; and that the sole consideration at present between them and this unfortunate man, is not whether he is right or wrong, but whether he shall or shall not find money to bring this cause to a final determination. Lord A— and his confederates not thinking themselves safe with all these expedients, while there was a possibility of their antagonist obtaining any assistance from such as huma-

nity, compassion, generosity, or a love of justice, might induce to lay open their pulses to his assistance in ascertaining his rights, have, by themselves and their numerous emissaries, employed all the arts of calumny, slander, and detraction, against him, by producing his cause, vilifying his person, and most basely and cruelly tearing his character to pieces by a thousand misrepresentations, purposely invented and industriously propagated in all places of resort, which is a kind of cowardly assassination that there is no guarding against; yet, in spite of all these machinations, and the shameful indifference of mankind, who stand aloof unconcerned, and see this unhappy gentleman most inhumanly oppressed by the weight of lawless power and faction, Mr. M—, far from allowing himself to be defeated by the multiplying difficulties that crowd upon him, still exerts himself with amazing fortitude and assiduity, and will (doubt not) bring the affair he began and carried on with so much spirit, while his finances lasted, to an happy conclusion.

It would exceed the bounds of my intention, and perhaps trespass too much upon your time, were I to enumerate the low artifices and shameful quibbles, by which the usurper has found means to procrastinate the decision of the contest between him and his hapless nephew, or to give a detail of the damage and perplexity which Mr. M— has sustained and been involved in, by the treachery and ingratitude of some who lifted themselves under him in the prosecution of this affair, and by the villainy of others, who, under various pretences of material discoveries they had to make, &c. had fastened themselves upon him, and continued to do all the mischief in their power, until the cloven foot was detected.

One instance, however, is so flagrantly flagitious, that I cannot resist the inclination I feel to relate it, as an example of the most infernal perfidy that perhaps ever entered the human heart. I have already mentioned the part which H—n acted in the beginning of M—'s connection with the unfortunate stranger, and hinted that the said H—n lay under many obligations to that gentleman, before

Mr. A—y's arrival in England. He had been chief agent to Lord A—y, and, as it afterwards appeared, received several payments of a secret pension which that lord enjoyed, for which he either could not, or would not, account. His lordship therefore, in order to compel him to it, took out writs against him, and his house was continually surrounded with catchpoles for the space of two whole years.

Mr. M— believing, from H—n's own account of the matter, that the poor man was greatly injured, and prosecuted on account of his attachment to the unhappy young gentleman, did him all the good offices in his power, and became security for him on several occasions: nay, such was his opinion of his integrity, that after Mr. A—y was cleared of the prosecution carried on against him by his uncle, his person was trusted to the care of this hypocrite, who desired that the young gentleman might lodge at his house for the convenience of air, M—'s own occasions calling him often into the country.

Having thus, by his consummate dissimulation, acquired such a valuable charge, he wrote a letter to one of Lord A—y's attorneys, offering to betray Mr. A—y, provided his lordship would settle his account and give him a discharge for eight hundred pounds of the pension which he had received and not accounted for. Mr. M—, informed of this treacherous proposal, immediately removed his lodger from his house into his own, without assigning his reasons for so doing, until he was obliged to declare it, in order to free himself from the importunities of H—n, who earnestly solicited his return. This miserable finding himself deserted and disappointed in his villainous design, was so much enraged at his misfortune, that, forgetting all the benefits he had received from M— for a series of years, he practised all the mischief that his malice could contrive against him, and at length entered into a confederacy with one G—st—ey, and several other abandoned wretches, who, as before said, under various pretences of being able to make material discoveries, and otherwise to serve the cause, had found

means to be employed in some extra-business relating to it, though their real intention was to betray the claimant.

These confederates, in conjunction with some auxiliaries of infamous character, being informed that Mr. M—— was on the point of securing a considerable sum, to enable him to prosecute Mr. A——y's right, and to bring it to a happy conclusion, contrived a deep-laid scheme to disappoint him in it, and at once to ruin the cause. And previous measures being taken for that wicked purpose, they imposed upon the young gentleman's inexperience and credulity, by insinuations equally false, plausible, and malicious, to which they at length gained his belief, by the mention of some circumstances that gave what they alledged an air of probability, and even of truth. They swore that Mr. M—— had taken out an action against him for a very large sum of money; that they had actually seen the writ; that the intention of it was to throw him into prison for life, and ruin his cause, in consequence of an agreement made by him with Lord A——, and his other enemies, to retrieve the money that he had laid out in the cause.

This plausible tale was enforced with such an air of truth, candour, and earnest concern for his safety, and was strengthened by so many imprecations and corroborating circumstances of their invention, as would have staggered one of much greater experience and knowledge of mankind than Mr. A——y could be supposed at that time. The notion of perpetual imprisonment, and the certain ruin they made him believe his cause was threatened with, worked upon his imagination to such a degree, that he suffered himself to be led like a lamb to the slaughter, by this artful band of villains, who secreted him at the lodgings of one Pr——ce, an intimate of G——y's, for several days, under colour of his being hurried by bailiffs employed by Mr. M——, where he was not only obliged by them to change his name, but even his wife was not suffered to have access to him.

Their design was to have sold him, or drawn him into a ruinous compro-

mise with his adversaries, for a valuable consideration to themselves. But as no ties are binding among such a knot of villains, the rest of the conspirators were jockeyed by G——y, who, in order to monopolize the advantage to himself, hurried his prize into the country, and secreted him even from his confederates, in a place of concealment one hundred miles from London, under the same ridiculous pretence of M——'s having taken out a writ against him, and of bailiffs being in pursuit of him every where round London.

He was no sooner there than G——y, as a previous step to the other villainy he intended, tricked him out of a bond for six thousand pounds, under colour of his having a person ready to advance the like sum upon it, as an immediate fund for carrying on his cause; assuring him, at the same time, that he had a set of gentlemen ready, who were willing to advance twenty-five thousand pounds more for the same purpose, and to allow him five hundred pounds a year for his maintenance, till his cause should be made an end of, provided that Mr. M—— should have no farther concern with him or his cause.

Mr. A——y, having by this time received some intimations of the deceit that had been put upon him, made answer, that he should look upon himself as a very ungrateful monster, indeed, if he deserted a person who had saved his life, and so generously ventured his own, together with his fortune, in his cause, until he should first be certain of the truth of what was alledged of him, and absolutely rejected the proposal. G——y, who had no other view in making out than to cover the secret villainy he meditated against him, and to facilitate the execution thereof, easily receded from it when he found Mr. A——y so averse to it, and undertook nevertheless to raise the money, adding, that he might, if he pleased, return to Mr. M—— whenever it was secured. The whole drift of this pretended undertaking to raise the twenty-five thousand pounds, was only to lay a foundation for a dextrous contrivance to draw Mr. A——y unawares into the execution of a deed, which

gaining all his right and title, under the notion of it's being a deed to secure the repayment of that sum.

G—ey having, as he imagined, so far paved the way for the execution of such a deed, enters into an agreement with an agent, employed for that purpose by Mr. A—ey's adversaries, purporting, that in consideration of the payment of a bond for six thousand pounds, which he, G—ey, had, as he pretended, laid out in Mr. A—ey's estate, and of an annuity of seven hundred pounds a year, he was to procure for them from Mr. A—ey a deed ready executed, relinquishing all right and title to the A—ey estate and honours. Every thing being prepared for the execution of this infernal scheme, unknown to Mr. A—ey, G—ey then thought proper to send for him to town from his retirement; in order, as he pretended, to execute a security of twenty-five thousand pounds.

This intended victim to that villain's avarice no sooner arrived in town, full of hopes of money to carry on his estate, and of agreeably surprising his friend and protector, Mr. M—, with so reasonable and unexpected a reinforcement, than an unforeseen difficulty arose, concerning the payment of G—ey's six thousand pound bond. That money was to have been raised out of the estate of A—ey, which could not be done without the leave of the court of chancery, to whom an account must have been given of the intended application of it. While preparations were making to rectify this omission, G—ey immediately hurried Mr. A—ey again into the country, lest he should happen to be undeceived by some means or other.

In the mean time, this wicked machination was providentially discovered by Mr. M—, before it could be carried into execution, by means of the jealousies that arose among the conspirators themselves; and was, at the same time, confirmed to him by a person whom the very agent for the A—ey party had entrusted with the secret. Mr. M— no sooner detected it, than he communicated his discovery to one of Mr. A—ey's counsellors, a man of great worth, and immediately thereupon took proper measures

to defeat it. He then found means to lay open to Mr. A—ey himself, the treacherous scheme that was laid for his destruction: he was highly sensible of it; and could never afterwards reflect on the snare that he had so unwarily been drawn into, and had so narrowly escaped, without a mixture of horror, shame, and gratitude to his deliverer.

The consummate assurance of the monsters who were engaged in this plot, after they had been detected, and upbraided with their treachery, is scarce to be paralleled; for they not only owned the fact of spiriting Mr. A—ey away, in the manner above mentioned, but justified their doing it as tending to his service. They also maintained, that they had actually secured the twenty-five thousand pounds for him, though they never could name any one person who was to have advanced the money. No man was more active in this scheme than H—n; nor any man more solicitous to keep Mr. A—ey up in the false impressions he had received, or in projecting methods to ruin his protector, than he.

Among many other expedients for that purpose, a most malicious attempt was made to lodge an information against him for treasonable practices with the secretary of state, notwithstanding the repeated proofs he had given of his loyalty; and as a preparatory step to his accusation, a letter, which this traitor dictated, was copied by another person, and actually sent to the Earl of C—, importing that the person who copied the letter had an affair of consequence to communicate to his lordship, if he would appoint a time of receiving the information. But that person, upon full conviction of the villainy of the scheme, absolutely refused to proceed farther in it; so that his malice once more proved abortive: and before he had time to execute any other contrivance of the same nature, he was imprisoned in this very goal for debt.

Here, finding his creditors inexorable, and himself destitute of all other resource, he made application to the very man whom he had injured in such an outrageous manner; set forth his deplorable case in the most pathetic terms; and intreated him, with

the most abject humility, to use his influence in his behalf. The distress of this varlet immediately disarmed M—— of his resentment, and even excited his compassion. Without sending any answer to his remonstrances, he interceded for him with his creditors; and the person to whom he was chiefly indebted, refusing to release him without security, this unwearied benefactor joined with the prisoner in a bond for above two hundred and forty pounds, for which he obtained his release.

He was no sooner discharged, however, than he entered into fresh combinations with G——y and others, in order to thwart his deliverer in his schemes of raising money, and otherwise to distress and deprive him of liberty; for which purpose, no art or industry (perjury not excepted) hath been spared. And, what is still more extraordinary, this perfidious monster having found money to take up the bond, in consequence of which he regained his freedom, hath procured a writ against M——r, upon that very obligation; and taken assignments to some other debts of that gentleman, with the same Chilian intention. But, hitherto, he hath by surprizing sagacity and unshaken resolution baffled all their infernal contrivances, and retorted some of their machinations on their own heads. At this time, when he is supposed by some, and represented by others, as under the circumstances of oblivion and despondence, he proceeds in his design with the utmost calmness and intrepidity, meditating schemes, and ripening measures, that will one day confound his enemies, and attract the notice and admiration of mankind.

Peregrine, having thanked the priest for his obliging information, expressed his surprize at the scandalous inattention of the world to an affair of such importance: observing, that, by such inhuman neglect, this unfortunate young gentleman, Mr. A——y, was absolutely deprived of all the benefit of society; the sole end of which is, to protect the rights, redress the grievances, and promote the happiness of individuals. As for the character of M——r, he said it was so romantically singular in all its circumstances, that, though other motives were wanting, curiosity alone would

induce him to seek his acquaintance; but he did not at all wonder at the ungrateful returns which had been made to his generosity by H——n and many others, whom he had served in a manner that few besides him would have done; for he had been long convinced of the truth conveyed in these lines of a celebrated Italian author.

*Li benefici, che per la loro grandezza, non
puonno esser gaiderdonati, con la scelerata
moneta dell' ingratitude, son
pagati.*

The story which you have related of that young gentleman, said he, bears a very strong resemblance to the fate of a Spanish nobleman, as it was communicated to me by one of his own intimate friends at Paris. The Countess D'Alvarez died immediately after the birth of a son, and the husband surviving her but three years, the child was left sole heir to his honours and estate, under the guardianship of his uncle, who had a small fortune and a great many children. This inhuman relation, coveting the wealth of his infant ward, formed a design against the life of the helpless orphan, and trusted the execution of it to his valet de chambre, who was tempted to undertake the murder by the promise of a considerable reward. He accordingly stabbed the boy with a knife, in three different places, on the right side of his neck: but, as he was not used to such barbarous attempts, his hand failed in the performance; and he was seized with such remorse, that, perceiving the wounds were not mortal, he carried the hapless victim to the house of a surgeon, by whose care they were healed: and in the mean time, that he might not forfeit his recompence, found means to persuade his employer, that his orders were performed. A bundle being made up for the purpose, was publicly interred as the body of the child, who was said to have been suddenly carried off by a convulsion: and the uncle, without opposition, succeeded to his honours and estate. The boy being cured of his hurts, was, about the age of six, delivered, with a small sum of money, to a merchant just embarking for Turkey; who was given to understand, that he was the bastard

of a man of quality; and that for family reasons it was necessary to conceal his birth.

While the unfortunate orphan remained in this deplorable state of bondage, all the children of the usurper died one after another; and he himself being taken dangerously ill, attributed all his afflictions to the just judgment of God, and communicated his anxiety on that subject to the valet de chambre, who had been employed in the murder of his nephew. That domestick, in order to quiet his master's conscience, and calm the perturbation of his spirits, confessed what he had done, and gave him hopes of still finding the boy by dint of industry and expence. The unhappy child being the only hope of the family of Alvarez, the uncle immediately ordered a minute enquiry to be set on foot; in consequence of which he was informed that the orphan had been sold to a Turk, who had afterwards transferred him to an English merchant; by whom he was conveyed to London.

An express was immediately dispatched to this capital, where he understood that the unhappy exile had, in consideration of his faithful services, been bound apprentice to a French barber-surgeon; and after he had sufficiently qualified himself in that profession, been received into the family of the Count de Gallas, at that time the emperor's ambassador at the court of London. From the house of this nobleman he was traced into the service of Count D'Oberstorf, where he had married his lady's chamber-maid, and then gone to settle as a surgeon in Bohemia.

In the course of these enquiries several years elapsed; his uncle, who was very much attached to the house of Austria, lived at Barcelona when the father of this empress-queen resided in that city, and lent him a very considerable sum of money in the most pressing emergency of his affairs; and when that prince was on the point of returning to Germany, the old count finding his end approaching, sent his father-confessor to his majesty, with a circumstantial account of the barbarity he had practised against his nephew, for which he implored forgiveness, and begged he would give orders, that the orphan, when found, should

inherit the dignities and fortune which he had unjustly usurped.

His majesty assured the old man, that he might make himself easy on that score, and ordered the confessor to follow him to Vienna, immediately after the count's death, in order to assist his endeavours in finding out the injured heir. The priest did not fail to yield obedience to this command: he informed himself of certain natural marks on the young count's body, which were known to the nurse and women who attended him in his infancy; and with a gentleman whom the emperor ordered to accompany him, set out for Bohemia, where he soon found the object of his enquiry, in the capacity of major-domo to a nobleman of that country, he having quitted his profession of surgery for that office.

He was not a little surprized when he found himself circumstantially catechised about the particulars of his life, by persons commissioned for that purpose by the emperor. He told them, that he was absolutely ignorant of his own birth, though he had been informed, during his residence in Turkey, that he was the bastard of a Spanish grandee, and gave them a minute detail of the pilgrimage he had undergone. This information agreeing with the intelligence which the priest had already received, and being corroborated with the marks upon his body, and the very scars of the wounds which had been inflicted upon him in his infancy, the confessor, without further hesitation, saluted him by the name of Count D'Alvarez, grandee of Spain, and explained the whole mystery of his fortune.

If he was agreeably amazed at this explanation, the case was otherwise with his wife, who thought herself in great danger of being abandoned by an husband of such high rank; but he immediately dispelled her apprehension, by assuring her, that as she had shared in his adversity, she should also partake of his good fortune. He set out immediately for Vienna, to make his acknowledgments to the emperor, who favoured him with a very gracious reception, promised to use his influence, so that he might enjoy the honours and estate of his family; and in the mean time acknowledged

himself his debtor for four hundred thousand florins, which he had borrowed from his uncle. He threw himself at the feet of his august protector, expressed the most grateful sense of his goodness, and begged he might be permitted to settle in some of his imperial majesty's dominions.

This request was immediately granted; he was allowed to purchase land in any part of the hereditary dominions of the house of Austria, to the amount of the sum I have mentioned; and made choice of the country of Ratibor in Silesia, where, in all probability, he still resides.

Peregrine had scarce finished this narrative, when he perceived Mr. M—— slip something into the hand of the young man with whom he had been conversing at the other end of the room, and rise up from the table in order to take his leave. He at once understood the meaning of this conveyance, and longed for an opportunity to be acquainted with such a rare instance of primitive benevolence; but the consciousness of his present situation hindered him from making any advance, that might be construed into forwardness or presumption.

CHAP. XIV.

HE IS SURPRIZED WITH THE APPEARANCE OF HATCHWAY AND PIPES, WHO TAKE UP THEIR HABITATION IN HIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, CONTRARY TO HIS INCLINATION AND EXPRESS DESIRE.

BEING now regularly initiated in the mysteries of the Fleet, and reconciled in some measure to the customs of the place, he began to bear the edge of reflection without wincing; and thinking it would be highly imprudent in him to defer any longer the purposes by which only he could enjoy any ease and satisfaction in his confinement, he resolved to resume his task of translating, and every week compose an occasional paper, by way of revenge upon the minister, against whom he had denounced eternal war. With this view he locked himself up in his chamber, and went to work with great eagerness and application; when he was interrupted by a ticket-porter, who, putting a letter in

his hand, vanished in a moment, before he had time to peruse the contents.

Our hero, opening the billet, was not a little surprized to find a blank-note for fifty pounds, enclosed in a blank sheet of paper; and having exercised his memory and penetration on the subject of this unexpected windfall, had just concluded, that it could come from no other than the lady who had so kindly visited him a few days before, when his ears were suddenly invaded by the well-known sound of that whistle which always hung about the neck of Pipes, as a memorial of his former occupation. This tune being performed, he heard the noise of a wooden leg ascending the stair: upon which he opened his door, and beheld his friend Hatchway, with his old ship-mate at his back.

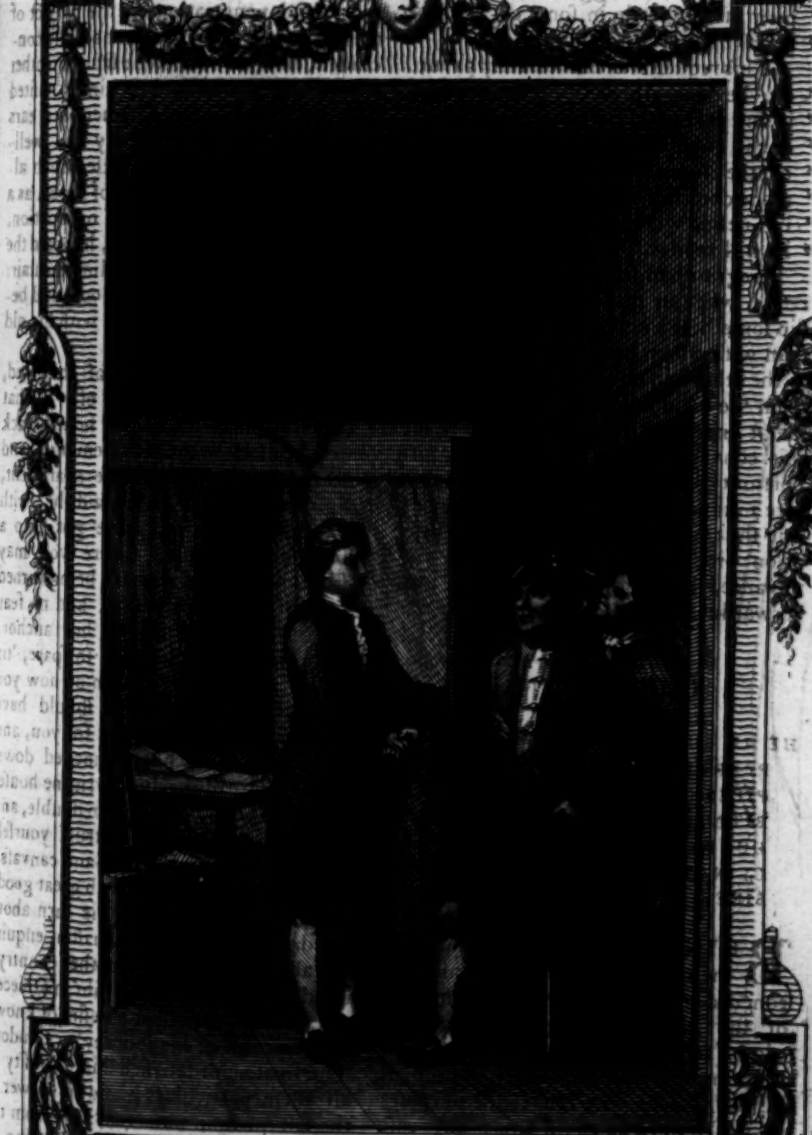
After a cordial shake of the hand, with the usual salutation of, 'What cheer, Cousin Pickle?' honest Jack seated himself without ceremony; and casting his eyes around the apartment, 'Split my topstay-sail,' said he, with an arch sneer, 'you have got into a snug birth, cousin! Here you may sit all weathers, without being turned out to take your watch, and no fear of the ship's dragging her anchor. You ha'n't much room to spare, 'tis true: an' I had known as how you stowed so close, Tom should have slung my own hammock for you, and then you might have knocked down this great lubberly hurricane house. But, mayhap, you turn in double, and so you don't chuse to trust yourself and your doxy to a clue and canvas.'

Pickle bore his jokes with great good-humour; rallied him in his turn about the dairy-maid at the garriſon, enquiring about his friends in the country; asked if he had been to visit his niece; and, finally, expressed a desire of knowing the cause of his journey to London. The lieutenant satisfied his curiosity in all these particulars; and in answer to the last question observed, that from the information of Pipes, understanding he was land-locked, he had come from the country in order to tow him into the offing. 'I know not how the wind sits,' said he, 'but if so be, as three thousand pounds will bring you clear of the cape, say the word, and you shan't lie wind-bound another glass for want of the money.'

This was an offer which few people

PEREGRINE PICKLE.

himself his debtor for four hundred : his hand, vanished in a moment, before
 thousand florins, which he had bor : he had time to peruse the content
 toward from his uncle. He threw : but here, opening the billet, was not
 left at the feet of his august pa : appeared to find a blank note for
 expected the most grateful la : munda, enclosed in a blank sheet
 and begged he



PEREGRINE PICKLE.

which against whom he had denounced : his, said he, should I find
 round war. With this view he looked : thousand pounds will bring you clear
 himself up in his chamber, and went to : of the cape, lay the word, and got
 work with great ease, and a p : than. He wind-bowed under
 tion, when he : the money.
 rick-poor, who putting a letter in : This was an offer which few had

in our hero's situation would have altogether refused; especially, as he had all the reason in the world to believe, that, far from being a vain, unmeaning compliment, it was the genuine tribute of friendship, which the lieutenant would have willingly, aye, and with pleasure, paid. Nevertheless, Peregrine peremptorily refused his assistance, though not without expressing himself in terms of acknowledgment suitable to the occasion. He told him it would be time enough to make use of his generosity when he should find himself destitute of all other resource. Jack employed all his rhetoric with a view of persuading him to take this opportunity to procure his own enlargement; and finding his arguments ineffectual, insisted upon his accepting an immediate supply for his necessary occasions; swearing, with great vehemence, that he would never return to the garrison unless he would put him upon the footing of any other tenant, and receive his rent accordingly.

Our young gentleman as positively swore, that he never would consider him in that light; remonstrating, that he had long ago settled the house upon him for life, as a pledge of his own esteem, as well as in conformity with the commodore's desire; and beseeching him to return to his usual avocations, protesting that if ever his situation should subject him to the necessity of borrowing from his friends, Mr. Hatchway should be the first man to whom he would apply himself for succour. To convince him that this was not the case at present, he produced the bank-note which he had received in the letter, together with his own ready-money; and mentioned some other funds, which he invented *extempore*, in order to amuse the lieutenant's concern. In the close of this expostulation, he desired Pipes to conduct Mr. Hatchway to the coffee-house, where he might entertain himself with the newspapers for half an hour; during which he would put on his cloaths, and bespeak something for dinner, that they might enjoy each other's company as long as his occasions would permit him to stay in that place.

The two sailors were no sooner gone, than he took up the pen, and wrote the following letter, in which he inclosed the bank-note, to his generous benefactress,

MADAM,

YOUR humanity is not more ingenious than my suspicion. In vain you attempt to impose upon me by an act of generosity which no person upon earth but your ladyship is capable of committing. Though your name was not subscribed on the paper, your sentiments were fully displayed in the contents, which I must beg leave to restore, with the same sense of gratitude, and for the same reasons, I expressed when last I had the honour to converse with you upon this subject. Though I am deprived of my liberty by the villainy and ingratitude of mankind, I am not yet destitute of the other conveniencies of life; and, therefore, beg to be excused for incurring an unnecessary addition to that load of obligation you have already laid upon, Madam, your ladyship's most devoted, humble servant,

PEREGRINE PICKLE.

Having dressed himself, and repaired to the place of appointment, he dispatched this epistle by the hands of Pipes, who was ordered to leave it at her ladyship's house, without staying for an answer; and in the mean time gave directions for dinner; which he and his friend Hatchway ate very cheerfully in his own apartment, after he had entertained him with a sight of all the curiosities in the place. During their repast, Jack repeated his kind offers to our adventurer, who declined them with his former obstinacy, and begged he might be no more importuned on that subject: but, if he insisted upon giving some fresh proofs of his friendship, he might have an opportunity of exhibiting it in taking Pipes under his care and protection; for nothing affected him so much as his inability to provide for such a faithful adherent.

The lieutenant desired he would give himself no trouble upon that score; he being, of his own accord, perfectly well disposed to befriend his old ship-mate, who should never want while he had a shilling to spare. But he began to drop some hints of an intention to fix his quarters in the Fleet; observing, that the air seemed to be very good in that place,

place, and that he was tired of living in the country. What he said did not amount to a plain declaration, and therefore Peregrine did not answer it as such, though he perceived his drift; and took an opportunity of describing the inconveniences of the place, in such a manner as he hoped would deter him from putting such an extravagant plan in execution.

This expedient, however, far from answering the end proposed, had a quite contrary effect, and furnished Hatchway with an argument against his own unwillingness to quit such a disagreeable place. In all probability, Jack would have been more explicit with regard to the scheme he had proposed, if the conversation had not been interrupted by the arrival of Cadwallader, who never failed in the performance of his diurnal visit. Hatchway, conjecturing that this stranger might have some private business with his friend, quitted the apartment, on pretence of taking a turn; and meeting Pipes at the door, desired his company to the *Bare*, by which name the open space is distinguished; where, during a course of perambulation, these two companions held a council upon Pickle: in consequence of which it was determined, since he obstinately persisted to refuse their assistance, that they should take lodgings in his neighbourhood, with a view of being at hand to minister unto his occasions, in spite of his false delicacy, according to the emergency of his affairs.

This resolution being taken, they consulted the bar-keeper of the coffee-house about lodging; and she directed them to the warden; to whom the lieutenant, in his great wisdom, represented himself as a kinsman to Peregrine, who, rather than leave that young gentleman by himself to the unavoidable discomforts of a prison, was inclined to keep him company, all such time as his affairs could be put in order. This measure he the more anxiously desired to take, because the prisoner was sometimes subject to a disordered imagination, upon which occasion he stood in need of extraordinary attendance; and therefore he (the lieutenant) intreated the warden to accommodate him with a lodging for himself and his servant, for which he was ready to make any reasonable acknowledgment. The war-

den, who was a sensible and humane man, could not help applauding his resolution; and several rooms being at that time unoccupied, he put him immediately in possession of a couple, which were forthwith prepared for his reception.

This affair being settled to his satisfaction, he dispatched Pipes for his portmanteau; and returning to the coffee-house, found Peregrine, with whom he spent the remaining part of the evening. Our hero, taking it for granted that he proposed to set out for the garrison next day, wrote a memorandum of some books which he had left in that habitation, and which he now desired Jack to send up to town by the waggon, directed for Mr. Crabtree. He cautioned him against giving the least hint of his misfortune in the neighbourhood, that it might remain, as long as possible, concealed from the knowledge of his sister, (who, he knew, would afflict herself immoderately at the news;) nor reach the ears of the rest of his family, who would exult and triumph over his distress.

Hatchway listened to his injunctions with great attention, and promised to demean himself accordingly: then the discourse shifted to an agreeable recapitulation of the merry scenes they had formerly acted together; and the evening being pretty far advanced, Peregrine, with seeming reluctance, told him that the gates of the Fleet would in a few minutes be shut for the night, and that there was an absolute necessity for his withdrawing to his lodging. Jack replied, that he could not think of parting with him so soon, after such a long separation; and that he was determined to stay with him an hour or two longer, if he should be obliged to take up his lodging in the streets. Pickle, rather than disoblige his guest, indulged him in his desire, and resolved to give him a share of his own bed. A pair of chickens and asparagus were bespoke for supper, at which Pipes attended with an air of internal satisfaction; and the bottle was bandied about in a jovial manner till midnight, when the lieutenant rose up to take his leave, observing, that being fatigued with riding, he was inclined to turn in. Pipes, upon this intimation, produced a lantern ready lighted; and Jack, shaking his enter-

tain by the hand, wished him good night, and promised to visit him again to-morrow in the morning.

Peregrine, imagining that his behaviour proceeded from the wine, which he had plentifully drank, told him, that if he was disposed to sleep, his bed was ready prepared in the room, and ordered his attendant to undress his master; upon which Mr. Hatchway gave him to understand, that he had no occasion to incommode his friend, having already provided a lodging for himself; and the young gentleman demanding an explanation, he frankly owned what he had done; saying, 'You gave me such a dismal account of the place, that I could not think of leaving you in it without company.' Our young gentleman, who was naturally impatient of benefit, and foresaw that this uncommon instance of Hatchway's friendship would encroach upon the plan which he had formed for his own subsistence, by engrossing his time and attention, so as that he should not be able to prosecute his labours, closeted the lieutenant next day, and demonstrated to him the folly and ill consequences of the step he had taken. He observed, that the world in general would look upon it as the effect of mere madness; and, if his relations were so disposed, they might make it the foundation for a statute of lunacy against him; that his absence from the garrison must be a very great detriment to his private affairs; and, lastly, that his presence in the Fleet would be a very great hindrance to Pickle himself, whose hope of regaining his liberty altogether depended upon his being detached from all company and interruption.

To these remonstrances Jack replied, that, as to the opinion of the world, it was no more to him than a rotten net-line; and if his relations had a mind to have his upper-works condemned, he did not doubt but he should be able to stand the surry, without being declared unfit for service; that he had no affairs at the garrison, but such as would keep cold; and with regard to Pickle's being interrupted by his presence, he gave him his word, that he would never come along-side of him, except when he should give him the signal for holding discourse. In conclusion, he signified his resolution to stay where he was, at all events, without making himself accountable to any person whatsoever.

Peregrine seeing him determined, desisted from any farther importunity; resolving, however, to tire him out of his plan by reserve and supercilious neglect; for he could not bear the thought of being so notoriously obliged by any person upon earth. With this view he quitted the lieutenant, upon some slight pretence; after having told him, that he could not have the pleasure of his company at dinner, because he was engaged with a particular club of his fellow-prisoners.

Jack was a stranger to the punctilios of behaviour, and therefore did not take this declaration amiss; but had immediate recourse to the advice of his counsellor Mr. Pipes, who proposed that he should go to the coffee-house and kitchen, and give the people to understand that he would pay for all such liquor and provisions as Mr. Pickle should order to be sent to his own lodging. This expedient was immediately practised; and as there was no credit in the place, Hatchway deposited a sum of money, by way of security to the cook and the vintner, intimating, that there was a necessity for taking that method of befriending his Cousin Peregrine, who was subject to strange whims, that rendered it impossible to serve him any other way.

In consequence of these insinuations, it was that same day rumoured about the Fleet, that Mr. Pickle was an unhappy gentleman disordered in his understanding, and that the lieutenant was his near relation, who had subjected himself to the inconvenience of living in a gaol, with the sole view of keeping a strict eye over his conduct. This report, however, did not reach the ears of our hero till the next day, when he sent one of the runners of the Fleet, who attended him, to bespeak and pay for a couple of pullets, and something else for dinner, to which he had already invited his friend Hatchway in hopes of being able to persuade him to retire into the country, after he had undergone a whole day's mortification in the place. The messenger returned with an assurance, that the dinner should be made ready according to his directions, and restored the money, observing that his kinsman had paid for what was bespoke.

Peregrine was equally surprized and disgusted at this information, and resolved to chide the lieutenant severely for

for his unreasonable treat, which he considered as a thing repugnant to his reputation. Meanwhile, he dispatched his attendant for wine to the coffee-house, and finding his credit bolstered up in that place by the same means, was enraged at the presumption of Jack's friendship. He questioned the valet about it with such manifestation of displeasure, that the fellow, afraid of disobliging such a good master, frankly communicated the story which was circulated at his expense. The young gentleman was so much incensed at this piece of intelligence, that he wrote a bitter expostulation to the lieutenant, wherein he not only retracted his invitation, but declared that he would never converse with him while he should remain within the place.

Having thus obeyed the dictates of his anger, he gave notice to the cook, that he should not have occasion for what was ordered. Repairing to the coffee-house, he told the landlord, that whereas he understood the stranger with the wooden leg had prepossessed him and others with ridiculous notions, tending to bring the sanity of his intellects in question; and to confirm this imputation, had, under the pretence of consanguinity, undertaken to defray his expenses; he could not help (in justice to himself) declaring, that the same person was, in reality, the madman, who had given his keepers the slip; that therefore he (the landlord) would not find his account in complying with his orders, and encouraging him to frequent his house; and that for his own part, he would never enter the door, or favour him with the least trifle of his custom, if ever he should for the future find himself anticipated in his payments by that unhappy lunatick.

The waiter was confounded at this retorted charge; and after much perplexity and deliberation, concluded that both parties were distracted; the stranger in paying a man's debts against his will, and Pickle, in being offended at such forwardness of friendship.

CHAP. XV.

THESE ASSOCIATES COMMIT AN ASSAULT UPON CRABTREE, FOR WHICH THEY ARE BANISHED FROM THE FLEET. PEREGRINE

BEGINS TO FEEL THE EFFECTS OF CONFINEMENT.

OUR adventurer having dined at an ordinary, and in the afternoon retired to his own apartment as usual, with his friend Cadwallader; Hatchway and his associate, after they had been obliged to discuss the provision for which they had paid, renewed their conference upon the old subject. Pipes giving his mess-mate to understand, that Peregrine's chief confidante was the old deaf bachelor, whom he had seen at his lodging the preceeding day, Mr. Hatchway in his great penetration discovered, that the young gentleman's obstinacy proceeded from the advice of the misanthrope, whom for that reason it was their business to chastise. Pipes entered into this opinion the more willingly, as he had all along believed the senior to be a sort of wizard, or some caco-demon, whom it was not very creditable to be acquainted with. Indeed, he had been inspired with this notion by the insinuations of Hadgi, who had formerly dropped some hints touching Crabtree's profound knowledge in the magic art; mentioning, in particular, his being possessed of the philosopher's stone; an assertion to which Tom had given implicit credit until his master was sent to prison for debt, when he could no longer suppose Cadwallader lord of such a valuable secret, or else he would have certainly procured the enlargement of his most intimate friend.

With these sentiments he espoused the resentment of Hatchway. They determined to seize the supposed conjurer with the first opportunity, on his return from his visit to Peregrine; and, without hesitation, exercise upon him the discipline of the pump. This plan they would have executed that same evening, had not the misanthrope luckily withdrawn himself by accident before it was dark, and even before they had intelligence of his return. But next day they kept themselves upon the watch till he appeared; and Pipes lifting his hat as Crabtree passed, 'O damn ye, old Dunny!' said he, 'you and I must grapple by and bye; and a gad I shall be so near your quarter, that your ear-ports will let in the sound, tho' they are double caulked with oakum.'

The misanthrope's ears were not quite

fast closed, but that they received this intimation; which, though delivered in terms that he did not well understand, had such an effect upon his apprehension, that he signified his doubts to Peregrine, observing, that he did not much like the looks of that same ruffian with the wooden leg. Pickle assured him he had nothing to fear from the two sailors, who could have no cause of resentment against him; or if they had, would not venture to take any step, which they knew must block up all the avenues to that reconciliation, about which they were so anxious; and, moreover, give such offence to the governor of the place, as would infallibly induce him to expel them both from his territories.

Notwithstanding this assurance, the young gentleman was not so confident of the lieutenant's discretion, as to believe that Crabtree's fears were altogether without foundation: he forthwith conjectured that Jack had taken umbrage at an intimacy, from which he found himself excluded, and imputed his disgrace to the insinuations of Cadwallader, whom in all likelihood he intended to punish for his supposed advice; he knew his friend could sustain no great damage from the lieutenant's resentment, in a place which he could immediately alarm with his cries; and therefore wished he might fall into the snare, because it would furnish him with a pretence of complaint; in consequence of which, the sailors would be obliged to shift their quarters, so as that he should be rid of their company, in which he at present could find no enjoyment.

Every thing happened as he had foreseen; the misanthrope, in his retreat from Peregrine's chamber, was assaulted by Hatchway and his associate, who seized him by the collar without ceremony, and began to drag him towards the pump, at which they would have certainly complimented him with a very disagreeable bath, had not he exalted his voice in such a manner, as in a moment brought a number of the inhabitants, and Pickle himself, to his aid. The assailants would have persisted in their design, had the opposition been such as they could have faced with any possibility of success: nor did they quit their prey before a dozen, at least, had come to his rescue, and Peregrine, with a menacing aspect and air of authority, commanded his old valet to withdraw:

then they thought proper to sheer off, and betake themselves to close quarters, while our hero accompanied the affrighted Cadwallader to the gate, and exhibited to the warden a formal complaint against the rioters, upon whom he reported the charge of lunacy, which was supported by the evidence of twenty persons, who had been eye-witnesses of the outrage committed against the old gentleman.

The governor, in consequence of this information, sent a message to Mr. Hatchway, warning him to move his lodging next day, on pain of being expelled. The lieutenant contumaciously refusing to comply with this intimation, was in the morning, while he amused himself in walking upon the *Barr*, suddenly surrounded by the constables of the court, who took him and his adherents prisoners, before they were aware, and delivered them into the hands of the turnkeys, by whom they were immediately dismissed, and their baggage conveyed to the side of the ditch.

This expulsion was not performed without an obstinate opposition on the part of the delinquents; who, had they not been surprized, would have set the whole Fleet at defiance, and in all probability have acted divers tragedies before they could have been overpowered. Things being circumstanced as they were, the lieutenant did not part with his conductor without tweaking his nose by way of farewell; and Pipes, in imitation of such a laudable example, communicated a token of remembrance, in an application to the sole eye of his attendant, who scornful to be ordered in this kind of courtesy, returned the compliment with such good-will, that Tom's organ performed the office of a multiplying glass. These were mutual hints for stripping; and accordingly each was naked from the waist upwards in a trice. A ring of butchers from the market was immediately formed; a couple of the reverend Flamens, who, in morning gowns, ply for marriages in that quarter of the town, constituted themselves seconds and umpires of the approaching contest, and the battle began without farther preparation. The combatants were, in point of strength and agility, pretty equally matched; but the gaoler had been regularly trained to the art of bruising; he had more than once signalized himself in

publick, by his prowess and skill in this exercise, and lost one eye upon the stage in the course of his exploits. This was a misfortune of which Pipes did not fail to take the advantage; he had already sustained several hard knocks upon his temples and jaws, and found it impracticable to smite his antagonist upon the victualling-office, so dextrously was it defended against assault. He then changed his battery, and being ambi-dexter, raised such a clatter upon the turnkey's blind-side, that this hero believing him left-handed, converted his attention that way, and opposed the unenlightened side of his face to the right-hand of Pipes, which being thus unprovided against, slyly bestowed upon him a peg under the fifth rib, that in an instant laid him senseless on the pavement, at the feet of his conqueror. Pipes was congratulated upon his victory, not only by his friend Hatchway, but also by all the by-standers, particularly the priest who had espoused his cause, and now invited the strangers to his lodgings in a neighbouring ale-house, where they were entertained so much to their liking, that they determined to seek no other habitation while they should continue in town: and notwithstanding the disgrace and discouragement they had met with, in their endeavours to serve our adventurer, they were still resolved to persevere in their good offices, or, in the vulgar phrase, to see him out.

While they settled themselves in this manner, and acquired familiar connections round all the purlieus of the ditch, Peregrine found himself deprived of the company of Cadwallader, who signified by letter, that he did not chuse to hazard his person again in visiting him, while such assassins occupied the avenues through which he must pass; for he had been at pains to enquire into the motions of the seamen, and informed himself exactly of the harbour in which they were moored.

Our hero had been so much accustomed to the conversation of Crabtree, which was altogether suitable to the singularity of his own disposition, that he could very ill afford to be debarred of it at this juncture, when almost every other source of enjoyment was stopped. He was, however, obliged to submit to the hardships of his situation; and as the characters of his fellow-priso-

ners did not at all improve upon him, he was compelled to seek for satisfaction within himself. Not but that he had an opportunity of conversing with some people, who neither wanted sense, nor were deficient in point of principle; yet there appeared in the behaviour of them all, without exception, a certain want of decorum, a squalor of sentiment, a sort of gaolish cast contracted in the course of confinement, which disgusted the delicacy of our hero's observation. He therefore detached himself from their parties as much as he could, without giving offence to those among whom he was obliged to live, and resumed his labours with incredible eagerness and perseverance, his spirits being supported by the success of some severe Philippics, which he occasionally published against the author of his misfortune.

Nor was his humanity unemployed in the vacations of his revenge: a man must be void of all sympathy and compassion, who can reside among so many miserable objects, without feeling an inclination to relieve their distress. Every day almost presented to his view such lamentable scenes, as were most likely to attract his notice, and engage his benevolence. Reverses of fortune, attended with the most deplorable circumstances of domestick woe, were continually intruding upon his acquaintance; his ears were invaded with the cries of the hapless wife, who, from the enjoyment of affluence and pleasure, was forced to follow her husband to this abode of wretchedness and want; his eyes were every minute assailed with the naked and meagre appearance of hunger and cold; and his fancy teemed with a thousand aggravations of their misery.

Thus situated, his purse was never shut while his heart remained open. Without reflecting upon the slenderness of his store, he exercised his charity to all the children of distress, and acquired a popularity, which, though pleasing, was far from being profitable. In short, his bounty kept no pace with his circumstances, and in a little time he was utterly exhausted. He had recourse to his bookseller, from whom, with great difficulty, he obtained a small reinforcement; and immediately relapsed into the same want of reticence. He was conscious of his infirmity,

firmity, and found it incurable: he foresaw that by his own industry he should never be able to defray the expence of these occasions; and this reflection sunk deep into his mind. The approbation of the publick, which he had earned or might acquire, like a cordial often repeated, began to lose it's effect upon his imagination: his health suffered by his sedentary life and austere application; his eye-sight failed; his appetite forsook him; his spirits decayed; so that he became melancholy, listless, and altogether incapable of prosecuting the only means he had left for his subsistence; and (what did not at all contribute to the alleviation of these particulars) he was given to understand by his lawyer, that he had lost his cause, and was condemned in costs. Even this was not the most mortifying piece of intelligence he received; he at the same time learned that his bookseller was bankrupt, and his friend Crabtree at the point of death.

These were comfortable considerations to a youth of Peregrine's disposition; which was so capricious, that the more his misery increased, the more haughty and inflexible he became. Rather than be beholden to Hatchway, who still hovered about the gate, eager for an opportunity to assist him, he chose to undergo the want of almost every convenience of life, and actually pledged his wearing apparel to an Irish pawnbroker in the Fleet, for money to purchase those things without which he must have absolutely perished. He was gradually irritated by his misfortunes into a rancorous resentment against mankind in general, and his heart so alienated from the enjoyments of life, that he did not care how soon he quitted his miserable existence. Though he had shocking examples of the vicissitudes of fortune continually before his eyes, he could never be reconciled to the idea of living like his fellow-sufferers, in the most abject degree of dependance. If he refused to accept of favours from his own allies and intimate friends, whom he had formerly obliged, it is not to be supposed that he would listen to proposals of that kind from any of his fellow-prisoners, with whom he had contracted acquaintance: he was even more cautious than ever of incurring obligations; he now shunned his former messmates, in order to avoid disagreeable

tenders of friendship. Imagining that he perceived an inclination in the clergyman to learn the state of his finances, he discouraged and declined the explanation, and at length secluded himself from all society.

CHAP. XVI.

HE RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED VISIT; AND THE CLOUDS OF MISFORTUNE BEGIN TO SEPARATE.

WHILE he pined in this forlorn condition, with an equal abhorrence of the world and himself, Captain Gauntlet arrived in town, in order to employ his interest for promotion in the army; and in consequence of his wife's particular desire, made it his business to enquire for Peregrine, to whom he longed to be reconciled, even though at the expence of a slight submission. But he could hear no tidings of him at the place to which he was directed; and, on the supposition that our hero had gone to reside in the country, applied himself to his own business, with intention to renew his enquiries after that affair should be transacted. He communicated his demands to his supposed patron, who had assumed the merit of making him a captain, and been gratified with a valuable present on that consideration; and was cajoled with hopes of succeeding in his present aim by the same interest.

Meanwhile, he became acquainted with one of the clerks belonging to the war-office, whose advice and assistance, he was told, would be a furtherance to his scheme. As he had occasion to discourse with this gentleman upon the circumstances of his expectation, he learned that the nobleman, upon whom he depended, was a person of no consequence in the state, and altogether incapable of assisting him in his advancement. At the same time, his counsellor expressed his surprize that Captain Gauntlet did not rather interest in his cause the noble peer, to whose good offices he owed his last commission.

This remark introduced an explanation, by which Godfrey discovered, to his infinite astonishment, the mistake in which he had continued so long with regard to his patron; though he could

not divine the motive which induced a nobleman, with whom he had no acquaintance or connection, to interpose his influence in his behalf. Whatsoever that might be, he thought it was his duty to make his acknowledgment; and for that purpose went next morning to his house, where he was politely received, and given to understand, that Mr. Pickle was the person to whose friendship he was indebted for his last promotion.

Inexpressible were the transports of gratitude, affection, and remorse, that took possession of the soul of Gauntlet when this mystery was unfolded. 'Good Heaven!' cried he, lifting up his hands, 'have I lived so long in a state of animosity with my benefactor? I intended to have reconciled myself to him, at any rate, before I was sensible of this obligation; but now I shall not enjoy a moment's quiet until I have an opportunity of expressing to him my sense of his heroick friendship. I presume, from the nature of the favour conferred upon him in my behalf, that Mr. Pickle is well known to your lordship: and I should think myself extremely happy, if you could inform me in what part of the country he is to be found: for the person with whom he lodged some time ago could give me no intelligence of his motions.'

The nobleman, touched with this instance of generous self-denial in Peregrine, as well as with the sensibility of his friend, lamented the unhappiness of our hero, while he gave Gauntlet to understand that he had been long disordered in his intellects, in consequence of having squandered away his fortune; and that his creditors had thrown him into the Fleet-prison: but whether he still continued in that confinement, or was released from his misfortunes by death, his lordship did not know, because he had never enquired.

Godfrey no sooner received this intimation, than (his blood boiling with grief and impatience) he craved pardon for his abrupt departure: then quitting his informer on the instant, re-embarked in his hackney-coach, and ordered himself to be conveyed directly to the Fleet. As the vehicle proceeded along one side of the market, he was surprized with the appearance of Hatchway and Pipes, who stood cheapening colliflowers at a

green-stall, their heads being cased in worsted night-caps, half covered with their hats, and a short tobacco-pipe in the mouth of each. He was rejoiced at sight of the two seamen, which he took for an happy omen of finding his friend; and ordering the coachman to stop the carriage, called to the lieutenant by his name. Jack replied with an *Hilloab!* looked behind him, and recognizing the face of his old acquaintance, ran up to the coach with great eagerness. Shaking the captain heartily by the hand, 'Odd's heart!' said he, 'I am glad thou hast fallen in with us; we shall now be able to find the trim of the vessel, and lay her about on t'other tack. For my own part, I have had many a comfort in my time, that is, in the way of good fellowship, and I always made shift to ware 'em at one time or another: but this headstrong toad will neither obey the helm nor the sheet; and, for aught I know, will founder where a' lies at anchor.'

Gauntlet, who conceived part of his meaning, alighted immediately; and being conducted to the sailor's lodging, was informed of every thing that had passed between the lieutenant and Pickle. He, in his turn, communicated to Jack the discovery which he had made with regard to his commission; at which the other gave no signs of surprize; but taking the pipe from his mouth, 'Why, look ye, captain,' said he, 'that's not the only good turn you have owed him. That same money you received from the commodore as an old debt was all a sham, contrived by Pickle for your service; but a'wool drive under his bare poles, without sails and rigging, or a mess of provision on board, rather than take the same assistance from another man.'

Godfrey was not only amazed, but chagrined at the knowledge of this anecdote; which gave umbrage to his pride, while it stimulated his desire of doing something in return for the obligation. He enquired into the present circumstances of the prisoner; and understanding that he was indisposed, and but indifferently provided with the common necessaries of life, though still deaf to all offers of assistance, began to be extremely concerned at the account of his savage obstinacy and pride, which would, he feared, exclude him from the privilege of relieving him in his

his distress. However, he resolved to leave no expedient untried, that might have any tendency to surmount such destructive prejudice; and, entering the gaol, was directed to the apartment of the wretched prisoner. He knocked softly at the door, and when it was opened, started back with horror and astonishment: the figure that presented itself to his view, was the remains of his once happy friend; but so miserably altered and disguised, that his features were scarce cognizable. The florid, the sprightly, the gay, the elevated youth, was now metamorphosed into a wan, dejected, meagre, squalid spectre; the hollow-eyed representative of distemper, indigence, and despair: yet his eyes retained a certain ferocity, which threw a dismal gleam athwart the cloudiness of his aspect; and he, in silence, viewed his old companion with a look betokening confusion and disdain. As for Gauntlet, he could not, without emotion, behold such a woeful reverse of fate, in a person for whom he entertained the noblest sentiments of friendship, gratitude, and esteem: his sorrow was at first too big for utterance, and he shed a flood of tears before he could pronounce one word.

Peregrine, in spite of his misanthropy, could not help being affected with this uncommon testimony of regard; but he strove to stifle his sensations: his brows contracted themselves into a severe frown; his eyes kindled into the appearance of live coals; he waved with his hand, in signal for Godfrey to be gone, and leave such a wretch as him to the miseries of his fate; and finding nature too strong to be suppressed, uttered a deep groan and wept aloud.

The soldier, seeing him thus melted, unable to restrain the strong impulse of his affection, sprung towards, and clasping him in his arms, 'My dearest friend, and best benefactor,' said he, 'I am come hither to humble myself for the offence I was so unhappy as to give at our last parting; to beg a reconciliation, to thank you for the ease and affluence I have enjoyed through your means, and to rescue you, in spite of yourself, from this melancholy situation, of which but an hour ago I was utterly ignorant. Do not deny me the satisfaction of acquitting myself in point of duty

and obligation. You must certainly have had some regard for a person, in whose favour you have exerted yourself so much; and if any part of that esteem remains, you will not refuse him an opportunity of approving himself in some measure worthy of it. Let me not suffer the most mortifying of all repulses, that of slighted friendship; but kindly sacrifice your friendship and inflexibility to the request of one, who is at all times ready to sacrifice his life for your honour and advantage. If you will not yield to my intreaties, have some regard to the wishes of my Sophy, who laid me under the strongest injunctions to solicit your forgiveness, even before she knew how much I was indebted to your generosity; or, if that consideration should be of no weight, I hope you will relax a little for the sake of poor Emilia, whose resentment hath been long subdued by her affection, and who now droops in secret at your neglect.'

Every word of this address, delivered in the most pathetic manner, made an impression upon the mind of Peregrine: he was affected with the submission of his friend, who, in reality, had given him no just cause to complain. He knew that no ordinary motive had swayed him to a condescension, so extraordinary in a man of his punctilious temper: he considered it, therefore, as the genuine effect of eager gratitude and disinterested love, and his heart began to relent accordingly. When he heard himself conjured in the name of the gentle Sophy, his obstinacy was quite overcome; and when Emilia was recalled to his remembrance, his whole frame underwent a violent agitation. He took his friend by the hand, with a softened look, and as soon as he recovered the faculty of speech, which had been overpowered in the conflict of passions that transported him, protested, that he retained no vestige of animosity, but considered him in the light of an affectionate comrade, the ties of whose friendship adversity could not unbind. He mentioned Sophy in the most respectful terms; spoke of Emilia with the most reverential awe, as the object of his inviolable love and veneration; but disclaimed all hope of ever more attracting her regard;

regard; and excused himself from profiting by Godfrey's kind intention; declaring, with a resolute air, that he had broke off all connection with mankind, and that he impatiently longed for the hour of his dissolution, which, if it should not soon arrive by the course of nature, he was resolved to hasten with his own hands, rather than be exposed to the contempt, and more intolerable pity, of a rascally world.

Gauntlet argued against this frantick determination with all the vehemence of expostulating friendship; but his remonstrances did not produce the desired effect upon our desperate hero, who calmly refuted all his arguments, and asserted the rectitude of his design, from the pretended maxims of reason and true philosophy.

While this dispute was carried on with eagerness on one side, and deliberation on the other, a letter was brought to Peregrine, who threw it carelessly aside, unopened, though the superscription was in an hand-writing to which he was a stranger: and, in all probability, the contents would never have been perused, had not Gauntlet insisted upon his waving all ceremony, and reading it forthwith. Thus solicited, Pickle unsealed the billet, which, to his no small surprize, contained the following intimation.

MR. P. PICKLE,

SIR,

THIS comes to inform you, that after many dangers and disappointments, I am, by the blessing of God, safely arrived in the Downs, on board of the Gomberoon Indiaman, having made a tolerable voyage; by which I hope I shall be enabled to repay, with interest, the seven hundred pounds which I borrowed of you before my departure from England. I take this opportunity of writing by our purser, who goes express with dispatches for the company, that you may have this satisfactory notice as soon as possible, relating to one whom I suppose you have long given over as lost. I have inclosed it in a letter to my broker, who, I hope, knows your address; and will forward it accordingly: and

I am, with respect, Sir, your most humble servant,

BENJAMIN CHINTZ.

He had no sooner taken a cursory view of this agreeable epistle, than his countenance cleared up, and reaching it to his friend, with a smile, 'There,' said he, 'is a more convincing argument on your side of the question, than all the casuists in the universe can advance.' Gauntlet, wondering at this observation, took the paper, and casting his eyes greedily upon the contents, congratulated him upon the receipt of it with extravagant demonstrations of joy: 'Not on account of the sum,' said he, 'which, upon my honour, I would with pleasure pay three times over for your convenience and satisfaction; but because it seems to have reconciled you to life, and disposed your mind for re-enjoying the comforts of society.'

The instantaneous effect which this unexpected smile of fortune produced in the appearance of our adventurer, is altogether inconceivable: it plumped up his cheeks in a moment, unbended and enlightened every feature of his face; elevated his head, which had begun to sink, as it were, between his shoulders; and from a squeaking, dispirited tone, swelled up his voice to a clear, manly accent. Godfrey, taking advantage of this favourable change, began to regale him with prospects of future success: he reminded him of his youth and qualifications, which were certainly designed for better days than those he had as yet seen; he pointed out various paths, by which he might arrive at wealth and reputation; he importuned him to accept of a sum for his immediate occasions; and earnestly begged, that he would allow him to discharge the debt for which he was confined; observing, that Sophy's fortune had enabled him to exhibit that proof of his gratitude, without any detriment to his affairs; and protesting that he should not believe himself in possession of Mr. Pickle's esteem, unless he was permitted to make some such return of good-will to the man, who had not only raised him from indigence and scorn to competence and reputable rank, but also impowered him to obtain the possession of an excellent woman,

woman, who had filled up the measure of his felicity.

Peregrine declared himself already overpaid for all his good offices by the pleasure he enjoyed in employing them, and the happy effects they had produced, in the mutual satisfaction of two persons so dear to his affection; and assured his friend, that one time or other he would set his conscience at ease, and remove the scruples of his honour, by having recourse to his assistance: but, at present, he could not make use of his friendship, without giving just cause of offence to honest Hatchway, who was prior to him in point of solicitation, and had manifested his attachment with surprising obstinacy and perseverance.

CHAP. XVII.

PEREGRINE RECONCILES HIMSELF TO THE LIEUTENANT, AND RENEWS HIS CONNECTION WITH SOCIETY. DIVERS PLANS ARE PROJECTED IN HIS BEHALF, AND HE HAS OCCASION TO EXHIBIT A REMARKABLE PROOF OF SELF-DENIAL.

THE captain, with reluctance, yielded the preference in this particular to Jack, who was immediately invited to a conference, by a note subscribed with Pickle's own hand. He was found at the prison-gate waiting for Gauntlet, to know the issue of his negotiation. He no sooner received this summons, than he set all his sails, and made the best of his way to his friend's apartment; being admitted by the turnkey, in consequence of Peregrine's request, communicated by the messenger who carried the billet. Pipes followed close in the wake of his shipmate; and, in a few minutes after the note had been dispatched, Peregrine and Gauntlet heard the sound of the stump ascending the wooden stair-case with such velocity, that they at first mistook it for the application of drum-sticks to the head of an empty barrel. This uncommon speed, however, was attended with a misfortune; he chanced to overlook a small defect in one of the steps, and his prop plunging into a hole, he fell backwards, to the imminent danger of his life. Tom was luckily at his back, and sustained him in his arms, so as that he

escaped without any other damage than the loss of his wooden leg, which was snapped in the middle by the weight of his body in falling; and such was his impatience, that he would not give himself the trouble to disengage the fractured member. Unbuckling the whole equipage in a trice, he left it sticking in the crevice, saying a rotten cable was not worth heaving up; and, in this natural state of mutilation hopped into the room with infinite expedition.

Peregrine taking him cordially by the hand, seated him upon one side of his bed; and after having made an apology for that reserve, of which he had so justly complained, asked, if he could conveniently accommodate him with the loan of twenty guineas. The lieutenant, without opening his mouth, pulled out his purse; and Pipes, who overheard the demand, applying the whistle to his lips, performed a loud overture in token of his joy. Matters being thus brought to an accommodation, our hero told the captain, that he should be glad of his company at dinner, with their common friend Hatchway, if he would in the mean time leave him to the ministry of Pipes; and the soldier went away for the present, in order to pay a short visit to his uncle, who, at that time, languished in a declining state of health, promising to return at the appointed hour.

The lieutenant, having surveyed the dismal appearance of his friend, could not help being moved at the spectacle, and began to upbraid him with his obstinate pride, which he swore was no better than self-murder. But the young gentleman interrupted him in the course of his moralizing, by telling him he had reasons for his conduct, which perhaps he should impart in due season; but at present his design was to alter that plan of behaviour, and make himself some amends for the misery he had undergone. He accordingly sent Pipes to redeem his cloaths from the pawnbroker's wardrobe, and bespeak something comfortable for dinner. When Godfrey came back, he was very agreeably surprized to see such a favourable alteration in his externals; for, by the assistance of his valet, he had purified himself from the dregs of his distress, and now appeared in a decent suit, with clean linen, while his face was disencumbered of the hair that overshadowed it,

it, and his apartment prepared for the reception of company.

They enjoyed their meal with great satisfaction, entertaining one another with a recapitulation of their former adventures at the garrison. In the afternoon, Gauntlet taking his leave, in order to write a letter to his sister, at the desire of his uncle, who finding his end approaching, wanted to see her without loss of time, Peregrine made his appearance on the *Bare*, and was complimented on his coming abroad again, not only by his old mess-mates, who had not seen him for many weeks, but by a number of those objects whom his liberality had fed before his funds were exhausted. Hatchway was, by his interest with the warden, put in possession of his former quarters, and Pipes dispatched to make enquiry about Crabtree at his former lodging, where he learned that the misanthrope, after a very severe fit of illness, was removed to Kensington Gravel-pits, for the convenience of breathing a purer air than that of London.

In consequence of this information, Peregrine, who knew the narrowness of the old gentleman's fortune, next day desired his friend Gauntlet to take the trouble of visiting him in his name, with a letter, in which he expressed great concern for his indisposition, gave him notice of the fortunate intelligence he had received from the Downs, and conjured him to make use of his purse, if he was in the least hampered in his circumstances. The captain took coach immediately, and set out for the place, according to the direction which Pipes had procured.

Cadwallader having seen him at Bath, knew him again at first sight; and though reduced to a skeleton, believed himself in such a fair way of doing well, that he would have accompanied him to the Fleet immediately, had not he been restrained by his nurse, who was, by his physician, invested with full authority to dispute and oppose his will in every thing that she should think prejudicial to his health; for he was considered, by those who had the care of him, as an old humourist, not a little disordered in his brain. He enquired particularly about the sailors, who (he said) had deterred him from carrying on his usual correspondence with Pickle, and been the immediate cause of his

indisposition, by terrifying him into a fever. Understanding that the breach between Pickle and Hatchway was happily cemented, and that he was no longer in any danger from the lieutenant's resentment, he promised to be at the Fleet with the first convenient opportunity; and, in the mean time, wrote an answer to Peregrine's letter, importing that he was obliged to him for his offer, but had not the least occasion for his assistance.

In a few days our adventurer recovered his vigour, complexion, and vivacity; he mingled again in the diversions and parties of the place; and he received, in a little time, the money he had lent upon bottomry, which, together with the interest, amounted to upwards of eleven hundred pounds. The possession of this sum, while it buoyed up his spirits, involved him in perplexity. Sometimes he thought it was incumbent upon him, as a man of honour, to employ the greatest part of it in diminishing the debt for which he suffered; on the other hand, he considered that obligation effaced, by the treacherous behaviour of his creditor, who had injured him to ten times the value of the sum: and in these sentiments, entertained thoughts of attempting his escape from prison, with a view of conveying himself, with the shipwreck of his fortune, to another country, in which he might use it to better advantage.

Both suggestions were attended with such doubts and difficulties, that he hesitated between them, and for the present laid out a thousand pounds in stock, the interest of which, together with the fruits of his own industry, he hoped, would support him above want in his confinement, until something should occur that would point out the expediency of some other determination. Gauntlet still insisted upon having the honour of obtaining his liberty, at the expence of taking up his notes to Gleanum, and exhorted him to purchase a commission with part of the money which he had retrieved. The lieutenant affirmed, that it was his privilege to procure the release of his cousin Pickle, because he enjoyed a very handsome sum by his aunt, which of right belonged to the young gentleman, to whom he was moreover indebted for the use of his furniture, and for the very house that stood over his head; and that, although

he had already made a will in his favour, he should never be satisfied, nor easy in his mind, so long as he remained deprived of his liberty, and wanted any of the conveniences of life.

Cadwallader, who by this time assisted at their councils, and was best acquainted with the peculiarity and unbending disposition of the youth, proposed, that seeing he was so averse to obligations, Mr. Hatchway should purchase of him the garrison with its appendages, which, at a moderate price, would sell for more money than would be sufficient to discharge his debts; that, if the servile subordination of the army did not suit his inclinations, he might with his reversion buy a comfortable annuity, and retire with him to the country, where he might live absolutely independent, and entertain himself, as usual, with the ridiculous characters of mankind.

This plan was to Pickle less disagreeable than any other project which had as yet been suggested; and the lieutenant declared himself ready to execute his part of it without delay; but the soldier was mortified at the thoughts of seeing his assistance unnecessary, and eagerly objected to the retirement, as a scheme that would blast the fairest promises of fame and fortune, and bury his youth and talents in solitude and obscurity. This earnest opposition on the part of Gauntlet, hindered our adventurer from forming any immediate resolution; which was also retarded by his unwillingness to part with the garrison upon any terms, because he looked upon it as a part of his inheritance, which he could not dispose of without committing an insult upon the memory of the deceased commodore.

CHAP. XVIII.

HE IS ENGAGED IN A VERY EXTRAORDINARY CORRESPONDENCE, WHICH IS INTERRUPTED BY A VERY UNEXPECTED EVENT.

WHILE this affair was in agitation, the captain told him, in the course of conversation, that Emilia was arrived in town, and had enquired about Mr. Pickle with such an eagerness of concern, as seemed to proclaim

that she was in some measure informed of his misfortune: he therefore desired to know if he might be allowed to make her acquainted with his situation, provided he should be again importuned by her on that subject, which he had at first industriously waved.

This proof, or rather presumption, of her sympathizing regard, did not fail to operate powerfully upon the bosom of Peregrine, which was immediately filled with those tumults which love, ill stifled, frequently excites. He observed, that his disgrace was such as could not be effectually concealed; therefore he saw no reason for depriving himself of Emilia's compassion, since he was for ever excluded from her affection; and desired Godfrey to present to his sister the lowly respects of a despairing lover.

But, notwithstanding his declaration of despondence on this head, his imagination involuntarily termed with more agreeable ideas: the proposal of Crabtree had taken root in his reflection, and he could not help forming plans of pastoral felicity, in the arms of the lovely Emilia, remote from those pompous scenes which he now detested and despised. He amused his fancy with the prospect of being able to support her in a state of independency, by means of the slender annuity which it was in his power to purchase, together with the fruits of those endeavours which would profitably employ his vacant hours; and foresaw provision for his growing family in the friendship of the lieutenant, who had already constituted him his heir. He even parcelled out his hours among the necessary cares of the world, the pleasures of domestic bliss, and the enjoyments of a country life; and spent the night in ideal parties with his charming bride, sometimes walking by the sedgy bank of some transparent stream, sometimes pruning the luxuriant vine, and sometimes sitting in social converse with her in a shady grove of his own planting.

These, however, were no more than the shadowy phantoms of imagination, which he well knew would never be realized: not that he believed such happiness unattainable by a person in his circumstances; but because he would not stoop to propose a scheme, which might, in any shape, seem to interfere with the interest of Emilia, or subject

himself to a repulse from that young lady, who had rejected his addresses in the zenith of his fortune.

While he diverted himself with these agreeable reveries, an unexpected event intervened, in which she and her brother were deeply interested. The uncle was tapped for the dropsy, and died in a few days after the operation; having bequeathed, in his will, five thousand pounds to his nephew, and twice that sum to his niece, who had always enjoyed the greatest share of his favour.

If our adventurer, before this occurrence, looked upon his love for Emilia as a passion which it was necessary, at any rate, to conquer or suppress; he now considered her accession of fortune as a circumstance which confirmed that necessity, and resolved to discourage every thought on that subject, which should tend to the propagation of hope. One day, in the midst of a conversation calculated for the purpose, Godfrey put into his hand a letter directed to Mr. Pickle, in the hand-writing of Emilia; which the youth no sooner recognized, than his cheeks were covered with a crimson dye, and he began to tremble with violent agitation: for he at once guessed the import of the billet, which he kissed with great reverence and devotion, and was not at all surprized when he read the following words.

SIR,

I Have performed a sufficient sacrifice to my reputation, in retaining hitherto the appearance of that resentment which I had long ago dismissed; and as the late favourable change in my situation impowers me to avow my genuine sentiments, without fear of censure, or suspicion of mercenary design, I take this opportunity to assure you, that if I still maintain that place in your heart, which I was vain enough to think I once possessed, I am willing to make the first advances to an accommodation; and have actually furnished my brother with full powers to conclude it in the name of your appeased

EMILIA.

Pickle, having kissed the subscription with great ardour, fell upon his knees, and lifting up his eyes—Thank Hea-

ven!" cried he with an air of transport, "I have not been mistaken in my opinion of that generous maid. I believed her inspired with the most dignified and heroick sentiments, and now she gives me a convincing proof of her magnanimity: it is now my business to approve myself worthy of her regard. May Heaven inflict upon me the keenest arrows of it's vengeance, if I do not, at this instant, contemplate the character of Emilia with the most perfect love and adoration! yet, amiable and enchanting as she is, I am, more than ever, determined to sacrifice the interest of my passion to my glory; though my life should fail in the contest; and even to refuse an offer, which, otherwise, the whole universe should not bribe me to forego."

This declaration was not so unexpected as unwelcome to his friend Gampet, who represented that his glory was not at all interested in the affair; because he had already vindicated his generosity, in repeated proffers to lay his whole fortune at Emilia's feet, when it was impossible that any thing selfish could enter into the proposal; but that, in rejecting her present purpose, he would give the world an opportunity to say that his pride was capricious, his obstinacy invincible, and his sister would have undeniable reason to believe, that either his passion for her was dissembled, or the ardour of it considerably abated.

In answer to these remonstrances, Pickle observed, that he had long set the world at defiance; and as to the opinion of Emilia, he did not doubt that she would applaud in her heart the resolution he had taken, and do justice to the purity of his intentions.

It was not an easy task to divert our hero from his designs at any time of life; but since his confinement his inflexibility was become almost insurmountable. The captain, therefore, after having discharged his conscience, in assuring him that his sister's happiness was at stake, that his mother had approved of the step she had taken, and that he himself should be extremely mortified at his refusal, forbore to press him with farther argument, which served only to liver him the more strongly in his own opinion; and undertook to deliver this answer to Emilia's letter.

MADAM,

MADAM,
THAT I revere the dignity of your virtue with the utmost veneration, and love you infinitely more than life, I am at all times ready to demonstrate; but the sacrifice to honour it is now my turn to pay; and such is the rigour of my destiny, that, in order to justify your generosity, I must refuse to profit by your condescension. Madam, I am doomed to be for ever wretched, and to sigh without ceasing for the possession of that jewel, which, though now in my offer, I dare not enjoy. I shall not pretend to express the anguish that tears my heart, whilst I communicate this fatal renunciation; but appeal to the delicacy of your own sentiments, which can judge of my sufferings, and will, doubtless, do justice to the self-denial of your forlorn

P. PICKLE.

Emilia, who knew the nicety of our hero's pride, had foreseen the purport of this epistle before it came to her hands; she did not therefore despair of success, nor desist from the prosecution of her plan, which was no other than that of securing her own happiness, in espousing the man upon whom she had fixed her unalterable affection. Confident of his honour, and fully satisfied of the mutual passion with which they were inspired, she gradually decoyed him into a literary correspondence, wherein she attempted to refute the arguments on which he grounded his refusal; and, without doubt, the young gentleman was not a little pleased with the enjoyment of such delightful commerce, in the course of which he had (more than ever) an opportunity of admiring the poignancy of her wit, and the elegance of her understanding.

The contemplation of such excellence, while it strengthened the chains with which she held him enslaved, added emulation to the other motives that induced him to maintain the dispute; and much subtlety of reasoning was expended upon both sides of this very particular question, without any prospect of conviction on either part; till at last she began to despair of making him a proselyte to her opinion by dint of argument, and resolved for the future to apply herself chiefly to the irresistible prepossessions of his love, which were not

at all diminished or impaired by the essays of her pen. With this view she proposed a conference, pretending that it was impossible to convey all her reflections upon this subject in a series of short letters; and Godfrey undertook to bail him for the day: but, conscious of her power, he would not trust himself in her presence, though his heart throbbed with all the eagerness of desire to see her, fair eyes disrobed of that resentment which they had worn so long, and to enjoy the ravishing sweets of a fond reconciliation.

Nature could not have held out against such powerful attacks, had not the pride and caprice of his disposition been gratified to the full in the triumph of his resistance; he looked upon the contest as altogether original, and persevered with obstinacy, because he thought himself sure of favourable terms, whenever he should be disposed to capitulate. Perhaps he might have over-shot himself in the course of his perseverance: a young lady of Emilia's fortune and attractions could not fail to find herself surrounded by temptations which few women can resist. She might have misinterpreted the meaning of some paragraph, or taken umbrage at an unguarded expression in one of Peregrine's letters; she might have been tired out by his obstinate peculiarity; or, at the long run, construed it into madness, slight, or indifference; or, rather than waste her prime in fruitless endeavours to subdue the pride of an headstrong humourist, she might have listened to the voice of some admirer fraught with qualifications sufficient to engage her esteem and affection. But all these possibilities were providentially prevented by an accident, attended with more important consequences than any we have hitherto recounted.

Early one morning, Pipes was disturbed by the arrival of a messenger, who had been sent express from the country by Mr. Clover, with a packet for the lieutenant, and arrived in town over night; but as he was obliged to have recourse to the information of Jack's correspondent in the city, touching the place of his abode, before he demanded entrance at the Fleet, the gate was shut; nor would the turnkeys admit him, although he told them that he was charged with a message of the utmost consequence; so that he was fain to tarry til

day break, when he, at his earnest solicitation, was allowed to enter.

Hatchway, opening the packet, found a letter inclosed for Peregrine, with an earnest request that he should forward it to the hands of that young gentleman with all possible dispatch. Jack, who could not dive into the meaning of this extraordinary injunction, began to imagine that Mrs. Clover lay at the point of death, and wanted to take her last farewell of her brother; and this conceit worked so strongly upon his imagination, that, while he huddled on his cloaths, and made the best of his way to the apartment of our hero, he could not help cursing, within himself, the folly of the husband in sending such disagreeable messages to a man of Peregrine's impatient temper, already soured by his own uneasy situation.

This reflection would have induced him to suppress the letter, had not he been afraid to tamper with the ticklish disposition of his friend, to whom, while he delivered it, 'As for my own part,' said he, 'mayhap I may have as much natural affection as another; but, when my spouse parted, I bore my misfortune like a British man and a Christian: for, why? he's no better than a fresh-water sailor, who knows not how to stem the current of mischance.'

Pickle being waked from a pleasant dream, in which the fair Emilia was principally concerned, and hearing this strange preamble, sat up in his bed, and unsealed the letter in a state of mortification and disgust; but what were the emotions of his soul, when he read the following intimation!

DEAR BROTHER,

IT hath pleased God to take your father suddenly off by a fit of apoplexy; and he has died intestate. I give you this notice, that you may, with all speed, come down and take possession of your right in despite of Master Gam and his mother, who, you may be sure, do not sit easily under this unexpected dispensation of Providence. I have, by virtue of being justice of the peace, taken such precautions as I thought necessary for your advantage; and the funeral shall be deferred until your pleasure be known. Your sister, though severely

afflicted by her father's fate, submits to the will of Heaven with laudable resignation, and begs you will set out for this place without delay; in which request she is joined by, Sir, your affectionate brother, and humble servant,

CHARLES CLOVER.

Peregrine, at first, looked upon this epistle as a mere illusion of the brain, and a continuation of the reverie in which he had been engaged. He read it ten times over, without being persuaded that he was actually awake; he rubbed his eyes, and shook his head, in order to shake off the drowsy vapours that surrounded him; he hemm'd thrice with great vociferation, snapped his fingers, tweaked his nose, started up from his bed; and opening the casement, took a survey of the well-known objects that appeared on each side of his habitation. Every thing seemed congruous and connected, and he said, within himself, 'Sure this is the most distinct dream that ever sleep produced.' Then he had recourse again to the paper, which he carefully perused, without finding any variation from his first notion of the contents.

Hatchway, seeing all his extravagancies of action, accompanied with a wild stare of distraction, began to believe that his head was at length fairly turned, and was really meditating means for securing his person; when Pickle, in a tone of surprise, exclaimed, 'Good God! am I or am I not awake?'—'Why look ye, Cousin Pickle,' replied the lieutenant, 'that is a question which the cap sea-line of my understanding is not long enough to sound; but, howsoever, tho' I can't trust to the observation I have taken, it shall go hard but I will fall upon a way to guess whereabouts we are.' So saying, he lifted up a pitcher full of cold water, that stood behind the outward door, and discharged it in the face of Peregrine without ceremony or hesitation.

This remedy produced the desired effect: unpalatable as it was, the young gentleman no sooner recovered his breath, which was endangered by such a sudden application, than he thanked his friend Jack for the seasonable operation he had performed. Having no longer any just reason to doubt the reality of what appeared so convincingly to his senses, he

stified

disf himself on the instant, not without hurry and trepidation; and putting on his morning dress, sallied forth to the *Bar*, in order to deliberate with himself on the important intelligence he had received.

Hatchway, not yet fully convinced of his sanity, and curious to know the purport of the letter, which had affected him in such an extraordinary manner, carefully attended his footsteps in this excursion, in hope of being favoured with his confidence in the course of their perambulation. Our hero no sooner appeared at the street-door, than he was saluted by the messenger, who having posted himself in the way for that purpose, 'God bless your noble honour, Squire Pickle,' cried he, 'and give you joy of succeeding to your father's estate!' These words had scarce proceeded from his mouth, when the lieutenant, hopping eagerly towards the countryman, squeezed his hand with great affection, and asked if the old gentleman had actually taken his departure. 'Aye, Master Hatchway,' replied the other, 'in such a woundy haste, that he forgot to make a will.'—'Body of me!' exclaimed the seaman, 'these are the best tidings I have heard since I first went to sea. Here, my lad, take my purse, and stow thyself chocque full of the best liquor in the land.' So saying, he tipped the peasant with ten pieces, and immediately the whole place echoed with the sound of Tom's instrument. Peregrine, repa'ing to the walk, communicated the billet to his honest friend, who at his desire went forthwith to the lodgings of Captain Gauntlet, and returned in less than half an hour with that gentleman, who (I need not say) was heartily rejoiced at the occasion.

CH A P. XIX.

PEREGRINE HOLDS A CONSULTATION WITH HIS FRIENDS, IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH HE BIDS ADIEU TO THE FLEET. HE ARRIVES AT HIS FATHER'S HOUSE, AND ASSERTS HIS RIGHT OF INHERITANCE.

NOR did our hero keep the prison-thrope in ignorance of this happy turn of fortune: Pipes was dispatched

to the senior with a message, requesting his immediate presence; and he accordingly appeared, in obedience to the summons, growling with discontent, for having been deprived of several hours of his natural rest. His mouth was immediately stopped with the letter, at which he *smiled horrible a ghastly grin*; and, after a compliment of congratulation, they entered into close divan, about the measures to be taken in consequence of this event.

There was no room for much debate: it was unanimously agreed, that Pickle should set out with all possible dispatch for the garrison, to which Gauntlet and Hatchway resolved to attend him. Pipes was accordingly ordered to prepare a couple of post-chaises, while Godfrey went to procure bail for his friend, and provide them with money for the expense of the expedition, but not before he was desired by Peregrine to conceal this piece of news from his sister, that our youth might have an opportunity to surprize her in a more interesting manner, after he should have settled his affairs.

All these previous steps being taken, in less than an hour our hero took his leave of the Fleet, after he had left twenty guineas with the warden for the relief of the poor prisoners, a great number of whom convoyed him to the gate, pouring forth prayers for his long life and prosperity; and he took the road to the garrison, in the most elevated transports of joy, unallayed with the least mixture of grief at the death of a parent whose paternal tenderness he had never known. His breast was absolutely a stranger to that boasted *Stoïcisme*, or instinct of affection, by which the charities are supposed to subsist.

Of all the journeys he had ever made, this, sure, was the most delightful: he felt all the extasy that must naturally be produced in a young man of his imagination from such a sudden transition in point of circumstance; he found himself delivered from confinement and disgrace, without being obliged to any person upon earth for his deliverance; he had it now in his power to retort the contempt of the world in a manner suited to his most sanguine wish; he was reconciled to his friend, and enabled to gratify his love, even upon his own terms; and saw himself in possession of a fortune more ample than his first inheritance,

heritance, with a stock of experience that would steer him clear of all those quicksands, among which he had been formerly wrecked.

In the middle of their journey, while they halted at an inn for a short refreshment and change of horses, a postilion running up to Peregrine in the yard, fell at his feet, clasped his knees with great eagerness and agitation, and presented to him the individual face of his old valet de chambre. The youth perceiving him in such an abject garb and attitude, commanded him to rise and tell the cause of such a miserable reverse in his fortune. Upon which Hadgi gave him to understand, that he had been ruined by his wife, who having robbed him of all his cash and valuable effects, had eloped from his house with one of his own customers; who appeared in the character of a French count, but was in reality no other than an Italian fidler; that, in consequence of this retreat, he (the husband) was disabled from paying a considerable sum which he had set apart for his wise-merchant; who being disappointed in his expectation, took out an execution against his effects; and the rest of his creditors following his example, hunted him out of house and home: so that finding his person in danger at London, he had been obliged to escape into the country, skulking about from one village to another, till being quite destitute of all support, he had undertaken his present office, to save himself from starving.

Peregrine listened with compassion to his lamentable tale, which too well accounted for his not appearing in the Fleet, with offers of service to his master in distress; a circumstance that Pickle had all along imputed to his avarice and ingratrode. He assured him, that as he had been the means of throwing in his way the temptation to which he fell a sacrifice, he would charge himself with the retrieval of his affairs; in the mean time, he made him taste of his bounty, and desired him to continue in his present employment until he should return from the garrison, when he would consider his situation, and do something for his immediate relief.

Hadgi attempted to kiss his shoes, and wept, or affected to weep, with thankfulness at this gracious reception; he even made a merit of his unwillingness to ex-

ercise his new occupation; and earnestly begged that he might be allowed to give immediate attendance upon his dear master, from whom he could not bear the thoughts of a second parting. His intreaties were reinforced by the intercession of his two friends, in consequence of which the Swiss was permitted to follow them at his own leisure, while they set forwards after a slight repast, and reached the place of their destination before ten o'clock at night.

Peregrine, instead of alighting at the garrison, rode straightway to his father's house; and no person appearing to receive him, not even a servant to take care of his chaise, he dismounted without assistance. Being followed by his two friends, he advanced into the hall, where perceiving a bell-rope, he made immediate application to it in such a manner as brought a couple of footmen into his presence. After having reprimanded them with a stern look, for their neglect in point of attendance, he commanded them to shew him into an apartment; and as they seemed unwilling to yield obedience to his orders, asked if they did not belong to the family.

One of them, who took upon himself the office of spokesman, replied with a sullen air, that they had been in the service of old Mr. Pickle, and now that he was dead, thought themselves bound to obey nobody but their lady, and her son Mr. Gamaliel. This declaration had scarce proceeded from his mouth, when our hero gave them to understand, that since they were not disposed to own any other master, they must change their quarters immediately. He ordered them to decamp without farther preparation; and as they still continued resolute, they were kicked out of doors by the captain and his friend Hatchway. Squire Gam, who overheard every thing that passed, and was now more than ever inflamed with that rancour which he had sucked with his mother's milk, flew to the assistance of his adherents, with a pistol in each hand, bellowing, 'Thieves! thieves!' with great vociferation, as if he had mistaken the business of the strangers; and actually believed himself in danger of being robbed. Under this pretence he discharged a piece at his brother, who luckily escaped the shot, cloaked with him in a moment, and wrest-

ing the other pistol from his gripe, turned him out into the court-yard, to the consolation of his two dependents.

By this time, Pipes and the two postillions had taken possession of the stables, without being opposed by the coachman and his deputy, who quietly submitted to the authority of their new sovereign: but the noise of the pistol had alarmed Mrs. Pickle, who running down stairs with the most frantick appearance, attended by two maids and the curate, who still maintained his place of chaplain and ghostly director in the family, would have assaulted our hero with her nails, had she not been restrained by her attendants. Though they prevented her from using her hands, they could not hinder her from exercising her tongue, which she wagged against him with all the virulence of malice. She asked, if he was come to butcher his brother, to insult his father's corpse, and triumph in her affliction; she bestowed upon him the epithets of spendthrift, gaol-bird, and unnatural ruffian; she begged pardon of God for having brought such a monster into the world; accused him of having brought his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; and affirmed, that were he to touch the body, it would bleed at his approach.

Without pretending to refute the articles of this ridiculous charge, he allowed her to ring out her alarm; and then calmly replied, that if she did not quietly retire to her chamber, and behave as became a person in her present situation, he should insist upon her removing to another lodging without delay; for he was determined to be master in his own family. The lady, who in all probability expected that he would endeavour to appease her with all the tenderness of filial submission, was so much exasperated at his cavalier behaviour, that her constitution could not support the transports of her spirits; and she was carried off by her women in a fit, while the officious clergyman was dismissed after his pupil, with all the circumstances of disgrace.

Our hero having thus made his quarters good, took possession of the best apartment in the house, and sent notice of his arrival to Mr. Clover; who, with his wife, visited him in less than an hour, and was not a little surprized to find him so suddenly settled in his father's house. The meeting of Julia

and her brother was extremely pathetick. She had always loved him with uncommon tenderness, and looked upon him as the ornament of her family; but she had heard of his extravagancies with regret; and though she considered the stories that were circulated at his expense, as the malicious exaggerations of his mother and her darling son, her apprehension had been grievously alarmed by an account of his imprisonment and distress, which had been accidentally conveyed to that country by a gentleman from London, who had been formerly of his acquaintance; she could not, therefore, without the most tender emotions of joy, see him, as it were, restored to his rightful inheritance, and re-established in that station of life which she thought he could fill with dignity and importance.

After their mutual expressions of affection, she retired to her mother's chamber, with a view to make a second offer of her service and attendance, which had been already rejected with scorn since her father's death; while Peregrine consulted his brother-in-law about the affairs of the family, so far as they had fallen within his cognizance and observation.

Mr. Clover told him, that though he was never favoured with the confidence of the defunct, he knew some of his intimates, who had been tampered with by Mrs. Pickle, and even engaged to second the remonstrances by which she had often endeavoured to persuade her husband to settle his affairs by a formal will; but that he had from time to time evaded their importunities with surprising excuses of procrastination, that plainly appeared to be the result of invention and design, far above the supposed pitch of his capacity: a circumstance from which Mr. Clover concluded, that the old gentleman imagined his life would not have been secure, had he once taken such a step as would have rendered it unnecessary to the independence of his second son. He moreover observed, that in consequence of this information, he no sooner heard of Mr. Pickle's death, which happened at the club, than he went directly with a lawyer to his house, before any cabal or conspiracy could be formed against the rightful heir; and, in presence of witnesses provided for the purpose, sealed up all the papers of the deceased, after this

the widow had, in the first transports of her sorrow and vexation, fairly owned that her husband had died intestate.

Peregrine was extremely well satisfied with this intelligence, by which all his doubts were dispelled; and having cheerfully supped with his friends on a cold collation which his brother-in-law had brought in his chariot, they retired to rest, in different chambers; after Julia had met with another repulse from her capricious mother, whose overflowing rage had now subsided into the former channel of calm inveteracy.

Next morning the house was supplied with some servants from the garrison; and preparations were made for the funeral of the deceased. Gam having taken lodgings in the neighbourhood, came with a chaise and cart to demand his mother, together with his own cloaths, and her personal effects.

Our hero, though he would not suffer him to enter the door, allowed his proposal to be communicated to the widow, who eagerly embraced the opportunity of removing; and was, with her own baggage, and that of her beloved-son, conveyed to the place which he had prepared for her reception. Thither she was followed by her woman, who was desired by Peregrine to assure her mistress, that, until a regular provision could be settled upon her, she might command him in point of money, or any other accommodation in his power.

CHAP. XX.

HE PERFORMS THE LAST OFFICES TO HIS FATHER, AND RETURNS TO LONDON UPON A VERY INTERESTING DESIGN.

SUITS of mourning being provided for himself, his friends, and adherents, and every other previous measure taken suitable to the occasion, his father was interred in a private manner in the parish church; and his papers being examined, in presence of many persons of honour and integrity invited for that purpose, no will was found, or any other deed, in favour of the second son, though it appeared by the marriage-settlement, that the widow was intitled to a jointure of five hundred pounds a year. The rest of his papers consisted

of East India bonds, South Sea annuities, mortgages, notes, and assignments, to the amount of fourscore thousand seven hundred and sixty pounds, exclusive of the house, plate and furniture, horses, equipage and cattle, with the garden and park adjacent, to a very considerable extent.

This was a sum that even exceeded his expectation, and could not fail to entertain his fancy with the most agreeable ideas. He found himself immediately a man of vast consequence among his country neighbours, who visited him with compliments of congratulation, and treated him with such respect as would have effectually spoiled any young man of his disposition, who had not the same advantages of experience as he had already purchased at a very extravagant price. Thus shielded with caution, he bore his prosperity with surprizing temperance; every body was charmed with his affability and moderation. When he made a circuit round the gentlemen of the district, in order to repay the courtesy which he owed, he was caressed by them with uncommon assiduity, and advised to offer himself as a candidate for the county at the next election, which they supposed would soon happen, because the present member was in a declining state of health. Not did his person and address escape unheeded by the ladies, many of whom did not scruple to spread their attractions before him, with a view of captivating such a valuable prize: nay, such an impression did this legacy make upon a certain peer, who resided in this part of the country, that he cultivated Pickle's acquaintance with great eagerness; and, without circumlocution, offered to him in marriage his only daughter, with a very considerable fortune.

Our hero expressed himself upon this occasion as became a man of honour, sensibility, and politeness; and frankly gave his lordship to understand, that his heart was already engaged. He was pleased with the opportunity of making such a sacrifice to his passion for Emilia, which, by this time, inflamed his thoughts to such a degree of impatience, that he resolved to depart for London with all possible speed; and for that purpose industriously employed almost every hour of his time in regulating his domestick affairs. He paid off all his father's servants, and hired others, at

the recommendation of his sister, who promised to superintend his household in his absence: he advanced the first half-yearly payment of his mother's jointure; and as for his brother Gam, he gave him divers opportunities of acknowledging his faults, so as that he might have answered to his own conscience for taking any step in his favour; but that young gentleman was not yet sufficiently humbled by misfortune, and not only forbore to make any overtures of peace, but also took all occasions to slander the conduct and revile the person of our hero, being in this practice comforted and abetted by his righteous mamma.

Every thing being thus settled for the present, the triumvirate set out on their return to town in the same manner with that in which they had arrived in the country, except in this small variation, that Hunchway's chaise-companion was now the valet de chambre resitted, instead of Pipes, who, with another lacquey, attended them on horseback. When they had performed two-thirds of their way to London, they chanced to overtake a country squire, on his return from a visit to one of his neighbours, who had entertained him with such hospitality, that (as the lieutenant observed) he rolled himself almost gunwale to every motion of his horse, which was a fine hunter: and when the chaises passed him at full speed he set up the sportsman's halloo, in a voice that sounded like a French-horn, clapping spurs to Sorrel at the same time, in order to keep up with the pace of the machine.

Peregrine, who was animated with an uncommon flow of spirits, ordered his postilion to proceed more softly; and entered into conversation with the stranger, touching the make and mettle of his horse, upon which he descanted with so much learning, that the squire was astonished at his knowledge. When they approached his habitation, he invited the young gentleman and his company to halt, and drink a bottle of his ale; and was so pressing in his solicitation, that they complied with his request. He accordingly conducted them through a spacious avenue, that extended as far as the highway, to the gate of a large chateau, of a most noble and venerable appearance, which induced them to alight and view the apartments,

contrary to their first intention of drinking a glass of his October at the door.

The rooms were every way suitable to the magnificence of the outside, and our hero imagined they had made a tour through the whole sweep, when the landlord gave him to understand, that they had not yet seen the best apartment of the house, and immediately led them into a spacious dining-room, which Peregrine did not enter without giving manifest signs of uncommon astonishment. The pannels all round were covered with portraits, all at length, by Vandyke; and not one of them appeared without a ridiculous tye periwig, in the style of those that usually hang over the shops of two-penny barbers. The strait boots in which the figures had been originally painted, and the other circumstances of attitude and foppery, so inconsistent with this monstrous furniture of the head, exhibited such a ludicrous appearance, that Pickle's wonder, in a little time, gave way to his mirth, and he was seized with a violent fit of laughter which had well nigh deprived him of his breath.

The squire, half pleased and half offended at this expression of ridicule, 'I know,' said he, 'what makes you laugh so woefully: you think it strange to see my wofathers booted and spurred, with huge three-tailed periwigs on their pates. The truth of the matter is this; I could not abide to see the pictures of my family with a parcel of loose hair hanging about their eyes, like so many colts; and so I employed a painter yellow from London to clap decent periwigs upon their skulls, at the rate of five shillings a head, and offered him three shillings a-piece to furnish each with an handsome pair of shoes and stockings: but the rascal, thinking I must have 'em done at any price after their heads were covered, haggled with me for your shillings a picture; and so rather than be imposed upon, I turned him off, and shall let 'em stand as they are, till some more reasonable brother of the brush comes round the country.'

Pickle commended his resolution, though in his heart he blessed himself from such a barbarous Goth; and, after they had dispatched two or three bottles of his beer, they proceeded on their journey.

ney, and arrived in town about eleven at night.

CHAP. XXI.

HE ENJOYS AN INTERVIEW WITH EMILIA, AND MAKES HIMSELF AMPLE AMENDS FOR ALL THE MORTIFICATIONS OF HIS LIFE.

GODFREY, who had taken leave of his sister, on pretence of making a short excursion with Peregrine, whose health required the enjoyment of fresh air after his long confinement, sent a message to her that same night, announcing his arrival, and giving her notice that he would breakfast with her next morning; when he and our hero, who had dressed himself for the purpose, taking a hackney-coach, repaired to her lodging, and were introduced into a parlour adjoining to that in which the tea-table was set. Here they had not waited many minutes, when they heard the sound of feet coming down stairs; upon which our hero's heart began to beat the alarm. He concealed himself behind the screen, by the direction of his friend, whose ears being saluted with Sophy's voice from the next room, he flew into it with great ardour, and enjoyed upon her lips the sweet transports of a meeting so unexpected; for he had left her in her father's house at Windsor.

Amidst these emotions, he had almost forgot the situation of Peregrine; when Emilia, assuming an enchanting air, 'Is not this,' said she, 'a most provoking scene to a young woman like me, who am doomed to wear the willow by the strange caprice of my lover? Upon my word, brother, you have done me infinite prejudice, in promoting this jaynt with my obstinate correspondents; who, I suppose, is so ravished with his transient glimpse of liberty, that he will never be persuaded to incur unnecessary confinement for the future.'—'My dear sister,' replied the captain, tauntingly, 'your own pride set him the example, so you must e'en stand to the consequence of his imitation.'—'It is a hard case,' however, answered the fair offender, 'that I should suffer all my life, by one venial trespass. Heigh-ho! who would imagine that a sprightly

girl, such as I, with ten thousand pounds, should go a begging? I have a good mind to marry the next person that asks me the question, in order to be revenged upon this unyielding humourist. Did the dear fellow discover no inclination to see me in all the term of his releasement? Well, if ever I can catch the fugitive again, he shall sing in his cage for life.'

It is impossible to convey to the reader a just idea of Peregrine's transports, while he overheard this declaration; which was no sooner pronounced, than, unable to resist the impetuosity of his passion, he sprung from his lurking-place, exclaiming—'Here I surrender!' and rushing into her presence, was so dazzled with her beauty, that his speech failed; he was fixed, like a statue, to the floor, and all his faculties were absorbed in admiration. Indeed, she was now in the full bloom of her charms, and it was nearly impossible to look upon her without emotion. What then must have been the extasy of our youth, whose passion was whetted with all the incitements which could stimulate the human heart! The ladies screamed with surprize at his appearance, and Emilia underwent such agitation as flushed every charm with irresistible energy: her cheeks glowed with a most delicate suffusion, and her bosom heaved with such bewitching undulation, that the cambrick could not conceal or contain the snowy hemispheres that rose like a vision of paradise to his view.

While he was almost fainting with unutterable delight, she seemed ready to sink under the tumults of tenderness and confusion; when our hero, perceiving her condition, obeyed the impulse of his love, and circled the charmer in his arms, without suffering the least frown or symptom of displeasure. Not all the pleasures of his life had amounted to the ineffable joy of this embrace, in which he continued for some minutes totally entranced. He fastened upon her pouting lips with all the eagerness of rapture; and, while his brain seemed to whirl round with transport, exclaimed in a delirium of bliss, 'Heaven and earth! this is too much to bear.'

His imagination was accordingly relieved, and his attention in some measure divided, by the interposition of Sophy, who kindly chid him for his having overlooked his old friends thus accosted,

accosted, he quitted his delicious armful, and saluting Mrs. Gauntlet, asked pardon for his neglect; observing that such rudeness was excusable, considering the long and unhappy exile which he had suffered from the jewel of his soul. Then turning to Emilia, 'I am come, Madam,' said he, 'to claim the performance of your promise, which I can produce under your own fair hand: you may, therefore, lay aside all superfluous ceremony and shyness, and crown my happiness without farther delay; for, upon my soul! my thoughts are wound up to the last pitch of expectation, and I shall certainly run distracted if I am doomed to any term of probation.'

His mistress having by this time recollected herself, replied with a most exhilarating smile, 'I ought to punish you for your obstinacy with the mortification of a twelvemonth's trial; but 'tis dangerous to tamper with an admirer of your disposition; and therefore I think I must make sure of you while it is in my power.'—'You are willing, then, to take me for better or worse in presence of Heaven and these witnesses?' cried Peregrine kneeling, and applying her hand to his lips. At this interrogation, her features softened into an amazing expression of condescending love: and whilst she darted a side-glance that thrilled to his marrow, and heaved a sigh more soft than Zephyr's balmy wing, her answer was, 'Why—aye—and Heaven grant me patience to bear the humours of such a yoke-fellow.'—'And may the same powers,' replied the youth, 'grant me life and opportunity to manifest the immensity of my love! Meanwhile, I have eighty thousand pounds, which shall be laid immediately in your lap.'

So saying, he sealed the contract upon her lips, and explained the mystery of his last words, which had begun to operate upon the wonder of the two sisters. Sophy was agreeably surprized with the account of his good fortune; nor was it, in all probability, unacceptable to the lovely Emilia; though, from this information, she took an opportunity to upbraid her admirer with the inflexibility of his pride, which (she scrupled not to say) would have baffled all the suggestions of his passion, had not it been gratified by this providential event.

Matters being thus happily matured,

the lover begged that immediate recourse might be had to the church, and his happiness ascertained before night. But the bride objected, with great vehemence, to such precipitation, being desirous of her mother's presence at the ceremony; and she was seconded in her opinion by her brother's wife. Peregrine, maddening with desire, assailed her with the most earnest intreaties, representing, that as her mother's consent was already obtained, there was surely no necessity for a delay, that must infallibly make a dangerous impression upon his brain and constitution. He fell at her feet in all the agony of impatience; swore that his life and intellects would actually be in jeopardy by her refusal; and when she attempted to argue him out of his demand, began to rave with such extravagance, that Sophy was frightened into conviction: and Godfrey enforcing the remonstrances of his friend, the amiable Emilia was teased into compliance.

After breakfast the bridegroom and his companion set out for the Commons for a licence, having first agreed upon the house at which the ceremony should be performed, in the lodgings of the bride: and the permission being obtained, they found means to engage a clergyman, who undertook to attend them at their own time and place. Then a ring was purchased for the occasion; and they went in search of the lieutenant, with whom they dined at a tavern, and not only made him acquainted with the steps they had taken, but desired that he would stand godfather to the bride: an employment which Jack accepted with demonstrations of particular satisfaction; till chancing to look into the street, and seeing Cadwallader approach the door, in consequence of a message they had sent to him by Pipes, he declined the office in favour of the senior; who was accordingly ordained for that purpose, on the supposition that such a mark of regard might facilitate his concurrence with a match, which otherwise he would certainly oppose, as he was a professed enemy to wedlock, and as yet ignorant of Peregrine's intention.

After having congratulated Pickle upon his succession, and shook his two friends by the hand, the misanthrope asked whose mare was dead, that he was summoned in such a plaguy hurry from his dinner, which he had been fain to

gobble up like a cannibal. Our hero gave him to understand, that they had made an appointment to drink tea with two agreeable ladies, and were unwilling that he should lose the opportunity of enjoying an entertainment which he loved so much. Crabtree, shrivelling up his face like an autumn leaf at this intimation, cursed his complaisance, and swore they should keep their assignation without him, for he and lechery had shook hands many years ago.

The bridegroom, however, likening him unto an old coachman who still delights in the smack of the whip, and dropping some flattering hints of his manhood even at these years, he was gradually prevailed upon to accompany them to the place of rendezvous; where, being ushered into a dining-room, they had not waited three minutes, when they were joined by the parson, who had observed the hour with great punctuality.

This gentleman no sooner entered the room, than Cadwallader, in a whisper to Gauntlet, asked if that was not the cock-bawd; and before the captain could make any reply, "What an unconscionable whore-master the rogue is!" said he, "scarcely discharged from confinement, and sweetened with a little fresh air, when he wenchies with a pimp in canonicals in his pay." The door again opened, and Emilia broke in upon them with such dignity of mien, and divinity of aspect, as inspired every spectator with astonishment and admiration. The lieutenant, who had not seen her since her charms were ripened into such perfection, expressed his wonder and approbation in an exclamation of, "Add's rocks! what a glorious galley!" and the misanthrope's visage was instantly metamorphosed into the face of a mountain goat. He licked his lips instinctively, snuffed the air, and squinted with a most horrible obliquity of vision.

The bride and her sister being seated, and Hatchway having renewed his acquaintance with the former, who recognized him with particular civility, Peregrine withdrew into another apartment with his friend Crabtree, to whom he imparted the design of this meeting, which the latter no sooner understood, than he attempted to retreat without partaking any other reply than that of, "Pshaw! rot your matrimony! can't

you put your neck in the noose without my being a witness of your folly!"

The young gentleman, in order to vanquish this barrier, stepped to the door of the next room, and begged the favour of speaking with Emilia, to whom he introduced the testy old bachelor, as one of his particular friends, who desired to have the honour of giving her away. The bewitching smile with which she received his salute, and granted his request, at once overcame the disapprobation of the misanthrope, who with a relaxation in his countenance, which had never been perceived before that instant, thanked her in the most polite terms, for such an agreeable mark of distinction. He accordingly led her into the dining-room, where the ceremony was performed without delay; and after the husband had asserted his prerogative on her lips, the whole company saluted her by the name of Mrs. Pickle.

I shall leave the sensible reader to judge what passed at this juncture, within the bosoms of the new-married couple. Peregrine's heart was fired with inexpressible ardour and impatience; while the transports of the bride were mingled with a dash of diffidence and apprehension. Gauntlet saw it would be too much for both, to bear their present tantalizing situation till night, without some amusement to divert their thoughts; and therefore proposed to pass part of the evening at the public entertainments in Marybone Gardens, which were at that time frequented by the best company in town. The scheme was relished by the discreet Sophy, who saw the meaning of the proposal, and the bride submitted to the persuasion of her sister; so that, after tea, two coaches were called, and Peregrine was forcibly separated from his charmer during the conveyance.

The new-married couple and their company having made shift to spend the evening, and supped on a slight collation in one of the boxes, Peregrine's patience was almost quite exhausted; and taking Godfrey aside, he imparted his intention to withdraw in private from the festivity of his friend Hatchway, who would otherwise retard his bliss with unseasonable impediments, which, at present, he could not possibly bear. Gauntlet, who sympathized with his impatience, undertook to intoxicate the

lieutenant

lieutenant with bumpers to the joy of the bride, and in the mean time desired Sophy to retire with his sister, under the auspices of Cadwallader, who promised to squire them home.

The ladies were accordingly conducted to the coach; and Jack proposed to the captain, that for the sake of the joke, the bridegroom should be plied with liquor in such a manner as would effectually disable him from enjoying the fruits of his good fortune for one night at least. Gauntlet seemed to relish the scheme, and they prevailed upon Pickle to accompany them to a certain tavern on pretence of drinking a farewell glass to a single life; there the bottle was circulated, till Hatchway's brain began to suffer innovation. As he had secured our hero's hat and sword, he felt no apprehension of an elopement, which however was effected; and the youth hastened on the wings of love to the arms of his enchanting bride. He found Crabtree in a parlour, waiting for his return, and disposed to entertain him with a lecture upon temperance; to which he paid very little attention, but ringing for Emilia's maid, desired to know if her mistress was abed. Being answered in the affirmative, he sent her up stairs to announce his arrival, undressed himself to a loose gown and slippers, and wishing the misanthrope good night, after having desired to see him next day, followed in person to the delicious scene, where he found her elegantly dished out, the fairest daughter of chastity and love.

When he approached, she was overwhelmed with confusion, and hid her lovely face from his transporting view. Mrs. Gauntlet, seeing his eyes kindled at the occasion, kissed her charming sister; who, throwing her snowy arms about her neck, would have detained her in the room, had not Peregrine gently disengaged her confidante from her embrace, and conducted her trembling to the door, which having bolted and barricadoed, he profited by his good fortune, and his felicity was perfect.

Next day he rose about noon, and found his three friends assembled, when he learned that Jack had fallen in his own snare, and been obliged to lie in the same tavern where he fell; a circumstance of which he was so much ashamed, that Peregrine and his wife

escaped many jokes, which he would have certainly cracked, had he not lain under the imputation of this disgrace. In half an hour after he came down, Mrs. Pickle appeared with Sophy, blushing like Aurora or the goddess of health, and sending forth emanations of beauty unparalleled, she was complimented upon her change of situation by all present, and by none more warmly than by old Crabtree, who declared himself so well satisfied with his friend's fortune, as to be almost reconciled to that institution, against which he had declaimed during the best part of his life.

An express was immediately dispatched to Mrs. Gauntlet, with an account of her daughter's marriage; a town house was hired, and a handsome equipage set up, in which the new-married pair appeared at all publick places, to the astonishment of our adventurer's fair-weather friends, and the admiration of all the world: for in point of figure, such another couple was not to be found in the whole united kingdom. Envy despaired, and Detraction was struck dumb, when our hero's new accession of fortune was consigned to the celebration of publick fame: Emilia attracted the notice of all observers, from the pert Templar to the sovereign himself, who was pleased to bestow eccliums upon the excellence of her beauty. Many persons of consequence, who had dropped the acquaintance of Peregrine in the beginning of his decline, now made open efforts to cultivate his friendship anew: but he discouraged all these advances with the most mortifying disdain; and one day, when the nobleman whom he had formerly obliged came up to him in the drawing-room, with the salutation of, 'Your servant,' 'Mr. Pickle!' he eyed him with a look of ineffable contempt; saying, 'I suppose your lordship is mistaken in your man!' and turned his head another way, in presence of the whole court.

When he had made a circuit round all the places frequented by the beau-monde, to the utter confusion of those against whom his resentment was kindled, paid off his debts, and settled his money matters in town, Hatchway was dismissed to the country, in order to prepare for the reception of his fair Emilia. In a few days after his departure, the whole company (Cadwallader himself included)

included) set out for his father's house, and in their way took up Mrs. Gauntlet the mother, who was, sincerely rejoiced to see our hero in the capacity of her son-in-law. From her habitation they proceeded homewards at an easy pace; and, amidst the acclamations of

the whole parish, entered their own house, where Emilia was received in the most tender manner by Mr. Clover's wife, who had provided every thing for her safe and accommodation, and next day surrendered unto her the management of her own household affairs,

FINIS.

2

MORAL TALES,

BY

M. MARMONTEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY C. DENNIS AND R. LLOYD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.



LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N° 13, Paternoster Row.

M DCC XCII.



ORIGINAL PREFACE.

HAVING been engaged some time since in writing upon comedy, I searched into nature for the rules and means of the art. This study led me to examine if it were true, as has been said, that all the great strokes of ridicule had been seized by Moliere, and the poets who have followed him.

In running over the canvas of society, I thought I perceived, that in the inexhaustible combinations of follies and extravagancies of all conditions, a man of genius might still find sufficient employment. I had even collected some observations to propose to young poets, when my friend, M. De Boissi, desired me to supply him with some pieces in prose, to insert in the *Mercure*. It came into my head to make use, in a tale, of one of the strokes in my collection; and I chose, by way of essay, the ridiculous pretension of being loved merely for one's self. This tale had all the success that such a trifle could have. My friend pressed me to give him a second. I proposed to myself to display the folly of those who use authority to bring a woman to reason; and I chose for an example a sultan and his slave, as being the two extremes of power and dependence. This fresh essay also succeeded; and, pleased with having hit the taste of the public in a species of writing which they deigned to look upon as new, I continued to exercise myself in it.

I shall say little concerning the style: when it is I that speak, I deliver myself up to the actual impression of the sentiment or image which I mean to present: my subject furnishes me with the manner. When I make my characters speak, all the art I employ is to fancy myself present at their conversation, and to write down what I imagine I hear. In general, the most simple imitation of nature, in the manners and language, is what I have endeavoured in these tales: if they have not this merit, they have none.

I proposed, some years since, under the article Dialogue in the *Encyclopedia*, to banish the *said he*, and *said she*, from lively and animated dialogue. I have made the experiment in these tales, and I think it has succeeded. This manner of rendering the narration more rapid is uncouth only at first; as soon as we are accustomed to it, it makes the talent of reading well appear with greater lustre.

The success which the story of Soliman has had upon the stage, as treated by a gentleman who writes with much ease and elegance, permits me to hope that the same use will be made of some of these little pictures of human life; and for the future I shall employ myself (as I have done in the three new tales, *The Good Husband*, *The Connoisseur*, and *School of Fathers*) in chusing stories easy to be brought upon the stage, in order to give authors less trouble.

MORAL TALES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

ALCIBIADES; OR, SELF.



NATURE and fortune seemed to have conspired towards the happiness of Alcibiades. Riches, talents, person, birth, the flower of youth, and of health; what titles for the possession of every foppery! Alcibiades had but one: he wanted to be loved for *himself* only. From the lightest coquette up to the greatest prude, he had seduced every female in Athens—but in loving him, was it really *himself* that they loved? This whimsical piece of delicacy seized him one morning as he was just come from paying his court to a prude: this is the moment for reflection. Alcibiades's thoughts turned upon what is called the *sentimental*, the *metaphysicals* of love. 'I am a pretty fool,' said he, 'to throw away my attention on a woman who perhaps loves me only for her own sake! I will know the truth of it, by all the gods! and if that be the case, she may look out among our prize-fighters for a lover to serve in my place.'

The charming prude, according to custom, still opposed some feeble resistance to the desires of Alcibiades. It was a dreadful affair! she could not even think of it without blushing! it was necessary to be smitten as deeply as she was, in order to come to such a resolution! She could have wished for all the world that he were less young and less pressing! Alcibiades took her at her word. 'I perceive, Madam,' said he, one day, 'that these compliments cost you dear. Well, I am determined to

'give you a proof of the most perfect love. Yes, I consent, since you will have it so, that our *souls* only may be united, and I give you my word that I will ask nothing more.'

The prude condemned this resolution with an air sufficient to have destroyed it. Alcibiades, however, kept to the text. She was surprized and piqued; but was obliged to dissemble.

The day following, every temptation which the most enchanting dishabille could afford was made use of. The liveliness of desire sparkled in her eyes; a voluptuous negligence in her air. The slightest covering, the most favourable disorder, every thing about her invited Alcibiades to forget himself. He perceived the snare. 'What a victory,' said he to her, 'Madam! what a victory have I now to gain over myself! I see plainly that Love is putting me to the trial, and I am glad of it. The delicacy of my sentiments shall appear with great lustre. These coverings, so thin and transparent; these couches of which Pleasure herself seems to have formed her throne; your beauty; my desires; how many enemies are these to subdue! Ulysses could not have escaped them; Hercules would have fallen before them. I will be wiser than Ulysses, and less frail than Hercules. Yes, I will convince you, that the single pleasure of loving can take place of all other pleasures.'—'You are a charming creature,' said she; and I may pride myself in having a very extraordinary lover! all I dread is, lest your passion should be weaken-

ed by it's rigour. — On the contrary, interrupted Alcibiades briskly, it will only become the more ardent.

— But, my dear child, you are young; there are moments when we are not masters of ourselves; and I should think your fidelity in great danger, if I were to deliver you up to your desires. — Be easy, Madam, I will be answerable for every thing. If I can conquer my desires towards you, who is there towards whom I shall not be master of them? — You promise me, at least, said she, that if they become too violent, you will fairly confess it? Do not let any mistaken bashfulness restrain you. Do not pique yourself on keeping your word with me: there is nothing I would not sooner pardon you, than an instance of infidelity. — Yes, Madam, I will confess my weakness to you with the greatest sincerity in the world, whenever I am ready to yield to it: but suffer me, at least, to try my own strength; I feel that it will yet go a great way, and I hope that love will give me new force. The prude was now quite enraged; but, without giving herself the bye, she could not complain. She still checked herself, in hopes that on a new trial Alcibiades would give way. He received the day after, as soon as he awoke, a billet conceived in these terms —

I Have passed a most cruel night; I come to see me! I cannot live without you!

He arrives at the prude's. Her window-curtains were but half open: a gentle day stole into the apartment on waves of purple. The prude was yet in a bed strewn with roses. Come, said she to him, with a plaintive voice; come, and ease my inquietudes. A frightful dream has disturbed me all night. I thought I saw you at the feet of a rival. Oh! I shudder at it even yet! I have already told you, Alcibiades, that I cannot live under the apprehensions of your proving unfaithful; my misfortune would be the more cutting, as I should myself be the cause; and I would at least have nothing to reproach myself. It is in vain for you to promise me that you will subdue yourself; you are too young to be able to do so long. Do I

not know you? I perceive that I have required too much of you; I am sensible that it is both imprudent and cruel to impose such hard terms on you. As she spoke these words with the most touching air in the world, Alcibiades threw himself at her feet. I am very unhappy, Madam, said he, if you have not a sufficient esteem for me, to believe me capable of attaching myself to you by the ties of sentiment only! After all, of what have I deprived myself? Of that which is a dishonour to love. I blush to see that you set any value on such a sacrifice. But were it as great as you imagine it, I should but have the more glory. —

No, my dear Alcibiades, said the prude, giving him at the same time her hand, I wish not for a sacrifice that costs you so dear: I am too well assured, and too much pleased, with the pure and delicate love you have so fully testified for me. Be happy; I consent to it. — I am so, Madam, cried he, in the pleasure of living for you. Cease to suspect and complain of me; you see before you the most faithful, most tender, and most respectful of lovers. — And the foolish-est! interrupted she, drawing the curtains roughly, and calling to her slaves. Alcibiades sallied out in a rage, to find that he had been loved only like another man, and fully resolved never more to see a woman who had taken him merely for her own pleasure. It is not thus, said he, that we love in the age of innocence; and if the young Glycerium should feel for me what her eyes seem to declare, I am very certain it must be love in it's utmost purity.

Glycerium, just fifteen years, began already to excite the wishes of the handsomest young men. Let us form to ourselves the image of a rose-bud just opening; such were the freshness and splendor of her beauty.

Alcibiades presented himself, and his rivals disappeared. It was not yet the custom at Athens to marry, in order to hate and despise one another the next day; but they gave the young folks time, before wedlock, to see and converse with each other with a becoming freedom: the young ladies did not commit the care of their virtue to their guardians; they were discreet of themselves. Modesty did not begin to make a feeble resistance, till after it was robbed

added of the honours of victory. Glycerium made the handsomest defence. Alcibiades omitted nothing to surprize or win her. He extolled the young Athenian lady for her talents, her graces, her beauty; he made her perceive, in every thing she said, a refinement she never meant to give it, and a delicacy of which she had not so much as thought. What a pity, that with so many charms she was not endued with a sensible heart! 'I adore you,' said he to her; 'and I am happy if you love me.' Do not be afraid to tell me so; an ingenious candour is the virtue peculiar to your age. It is vain that they have given the name of prudence to dissimulation: that beautiful mouth is not made to disguise the sentiments of your heart; let it rather be the organ of Love, since it was for himself that he formed it. — If you would have me be sincere, replied Glycerium, with a modestly mingled with tenderness, I content me at least that I may be so without blushing. I would not disguise the sentiments of my heart, neither would I violate my duty; and I should betray either the one or the other, if I were to say more.' Glycerium wished that their marriage should be agreed upon before she explained herself. Alcibiades wanted her to explain herself before they should think of marriage. 'It will be a fine time, indeed,' said he, 'to assure me of your love, when marriage shall have made it a duty, and I shall have reduced you to the necessity of confessing; it is now that you are free, that it would please me to hear from that mouth the disinterested confession of a natural and pure sentiment.' — Well, then, be content, and reproach me not with wanting a sensible heart; it has at least been so since I have seen you. I esteem you sufficiently to trust you with the secret of my heart; but now it has escaped me, I ask one favour of you: it is not to request any more private interviews, till you have adjusted the affair with those on whom I depend.' The confession which Alcibiades had just obtained would have completed the happiness of any other, less difficult lover; but his whim still possessed him. He wanted still to see whether he was loved for himself. 'I will not

conceal from you,' said he, 'that the offer which I am going to make, may not be attended with success. Your relations received me with a cold civility, which I should have taken for a dismissal, if the pleasure I have in seeing you had not overcome my delicacy; but if I oblige your father to explain himself, there will no longer be any room for dissembling. He is a member of the Areopagus: Socrates, the most virtuous of men, is there suspected and odious; I am the friend and disciple of Socrates, and I greatly fear that the hatred they have for him may extend to me. My apprehensions, perhaps, carry me too far; but, at last, if your father sacrifice us to his politics, if he refuses to give me your hand, what do you determine to do?' — 'To be unhappy,' replied Glycerium, 'and to submit to my destiny.' — 'You will see me then no more?' — 'If they forbid me to see you, I must obey.' — 'You will obey, then, also, if they promise another husband to you?' — 'I shall become the victim of my duty.' — 'And out of duty, likewise, you will love the husband they shall chuse for you?' — 'I shall endeavour not to hate him. But what questions you put to me! What would you think of me yourself, if I entertained any other sentiments?' — 'That you loved me as you ought to love me.' — 'It is too true that I do love you.' — 'No, Glycerium! Love knows no law; he is above all obstacles; but to do you justice, this sentiment is too great for your age. It requires firm and courageous souls, whose difficulties animate, and ill-fortune does not shock. Such a passion, I confess, is rare. To wish for an estate, a name, and a fortune, at one's disposal, to throw one's self, in short, into the arms of a husband; to protect one against one's parents; this is what is now called love, but what I call a desire of independence.' — 'This is downright tyranny,' said Glycerium, with tears in her eyes, 'to add injury to reproaches! I have said nothing to you but what was tender and honest. Did I balance one moment to sacrifice my lovers to you? Did I hesitate to confess to you your triumph? What is it you ask farther of me? — I ask of

• you,' said he, 'to swear a constancy
• to me proof against every thing; to
• swear to me, that you will be mine,
• whatever happens; and that you will
• be only mine.'—'Indeed, Sir,' said
she, 'that is what I will never do.'—
• Indeed, Madam, I ought to have ex-
• pected this answer; and I blush that I
• have exposed myself to it. At these
words he retired; transported with anger,
and saying to himself—'I was well set
• to work to fall in love with a child,
• who has no soul; and whose heart dis-
• poses of itself only by the advice of
• her parents.'

There was in Athens a young widow
who appeared inconsolable for the loss
of her husband. Alcibiades paid her,
as all the world did, his first devoirs,
with that grave air which decorum en-
joins; towards persons afflicted. The
widow found a sensible consolation in the
discourses of this disciple of Socrates;
and Alcibiades an inexpressible charm
in the tears of the widow. Their moral
discourses, however, grew more lively
every day. They joined in praises
on the good qualities of the deceased,
and agreed as to his bad ones. He
was the honestest man in the world; but
his understanding, strictly speaking,
was but ordinary. He had a pretty
good figure, but without elegance or
grace: full of attention and care, but
his assiduity was tiresome. In short,
she was in despair for having lost so
good a husband, but fully resolved not
to take a second. 'What,' said Al-
cibiades, 'at your age renounce mati-
mony?'—'I confess to you,' said the
widow, 'that as averse as I am to
slavery, yet liberty frightens me as
much. At my age, delivered up to my
own guidance, and being quite inde-
pendent, what will become of me?'
Alcibiades failed not to insinuate, that
between the bondage of matrimony and
the abandoned state of widowhood there
was a middle path; and that with re-
spect to decorum, nothing in the world
was easier to be reconciled to them than
a tender attachment. She was startled
at the proposition; she had rather die!
'Die at the age of lovers and graces!' It
was easy to show the ridiculousness of
such a project; and the widow called
nothing so much as ridiculous. It was re-
solved, therefore, that she should not
die; it was already decided, that she
could not live without being pro-

tested by somebody; this somebody
could be only a lover; and, without pre-
judice, she knew no man more worthy
than Alcibiades to please and attach
her. He redoubled his assiduities; at
first she complained of them; in a short
time she accustomed herself to them; at
length she asked the meaning of them;
and to avoid all imprudence they settled
matters decently.

Alcibiades was now at the pinnacle
of his desires. It was neither the plea-
sures of love, nor the advantages of
matrimony, that were to be loved in him;
it was he *himself*, at least he imagined
so. He triumphed over the grief, pru-
dence, and pride of a woman, who re-
quired nothing in return but secrecy
and love. The widow, on her side,
plumed herself on holding under her do-
minion the object of the jealousy of all the
beauties of Greece. But how few per-
sons know how to enjoy without a con-
fidente! Alcibiades, while a lover in-
secret, was only a common lover like
another man; and the greatest triumph
is no farther pleasing, than in propor-
tion as it is publick. An author has
said, that it is not enough to be in a fine
country, if we have no one whom we
can say to—'What a fine country!' The
widow found in like manner, that it
was not sufficient to have Alcibiades for
a lover; if she could not tell any one—
'I have Alcibiades for a lover.' She
communicated it, therefore, in confi-
dence, to an intimate friend, who com-
municated it again to her lover, and be-
to all Greece. Alcibiades, astonished
that his adventure was become publick;
thought it his duty to acquaint the wi-
dow of it, who accused him of indiscre-
tion. 'If I were capable of any such
things,' said he, 'I should suffer those
reports to prevail, which I had been
desirous of propagating; but I will
for nothing so much as to silence them.
'Let us be upon our guard: let us
avoid meeting in publick; and when
ever accident may happen to bring us
together, be not offended at the strange
and careless air I shall affect towards
you.' The widow received all this
but very indifferently. 'And perceive
'indeed,' said she, 'that you will be
the more at ease for it: assiduities and
attention confine you too much, and
if you ask nothing better than the power
of wandering. But for me, what sort
of a countenance would you have me
show, if with a slow bewitching put

put on? I know not how to act the coquette; weary of every thing in your absence, pensive and embarrassed before you, I shall have the appearance of being trifled with; and, in fact, perhaps *shall* be so. If they are persuaded that you possess me, there is no remedy: the world is not to be brought back. Where will be the good, then, of this pretended mystery? We shall have the appearance, you of a disengaged lover, I of a forsaken mistress. This answer from the widow surprized Alcibiades: her conduct completed his astonishment. Day after day she gave herself greater freedoms and liberty: at any publick show she expected that he should be seated behind her, and that he should hand her to the temple, and be of the party in her walks and suppers. She affected above all things to have him among her rivals; and in the midst of them it was her pleasure that he should see nobody but her: she commanded him in an absolute tone of voice, viewed him with an eye of mystery, smiled at him with an air of meaning, and whispered him in the ear with that familiarity which betrays to the world the connection there is between two persons. He saw plainly that she led him every where like a slave chained to her car. 'I have taken airs for sentiments,' said he, with a sigh; 'it is not *myself* that she loves; it is the glory of having conquered me; she would despise me if she had no rivals. Let me teach her, that vanity is unworthy to fix love.'

The envy of the philosophers could not forgive Socrates, that he taught nothing in public but truth and virtue: they preferred every day to the Areopagus the heaviest complaints against this dangerous citizen. Socrates, employed in doing good, let them say all the harm of him they thought proper; but Alcibiades, devoted to Socrates, opposed his enemies. He presented himself before the magistrates; he reproached them with listening to base persons, and countenancing impostors; and spoke of his master as the justest and wisest of mortals. Enthusiasm creates eloquence: in the conferences which he had with one of the members of the Areopagus, in presence of the wife of the judge, he spoke with so much sweetness and vehemence, with so much sense and reason, his beauty glowed with a fire so noble and affecting, that this virtuous woman

was affected to the bottom of her soul. She took her perturbation for admiration. 'Socrates,' said she to her spouse, 'is really a divine man, if he makes such disciples. I am charmed with the eloquence of this young man; it is impossible to hear him without improvement.' The magistrate, who was far from doubting the prudence of his wife, informed Alcibiades of the praises she bestowed on him. Alcibiades was pleased with them, and asked the husband's permission to cultivate the esteem of his wife. The good man invited him to his house. 'My wife,' said he, 'is a philosopher too, and I shall be very glad to see you disputing together.' Rhodope (for that was the name of this respectable matron) prided herself, indeed, on her philosophy; and that of Socrates from the mouth of Alcibiades pleased her more and more. I forgot to mention, that she was of that age in which women are past being pretty, but in which they may still be reckoned handsome; in which perhaps they are a little less lovely, but in which they know better how to love. Alcibiades paid his devoirs to her. She distrusted neither him nor herself. The study of wisdom filled up all their conversations: the lessons of Socrates passed from the soul of Alcibiades into that of Rhodope, and in their passage gathered new charms: it was a rivulet of pure water running over flowers. Rhodope became every day more changed: she accustomed herself to define, according to the principles of Socrates, wisdom and virtue, truth and justice. Friendship came in its turn; and, after examining its essence—'I should be glad,' said Rhodope, 'to know what difference Socrates makes between love and friendship?'—'Though Socrates is not one of those philosophers,' replied Alcibiades, 'who analyse every thing, yet he distinguishes three sorts of love: the one gross and base, which is common to us with other animals; that is to say, the impulse of necessity, and the relief of pleasure. The other pure and celestial, by which we approach the gods; this is the most ardent and tender friendship. Lastly, the third, which participates of the two, first, preserves the medium between the gods and the brutes, and seems the most natural to man; this is the union of souls, cemented by that of the senses.'

Socrates

“Socrates gives the preference to the poor charm of friendship: but as he thinks it no crime in nature to contain spirit united to matter, so he thinks it none in man to favour of this mixture in his inclinations and pleasures. Above all, when Nature has taken pains to unite a fine person with a fine soul, he would have us respect the work of Nature: for however ill-favoured Socrates may be himself, he does justice to beauty. If he knew, for example, with whom I hold these discourses concerning philosophy, I make no doubt but he would reproach me for having so ill employed my lessons.”

— A truce with your gallantry, interrupted Rhodope, “I am talking to a sage; and young as he is, my wish is, that he would instruct, and not flatter me! Let us return to the principles of your master. He permits love, you say, but does he know it's errors and excesses?” — Yes, Madam, as he knows those of drunkenness, and nevertheless allows the use of wine. — The comparison is not just, said Rhodope; we may chuse our wines, and moderate the use of them: have we the same liberty in love? It is without choice or measure. — Yes, without doubt, rejoined Alcibiades, “in a man without morals or principles; but Socrates begins by making men wise and virtuous, and it is to them only that he permits love. He well knows that they will love nothing but what is honest, and there we run no risk of loving to excess. The mutual inclination of two virtuous souls cannot but render them still more virtuous. Every answer of Alcibiades removed some difficulty in the mind of Rhodope, and rendered her inclination for him more insinuating and rapid. There remained now only conjugal fidelity, and there was the Gordian knot. Rhodope was not one of those with whom one might cut it; there was a necessity for undoing it for her; Alcibiades sounded her at a distance. As they were one day on the subject of society — Necessary, said Alcibiades, has united mankind, common interest has regulated their duties, and the abuses of them have produced laws. All this is sacred, but all this is foreign to our soul. As men are connected but externally, the mutual duties which they impose upon each other

pass not beyond the surface. Nature alone is the legislatrix of the heart: she alone can inspire with gratitude, friendship, love. Sentiment cannot be a duty by institution. Thence comes it, for example, that in marriage we can neither promise nor require any more than corporal attachment.” Rhodope, who had relished the principle, was terrified at the consequence. “What, said she, could I have promised my husband only to behave as if I loved him?” — What else was it in your power to promise him? — To love him in reality, replied she, in a very indeterminate tone of voice. — He has promised you, then, in his turn, to be not only amiable, but of all men the most amiable in your eyes? — He has promised me to do all in his power towards it, and he keeps his word. — Very well, you also do all in your power to love him only: yet neither the one nor the other of you are sure of success. — This is frightful philosophy!” cried Rhodope. “Happily, Madam, it is not so frightful: there would be too many criminals; if conjugal love were an essential duty. — What, said she, you doubt it?” — I doubt nothing, Madam! but my frankness may displease you, and I do not see you disposed to imitate it. I thought I was speaking to a philosopher, but I find I was speaking only to a woman of a lively genius. I retire, confounded at my mistake; but I would give you at parting an instance of sincerity: I believe I have morals as pure, as honest, as the most virtuous woman; I know, too, full as well as she, to what the honour and religion of an oath engages us; I know the laws of marriage, and the crime of violating them; however, had I married a thousand women, I should not have reproached myself in the least for thinking you alone handsomer, and a thousand times more amiable, than these thousand women put together. According to you, in order to be virtuous, we must have neither heart nor eyes; I congratulate you on being arrived at such a degree of perfection!”

This discourse, pronounced with a tone of vexation and anger, left Rhodope in an astonishment from which she had some difficulty to recover. From that time Alcibiades discontinued his visits.

visits. She had discovered in his adieu a warmer interest than that occasioned by the heat of the dispute: she perceived on her own side, that the loss of his philosophical conferences was not what she regretted most. A dislike of every thing, a disgust to herself, a secret repugnance to the attentions of her husband; lastly, the confusion and blushes which the name alone of Alcibiades created. All these things made her dread the danger of seeing him again; and yet she burned with the desire of seeing him once more. Her husband brought him back to her. As she had given him to understand, that they had differed a little in a dispute concerning words, the magistrate rallied Alcibiades on it, and obliged him to return. The interview was grave; the husband amused himself with it some time; but his affairs soon called him away. 'I leave you,' said he to them; 'and I hope, that after having quarrelled about words, you will come to a reconciliation upon things.' The good man meant no harm; but his wife could not help blushing for him.

After a pretty long silence, Alcibiades began—'Our conferences, Madam, were once my delight; and with all the tendency imaginable to dissipation, you had taught me to relish and prefer the charms of solitude. I was no longer one of the world, I was no longer myself, I was wholly and entirely yours. Think not that a foolish hope of seducing and leading you astray had stolen into my soul: virtue, much more than wit and beauty, had enslaved me to your laws. But loving you with a passion as delicate as it was tender, I flattered myself I should have inspired you with the like. This pure and virtuous love offends you; or rather is only troublesome to you; for it is impossible that you should condemn it in reality. All that I feel for you, Madam, you yourself feel for another, you have confessed it to me. I cannot reproach you on the account, nor complain of it; but allow, that I am not happy. There is perhaps but one woman in Athens who really has love for her husband; and it is for this very woman that I am distracted.'—'Indeed, you are a great simpleton for the disciple of a sage,' said Rhodope with a smile. He replied very gravely; she answered again jestingly. He took her by the hand;

she grew angry; he kissed her hand, she would have withdrawn; he detained her, she blushed; and the heads of both the philosophers were turned topsy-turvy.

It is unnecessary to say how much Rhodope was grieved, and how she consoled herself. All this is easily supposed in a virtuous and captivated woman.

She trembled above all for the honour and peace of her husband. Alcibiades swore inviolable secrecy; but the malice of the publick rendered any indiscretion on his part absolutely needless. It was well known, that he was not the sort of man to talk for ever about philosophy to an amiable woman. His assiduities created suspicions; suspicions in the world always go as far as certainties. It was decided that Alcibiades had Rhodope. The report came to the ears of her husband: he was far from giving credit to it; but his honour, and that of his wife, required that he should put herself above suspicion. He spoke to her of the necessity of putting away Alcibiades, with so much good-humour, reason, and confidence, that she had not the courage to reply. Nothing is more grievous to a soul naturally sensible and virtuous, than the receiving marks of esteem which it no longer deserves.

Rhodope from that moment resolved never more to see Alcibiades; and the more weakness she perceived in herself towards him, the more firmness she displayed in her resolution of breaking with him. In vain did he endeavour to subdue her by his eloquence. 'I have suffered myself to be persuaded,' said he to him, 'that the secret injuries we do a husband were nothing; but the very appearances of them become real injuries from the moment they attack his honour, or disturb his peace. I may be willing to believe that I am not obliged to love my husband; but to render him happy, as far as in me lies, is an indispensable duty.—So then, Madam, you prefer his happiness to mine.'—'I prefer,' said she to him, 'my engagements to my inclinations: this word which has now escaped me, shall be my last weakness.—Alas! I thought myself beloved,' cried Alcibiades with displeasure. 'Farewell, Madam; I see plainly that I owed my happiness only to the caprice of a moment. See! these are our virtuous women!' continued

he. "When they take to us, it is an excess of love; when they forsake us, it is an effort of virtue; and, at the bottom, this love and this virtue are nothing more than a mere phantasy, which seizes them at one time, and leaves them at another."—"I have deserved this affront!" said Rhodope, bursting into tears. "A woman who has not maintained a proper respect for herself, is not to expect it from others. It is very just that our weaknesses should bring us into contempt."

Alcibiades, after so many proofs, was thoroughly convinced, that there was no longer any dependence upon women; but he had not confidence enough in himself to expose himself to new dangers; and fully resolved as he was not to love again, he yet perceived in a confused manner the necessity of loving.

In this secret inquietude, while he was walking one day on the sea-shore, he saw a woman advancing towards him, whose gait and beauty might have made him take her for a goddess, if he had not discovered her to be the courtesan Erigone. He would have shunned her, but she made up directly to him. "Alcibiades," said she, "philosophy will make a fool of you. Tell me, my dear boy, is it a time, at your age, to bury one's self alive in these chimerical and melancholy ideas? Take my advice, and be happy; we have always time enough to be wise."—"I have no ambition to be wise," said he to her, "but in order to be happy."

"A pretty road, indeed, to happiness! Do you think I wear myself out in the study of wisdom? Not I. And yet is there any of your honest women more content with her condition? This Socrates has spoiled you: it is a pity! but yet there is a cure for you, if you will take some lessons from me. I have had a design upon you for some time. I am young, handsome, and sensible; and I believe I may say, without vanity, of as much value as any grey-bearded philosopher of them all. They teach mortification; horrible science! Come to my school, and I will teach you the art of enjoyment."—"I have earned it but too well, to my cost," replied Alcibiades: "ambition and pleasure have ruined me. I am no longer that opulent and dissipated person whom his follies rendered so famous, and I have

not at present even a support but at the expense of my creditors."—"Very well; and is it that which chagrin you? Be comforted; I have gold and jewels in abundance, and the follies of others shall serve to repair mine."

"You flatter me greatly," replied Alcibiades, "by these obliging offers; but I shall not make an ill use of them."

"What do you mean by this delicacy?"

"Does not love make all things common? Besides, who will imagine that you owe any thing to me? You are not fool enough to boast of it, and I have too much pride to publish it myself."

"You surprize me; for, to say the truth, you have the character of being avaricious."

"Avaricious!—Aye, to be sure, with those whom I do not love, in order to be lavish to the man that I love. My diamonds are

very dear to me, but you are still dearer: if you want them, say but the word; to-morrow I will sacrifice them to you."

"Your generosity," replied Alcibiades, "confounds and penetrates me: I would give you the pleasure

of exercising it, if I were able at least to shew my gratitude like a young

fellow; but I ought not to dissemble with you, that the immoderate use of

pleasures has not only ruined my fortune, but I have found out the secret

of growing old before my time."

"I believe so," replied Erigone smiling; "you have known so many virtuous

women! But I am going to surprize you still more: a lively and delicate sentiment is all that I expect

from you; and if your heart, too, is not ruined, you have yet enough to

satisfy me."—"You rally," said Alcibiades. "Not at all. If I took a

Hercules for a lover, I should wish him to prove himself a Hercules; but

I would have Alcibiades love me only like Alcibiades, with all the delicacy

of that tranquil pleasure whose source is in the heart. If on the sensual side

you intend me any surprize, so much the better! I follow you every thing, and exact nothing."

"Indeed," said Alcibiades, "I am as much charmed as

astonished; and but for the uneasiness and jealousy I should feel on account

of my rivals."—"Rivals! you shall have none but unfortunate ones, I

give you my word. Tell me, my friend, women do not change; but

either through coquetry or custom; and

and with me, you know, both the one and the other are exhausted. If I were unacquainted with mankind, the promise I now make you might be a little rash; but in sacrificing them to you, I know very well what I am doing. After all, there is one certain way of making you easy: you have a farm at a good distance from Athens, where no importunents will come to trouble us. Do you think yourself capable of supporting a *tête à tête* there with me? We will set out whenever you will. — No, said he to her, my engagements detain me for some time in town; but if we should settle matters together, need we advertise ourselves? — Just as you please: if you think proper to own me, I shall proclaim you; if you chuse secrecy, I will be more discreet and reserved than a prude. As I am dependent on nobody, and love you merely for your own sake, I neither fear nor desire to attract the eyes of the publick. Put no constraint on yourself; consult your heart; and if I am agreeable to you, my supper is ready for us. Let us go, and call the gods of joy and pleasure to witness to our vows! Alcibiades seized Erigone by the hand, and kissed it with transport. At last, said he, I have found true love; and from this day my happiness commences.

They arrive at the courtesan's. The most delicate and exquisite of every thing that taste could invent to gratify all the senses at once, seemed to have concurred in this supper to enchant Alcibiades. It was in such an apartment that Venus received Adonis, when the Loves poured out nectar, and the Graces served ambrosia. When I took, said Erigone, the name of one of the mistresses of Bacchus, I did not flatter myself with possessing one day a mortal handsomer than the conqueror of India. What do I say? a mortal! It is Bacchus, Apollo, and the god of love himself, that I possess; and I am this moment the happy rival of Erigone, Calliope, and Psyché. I crown you then, my young god, with the vine-leaf, the laurel, and the myrtle. May I be able to bring before your eyes all the attractions adored by those immortals, whose charms are united in you! Alcibiades, intoxicated with self-love and desire, display-

ed all those enchanting talents which might have seduced wisdom itself. He sang his triumph on the lyre; he compared his happiness to that of the gods; and he found himself happier than they, as he had before been found to be more amiable.

After supper he was conducted into a neighbouring apartment, but separated from that of Erigone. Repose yourself, my dear Alcibiades, said she, leaving him: may love possess you in your dreams of nothing but me! Vouchsafe at least to make me believe so; and if any other object should present itself to your imagination, spare my delicacy, and by a complaisant falsehood repair the involuntary wrong you shall have done me in your sleep. — Ah, what, replied Alcibiades tenderly, will you reduce me to the pleasure of illusion? — You shall never have with me, said she, any other laws than your desires. At these words she withdrew into her own apartment, humming a tune. Alcibiades cried out in a transport of joy — O modesty! O virtue! what then are ye, if in a heart where you reside not there is found pure and chaste love; love, such as it descended from the skies to animate man while yet innocent, and to embellish human nature! In this excess of joy and admiration he gets up, and goes to surprize Erigone.

Erigone received him with a smile. Inspired with a sensibility tempered with delicacy, her heart seemed only to take fire from the desires of Alcibiades. Two months glided away in this delicious union, without the courtesan's ever betraying for one moment the character she had assumed; but the fatal day now approached that was to dissipate so flattering an illusion.

The preparations for the Olympick Games engrossed the conversation of all the youth of Athens. Erigone spoke of these games, and of the glory of bearing away the prize in them, with so much warmth, that she made her lover form the design of entering into the course, and conceive a hope of triumphing. But he wanted to delight her by an agreeable surprize.

The day on which these games were to be celebrated, Alcibiades left her, in order to repair thither. If they should see us to-gether, said he, at these spectacles, they would not fail of drawing

'inferences; and we have agreed to avoid even suspicion. Let us repair to the Circus, each on different sides. We will remain here after the feast, and I expect you at supper.'

The people assemble, and seat themselves. Erigone presents herself, and attracts the eyes of all. The handsome women view her with envy, the ugly with indignation; the old men with regret, and the young with universal transport. However, the eyes of Erigone, wandering over the vast amphitheatre, looked for nothing but Alcibiades. All on a sudden she saw appear before the barrier the couriers and the chariot of her lover. She durst not believe her eyes; but, soon after, a young man, more beautiful than the god of love, and more gallant than Mars, vaults into the glittering car. 'It is Alcibiades! it is he himself!' The name passes from mouth to mouth; she hears no longer any thing around her but these words: 'It is Alcibiades, the glory and ornament of the Athenian youth!'

Erigone turned pale with joy: he cast a look at her, which seemed to be the presage of victory. The chariots range themselves in a line, the barrier opens, the signal is given, the ground resounds in cadence under the feet of the horses, a cloud of dust enfolded them. Erigone no longer breathes: all her soul is in her eyes, and her eyes pursue the chariot of her lover through the clouds of dust. The chariots separate, the swiftest get the start; that of Alcibiades is of the number. Erigone, trembling, puts up vows to Castor, to Pollux, to Hercules, to Apollo. At last she perceives Alcibiades at the head, and having only one who kept pace with him. It was then that fear and hope held her soul suspended. The wheels of the two chariots seemed to turn on the same axle, and the horses guided by the same reins. Alcibiades redoubles his ardour, and the heart of Erigone begins to dilate; his rival increases his speed, and the heart of Erigone shuts itself up again. Every alternate revolution produced a sudden change in her. The two chariots arrive at the goal; but Alcibiades's antagonist has outstripped him by a single foot. Immediately a shout and cries made the air resound with the name of Pistrates of Samos. Alcibiades, confounded, retires in his chariot; his head hung down,

and the reins floating loosely, avoiding that side of the circus where Erigone, overwhelmed with confusion, had hid her face beneath her veil. It appeared to her as if all eyes were fixed upon her, to reproach her for loving a man who had just been conquered. A general murmur, however, is heard round her; she looks up to see the cause; it is Pistrates, who is bringing back his chariot on the side where she is placed. A new occasion of confusion and grief! But what is her surprise, when the chariot stopping at her feet, she sees the conqueror alight, and present her with the Olympick crown! 'I owe it to you, Madam,' said he; 'and I come to pay you the homage of it.' Let us conceive, if possible, all the emotions of the soul of Erigone at this speech; but love was predominant. 'You owe me nothing,' said she to Pistrates, blushing; 'my wishes, pardon my frankness, my wishes were not for you.' 'The desire of conquering before you,' replied he, 'has not the less on that account acquired me this glory. If I have not been happy enough to interest you in the contention, let me be at least sufficiently so to interest you in the triumph.' He then pressed her anew, with the most affecting air, to receive his offering; all the people invited her to it by redoubled shouts of applause. Self love at length prevailed over her love for Alcibiades: she received the fatal laurel, to yield, she said, to the acclamations and instances of the people; but who could believe it? She received it with a smiling air; and Pistrates remounted his chariot, intoxicated with love and glory.

As soon as Alcibiades was recovered of his first dejection, 'You are very weak, and very vain,' said he to himself, 'to afflict yourself to this immoderate degree! and for what? because there is found in the world one man more dexterous, or more happy, than thyself. But I see what it is that torments you: you would have been transported to have conquered in the presence of Erigone; and you dread the thought of being loved less, after being vanquished. Do her more justice: Erigone is not like the ordinary run of women; she will be pleased with you for the ardour you have shewn to conquer; and as to your ill success, she will be the first

to make you blush for your sensibility on so small a misfortune. Let me go and see her with confidence; I have even cause to rejoice at this moment of adversity: it is a new trial of her heart, and Love contrives me a triumph more pleasing than that of the courtier. Full of these consoling ideas, he arrives at Erigone's, but finds the chariot of the conqueror at the door.

This was a clap of thunder to him. Shame, indignation, despair, seize his soul. Distracted and raging, his disordered steps turn, as it were of themselves, to the house of Socrates.

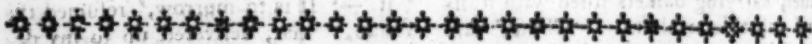
The good man, who had been present at the games, ran out to meet him. Sol' said he, 'you come to console yourself with me, because you have been vanquished. I dare say, young man, that I should not have seen you, had you triumphed. I am not, however, the less thankful for the visit. I love to have people come to me in adversity. A soul intoxicated with its good fortune, vents itself wherever it can; the confidence of a soul in affliction is more flattering and affecting. Confess, however, that your horses did miracles. Why, you missed of the prize only by one spring. You may boast, therefore, that, next to Piserates of Samos, you have the best couriers in all Greece; and indeed it is a most glorious thing for a man to have excellent horses!' Alcibiades, confounded at his misfortune, did not even hear the raillery of Socrates. The philosopher, guessing at the trouble of his heart by the alteration of his countenance—'What, then,' said he to him in a graver tone, 'does a trifle, a mere childish amusement, affect you thus? If you had lost an empire, I could scarce pardon your being in the state of humiliation and dejection wherein I now see you.'—'Ah! my dear master,' cried Alcibiades, coming to himself, 'how unhappy are we in having sensibility! We ought to have a soul of marble to live in the age we do.'—'I confess,' replied Socrates, 'that sensibility costs us dear sometimes; but it is so good a quality, that we cannot pay too dear for it. Let us know, however, what has befallen you?'—

Alcibiades recounted to him his adventures with the prude, the young

lady, the widow, the magistrate's wife, and the courtesan who at that very instant had just sacrificed him to another. 'What is it that you bewail yourself for?' said Socrates, after hearing his complaint; 'it appears to me, that each of them loved you after her manner with the greatest sincerity in the world. The prude, for example, loved pleasure; she found it in you; you deprive her of it, she dismisses you; and so with the rest. It was their own happiness, never doubt it, that they sought in their lover. The young lady saw in you a husband whom she could love with freedom and decency; the widow, a glorious triumph which did honour to her beauty; the magistrate's wife, an amiable and discreet man, with whom, without either danger or noise, her philosophy and her virtue might take some relaxation; the courtesan, a man admired, applauded, and universally desired, whom she should have the secret pleasure of possessing alone, while all the beauties of Greece should vainly dispute with each other the glory of captivating him.'—'You confess, then,' said Alcibiades, 'that not one of them loved me for myself?'—'For yourself!' cried the philosopher; 'ah, my dear child! who has put this ridiculous pretension into your head? None love but for themselves. Friendship itself, purely sentimental as it is, founds its preferences only on personal interests; and if you demand that it should be disinterested, you may begin by renouncing mine.'—'I am amazed,' pursued he, 'to see how foolish self-love is, even in those who have the best understanding. I should be very glad to know, what is this SELF that you would have them love in you? Birth, fortune, glory, youth, talents, and beauty, are but accidents. Nothing of all this is your SELF, and yet this is all that renders you amiable. The SELF, which unites all these charms, is no more than the canvas of the tapestry: it is the embroidery that gives it value. In loving all these enjoyments in you, they confound them with you. Do not, I advise you, run into imaginary distinctions; and receive, as it is given you, the result of this mixture: it is a coin of which the alloy forms the consistence, but which

loses it's value in the crucible. I am not sorry that your delicacy has detached you from the pride and the widow; nor that the resolution of Rhodope, and the vanity of Erigone, has restored you to liberty: but I regret the loss of Glycerium, and advise you to return to her.—You jest! said Alcibiades; she is a mere child, who only wants to be

married.—Very well, you shall marry her then.—Did I bear right? Socrates advise me to marriage!—Why not? If your wife be wise and reasonable, you will be a happy man; if she be a wanton or a coquette, you will become a philosopher; you cannot, therefore, do otherwise than gain by it.



SOLIMAN II.

IT is pleasant to see grave historians tracking their brains, in order to find out great causes for great events. Sylla's valet de chambre would perhaps have laughed heartily to hear the politicians reason on the abdication of his master; but it is not of Sylla that I am now going to speak.

Soliman II. married his slave, in contempt of the laws of the sultans. It is natural at first to paint to ourselves this slave as an accomplished beauty, with an elevated soul, an uncommon genius, and a profound skill in politicks. No such thing: the fact was as follows.

Soliman grew splenetick in the midst of his glory: the various, but ready pleasures of the seraglio, were become insipid to him. 'I am weary,' said he one day, 'of receiving here the caresses of mere machines. These slaves move my pity. Their soft docility has nothing poignant, nothing flattering. It is to hearts nourished in the bosom of liberty, that it would be delightful to make slavery agreeable.'

The whimsies of a sultan are laws to his ministers. Large sums were instantly promised to such as should bring European slaves to the seraglio. In a short time there arrived three, who, like the three Graces, seemed to have divided among themselves all the charms of beauty.

Features noble and modest, eyes tender and languishing, an ingenious temper, and a sensible soul, distinguished the touching Elmira. The entrance of the seraglio, the idea of servitude, had chilled her with a mortal terror: Soliman found her in a swoon in the arms of his women. He approaches; he recalls her to life; he encourages her; she lifts to-

wards him a pair of large blue eyes, bedewed with tears; he reaches forth his hand to her; he supports her himself; she follows him with a tottering step. The slaves retire; and as soon as he is alone with her.—'It is not with fear, beautiful Elmira,' said he to her, 'that I would inspire you. Forget that you have a master; see in me only a lover.—'The name of a lover,' said she to him, 'is not less unknown to me than that of master: and both the one and the other make me tremble. They have told me (and I still shudder at the thought) that I am destined to your pleasures. Alas! what pleasure can it be to tyrannize over weakness and innocence! Believe me, I am not capable of the compliances of servitude; and the only pleasure possible for you to taste with me, is that of being generous. Restore me to my parents, and my country; and in the respect you shew for my virtue, my youth, and my misfortunes, mention my gratitude, my esteem, and my regret.'

This discourse from a slave was new to Soliman: his great soul was moved by it. 'No,' said he, 'my dear child, I will owe nothing to violence. You charm me! I will make it my happiness to love and please you; and I prefer the torment of never seeing you more to that of seeing you unhappy. However, before I restore you to liberty, give me leave to try, at least, whether it be not possible for me to dissipate that terror which the name of slave strikes into you. I ask only one month's trial; after which, if my love cannot move you, I will avenge myself

'self no otherwise on your ingratitude, than by delivering you up to the inconstancy and perfidy of mankind.'— 'Ah, my lord!' cried Elmira, with an emotion mixed with joy, 'how unjust are the prejudices of my country, and how little are your virtues known there! Continue such as I now see you, and I no longer reckon this day unfortunate.'

Some moments after, she saw slaves enter, carrying baskets filled with stuffs and valuable trinkets. 'Chuse,' said the sultan to her; 'these are cloaths, not ornaments, that are here presented to you: nothing can adorn you.'— 'Decide for me,' said Elmira to him, running her eyes over the baskets. 'Do not consult me,' replied the sultan; 'I hate, without distinction, every thing that can rob me of your charms.' Elmira blushed, and the sultan perceived she preferred the colours most favourable to the character of her beauty. He conceived a pleasing hope from that circumstance: for care to adorn one's self is almost a desire to please.

The month of trial passed away in timid gallantries on the part of the sultan, and on Elmira's side in complaisance and delicate attentions. Her confidence in him increased every day without her perceiving it. At first he was not permitted to see her, but after the business of the toilette, and on condition to depart when she prepared to undress again; in a short time he was admitted both to her toilette and dishabille. It was there that the plan of their amusements for that day and the next was formed. Whatever either proposed was exactly what the other was going to propose. Their disputes turned only on the scaling of thoughts. Elmira, in these disputes, perceived not some small slips which escaped her modesty. A pin misplaced, or a garter put on unthinkingly, &c. afforded the sultan pleasures which he was cautious not to testify. He knew (and it was much for a sultan to know) that it was impossible to advertise modesty of the dangers to which it exposes itself; that it is never fiercer than when alarmed; and that, in order to subdue it, one should render them familiar. Nevertheless, the more he discovered of Elmira's charms, the more he perceived his fears increase, on account of the approach of the day that might deprive him of them.

The fatal period arrives. Soliman causes chests to be prepared, filled with stuffs, precious stones, and perfumes. He repairs to Elmira, followed by these presents. 'It is to-morrow,' said he, 'that I have promised to restore you to liberty, if you still regret the want of it. I now come to acquit myself of my promise, and to bid adieu to you forever.'— 'What!' said Elmira trembling, 'is it to-morrow? I had forgot it.'— 'It is to-morrow,' resumed the sultan, 'that, delivered up to my despair, I am now become the most unhappy of men.'— 'You are very cruel, then, to yourself, to put me in mind of it!'— 'Alas! it depends only on you,' Elmira, that I should forget it forever.'— 'I confess,' said she to him, 'that your sorrow touches me; that your proceedings have interested me in your happiness; and if, to shew my gratitude, it were necessary only to prolong the time of my slavery.'— 'No, Madam, I am but too much accustomed to the happiness of possessing you. I perceive that the more I shall know of you, the more terrible it would be to me to lose you: this sacrifice will cost me my life; but I shall only render it the more grievous by deferring it. May your country prove worthy of it! May the people whom you are going to please, deserve you better than I do! I ask but one favour of you, which is, that you would be pleased cordially to accept these presents, as the feeble pledges of a love the most pure and tender, that yourself, yes, that yourself, are capable of inspiring.'— 'No,' said she to him, with a voice almost smothered, 'I will not accept of your presents: I go; you will have it so! But I shall carry away from you nothing but your image.' Soliman, lifting up his eyes to Elmira, met her's bedewed with tears. 'Adieu, then, Elmira!'— 'Adieu, Soliman!' They bid each other so many and such tender adieus, that they concluded by swearing not to separate for life. The avenues of pleasure through which he had passed so rapidly with his slaves from Asia, appeared to him so delicious with Elmira, that he found an inexpressible charm in going through them step by step: but arrived at the happiness itself, his pleasures had from that time the same defect as before; they became too easy of access, and in

a short time after too languid. Their days, so well filled up till then, began to hang heavy. In one of these moments, when complaisance alone retained Soliman with Elmira—'Would it be agreeable to you,' said he, 'to hear a slave from your own country, whose voice has been greatly commended to me?' Elmira, at the proposal, plainly perceived that she was lost: but to put any constraint on a lover who begins to grow tired, is to tire him still more. 'I am for any thing,' said she, 'that you please;' and the slave was ordered to enter.

Delia (for that was the singer's name) had the figure of a goddess. Her hair exceeded the ebony in blackness, and her skin the whiteness of ivory. Two eye-brows, boldly arched, crowned her sparkling eyes. As soon as she began tuning, her lips, which were of the finest vermilion, displayed two rows of pearl set in coral. At first she sung the victories of Soliman, and the hero felt his soul elevated at the remembrance of his triumphs. His pride hitherto, more than his taste, applauded the accents of that thrilling voice, which filled the whole saloon with its harmony and strength.

Delia changed her manner, to sing the charms of pleasure. She then took the theorbo; an instrument favourable to the display of a rounded arm, and to the movements of a delicate and light hand. Her voice, more flexible and tender, now resounded none but the most touching sounds. Her modulations, connected by imperceptible gradations, expressed the delirium of a soul intoxicated with pleasure, or exhausted with sentiment. Her sounds, sometimes expiring on her lips, sometimes swelled and sunk with rapidity, expressed by turns the sighs of modesty and the vehemence of desire; while her eyes still more than her voice animated these lively descriptions.

Soliman, quite transported, devoured her both with his ears and eyes. 'No,' said he, 'never before did so beautiful a mouth utter such pleasing sounds. With what delight must she, who sings so feelingly of pleasure, inspire and relish it! How charming to draw that harmonious breath, and to catch again in their passage those sounds animated by love!' The sultan, lost in these reflections, perceived not that all

the while he kept beating time on the knee of the trembling Elmira. Her heart oppressed with jealousy, she was scarce able to breathe. 'How happy is Delia,' said she, in a low voice, to Soliman, 'to have so tuneful a voice! Alas! it ought to be the organ of my heart! every thing that she expresses, you have taught me to feel.' So said Elmira, but Soliman did not listen to her.

Delia changed her tone a second time to inconstancy. All that the changeable variety of nature contains, either interesting or amiable, was recapitulated in her song. It seemed like the fluttering of the butterfly over roses, or like the zephyrs losing themselves among the flowers. 'Listen to the turtle,' said Delia, 'she is faithful but melancholy. See the inconstant sparrow: pleasure moves his wings; his warbling voice is exerted merely to return thanks to love. Water freezes only in stagnation; a heart never languishes but in constancy. There is but one mortal on earth, whom it is possible to love always. Let him change, let him enjoy the advantage of making a thousand hearts happy; all prevent his wishes, or pursue him. They adore him in their own arms; they love him even in the arms of another. Let him give himself up to our desires, or withdraw himself from them, still he will find love wherever he goes, wherever he goes will leave the print of love on his footsteps.'

Elmira was no longer able to dissemble her displeasure and grief. She gets up and retires: the sultan does not recall her; and while she is overwhelming herself with tears, repeating a thousand times—'Ah, the ungrateful! Ah, the perfidious man!' Soliman, charmed with his divine songstress, prepares to realize with her some of those pictures which she had drawn so much to the life. The next morning the unhappy Elmira writ a billet filled with reproach and tenderness, in which she puts him in mind of the promise he had made her. 'That is true,' said the sultan; 'let us send her back to her country, laden with marks of my favour. This poor girl loves me dearly, and I am to blame on her account.'

The first moments of his love for Delia were no more than an intoxication; but as soon as he had time for reflection,

on the
a. Her
she was
happy
voice, to
voice I
n of my
presses,
So said
listen to

and time
change-
her in-
tulated
flutter,
or like
among
turtle,
melan-
row:
warb-
return
only
wishes
t one
ble to
, let
ing a
event
They
they
ther.
fires,
still
goes,
print

ble
up
ecal
ing
and
the
ned
to
res
fe.
ira
nd
in
er.
let
en
or
to
or
-
or



Plate I. *Marmontel*. As the Act directs by Henshaw & Co. Dec. 13. 1781.

reflection, he perceived that she was more petulant than sensible, more greedy of pleasure than flattered in administering it; in a word, fitter than himself to have a seraglio at command. To feed his illusion, he sometimes invited Delia, that he might hear that voice which had enchanted him; but that voice was no longer the same. The impression made by it became every day weaker and weaker by habitude; and it was now no more than a slight emotion, when an unforeseen circumstance dissipated it for ever.

The chief officer of the seraglio came to inform the sultan, that it was impossible to manage the untractable vivacity of one of the European slaves; that she made a jest of his prohibitions and menaces; and that she answered him only by cutting railleries and immoderate bursts of laughter. Soliman, who was too great a prince to make a state affair of what merely regarded the regulation of his pleasures, entertained a curiosity of seeing this young madcap. He repaired to her, followed by the eunuch. As soon as she saw Soliman, 'Heaven be praised!' said she, 'here comes a human figure! You are without doubt the sublime sultan, whose slave I have the honour to be? Do me the favour to drive away this old knave, who shocks my very sight.' The sultan had a great deal of difficulty to refrain laughing at this beginning. 'Roxalana,' said he to her, for so she was called, 'shew some respect, if you please, to the minister of my pleasures: you are yet a stranger to the manners of the seraglio; till they can instruct you in them, contain yourself and obey.'—'A fine compliment!' said Roxalana. 'Obey! Is that your Turkish gallantry? Sure you must be mightily beloved, if it is in this strain you begin your addresses to the ladies! *Respect the minister of my pleasures!* You have your pleasures, then? and, good Heaven! what pleasures, if they resemble their minister! an old amphibious monster, who keeps us here, penned in, like sheep in a fold, and who prowls round with his frightful eyes always ready to devour us! See here the confidante of your pleasures, and the guardian of our prudence! Give him his due, if you pay him to make yourself hated, he does not cheat you of any of his wags. We

cannot take a step but he growls. He forbids us even to walk, and to receive or pay visits. In a short time, I suppose, he will weigh out the air to us, and give us light by the yard. If you had seen him rave last night, because he found me in these solitary gardens! Did you order him to forbid our going into them? Are you afraid that it should rain men? and if there should fall a few from the clouds, what a misfortune! Heaven owes us this miracle.'

While Roxalana spoke thus, the sultan examined, with surprize, the fire of her looks, and the play of her countenance. 'By Mahomet!' said he to himself, 'here is the prettiest looking romp in all Asia. Such faces as these are made only in Europe.' Roxalana had nothing fine, nothing regular in her features; but, taken all together, they had that smart singularity which touches more than beauty. A speaking look, a mouth fresh and rosy, an arch smile, a nose somewhat turned up, a neat and well made shape; all these circumstances gave her giddiness a charm which disconcerted the gravity of Soliman. But the great, in his situation, have the resource of silence; and Soliman, not knowing how to answer her, fairly walked off, concealing his embarrassment under an air of majesty.

The eunuch asked him what orders he would be pleased to give with respect to this saucy slave. 'She is a mere child,' replied the sultan; 'you must pass over some things in her.'

The air, the tone, the figure, the disposition of Roxalana, had excited in the soul of Soliman an anxiety and emotion which sleep was not able to dispel. As soon as he awoke, he ordered the chief of the eunuchs to come to him. 'You seem to me,' said he, 'to be but little in Roxalana's good graces; in order to make your peace, go and tell her I will come and drink tea with her.' On the arrival of the officer, Roxalana's women hastened to wake her. 'What does the ape want with me!' cried she rubbing her eyes. 'I come,' replied the eunuch, 'from the emperor, to kiss the dust of your feet, and to inform you that he will come and drink tea with the delight of his soul.'—'Get away with your strange speeches! My feet have no dust, and I do not drink tea so early.'

The eunuch retired without replying, and gave an account of his embassy. 'She is in the right,' said the sultan; 'why did you wake her? You do every thing wrong.' As soon as it was broad day with Roxalana, he went thither. 'You are angry with me?' said he; 'they have disturbed your sleep, and I am the innocent cause of it. Come, let us make peace; imitate me: you see that I forget all that you said to me yesterday.'—'You forget it! so much the worse: I said some good things to you. My frankness displeases you, I see plainly; but you will soon grow accustomed to it. And are you not too happy, to find a friend in a slave? Yes, a friend, who interests herself in your welfare, and who would teach you to love. Why have not you made a voyage to my country? It is there that they know love; it is there that it is lively and tender; and why? because it is free. Sentiment is involuntary, and does not come by force. The yoke of marriage amongst us is much lighter than that of slavery; and yet a husband that is beloved is a prodigy. Every thing under the name of duty saddens the soul, blasts the imagination, cools desire, and takes off that edge of self-love which gives all the relish and seasoning to affection. Now, if it be so difficult to love a husband, how much harder is it to love a master, especially if he has not the address to conceal the fetters he puts upon us?'—'And I,' replied the sultan; 'I will forget nothing to soften your servitude; but you ought in your turn——' 'I ought! nothing but what one ought! Leave off, I pray thee, now, these humiliating phrases. They come with a very ill grace from the mouth of a man of gallantry, who has the honour of talking to a pretty woman.'—'But, Roxalana, do you forget who I am, and who you are?'—'Who you are, and who I am! You are powerful, I am pretty; and so we are even.'—'May be so,' replied the sultan haughtily, 'in your country; but here, Roxalana, I am master, and you a slave.'—'Yes, I know you have purchased me; but the robber who sold me could transfer to you only those rights over me which he had himself, the rights of rapine and violence; in one word, the rights of a robber; and you are too honest a man

to think of abusing them. After all, you are my master, because my life is in your hands; but I am no longer your slave, if I know how to despise life; and truly the life one leads here is not worth the fear of losing it.'—'What a frightful notion!' cried the sultan: 'do you take me for a barbarian? No, my dear Roxalana, I would make use of my power only to render this life delightful to yourself and me.'—'Upon my word,' said Roxalana, 'the prospect is not very promising. These guards, for instance, so black, so disgusting, so ugly, are they the smiles and sports which here accompany love?'—'These guards are not set upon you alone. I have five hundred women, whom our manners and laws oblige me to keep watched.'—'And why five hundred women?' said she to him, with an air of confidence. 'It is a kind of state which the dignity of sultan imposes upon me.'—'But what do you do with them, pray? for you lend them to nobody.'—'Inconstancy,' replied the sultan, 'has introduced this custom. A heart void of love stands in need of variety. Lovers only are constant, and I never was a lover till I saw you. Let not the number of these women give you the shadow of uneasiness; they shall serve only to grace your triumph: you shall see them all eager to please you, and you shall see me attentive to no one but yourself.'—'Indeed,' said Roxalana, with an air of compassion, 'you deserve better luck. It is pity you are not a plain private gentleman in my country; I should then be weak enough to entertain some sort of kindness for you: for, at the bottom, it is not yourself that I hate, it is that which surrounds you. You are much better than ordinary for a Turk: you have even something of the Frenchman about you; and, without flattery, I have loved some who were not so deserving as yourself.'—'You have loved!' cried Soliman, with horror. 'Oh, not at all! I took care of that. But do you expect one to have kept one's virtue all one's lifetime, in order to surrender it to you? Indeed, these Turks are pleasant people.'—'And you have not been virtuous?' 'O Heavens, what do I hear! I am betrayed! I am lost! Destruction seize the traitors who meant to impose

'impose upon me!—' Forgive them,' said Roxalana; 'the poor creatures are not to blame. The most knowing are often deceived. And then, the misfortune is not very great. Why do you not restore me to my liberty, if you think me unworthy of the honours of slavery?'—'Yes, yes, I will restore you to that liberty, of which you have made so good use.' At these words the sultan retired in a rage, saying to himself, 'I plainly foresaw that this little turned-up nose had made a slip.'

It is impossible to describe the confusion into which this imprudent avowal of Roxalana's had thrown him. Sometimes he had a mind to have her sent away, sometimes that they should shut her up, next that they should bring her to him, and then again, that she should be sent away. The great Soliman no longer knows what he says. 'My lord,' remonstrated the eunuch, 'can you fall into despair for a trifle? One girl more or less; is there any thing so uncommon in her? Besides, who knows whether the confession she has made be not an artifice to get herself sent back to her own country?'—'What say you? How! can it be possible? It is the very thing! He opens my eyes. Women are not used to make such confessions. It is a trick! a stratagem! Ah, the perfidious hussy! Let me dissemble in my turn; I will drive her to the last extremity. Hark ye! go and tell her that I invite her to sup with me this evening. But, no; order the songstresses to come here: it is better to send her.'

Delia was charged to employ all her art to engage the confidence of Roxalana. As soon as the latter had heard what she had to say, 'What!' said she, 'young and handsome as you are, does he charge you with his messages, and have you the weakness to obey him? Get you gone, you are not worthy to be my countrywoman. Ah! I see plainly that they spoil him, and that I alone must take upon me to teach this Turk how to live. I will send him word that I keep you to sup with me; I must have him make some atonement for his impertinence.'—'But, Madam, he will take it ill.'—'He! I should be glad to see him take any thing ill of me.'—'But he seemed desirous of seeing you alone.'—'Alone, ah! it is not come to that yet;

'and I shall make him go over a good deal of ground, before we have any thing particular to say to each other.'

The sultan was as much surprized as piqued to learn that they should have a third person. However, he repaired early to Roxalana's. As soon as she saw him coming, she ran to meet him with as easy an air as if they had been upon the best footing in the world together. 'There,' said she, 'is a handsome man come to sup with us! Do you like him, Madam? Confess, Soliman, that I am a good friend. Come draw near, salute the lady. There! very well. Now, thank me. Softly! I do not like to have people dwell too long on their acknowledgments. Wonderful! I assure you he surprizes me. He has had but two lessons, and see how he is improved! I do not despair of making him one day or other, an absolute Frenchman.'

Do but imagine the astonishment of a sultan; a sultan! the conqueror of Asia! to see himself treated like a school-boy by a slave of eighteen. During supper, her gaiety and extravagance were inconceivable. The sultan was beside himself with transport. He questioned her concerning the manners of Europe. One picture followed another. Our prejudices, our follies, our humours, were all laid hold of, all represented. Soliman thought himself in Paris. 'The witty rogue!' cried he; 'witty rogue!' From Europe she fell upon Asia. This was much worse: the haughtiness of the men, the weakness of the women, the dulness of their society, the filthy gravity of their amours, nothing escaped her, though she had seen nothing but cursorily. The seraglio had its turn; and Roxalana began by felicitating the sultan on having been the first to imagine that he could ensure the virtue of the women by the absolute impotence of the blacks.

She was preparing to enlarge upon the honour that this circumstance of his reign would do him in history; but he begged her to spare him. 'Well,' said she, 'I perceive that I take up those moments which Delia could fill up much better. Throw yourself at her feet, to obtain from her one of those airs which they say she sings with so much taste and spirit.' Delia did not suffer herself to be entreated. Roxalana appeared charmed: she asked Soliman, in a low voice, for a handkerchief, &c.

gave her one, without the least suspicion of her design. 'Madani,' said she to Delia, presenting it to her, 'I am desired by the sultan to give you the handkerchief; you have well deserved it.'—'Oh, to be sure!' said Soliman, transported with anger; and presenting his hand to the songstress, retired along with her.

As soon as they were alone, 'I confess,' said he to her, 'that this giddy girl confounds me. You see the style in which she treats me. I have not the courage to be angry with her. In short, I am mad, and I do not know what method to take to bring her to reason.'—'My lord,' said Delia, 'I believe I have discovered her temper. Authority can do nothing. You have nothing for it but extreme coldness or extreme gallantry. Coldness may pique her; but I am afraid we are too far gone for that. She knows that you love her. She will enjoy the pain that this will cost you; and you will come too sooner than she. This method, besides, is disagreeable and painful; and if one moment's weakness should escape you, you will have all to begin again.'—'Well, then,' said the sultan, 'let us try gallantry.'

From that time there was in the seraglio every day a new festival, of which Roxalana was the object; but she received all this as an homage due to her, without concern or pleasure, but with a cool complaisance. The sultan sometimes asked her, 'How did you like those sports, those concerts, those spectacles?'—'Well enough,' said she, 'but there was something wanting.'—'And what?'—'Men and liberty.'

Soliman was in despair; he had recourse to Delia. 'Upon my word,' said the songstress, 'I know nothing else that can touch her; at least, unless glory have a share in it. You receive to-morrow the ambassadors of your allies; cannot I bring her to see this ceremony behind a curtain, which may conceal us from the eyes of your court?'—'And do you think,' said the sultan, 'that this would make any impression on her?'—'I hope so,' said Delia, 'the women of her country love glory.'—'You charm me!' cried Soliman. 'Yes, my dear Delia, I shall owe my happiness to you.'

At his return from this ceremony, which he took care to render as pompous

as possible, he repaired to Roxalana. 'Get you gone,' said she to him, 'out of my sight, and never see me more.' The sultan remained motionless and dumb with astonishment. 'Is this, then,' pursued she, 'your art of love? Glory and grandeur, the only good things worthy to touch the soul, are reserved for you alone; shame and oblivion, the most insupportable of all evils, are my portion; and you would have me love you! I hate you worse than death!' The sultan would fain have turned this reproach into raillery. 'Nay, but I am serious,' resumed she; 'if my lover had but a hut, I would share his hut with him, and be content. He has a throne; I will share his throne, or he is no lover of mine. If you think me unworthy to reign over the Turks, send me back to my own country, where all the handsome women are sovereigns, and much more absolute than I should be here; for they reign over hearts.'—'The sovereignty of mine then is not sufficient for you?' said Soliman with the most tender air in the world. 'No; I desire no heart which has pleasures that I have not. Talk to me no more of your feasts, all mere pastimes for children, I must have embassies.'—'But, Roxalana, you are either mad, or you dream!'—'And what do you find, then, so extravagant, in desiring to reign with you? Am I formed to disgrace a throne? And do you think that I should have displayed less greatness and dignity than yourself in assuring our subjects and allies of our protection?'—'I think,' said the sultan, 'that you would do every thing with grace; but it is not in my power to satisfy your ambition, and I beseech you to think no more of it.—Think no more of it! Oh! I promise you I shall think of nothing else; and I will from henceforward dream of nothing but a sceptre, a crown, an embassy.' She kept her word. The next morning she had already contrived the design of her diadem, and had already settled every thing, except the colour of the ribband which was to tie it. She ordered rich stuffs to be bought for her habits of ceremony; and as soon as the sultan appeared, she asked his opinion on the choice. He excited all his endeavours to divert her from this idea; but contradiction plunged her

into

into the deepest melancholy; and to draw her out of it again, he was obliged to flatter her illusion. Then she displayed the most brilliant gaiety. He seized these moments to talk to her of love; but, without listening, she talked to him of politics. All her answers to the harangues of the deputies, on her accession to the crown, were already prepared. She had even formed projects of regulations for the territories of the grand signior. She would make them plant vines and build opera-houses; suppress the eunuchs, because they were good for nothing; shut up the jealous, because they disturbed society; and banish all self-interested persons, because sooner or later they became rogues. The sultan amused himself for some time with these follies: nevertheless, he still burned with the most violent love, without any hope of being happy. On the least suspicion of violence she became furious, and was ready to kill herself. On the other hand Soliman found not the ambition of Roxalana so very foolish: 'For, in short,' said he, 'is it not cruel to be alone deprived of the happiness of associating to my fortune a woman whom I esteem and love? All my subjects may have a lawful wife; an absurd law forbids marriage to me alone.' Thus spoke love, but policy put him to silence. He took the resolution of confiding to Roxalana the reasons which restrained him. 'I would make it,' said he, 'my happiness to leave nothing wanting to yours: but our manners—' 'Idle stories!'—'Our laws—' 'Old songs!'—'The

'priests—' 'What care they!'—'The people and the soldiery—' 'What is it to them? Will they be more wretched when you shall have me for your consort? You have very little love, if you have so little courage!' She prevailed so far, that Soliman was ashamed of being so fearful. He orders the musti, the vizier, the camaican, the aga of the sea, and the aga of the janissaries, to come to him; and he says to them, 'I have carried, as far as I was able, the glory of the crescent; I have established the power and peace of my empire; and I desire nothing, by way of recompence for my labours, but to enjoy, with the good-will of my subjects, a blessing which they all enjoy. I know not what law, but it is one that is not derived down to us from the prophet, forbids the sultans the sweets of the marriage-bed: thence I perceive myself reduced to the condition of slaves, whom I despise; and I have resolved to marry a woman whom I adore. Prepare my people, then, for this marriage. If they approve it, I receive their approbation as a mark of their gratitude; but if they dare to murder at it, tell them that I will have it so.' The assembly received the sultan's orders with a respectful silence, and the people followed their example.

Soliman, transported with joy and love, went to fetch Roxalana, in order to lead her to the mosque; and said to himself in a low voice, as he was conducting her thither, 'Is it possible that a little turned-up nose should overturn the laws of an empire!'



THE SCRUPLE;

OR,

LOVE DISSATISFIED WITH ITSELF.

'HEAVEN be praised,' said Belisa, on going out of mourning for her husband, 'I have now fulfilled a grievous and painful piece of duty! It was time it should be over. To see one's self delivered up at the age of sixteen to a man whom we know nothing of; to pass the best days of one's life in dullness, dissimulation,

'and servitude; to be the slave and victim of a love we inspire, but of which we cannot partake; what a trial for virtue! I have undergone it, and am now discharged. I have nothing to reproach myself with; for though I did not love my husband, I pretended to love him, and that is much more heroick. I was faithful

'to

to him, notwithstanding his jealousy : in short, I have mourned for him. This, I think, is carrying goodness of heart as far as it can go. At length restored to myself, I depend on nothing but my own will; and it is only from to-day that I begin to live. Ah! how my heart would take fire, if any one should succeed so far as to please me! But let me consider well before I engage this heart of mine; and let me not, if possible, run the risk either of ceasing to love, or of ceasing to be loved.—Cease to be loved! That, I believe, is a difficult matter; refused she, consulting at the same time her looking glass; ‘but to cease to love is still worse. How could one for any considerable time feign a passion one did not feel? I should never be able to do it. To leave a man after we have taken to him, is a piece of effrontery beyond me; and then complaints, despair, the noise of a rupture, all that is frightful! Let me love, since Heaven has given me a sensible heart; but let me love my whole life long, and not flatter myself with those transient likings, those caprices, which are so often taken for love. I have time to chuse and try myself; the only thing to be done to avoid all surprise, is to form a distinct and exact notion of love. I have read that love is a passion, which of two souls makes but one; which pierces them at the same time, and fills them one with the other; which detaches them from every thing, supplies the want of every thing, and makes their mutual happiness their only care and desire. Such, without doubt, is love; and according to this idea of it, it will be very easy for me to distinguish in myself, and in others, the illusion from the reality.’

Her first experiment was made on a young magistrate, with whom the disposition of her late husband's effects gave her some connection. The President de S—, with an agreeable figure, a cultivated understanding, a sweet and sensible temper, was simple in his dress, easy in his manner, and modest in his conversation. He valued himself neither on being a connoisseur in equipages nor fineries. He talked not of his hories to the women nor of his intrigues to the men. He had all the talents becoming his place without ostentation, and all the agreeable qualities of a man of

the world without being a coxcomb. He was the same at court and in company; not that he passed decrees at an entertainment, or rallied when he heard causes; but as he had not the least affectation, he was always without disguise.

Belisa was touched with such uncommon merit. He had gained her confidence; he obtained her friendship, and under that name the heart goes a great way. The affairs of Belisa's husband being settled, ‘May I be permitted,’ said the president one day to the widow, ‘to ask you one question in confidence? Do you propose to remain free, or shall the sacrifice of your liberty make one man more happy?’—‘No, Sir,’ said she, ‘I have too much delicacy ever to make it any man's duty to live only for me.’—‘That duty would be a very pleasing one,’ replied the gallant magistrate; ‘and I greatly fear, that without your consent more than one lover will impose it upon himself.’—‘So much the better,’ said Belisa; ‘let them love me without being obliged to it; it is the most pleasing of all homages.’—‘Yet, Madam, I cannot suspect you of being a coquette.’—‘Oh! you would do me great injustice if you did; for I abominate coquetry.’—‘But to desire to be loved without loving again!’—‘And who, Sir, has told you that I shall not love? Such resolutions are not taken at my age. I would neither constrain, nor be constrained; that is all.’—‘Very well: you desire, then, that the engagement should cease with inclination?’—‘I desire that both the one and the other should be eternal, and for that reason I would avoid even the shadow of constraint. I feel myself capable of loving all my life long in liberty; but, to tell you the truth, I would not promise to love two days in slavery.’

The president saw plainly that he must humour her delicacy, and content himself with being on the footing of a friend. He had the modesty to bring himself to that; and from thenceforward every little tenderness of love was practised in order to touch her. He succeeded. I shall not mention the degrees by which Belisa's sensibility was every day more and more affected; let it suffice, that she was now come to that pass, when prudence, in equipoise with love, waits only one slight effort to turn the scale. They

were at this point, and were *tête-à-tête*:

The president's eyes, enflamed with love, devoured the charms of Belisa; he pressed her hand tenderly. Belisa, trembling, hardly breathed. The president solicited her with the impassioned eloquence of desire. 'Ah! president,' said she to him at last, 'could you be capable of deceiving me?' At these words the last sigh of modesty seemed to have escaped her lips. 'No, Madam,' said he, 'it is my heart, it is Love himself who has just spoken by my mouth, and may I die at your feet, if—' As he fell at Belisa's feet, his knees came upon one of the paws of *Shock*, the young widow's favourite lap-dog. *Shock* let up an howl. 'Lord, Sir, how awkward you are!' cried Belisa with anger. The president coloured, and was disconcerted. He took *Shock* to his bosom, kissed the injured paw, asked his pardon a thousand times, and intreated him to solicit his forgiveness. *Shock*, recovered of his pain, returned the president's caresses. 'You see, Madam, he has good nature; he forgives me; it is a fine example for you.' Belisa made no reply. She was fallen into a profound reverie, and a cold gravity. He wanted at first to interpret her gravity as a little pouting, and threw himself again at Belisa's feet in order to appease her. 'Pray, Sir, get up,' said she to him; 'these freedoms displease me, and I do not know that I have given any room for them.'

Imagine the president's astonishment. He was confounded for two whole minutes, without being able to bring out a word. 'What, Madam,' said he to her at last, 'can it be possible that so trivial an accident has drawn your anger upon me?'—'Not at all, Sir; but I may, without anger, take it ill that any one should throw himself at my feet: it is a situation that suits only happy lovers, and I esteem you too much to suspect your having dared to form any such pretensions.'—'I do not see, Madam,' replied the president with emotion, 'why a hope founded on love should render me less worthy of esteem: but may I presume to ask you, since love is a crime in your eyes, what is the nature of the sentiment you have expressed towards me?'—'Friendship, Sir, friendship; and I desire you very seriously to keep to that.'—'I ask your pardon, Madam: I should have sworn that it had been

somewhat else; I see plainly that I was mistaken.'—'That may be, Sir; many others are mistaken as well as yourself.' The president could no longer sustain the shock of so strange an instance of caprice. He went away in despair, and was not recalled.

As soon as Belisa found herself alone, 'Was not I going to be guilty of a fine piece of folly?' said she with indignation. 'I have seen the moment when my weakness was going to yield to a man whom I did not love. They may well say that we know nothing less than ourselves. I could have sworn that I adored him, that there was nothing which I was not disposed to sacrifice to him; no such thing: he happens, without intending it, to hurt my little dog, and this violent love immediately gives place to anger. A dog touches me more than he, and without a moment's hesitation I take the part of this little animal against the man in the world whom I thought I loved best. A very lively passion indeed, mighty solid, and tender! See how we take ideas for sentiments! The brain is heated, and we fancy the heart inflamed; we proceed to all manner of follies; the illusion ceases, and disgust succeeds; we must tire ourselves with constancy without love, or be inconstant with indelicacy. O, my dear *Shock*, what do I not owe you! It is you that have undeceived me. But for you, I should perhaps have been at this moment overwhelmed with confusion, and torn with remorse.'

Whether Belisa did or did not love the president, (for questions of this nature turn merely on the equivocation of terms) it is certain, that on the strength of saying to herself that she did not love him, she succeeded so far as to convince herself of it; and a young officer soon confirmed her in her opinion.

Lindor, from being one of the pages, had just obtained a company of horse. Freshness of youth, impatience of desire, giddiness, and levity, which are graces at sixteen, and follies at thirty, rendered agreeable in the eyes of Belisa this young man of quality, who had the honour of belonging to her husband's family. Lindor was extremely fond of himself, and not without reason; he knew that he was well made, and of a charming figure. He said so sometimes; but he laughed so heartily after he had

said

said it, he discovered in laughing so fresh a mouth and such fine teeth, that these simplicities were pardoned at his age. He mingled besides such lofty and noble sentiments with the puerilities of self-love, that all this together was very engaging. He was desirous of having a handsome mistress; and a good war-horse; he would view himself in the glass as he went through the Prussian exercise. He would beg Belisa to lend him the *Sopha**, and asked her if she had read Folard's *Polybius*. He thought it long till spring, that he might have an elegant suit, in case of peace, or make a campaign if it should be war. This mixture of frivolousness and heroism is perhaps the most seducing of any thing in the eyes of a woman. A confused presage that this pretty little creature, who trifles at the toilet, who caresses his dear self, who admires his own sweet person, will, perhaps, in two months time, throw himself in the face of a battery, upon a squadron of the enemy, or climb like a grenadier up a mined breach; this presage gives to the gentilities of a fine gentleman an air of the marvellous, which creates admiration and tenderness: but this foppery fits well on none but young gentlemen of the army. A piece of advice, by the way, to pretty fellows of every condition.

Belisa was affected by the simple and airy graces of Lindor. He had conceived a passion for her from the first visit. A young page is in haste to be in love. "My beautiful cousin," said he to her one day, for so he called her on account of their alliance, "I ask of Heaven but two things; to make my first campaigns against the English, and with you."—"You are a giddy creature," said she, "and I advise you to desire neither one nor the other: one will happen perhaps but too soon, and the other will never happen at all."—"Never happen at all! That is very strange, my sweet cousin. But I expected this answer: so it does not discourage me. Come, I will lay you a wager, that before my second campaign you will cease to be cruel. Now that I have nothing to plead for me but my age and figure, you treat me like a child; but when you shall have heard it said, 'He was in such an action, his regiment charged on such an occasion,

he distinguished himself, he took a post, he has run a thousand risks,' then your little heart will go pit-a-pat with fear and pleasure, and perhaps with love; who knows? If I were wounded, for example! Oh, that is very moving! For my part, if I were a woman, I should wish that my lover had been wounded in the wars. I would kiss his scars, I should have infinite pleasure in counting them. My beautiful cousin, I shall shew you mine. You will never be able to hold it."—"Go, you young fool, do your duty like a gallant man, and do not shock me with presages that make me tremble."—"See, now, if I have not spoke truth? I make you tremble beforehand. Ah! if the idea alone affects you, what will the reality? Courage, my pretty cousin, you may trust yourself to me: will not you give me something in advance upon account of the laurels that I am going to gather?"

Such fooleries passed between them every day. Belisa, who pretended to laugh at them, was not the less sensibly touched; but that vivacity which made so great an impression upon her heart, prevented Lindor from perceiving it. He was neither knowing enough, nor attentive enough, to observe the gradations of sentiment, and to draw his advantages from them. Not but he was as enterprising as politeness requires, but a look intimidated him, and the fear of displeasing influenced him as much as his impatience to be happy. Thus two months passed away in slight attempts, without any decisive success. However, their mutual passion grew more and more animated; and feeble as Belisa's resistance was, she was tired of it herself, when the signal for war gave the alarm to their loves.

At this terrible signal all engagements are suspended; one flies away without making an answer to a most gallant billet, another fails in an assignation that would have crowned all his wishes: a total revolution in the whole empire of pleasures!

Lindor had scarce time to take leave of Belisa. She had now reproached herself a hundred times for her imaginary cruelties. "This poor youth," said she, "loves me with all his soul: nothing can be more natural or tender than the

* The title of a loose novel.

* expression

expression of his sentiments. His figure is a model for a painter or statuary. He is beautiful as the day; giddy, indeed; but who is not so at his age? And he has an excellent heart. He has nothing to do but to amuse himself; he would find few cruel; yet he sees only me, he breathes only for me, and I treat him with disdain. I wonder how he bears it. I confess; that if I were in his place, I should soon leave this rigid Belisa to stupify herself with her virtue; for, in short, though prudery is well enough sometimes, yet to be always acting the prudish part—' As she was making these reflections, the news arrived that the negotiations of peace were broken off, and that the officers had orders to rejoin their corps without a moment's delay. At this news all her blood froze in her veins. 'He is going,' cried she, her heart struck and penetrated. 'He is going to fight; going to die, perhaps; and I shall never see him more!' Lindor arrives in his uniform. 'I am come to bid you adieu, my sweet cousin: I am going; going to face the enemy. Half of my wish is fulfilled; and I hope that at my return you will fulfil the other half. I love you dearly, my sweet cousin! Do you sometimes remember your little cousin: he will return your faithful servant, he gives you his word. If he is slain, indeed, he will not return; but in that case his ring and watch shall be sent you. You see here this little dog in enamel. In it you will retrace my image, my fidelity, my tenderness, and you will sometimes kiss it.' In pronouncing these last words, he smiled tenderly, and his eyes were bedewed with tears. Belisa, who was no longer able to retain her own, said to him with the most sorrowful air in the world, 'You quit me very gaily, Lindor: you say you love me; are these the adieus of a lover? I thought it had been dreadful to banish one's self from what one loves. But it is not now the time to reproach you; come, embrace me.' Lindor, transported, made use of this permission even to licentiousness, and Belisa was not offended. 'And when are you to depart?' said she. 'Immediately.'—'Immediately! what! do not you stop with me!'—'Impossible.'—'I had a thousand things to say to you.'—'Say them quickly, then; my horses

'wait.'—'You are very cruel to refuse me one evening!'—'Ah! my pretty cousin, I would give you my life; but my honour is at stake: my hours are numbered; I must be there to a minute. Think, if there should be an action and I not there, I should be undone: your little cousin would be unworthy of you. Suffer me to deserve you.'

Belisa embraced him anew, bathing him at the same time with her tears. 'Go,' said she; 'I should be distracted if I drew the least reproach upon you; your honour is as dear to me as my own. Be wife, expose yourself only just as much as duty requires, and return such as I now see you. You do not give me time to say more; but we will write to each other. Adieu.'—'Adieu, my sweet cousin.'—'Adieu, adieu, my dear boy.'

It is thus that among us gallantry is the soul of honour, as honour is the soul of our armies. Our ladies have no occasion to meet our warriors more than half-way, in order to make them fight; but the contempt with which they treat a poltroon; and the favour they shew to men of courage, render their lovers intrepid.

Belisa passed the night in the most profound sorrow, and bathed her bed with her tears. The day following she wrote to Lindor: all that a tender and delicate soul could inspire of the most touching nature was expressed in her letter. O ye, who are so ill educated! who is it that teaches you to write so well? Does nature take pleasure to humble us by giving you your revenge?

Lindor, in his answer, which was full of fire and irregularity, expressed by turns the two passions of his soul, military ardour and love. Belisa's impatience disturbed her rest till she received this answer. Their correspondence was established; and continued without interruption for half the campaign; and the last letter they wrote was always the warmest; the last that was expected always the most desired. Lindor, to his misfortune, had a suspicious confidante. 'You are bewitched,' said this bosom friend to him; 'with this woman's being so fond of you. Ah, if you did but know the bottom of all this! I know women. Will you make one proof of your mistress? Write her word that you have lost an eye;

eye; I will lay a wager she will advise you to take patience, and forget her.' Lindor, quite certain of his triumph, consented to make the trial: and as he knew not how to lye, his friend dictated the letter. Belisa was distracted: the image of Lindor presented itself to her imagination, but with one eye wanting. That large black patch made it impossible to know him. 'What pity!' said she, sighing. 'His two eyes were so brilliant! Mine met them with so much pleasure! Love had painted himself there with so many charms! Yet he is only the more interesting to my heart on this account, and I ought to love him the more. He must be disconsolate; and dreads nothing so much as the appearing less amiable to me. Let me write to him, to encourage, to comfort him, if it be possible.' This was the first time that Belisa was ever obliged to say to herself, *Let me write to him!* Her letter was cold, in spite of herself: she perceived it, tore it, and writ it over anew. The expressions were strong enough; but the turn of them was forced, and the style laboured. That black patch, instead of a fine eye, clouded her imagination, and chilled her conceptions. 'Ah! let me flatter myself no longer,' said she, tearing her letter a second time: 'this poor youth is no longer beloved; an eye lost turns my soul topsy-turvy. I wanted to play the heroine; and I am but a weak woman; let me not affect sentiments above my character. Lindor does not deserve to be deceived: he reckons upon a generous and sensible soul; but if I cannot love him, I ought at least to undeceive him; his lying under a mistake will give me pain. "I am disconsolate," writ she to him, "and am much more to be lamented than yourself: you have lost only a charm, but I am going to lose your esteem, as I have already lost my own. I thought myself worthy to love you, and to be beloved by you; I am no longer so: my heart flattered itself with being superior to events; a single accident has changed me. Console yourself, Sir! you will always please any reasonable woman; and after the humiliating confession I have now made you, you have no longer any occasion to regret me."

Lindor was distracted on reading this billet. The *Sir* especially appeared to

him an atrocious injury. '*Sir!*' cried he. 'Ah! the perfidious woman! Her little cousin, *Sir!* This, *Sir*, is for the man with one eye.' He went to find out his friend. 'I told you so,' said the confidante. 'Now is the time to take your revenge; unless you had rather wait the end of the campaign, in order to give your heroine the pleasure of a surprise.'—'No, I will put her to confusion this very day,' replied the unfortunate Lindor. He then wrote to her that he was quite transported that he had tried her; that *Sir* had still got his two eyes, but that those eyes would never view her more, but as the most ungrateful of women. Belisa was confounded, and from that instant resolved to renounce the world, and bury herself in the country. 'Let me go and vegetate,' said she; 'I am fit for nothing else.'

In her country-neighbourhood was a kind of philosopher in the flower of his age, who, after having enjoyed every thing for six months of the year in town, was come for the other six months to enjoy himself in voluptuous solitude. He paid his compliments to Belisa. 'You have,' said she to him, 'the reputation of wisdom; what is your plan of life?'—'Plan, Madam! I never had any,' replied the Count de P. 'I do every thing that can amuse me, I seek after every thing that I love, and carefully avoid every thing that makes me dull, or displeases me.'—'Do you live alone? or do you see company?'—'I see our shepherd sometimes, whom I teach morality; I converse with husbandmen, who are better instructed than all our *literati*; I give a ball to some of the prettiest young villagers in the world; I make lotteries for them of laces and ribbands, and I marry off the most amorous.'—'What!' said Belisa with astonishment, 'do these folks know what love is?'—'Better than we do, Madam; a hundred times better than we do. They love like turtles: they give me an appetite for it.'—'You will confess, however, that they love without delicacy.'—'Alas, Madam! delicacy is a refinement of art; they have instinct from Nature, and that instinct renders them happy. They talk of love in town, but it is practised only in the country. They have in sentiment what we have in imagination. I have tried, like other peo-

ple, to love and be loved in the world ; caprice and convenience, order and disorder, every thing. A connection is nothing more than a rencounter ; here inclination makes the choice : you will see in the sports that I give them, how their simple and tender hearts seek each other without knowing it, and attract each other by turns.' — You give me,' said Belisa, ' a picture of the country beyond expectation. They say these people are so much to be lamented !' — They were so, Madam, some years ago ; but I have found out the secret of rendering their condition more agreeable.' — O, you shall tell me your secret,' interrupted Belisa briskly, ' I want to make use of it.' — It is your own fault if you do not. It is this : I have an income of forty thousand livres a year ; of this I spend ten or twelve at Paris in the two seasons that I pass there ; eight or ten at my house in the country ; and by this management I have twenty thousand livres to throw away on exchanges.' — What exchanges ?' — I have lands well cultivated, meadows well watered, orchards well fenced and well planted.' — What then ?' — What then ? Lucas, Blaise, Nicolas, my neighbours and my good friends, have grounds lying fallow or poor ; they have not wherewith to cultivate them ; I swap mine with them for theirs ; and the same extent of land, which hardly maintained them after two crops, makes them rich. The ground which was barren under their hands, becomes fertile in mine. I husb the seed for it, the plant, the manure, the husbandry that suits it, and as soon as it is in good condition, I bethink me of some new exchange. These are my amusements.' — Charming !' cried Belisa, ' you understand agriculture then ?' — A little, Madam, and I instruct myself in it ; I oppose the theory of the learned to the experience of farmers ; I endeavour to correct what I see defective in the speculations of the one, and in the practice of the other : and the study is amusing.' — Oh ! I believe it, and I would fain give into it. Why ? You ought to be adored in these parts ; these poor labourers ought to consider you as their father.' — Yes, Madam, we have a great affection for each other.'

— ' I am very happy, my lord, that chance has given me such a neighbour ! Let us see each other often, I entreat of you : I want to pursue your labours, to follow your method, and become your rival in the hearts of these good people.' — You cannot have, Madam, any rivals of either sex where ever it is your desire to please, and even where it is not.'

Such was their first interview ; and from this moment see Belisa a villager, entirely taken up with agriculture, conversing with farmers, and reading nothing but the *Compleat System of Agriculture*. The count invited her to one of his holiday-feasts, and presented her to the peasants as a new benefactress, or rather as their sovereign. She was a witness of the love and respect they had for him. Sentiments of this kind are catching : they are so natural and so tender ! it is the highest of all encomiums, and Belisa was touched with them even to jealousy ; but how distant was this jealousy from hatred ! ' It must be confessed,' said she, ' that they have great reason to love him. Exclusive of his good actions, nobody in the world is more amiable.'

From this time the most intimate, and in appearance the most philosophical connection, was established between them. Their conversation turned only on natural studies, on the means of renovating this old mother earth, who exhausts herself for the sake of her children. Botany pointed out to them the plants salutary to the flocks and herds, and those that were hurtful ; mechanics afforded them the powers to raise water at a small expence to the top of dry hills, and to soften the fatigues of animals destined to labour ; natural history taught them how to calculate the economical inconveniencies and advantages in the choice of these animals ; practice confirmed or corrected their observations ; and they made their experiments in small, in order to render them less expensive. The holiday came round, and their sports suspended their studies.

Belisa and the philosopher mingled in the dances of the villagers. Belisa perceived with surprize that not one of them was taken up in admiring her. ' You will now,' said she to her friend, ' suspect me of a very strange piece of coquetry : but I will not dissemble with you. I have been told a hun-

dred tints that I was handsome; I have likewise, much beyond these peasants, the advantage of dress; yet I do not see, in the eyes of the young country-fellows, any traces of emotion at the sight of me. They think only of their companions; they have no souls but for them.—'Nothing is more natural, Madam,' said the count. 'Desire never comes without some ray of hope; and these poor people find you no otherwise beautiful, than as they do the stars and the flowers.'—'You surprize me,' said Belisa; 'is it hope that renders us sensible?'—'No; but it directs our sensibility.'—'We never love, then, but with the hope of pleasing?'—'No, to be sure, Madam; or else who could help loving you?'—'A philosopher, then, has gallantry?' replied Belisa, with a smile. 'I speak the truth, Madam, though no philosopher; but if I deserved that name, I should only have the more sensibility. A true philosopher is a man, and glories in being so. Wisdom never contradicts nature, but when nature is in the wrong.' Belisa blushed, the count was confounded, and they sat some time with their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring to break silence. The count endeavoured to renew the conversation on the beauties of the country; but their discourse was confused, broken, and without continuation: they no longer knew what they said, and still less what they were going to say. They parted at last, thoughtful and he lost; and both afraid that they had said too much.

The youth of the neighbouring villages assembled the next day, in order to give them a feast: it's sprightliness composed all it's ornament. Belisa was transported at it; but the catastrophe surprized her. The master of the feast had made songs in praise of her and the count, and the couplets closed with saying, that Belisa was the elm, and the count the ivy. The count knew not whether he should silence them, or take the matter in jest; but Belisa was offended at it. 'Pardon them, Madam,' said the count to her, 'as he re-conducted her home; these good people speak what they think, and know no better. I should have put them to silence, but that I had not the courage to make them unhappy.' Belisa made him no answer, and he retired overwhelmed with

sorrow for the impression this innocent sport had made on her.

'How unhappy am I!' said Belisa, after the departure of the count. 'See, here again is a man I am going to love. It is so clear, that even these peasants perceive it: it will be with him, as with all others, a slight flame, a spark. No; I will see him no more: it is shameful to be desirous of inspiring a passion, when we are not susceptible of it ourselves. The count would deliver himself up to me without reserve, and with the greatest confidence: I should make a very respectable man unhappy, if I were to break with him.' The next day he sent to know if she was to be seen. 'What shall I do? If I refuse him to-day, I must see him to-morrow; if I persist in not seeing him more, what will he think of this change? What has he done that can have displeased me? Shall I leave him to think that I mistrust him or myself? After all, what if he should assure me that he loves me? And if he should love, am I obliged to love him? I will bring him to reason; I will give him a sketch of my character; he will esteem me the more for it; I must see him.' The count comes.

'I am going to surprize you,' said she to him; 'I have been on the point of breaking with you.'—'With me, Madam! why? What is my crime?'—'Being amiable and dangerous. I declare to you that I came here in quest of repose; that I fear nothing so much as love; that I am not formed for a solid engagement; that I have the lightest, the most inconstant soul in the world; that I despise transitory likings; and that I have not a sufficient fund of sensibility to entertain a durable passion. This is my character: I give you warning. I can answer for myself with respect to friendship; but as to love, you must not depend on me; and that I may have no cause to reproach myself, I would neither inspire it, nor be inspired with it myself.'—'Your sincerity encourages mine,' replied the count; 'you are now going to know me in my turn. I have conceived for you, without the least suspicion or intention, a love the most tender and violent: it is the happiest thing that could have hap-
perind

'pined to me, and I resign myself up
 'to it with all my heart. Say what
 'you please to me. You think your-
 'self light and inconstant; I think I
 'know the character of your soul bet-
 'ter than yourself.'—'No, Sir, I have
 'tried myself, and now you shall judge.'
 She told him the story of the president,
 and that of the young page. 'You
 'loved them, Madam! you loved them!
 'you discourage yourself without cause.
 'Your anger against the president was
 'without consequences. The first emo-
 'tion is always for the dog, but the
 'second for the lover; so nature has
 'ordered it. As to the cooling of
 'your love towards the page, that
 'would not have been more durable.
 'An eye lost always produces this ef-
 'fect; but by degrees we become ac-
 'customed to it. As to the duration
 'of a passion, I must be ingenuous with
 'you. What a madman is he who re-
 'quires impossibilities! I ardently de-
 'sire to please you; I shall make it the
 'happiness of my life: but if your in-
 'clination should happen to grow faint,
 'it would be a misfortune, but no
 'crime. What! because there is no
 'pleasure in life without it's alloy, must
 'we deprive ourselves of every thing,
 'renounce every thing? No, Madam,
 'we must make choice of what is good;
 'and pardon both in ourselves, and
 'others, what is not quite so well, or
 'what is really evil. We lead an easy,
 'quiet life here; nothing but love is
 'wanting to embellish it: let us make
 'the experiment. If love should va-
 'nish, friendship still remains, and as
 'vanity has no share in it, the friend-
 'ship that survives love is the sweeter,
 'the more intimate, and more tender.'
 'Really, Sir,' said she, 'this is
 'strange philosophy.'—'Simple and
 'natural, Madam! I could make opo-
 'sitions as well as another; but life
 'is not a romance: our principles, as
 'well as sentiments, ought to be found-
 'ed in nature. Nothing is easier than
 'to imagine prodigies of love; but all
 'those heroes exist only in the brains of
 'authors; they say what they please;
 'let us do what we can. It is a misfor-
 'tune, without doubt, to cease to please;
 'it is a greater to cease to love; but the
 'height of misery is to pass one's life in
 'fear and self-constraint. Confide in
 'yourself, Madam, and deign to con-
 'fide in me. It is cruel enough not to

'be able to love always, without doom-
 'ing one's self never to love at all. Let
 'us imitate our villagers: they do not
 'examine whether they shall love long;
 'it is sufficient for them to feel that
 'they love. I surprize you! You have
 'been brought up in the region of chi-
 'meras. Believe me, you have a good
 'disposition: return to truth; suffer
 'yourself to be guided by Nature; she
 'will conduct you much better than
 'Art, which loses itself in the void, and
 'reduces sentiment to nothing by means
 'of analysing it.'

If Belisa was not persuaded, she was
 much less confirmed in her first resolu-
 tion; and from the moment that reason
 wavers, it is easy to overturn it. Be-
 lisa submitted without difficulty, and
 never did mutual love render two hearts
 more happy! Relieved with the utmost
 freedom one to the other, they forgot the
 world; they forgot themselves. All
 the faculties of their souls united in one,
 formed a mere vortex of fire, of which
 love was the centre, and pleasure the
 fuel.

This first ardour abated, and Belisa
 was alarmed; but the count confirmed
 her. They return to their rural amu-
 sements. Belisa found that nature
 was embellished: that the heavens were
 more serene, and the country more de-
 lightful; the sports of the villagers pleas-
 ed her more than before: they recalled
 a delicious remembrance. Their la-
 bours became more interesting. 'My
 'lover,' said she to herself, 'is the
 'god who encourages them; his hu-
 'manity, his generosity, are the riva-
 'lets which fertilize these fields.' She
 loved to converse with the husbandmen
 on the benefits showered upon them by
 this mortal, whom they called their fa-
 ther. Love brought home to herself all
 the good they said of him. Thus she
 passed the whole summer in loving, in
 admiring him, in seeing him make
 others happy, and in making herself
 happy also.

Belisa had proposed to the count to
 pass the winter out of town, and he had
 answered her with a smile, 'With all
 'my heart.' But as soon as the coun-
 try began to grow bare; that walking
 was impracticable; that the days be-
 came rainy, the mornings cold, and the
 evenings long; Belisa perceived with
 bitterness, that weariness took possession
 of her soul, and that she wanted to re-
 visit

visit Paris. She confessed it with her usual frankness. "I told you so before-hand; you would not believe me: the event but too well justifies the ill opinion I had of myself." "What event?" "Ah, my dear count! since I must tell you, I grow tired: I love you no longer." "You grow tired! that is very possible," replied the count, with a smile; "but you do not love me the less: it is the country that you love no longer." "Alas! Sir, why do you flatter me? All places, all seasons, are agreeable with those we love." "Yes, in romances, I have told you so already; but not in nature." "It is in vain for you to say so," insisted Belisa; "I know full well, that two months ago I could have been happy with you in a desert." "Without doubt, Madam, such is the intoxication of a growing passion; but this fire flame lasts only for a time. Love, when made happy, grows calm and moderate. The soul, from that instant, less agitated, begins to become sensible to impressions from without; we are no longer alone in the world; we begin to feel the necessity of dispassion and amusement." "Ah, Sir! to what do you reduce love?" "To truth, my dear Belisa." "To nothing, my dear count, to nothing! You cease to be my only happiness, I have therefore ceased to love you." "No, my soul's idol, no! I have not lost your heart, and I shall be always dear to you." "Always dear! yes, to be sure; but how?" "As I would wish to be." "Alas! I perceive my own injustice too clearly to conceal it from myself." "No, Madam, you are not unjust! you love me sufficiently: I am content, and would not be loved more. Will you be more difficult than I?" "Yes, Sir, I shall never forgive myself the having been able to grow tired of the most amiable man in the world." "And I, Madam, and I, who have nothing to boast of, am tired also at times of the most adorable of all women, and I forgive myself for it." "What, Sir! are you ever tired of me?" "Even of you. Nevertheless, I love you more than my life. Are you satisfied now?" "Come, Sir, let us return to Paris!" "Yes, Madam, with all my heart; but remember, that the month of May shall find us in the country again." "I don't

believe it." "I assure you it will, and more fond than ever."

Belisa, on her return to town, began to give herself up to all the amusements which the winter occasions, with an avidity which she thought insatiable. The count, on his side, abandoned himself to the torrent of the world, but with less eagerness. By degrees Belisa's ardour abated. The suppers appeared long to her: she grew tired at the play. The count took care to see her seldom; his visits were short, and he chose those hours when she was surrounded by a multitude of adorers: she asked him one day, in very low voice, "What do you think of Paris?" "Every thing amuses, nothing attaches me." "Why do not you come and sup with me?" "You have seen me so often, Madam! I am discreet; the world has its turn, and I shall have mine." "You are still persuaded, then, that I love you?" "I never talk of love in town. What think you, Madam, of the new opera?" pursued he aloud, and the conversation became general.

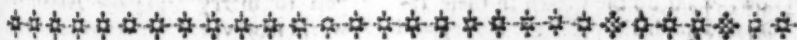
Belisa was always comparing the count with every thing that appeared best; and the comparison always turned out in his favour. "Nobody," said she, "has that candour, that simplicity, that evenness of character; nobody has that goodness of soul and elevation of sentiment. When I recollect our conversation, all our young people seem nothing more than well taught parrots. He may well doubt that one can cease to love him after having known him: but, no; it is not the good opinion he has of himself, it is the good opinion he has of me, that gives him this confidence. How happy should I be were it well founded!"

Such were Belisa's reflections; and the more she perceived her inclination for him revive, the more she was at ease with herself. In short, the desire of seeing him again became so strong, that she could not resist writing to him. He repaired to her; and accosting her with a smile, "What, Madam," said he, "à tête à tête! I shall create a thousand jealousies." "Nobody, Sir," said Belisa, "has a right to be so; and you know that I have only friends: but you, are you not afraid of disturbing some new conquest?" "I never made but one in my life," replied the count; "he expects me in the country, and I shall

'go this spring to see her.'—'She would be to be pitied if she were in town: you are so taken up here that she would run the hazard of being neglected.'—'She would amuse herself, Madam, and think nothing of me.'—'No more of this beating about the bush,' resumed she; 'why do I see you so seldom, and for so short a time?'

'To let you enjoy at full liberty all the pleasures of your youth.'—'You can never give me too much of your company, Sir; my house is your's; look upon it as such, it will flatter me: I request it, and I have acquired a right to exact it.'—'No, Madam, exact nothing: I should despair if I displeased you: but permit me not to see you again till the summer.' This obstinacy piqued her. 'Go, Sir,' said she to him, with anger, 'go seek pleasures in which I have no part: I have merited your inconstancy.' From that day she had not a moment's ease: she informed herself of all his proceedings; she sought and followed him with her eyes in the publick walks and at the theatres; the women whom he saw became odious to her; she never ceased questioning his friends. The winter ap-

peared intolerably long. Though it was but the beginning of March, some fine days happening, 'I must,' said she, 'confound him, and justify myself. I have been wrong hitherto, he has that advantage over me; but to-morrow he shall have it no longer.' She sent to request him to come to her; every thing was ready for their departure. The count arrives. 'Your hand,' said Belisa, 'to help me into my coach.'—'Where are we going, then?' said he. 'To grow tired of ourselves in the country.' The count was transported with joy at these words. Belisa, at the movement of the hand that supported her, perceived the extasy and emotion herself had given birth to. 'O my dear count!' said she to him, pressing that hand which trembled beneath her's, 'what do I not owe you? You have taught me to love; you have convinced me that I was capable of it; and in clearing up my doubts, with respect to my own sentiments, you have done me the most pleasing violence: you have forced me to think well of myself, and to believe myself worthy of you. My love is satisfied. I have no longer any SCRUPLE, and I am happy.'



THE FOUR PHIALS;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES OF ALCIDONIS OF MEGARA.

I Regret the loss of fairyism. It was to lively imaginations a source of innocent pleasures, and the handsomest way in the world of forming agreeable dreams. The climates of the East were formerly peopled with genii and fairies. The Greeks considered them as mediating beings between men and gods: witness the familiar demon of Socrates; witness the fairy which protected Alcidonis, as I am going to relate.

The fairy Galante had taken Alcidonis under her protection, even before his coming into the world. She presided at his birth, and endowed him with the gift of pleasing without any determined inclination to love. His youth was but

the unfolding of those talents and graces which he had received as his lot.

He had passed his fifteenth year, when his father, one of the richest and most honourable citizens of Megara, on his sending him to Athens to perform his exercises, embraced him, and said thus: 'My dear son, you are going to mix in the world among a number of giddy young fellows, who launch out into the most outrageous abuse of women. Never believe them. Those fellows affect to despise them, only because they have not been able to render them despicable. For my own part, to begin with your mother, my virtuous wife, I have found in the fair-sex that

that delicacy of sentiment, candour, and truth, of which few men are capable. Do as I have done; chuse an honest wife, of an even temper, solid character, and a sociable, and not austere, virtue. There are women of this stamp every where. My consent shall follow your choice: I am a tender father, and desire nothing but your happiness. Alcidonis, full of these lessons, arrives at Athens. His first visit was to Seliana, to whom he had recommendations. Seliana in her youth had been handsome and agreeable: she was still agreeable, but began to be no longer handsome. After the first compliments, 'What is your business here?' said an old captain to him, who was husband to Seliana, and an old friend of his father. 'A fine thing indeed, at your age, to bury one's self among the women! The Circus, the Piræus, these are the schools for you, and not that trifling circle which they call the *beau monde*. I am mad when I see a young fellow come to Athens! they ought to go to Sparta.'

Alcidonis was disconcerted by so warm an apostrophe; but Seliana took his part warmly. 'That is so like you,' said she to her husband; 'Sparta, the Circus, the Piræus! well, and pr'ythee, now, what do they learn in these famous schools?'—'To get money and fight,' replied the husband, roughly. 'To get money! very noble indeed! To fight! very agreeable! The first is unworthy the ambition of a gallant man, and the second is learned but too soon.'—'Not so soon, Madam, not so very soon as you imagine. I am afraid that after passing his youth at the toilette, a man would make neither a good officer, nor a good soldier.'—'Well! for my part, there is nothing more hideous and disagreeable in my eyes, than a man who has never learned any thing but to fight. One would imagine, that you came into the world only to cut one another's throats. Peace has it's talents and virtues, as well as war. Men are not always at the head of a troop.'—'So much the worse! by all the gods, so much the worse! I wish it were forbid, even in time of peace, to quit the colours on pain of death.'—'How, Sir! would you not allow us so much as one man!'—'You should have men enough, Madam: you should have all the re-

fuse. There are numbers quite useless to the state!'—'Very fine, indeed! you would reduce us then to the refuse of the commonwealth. The ladies are infinitely obliged to you!'—'I acquit them of all obligations.'—'No, Sir, we are citizens, and we generously give up to the state all those figures that displease us, all faces that fright one, all those fierce characters that delight in nothing but murder, and are good for nothing else.'—'And you reserve to yourselves the handsome men who love to live; is it not so?'—'Certainly.'—'That is right; and the Areopagus, to be sure, will take care to pass it into a decree, to please you.'—'Pardon me, Sir, my wife is a fool.'—'I leave you; for I can stand it no longer.'—Oh, Hercules! Madam, must I be your husband! These things happen to nobody but myself.' At these words he went out stamping with his feet, and clapped the door roughly after him.

'Here is a strange family!' said Alcidonis. 'Pray, Madam, have you often scenes of this kind?'—'Way, yes,' replied the coldly, 'always when I have company.'—'And, when you are alone?'—'He grumbles still, but not quite so loud.'—'And how came you to marry him?'—'As all the world marry, for convenience and interest. As to any thing else, he is the best man in the world. When I am weary of him, I contradict him; he grows impatient, and walks off; then I do what I please. I advise you to shew him respect. His friendship is not to be neglected, and may be of use to you. Do you bring recommendations to many people here?'—'To my father's particular friends; but the number of them is not great.'—'So much the better, we shall see each other the oftener. I wish it for your own sake; for, on entering into a new world, the wisest have need of a guide.'—'Will you, Madam, condescend to be mine?'—'Either I or my husband; you shall take your choice.'—'My choice is made, Madam.' Thus passed their first interview.

When the husband returned, 'You are a strange man,' said Seliana to him; 'your behaviour has frightened away this young man.'—'Whom you wanted to render familiar?'—'I under-

"I understand you, Sir; henceforth I shall order my door to be shut against him." — "How! no, Madam! I am not jealous. It would be beginning a little too late. I was not jealous in the bloom of your youth, and I shall hardly be so now you are grown older." — "How extremely gallant! but I am used to it. Remember, however, that you owe a visit to this son of your old friend." — "I shall see him, Madam: I know life, and you may trust to my behaviour."

The day after, at his entering into Alcidonis's lodging, he resumed the conversation of the night before. "Well," said he to him, "are you going to give into the effeminate manners of the Athenian youth? My wife has disapproved you for it, no doubt. Take care, not of her, for her time is past, thank Heaven; but take care of the rest of her sex. They are most dangerous syrens. No safety in any dealings with them. They take you, deceive you, and quit you, without shame. One would think, on seeing them amusing themselves with the men, that we were made only for their playthings." — "If so," said Alcidonis, "the women of Athens are not like those of Megara!" — "At Megara it is the very same as here. You are like your old father. The good man would swear only by his chaste better half. It was out of complaisance to him, that she dressed and saw company; out of piety, that she shut herself up with a young priest of Minerva; by way of retirement, that she went to pass the evenings at a little house which he had fitted up for himself: he relied upon her virtue with the most absolute confidence in the world." — "He had reason, no doubt; and I beg you, Sir, to respect my mother's memory." — "Your mother! your mother was a woman. Would you have had some being made on purpose? I have seen enough of them; but I know none but my terragant that is truly faithful; and what is still more, it is I that made her so. I rendered her virtuous in spite of her teeth; but I have not been able to root out those seeds of coquetry, which nature or example plants in them almost at their birth. I would lay a wager that she is even capable of attempting to seduce you, for the sake of the pleasure of laugh-

ing at you. You would not be the first whom she has reduced to despair. She used to amuse herself formerly at this pretty little diversion, and then she has given me accounts of it, at which she laughed as if she had been mad. By good luck she grows older, and the danger is no longer so great."

Alcidonis's thoughts were taken up a considerable part of the night with what he had heard. "The women here," said he, "are very terrible then!" And he went to sleep with a resolution of avoiding them.

The fairy Galante appeared to him in a dream, and said, "Nothing is so much like man as woman. All the good, all the evil, that is said of them, is true in particular, but false in general. One should neither trust in every one, nor distrust every one. Live with the women, but resign yourself to them only at times. I have not given you a determined character, that you may be more flexible to theirs. A precise man is an unsociable man. You will be charming, if they cry, *We do whatever we please with him*. But it is not enough to please; one must know likewise how to love, and to love neither too much nor too little. There are three sorts of love, passion, liking, and fancy. All the art of being happy, consists in the proper disposition of these three shades. For this purpose, here are four phials, which you alone shall use. They are as different in their virtues as colours. You are to drink out of the purple phial, in order to be in love to distraction; out of the rose-coloured one, to skim the surface of sentiment and pleasure; out of the blue one, to taste of it without unreason, and intoxication; and out of the white one, to come to yourself again." At these words the fairy vanished like a vapour.

Alcidonis awakes quite ravished with so charming a dream. But what was his surprise, at finding in reality the four phials at his elbow! "As for the trial," said he, "I shall make it my leisure." He gets up full of gratitude to the fairy, and the same day revisits Seliana. She was alone. "You have seen my husband?" says she. "Has not he been declaiming against gallantry?" — "Violently." — "He has told you a thousand frightful stories of women?" — "He has." — "I hope he excepted me."

—“Only in the article of fidelity.”—
 “Poor man!”—He is persuaded that you
 are faithful to him; but he says that you
 are only the more dangerous on that
 account, and that you divert yourself
 most cruelly with those who have the
 misfortune to fall in love with you.”—
 “Ah! how he abuses me! He would
 richly deserve . . . But hold, I must
 have some respect to myself.”—Your
 virtue, he says, is of his own form-
 ing; and it is he that has made you
 honest.”—He!—“Yes, he; and
 in spite of your teeth.”—“In spite
 of my teeth! Upon my word! See
 whether he can make me virtuous in
 spite of my teeth!”—“I must own,
 that in your place . . . And I
 should be glad, too, to revenge his in-
 sult to my mother.”—“Your mo-
 ther!”—“Yes; he dared to tell me
 that my father was a fool, and that
 there is no man in the world but him-
 self who is not so.”—“Poor man!
 he has great reason to brag, truly!
 But, once more, I must respect my-
 self. No, Sir, I am no coquette;
 and since he obliges me to justify my-
 self, I have a heart as tender, and more
 tender than another.”—And what
 use do you make of that heart?”—
 “Alas! no use at all; but you may ea-
 sily believe that it is not for his sweet
 looks that I keep it. I am prudent for
 my own sake, that I may not expose
 myself to the caprice, inconstancy,
 and ingratitude of men. I feel that
 if I loved, I should love passionately,
 and I should wish to be passionately
 beloved.”—“Ah! and so you shall.”
 “I dare not flatter myself with that:
 nothing is weaker, vainer, and more
 inconstant, than the love of your sex.
 They have their likings, their fancies;
 but the passion of love, that intoxica-
 tion which is the greatest charm, and
 it's only excuse, they are quite unac-
 quainted with.”—“For my part, Ma-
 dam, I know very well how to ac-
 quire that love which you deserve; and
 were I sure of its return, I should take
 a good dose of it!” Seliana smiled at
 Alcidonis's simplicity, (for the fairy
 had given him that unaffected air, that
 ingenuous manner, which coquettes
 are so fond of.) “No,” said she,
 “people are not inflamed all at once;
 and how can we possibly be in love?

“We do not know each other yet.”—
 “At your own time, Madam; I am in
 no hurry. To-morrow we shall know
 each other better.”—“I shall see you
 to-morrow, then!”—“Yes, Madam.”
 —“After dinner; do you hear? For I
 would spare you the disagreeable cir-
 cumstance of finding my husband at
 home. We shall be alone, and at
 liberty, and I shall talk reason to
 you.”

Alcidonis repaired to the appoint-
 ment, with his phials in his pocket.
 Seliana received him in the most tempt-
 ing dishabille. “See there,” said Alci-
 donis on seeing her, “the privilege of
 beauty: the less ornament, the more
 charms.” Seliana affected to blush.
 “Do you know,” said she, “that this
 pretended simplicity of yours makes
 you dangerous? One might be taken
 by it, and be deceived.”—“I deceive
 you, Madam? I never deceived any
 body.”—“And you would begin with
 me?”—“No, I swear.”—“Why then
 this flattering discourse, those tender
 looks?”—“You are handsome; I hate
 eyes; I speak what I see; there is no
 flattery in that.”—“Why, indeed, your
 tranquillity makes it evident that you
 have no design to seduce me.”—“Nay,
 nay, if you would but have it so,
 that tranquillity should soon vanish.”
 —“Oh, to be sure! and to be all on
 fire, you only wait for my consent;
 is it not so?”—“Nothing else; you
 need only say the word.”—“Indeed
 you are very fine, with that air of
 yours, so cold and so determined.”—
 “It is because I am certain of what I
 do.”—“What if I should oblige you
 to shew some desire of being loved?”
 —“You may do it to any degree you
 please, I assure you.”—“I see, Alci-
 donis, that you don't know what you
 promise, and what I might demand.”
 —“Demand, Madam? demand? my
 heart desires you; I will love you as
 much as you please.”—“You will
 love me then, if I please, to distrac-
 tion?”—“To distraction? It is all the
 same to me.”—His simplicity charmed
 her. “Very well; then, I would have
 you vastly in love with me.”—“Pas-
 sionately?”—“Passionately.”—“And
 you will love me in like manner?”
 “I believe so.”—“That is not enough.”
 —“Well, I am sure of it.”—“That is

(sufficient)

‘sufficient; now you shall see fine sport.’
 ‘Where are you going?’—‘Yours;
 allow me but one minute.’

The credulous Alcidonis, having retired into a corner, drank up the elixir in the purple phial, to the very last drop. He appears again, his eyes enflamed, his heart beating, and his voice almost extinct. The more foolery, the more gallantry: his language was rapid, broken, full of matter and warmth. Words were not sufficient to declare his sentiments. Inarticulate accents supplied the place of speech; a vehement gesture, an impetuous action, redoubled their energy. This pathetic eloquence put Seliana quite beside herself. She is moved, agitated, lost: she hardly knows him again, and can scarce conceive so wonderful a change. She would seem to doubt, to fear, to hesitate still; vain efforts! Her heart rends, her eyes brighten, her reason fails; and one would have thought, the very moment after, that she had also drunk of the same phial.

Two months passed away in transports which they found it difficult to confine within any bounds. The husband was perpetually rallying Alcidonis on his assiduities to his wife. ‘Poor dupe,’ said he to him, ‘you would not believe me. You are caught; I am glad of it. Throw yourself away in dangling after her: you have a fine time of it!’ Alcidonis took the best revenge he could for this insulting irony. But his passion was no longer seconded. Seliana’s grew every day weaker and weaker, Seliana suffered him; but he was no longer able to suffer Seliana. She wanted dissipation, diversion, and to return to the world, which she had forgot. Alcidonis was hurt, and saw with concern that she amused herself with every thing, while he was taken up with nothing but her. He became pensive, uneasy, and jealous; and went so far, that she was offended, and resolved to dismiss him. ‘It is true,’ said she to him, ‘I have loved you. I was mad. I am now come to my senses again; do you do so too. We are no where enjoined to carry on love, even to decay. Every thing has an end; even love itself. Mine is enfeebled; you have chid me for it. It is become extinct; you distrust yourself about it. So much the worse for you; but I cannot help it.’—

‘How! perfidious! ungrateful! perjured woman!’—‘Go on; vent your reproaches, if that will comfort you.’—‘Ah, just Heaven, how am I treated!’—‘Like a child, in whom we pardon every thing.’—‘Are these, perfidious woman! the oaths that you have sworn a hundred times, to love me to the last gasp?’—‘Rash oaths, which bind us to nothing; mad, whoever makes them; mad, whoever trusts them. Would you believe any one who, on sitting down to table, should swear by all the gods that he would always have the same stomach!’—‘The same stomach!’—‘What an image! Is this your boasted delicacy?’—‘Another piece of folly. We disavow the empire of the senses, at the very instant we are their slaves. I am a woman, I love like a woman, and you ought not to have expected that Nature should work a miracle in your favour.’ Alcidonis, at these words, tore his hair with despair. ‘Very fine,’ pursued she; ‘what is that for?’—‘Will you be more amiable, or better beloved, when you are bald?’—‘Hark ye, Alcidonis! I have still a compassionate friendship for you.’—‘Ah, cruel woman! is it friendship or compassion that I require of you?’—‘You must really bring yourself to that; I feel nothing more for you. Which of the two is to blame, the party who ceases to love, or that which ceases to be agreeable? The question is not yet, nor will soon be determined. In the mean time, be advised, and take your resolution with courage.’—‘It is taken, ungrateful woman; it is taken!’ said he, withdrawing to drink; and I need not say, that he had recourse to the white phial.

On a sudden his senses were all calm, and his reason returned. ‘Indeed,’ said he, returning to Seliana with an easy and sedate air, ‘I was a fool to make myself uneasy. We have been lovers; now we are friends. All this must happen in life. Passion is a fever: when it is over, there is an end of the matter. We are not obliged to see one another any longer than is agreeable, and nothing is more natural than to change when we are tired. You loved me as long as you were able. It would have been ridiculous to pique yourself on a constancy that was painful! Enjoy, Ma-

'dam, the right your beauty gives you of multiplying your conquests. I am too happy in having been of the number. Every man in his turn, and I with you much entertainment.'

Seliana was as much surprized as piqued at this colinefs. She wished, indeed, that he should console himself, but neither so soon nor so easily. So sudden a change was inconceivable. On reflection she was persuaded, that this apparent tranquillity was only a pretended disgust, and she failed not to tell some of her she-friends, that the poor boy was mad with despair, that he had put her into a terrible fright, and that she had all the difficulty in the world to prevent him from committing violence on himself. The day following Alcidonis went to sup at the voluptuous Alcipe's, with some of the youngest and handsomest women in Athens. 'All one to me,' said he to himself, 'the purple phial is dry; and it would be to no purpose for the fairy to replenish it, for may I die if I would taste a single drop of it.' As soon as he saw all those beauties, 'Ah! now let us trifle for once; this is the moment for whim and frolick.' He drinks of the rose-coloured phial, and immediately his eyes and desires wander without fixing.

Chance seated him at a table next to a fair beauty, with languishing looks, and an extreme modesty and timidity, with which he was sensibly touched; but he had on the other side of him a *brunette*, dazzling the beholders with her freshness and vivacity. He had a great mind to the latter, yet was deeply smitten with the former; and on farther consideration would have preferred the fair beauty, had it not been for a certain *je-ne-sai-quoi* which inclined him to the brown. This *je-ne-sai-quoi* determined his choice. He shewed her all the assiduous of a warm gallantry; which she received with an air of inattention, as an homage that was due to her. Alcidonis was piqued at it. Whim, as well as passion, is irritated by obstacles. Excited by the desire of pleasing, he formed all the delight of the entertainment. Corinna, his charming *brunette*, saw that the ladies envied her her conquest. She at length perceived the value of it, and some looks of complacency infused hope into the heart of her new lover.

The hour of parting now arrived.

Corinna rises, he follows. 'You will attend me then?' said she to him, receiving the offer of his hand; 'I am sensible of all the sacrifices you make me.' He swore that he made her none. 'Pardon me: I carry you away from the handsomest women in Athens; and that is no mean triumph.'—'I did but just look at them: but they appeared to me pretty well.'—'Pretty well! Your commendations are very sparing, indeed! Will you only call Cleonida *pretty well*? Those large eyes, and regular features, that majestic figure . . . one would take her for a goddess.'—'True, the stately Juno.'—'You wicked devil! and Amate, what do you think of her? That air of voluptuousness, that attracting negligence, which seems to invite pleasure?'—'Right; the picture of opportunity neglected.'—'Neglected! a cruel phrase, I will not repeat it; it would pass into a proverb. I hope, at least, that you will shew some favour to the ingenuous and timid air of Cephisia: that lively complexion, that tender look, that mouth which is afraid to smile, and yet when it smiles is so beautiful: what say you to her?'—'That she wants nothing but a soul.'—'And you would be glad to give her yours?'—'I confess, that if it had not been for yourself, she should have had the apple.'—'Alas! and what would she have done with it? Nothing is more cold, more indolent, more insensible, than Cephisia.'—'And therefore she had only my first glance.'—'Yet I caught you, when supper was almost over, with your eyes fixed upon her.'—'True, I admired her as I would a fine model in wax.'—'Right, a fine model; if you please: but the general opinion is, that this model stands in great need of drapery.'

While they thus run over the objects of Corinna's jealousy, they arrived at her house. 'Will you walk up for a moment?' said she to Alcidonis; 'it is early; we will have a little chat.' Alcidonis was transported. The fairy, who had made him so censorious with Corinna, knew what she was doing. The most flattering compliment to a handsome woman, is the abuse of her rivals; and this she had taken well at his hands.

'I long,' pursued Corinna, 'to know, in my turn, the good and all you think of

of me. — The ill, alas! if you have any, have you given me time, or occasion to find it out? You are surrounded with illusion. That lustre, that sparkling vivacity, would conceal deformity itself: I should have taken it for beauty. I see you, I am dazzled, intoxicated, transported! this is my case. It is an infatuation, a madness, whatever you please; but nothing in the world is truer; and you can make me, by a single word, the happiest or most miserable of men. — Madness, indeed! cried she, seeing him at her knees; you see me by chance; you love me, if one may believe it, and dare confess it to me! Do you know whether I merit this? Do you know whether I can make any return to it? — No, Madam, I know nothing. You are, perhaps, the most cruel of women, the most inconstant, the most perfidious. That fine person, those charming features, may conceal an insensible soul. I fear it, yet I will run the hazard of it; and though the danger were as great again, it is not in my power to avoid it. — Ah! I perceive plainly by these strokes the truth of your general character. You, Alcidonis, who are the most dangerous of men, and the person whom of all mankind I should most dread to love. — Why so? what have you heard of me? — That you are one who love passionately; and a man who loves passionately is insupportable; that you abandon yourself distractedly; that you love like a madman, and want to be loved in the same manner. If we do not love as passionately as yourself, then come nothing but complaints and reproaches. You become sulky, uneasy, and jealous. There is no knowing how to quit you, and no possibility of keeping you. — It is true, Madam, that I have given into these absurdities; but I am now thoroughly cured. You may take me with safety; and I will sign my discharge beforehand. — Do not imagine, Sir, that I am jesting with you; what but liberty forms the charms of love! Without these a lover becomes a husband, and indeed it would be no misfortune to become a widow. — I understand reason, my beautiful Corinna, and you may depend upon me. — You would give your word of ho-

nour, then, to a woman who should entertain a weakness for you, to retire without making any bustle, as soon as she should have told you as a friend, I have loved you, but now I love you no longer? — To be sure: I have learned to live, and you need only try me. — Well, I will then; but remember, that I engage myself to love you no longer than you shall be agreeable.

I see plainly, said Alcidonis within himself, that here the white phial will be of great service to me. He was mistaken; he had no occasion for it: the impression of the rose coloured one very soon vanished of itself. He was yet at Corinna's, and yet the idea of the other beauties he had seen at Alcipe's presented itself to his imagination. Such a one is lively, says he, but that is all; no sentiment, no delicacy. That other changes her lovers as she does her cloaths. To-morrow I should be dismissed, if to-morrow any other amuse her. I should have a fine time of it, to throw away my sighs on her! I should have done much better to have bestowed them on that languishing fair beauty, whose eyes were sailed towards me in so tender, so affecting a manner. Corinna speaks ill of Cephisa, and therefore Cephisa must have merit. She is not very animated; but what a pleasure it would be to animate her! A woman naturally lively is so to all the world; but such a one would be so to me alone. Come, let me go and see her: besides, I should not care to be dismissed. Corinna shall find that I am not one of those who are to be dropped as she pleases, and that I know how to give a dismissal full as well as herself.

He repeats to Cephisa the same things that he said to Corinna, but with more discretion. Is it possible? cried she, without any emotion. What! you would be unhappy if I were not to love you? — More unhappy than I can express. — I am sorry for it, for I do not know how to love. — Oh! my beautiful Cephisa, with that enchanting smile, that tender look, that voice which goes to the very soul, you do not know how to love! — No, indeed! — But if I should teach you how? — You would do me great pleasure, for I am very curious. But so many have attempted it, and not one has succeeded. My husband himself would lose all

'all his labour.'—'Your husband; I believe it; but have you had lovers?'—'Many, and those some of the handsomest and most tender.'—'And did you make them happy?'—'No; for they all complained that I did not love them. It was not my fault; I did all in my power. Only think! I used now and then to take four at a time, in order to endeavour, among the number, to love at least one or two: yet all to no purpose.'

'This,' said Alcidonis, 'is a very rare instance of ingenuity; but let us not be discouraged, my dear; you will love me.'—'Do you think so?'—'I do think so: you have sensibility?'—'Yes, at times, here and there; but it passes away in a moment.'—'This is certainly a disease. Have you, in order for your cure, offered up any sacrifices to Venus?'—'My husband has offered up a great many; but he always found me the same at his return from the temple.'—'And why did he not carry you there?'—'He took care not to do that: the priest was young, and wanted to initiate me.'—'Initiate you! And do you know what that means?'—'Alas! not I; I know nothing of it.'—'Shall I shew you?' resumed Alcidonis, taking some liberties with her. 'Softly, Sir,' cried she, 'you act as if I loved you; I am not in love with you yet.'—'How should you know that, unless we make some experiments?'—'I have made a thousand; but all that proves nothing. At first I think I love; and then I think I do not. It is better to wait till it comes; and if it comes, I will tell you.'

Alcidonis, from day to day, made some new progress on the indolent sensibility of Cephisa; but she was not yet come to the pitch that he wanted to bring her to. In order to heat her imagination, he proposed to meet her at a feast which was to be celebrated in honour of Venus. She consented, on condition that she should not be initiated. The day after, each of them, out of decency, repaired separately to their quarter. The girls and the boys, arrayed like the Graces and the Loves, sung hymns in honour of the goddess, and danced to the sound of the lyre, beneath the shade of a sacred grove which surrounded the temple.

Cephisa got there first. 'Ah!' said

she to Alcidonis, 'I was looking for you; I have good news to tell you. The goddess has anticipated our vows. I think I now begin to love you in good earnest. This very night I have seen you in my sleep. You were pressing; I was animated.'—'Well?'—'Well! I will tell you the rest at supper.'—'At supper!' replied Alcidonis, with an indifferent air, and his eyes fixed on the feast. 'At supper let it be, with all my heart. What a beautiful dancing girl is there! how charmingly that woman sings!'—'We shall be alone, do you hear?'—'Alone! very well. I should be glad to know, who that handsome dancer is?'—'Alcidonis, you do not hear me!'—'Pardon me, I do hear you; but I am looking out for somebody who may tell me.'—'Oh! Pamphilus! one word. Tell me who is that beautiful dancer?'—'It is Chloë,' says Pamphilus. 'I am to sup with her.'—'This evening?'—'This very evening.'—'I should be glad to make one.'—'That cannot be.'—'I beseech you, my dear Pamphilus, by our friendship.'—'You do not consider, Alcidonis,' whispered the disordered Cephisa, 'you are to sup with me; I told you so.'—'True! I intended it; but I have promised my friend Pamphilus. My word is sacred, and I cannot break it.'

He saw Chloë, found her as lovely as it is called, for a quarter of an hour, and insipid the moment after. He saw Phillira, the singer; he was smitten with her for an evening, and the next day tired of her. 'Alas, how fatiguing are whimsies!' says he, 'every instant new desires, without satisfaction. This is the torment of the Danaides. Away with these transitory beams of sentiment which revive and fasten on my mind. Let me drink oblivion to my follies!' He snid, and emptied the white phial. He had now none left but the blue; and his happiness depended on the use he should make of it.

Alcidonis studied philosophy under Aristus the academician. Aristus dying left behind him a young widow, one of the most virtuous and beautiful women in the world. The disciple of Aristus thought it his duty to give the widow all the consolation and assistance of friendship. Glycerium repaid his offers with a modesty mingled with sweetness and pride.

"I have little wealth," said she, "and his desires. My husband has left me my most valuable inheritance, a relish for the golden mean, and the habit of living upon little." So much prudence united to so much beauty deserved a delicate and lasting attachment. "It is time," says Alcidonis, "that I should drink out of the blue phial."

A soft and lively warmth diffused itself through all his veins; not the restlessness of whim; not the transport of passion; but a delightful emotion, the pledge of happiness. He burns to belong to Glycerium; he burns to have her for his; but one fortune with her, one life, and one soul; and giving way to impotence, he proposes marriage to her. Glycerium was not insensible to this mark of love and esteem. "You are generous enough," said she, "to offer me your hand. I will deserve it by refusing it. I should be unworthy of it if I accepted it." It was in vain that he urged his father's consent, that he made it a crime in her to refuse him, that he menaced her with the reproaches she would throw out against herself for having made him unhappy; she appeared immovable.

Glycerium, however, in her retirement, wept without ceasing. The only love she had left saw the grief that consumed her, but was not able to penetrate the cause. Should he attribute it to the death of her husband? What! lament, without ceasing, a philosophical husband! That was not natural. His mistress often writ to a citizen of Argos; and the answers he returned her forced deep sighs from her. Curiosity or zeal induced the slave to open one of Glycerium's letters. It was conceived in these terms.

"If you have not an heart of brass, you will be touched, my lord, with the despair of an unfortunate woman, who would give her life for the liberty of her father. Aristus, my husband, to whom I was not ashamed to confess that I was born of a slave, spared no pains to restore my father to my wifely. He caused him to be sought after in vain. I learn at last that he is in your power, and I learn that he is in indigence. I have made an estimate of every thing that I have left; but, alas! I am far from being able to raise what you demand: so that the only resource now left me, is to

offer myself in exchange for my father. It is not just that I should be freed while my father is a slave. I am young; he is borne down by years. You may derive more advantage from my servitude than from his. My hands will inure themselves to labour; my heart is prepared for patience. Were I inclined to avail myself of the easy means which those of my age have in their power to seduce and interest the men, I should not be reduced to this cruel extremity; but slavery is less shameful than vice, and I make my choice without hesitation."

The slave, struck with admiration and pity, carried this letter to Alcidonis. "Ah!" cried he, his heart overcome, and his eyes swimming with tears; "here, then, is the cause of her refusal! She was born a slave! What signifies that? Virtue is the empress of the whole world. Fortune only should be ashamed. What piety! what tenderness! You, Glycerium! you in slavery! Why have I not a throne to offer you! I conjure thee by the gods," said he to the slave, "keep this a secret! I will go. The tears of thy mistress shall soon be wiped away, and thy zeal have it's reward."

Alcidonis repairs to Argos, and Glycerium's father is set free. The unknown stranger, who procured him his liberty, gives him wherewith to defray his expences to Athens, and says to him at parting, "You are now going to see Glycerium; you owe your liberty to her tenderness and virtue. It is in her power to be happy, and to render you so: and if the service I have just now done you be dear to you, promise me to engage this virtuous daughter of yours to conceal her birth and your misfortunes from the eyes of the man who demands her in marriage. I know his respect for her is so great, that it would shock him to see her blush. Wherefore, if your benefactor ever appears before you, suppress your gratitude; for he would be known by you alone." "What!" said the man, melting into tears, "shall my daughter never know the hand that has broken my chains?" "No," replied Alcidonis, "overwhelm not Glycerium with this load of humiliation. It is one of those duties that debase the soul. Leave her, I conjure you; it's needless," and

and freedom.' The old man promised his deliverer to comply.

On his arrival at Athens, his daughter faints away at the sight of him.

'Oh, my father!' said she to him, 'what god grants you to my tears? Has then your master's avarice at length relented?'—'Yes, my daughter,' replied the old man; 'I know that I owe to your tenderness my life, and the happiness of coming to die in your arms.'

Alcidonis, at his return, came to press Glycerium by all the tenderness of love to consent to their marriage. The old man had not been wanting to exhort his daughter to silence on the humbleness of their former condition. 'No,' replied she to him with spirit, 'it is less humiliating to confess, than to be silent: they whom it shall concern to know me, shall learn from myself who I am.'

'You chuse, then,' said she to Alcidonis, 'that I should open my soul to you? While I was unhappy, I concealed my grief; but you deserve to partake of my joy. Know, that my destiny decreed me to be born in servitude. I was emancipated; but my father still groaned under it. Some propitious deity restored him to me: he is free; he is here; you shall see him. However, the blot of our servitude is not to be effaced; and to confess to you who we are, is to declare irrevocably, that neither your honour, nor my gratitude, will permit me to listen to your offers.'

'You do me injustice, Glycerium,' said Alcidonis, with an air of tenderness mingled with reproach. 'Do you think me less a philosopher, or less generous, than Aristus? Did you conceal from him the misfortune of your birth? No, certainly. Did not he despise the injustice of fortune and opinion? I am his disciple: his precepts are engrained in my heart. Is it reproachful to follow his example? Or do you imagine that I have not virtue enough to imitate him?'—'It is not virtue,' said she to him, smiling, 'but prudence, that you want. Aristus had not time to try himself. You are not, like him, of an age at which we can answer for ourselves; and I would save you the bitterness of repentance.'

Alcidonis, grieved at her invincible constancy, fell at Glycerium's feet, in

order to move her by pity. In that moment appears the old man, whom he had delivered from slavery. 'What do

'I see? Ah, daughter!' cried he, 'it is he——' and then all of a sudden calling to mind Alcidonis's prohibition, he stopped short, and remained with his eyes fixed on his deliverer, as it were inadvertently letting fall tears. 'What! my father,' said Glycerium, astonished, 'you know him then? It is he, you say I make an end. What has he done? Where have you known him?'

'Alcidonis, you look down! you blush! My father views you with the most melting tenderness! Ah! I understand you both. My father, it is he who redeemed you; it is to him that I owe my father.'—'Yes, my daughter, there is my benefactor.'—'Is this,' said Alcidonis, embracing the old man, who threw himself at his feet, 'is this what you promised me?'

'Pardon me,' said the old man, 'my heart was touched; my daughter has guessed my secret; it is not my fault.'—'Well, then, since she knows all, oblige this cruel daughter not to drive me to despair. It is her hand, her heart, that I ask at the price of the happiness I restore to her.' The old man, struck to the heart, warmly reproached his daughter for a piece of ingratitude of which she was not guilty; and taking her trembling hand, put it into that of his deliverer. 'It is to your father that I owe it; that I owe this hand which you refused me,' said Alcidonis to her, tenderly, and kissing her hands. 'Console yourself,' replied Glycerium, with a smile; 'you owe him only my hand; my heart surrendered of itself.'

Alcidonis, transported, employed the remainder of the day in preparing to set out on the morrow for Megara. That night, while he enjoyed a gentle slumber, the fairy Galante appeared to him again, and said, 'Be happy, Alcidonis; love without uneasiness; possess without disgust; desire in order to enjoy; make others jealous, but never be so yourself. It is not advice that I now give you; it is your destiny that I unfold. You have drunk at the spring of perfect happiness. I distribute with a lavish hand the purple and coloured phials; but the blue bottle is a gift which I reserve for my favourites.'

LAUSUS AND LYDIA.

Lausus Equum Dormitor, Debellatorque Ferarum. VIRG. Æn. vii.

THE character of Mezentius, king of Tyrrhene, is well known. A bad prince and a good father, cruel and tender by turns. He had nothing of the tyrant, nothing that shewed violence, as long as his desires knew no obstacle; but the calm of this haughty soul was the repose of a lion.

Mezentius had a son named Lausus, whose valour and beauty rendered him famous among the young heroes of Italy. Lausus had attended Mezentius in the war against the King of Præneste. His father, at the very summit of joy, saw him, covered with blood, fighting and vanquishing by his side. The King of Præneste, driven out of his territories, and seeking safety in flight, had left in the hands of the conqueror a treasure more precious than his crown, a prince, at that age wherein the heart has only the virtues of nature, and nature has all the charms of innocence and beauty. Every thing that the Graces in tears possess, either noble or affecting, was painted in Lydia's countenance. In her grief, courage, and dignity, one might discover the daughter of kings amidst the crowd of slaves. She received the first compliments of her enemies without haughtiness, without acknowledgment, as an homage due to her rank, the noble sentiments of which were not weakened by ill fortune.

She heard her father named, and at that name lifted up to Heaven her fine eyes filled with tears. All hearts were moved. Mezentius himself, astonished, forgot his pride and age. Prosperity, which hardens weak souls, softens proud hearts, and nothing can be gentler than an hero after a victory.

If the savage heart of old Mezentius was not able to resist the charms of his captive, what was the impression on the virtuous soul of young Lausus! He mourned over his exploits; he reproached himself with his victory: it cost Lydia tears. 'Let her avenge herself,' said he; 'let her hate me as much as I love her; I have deserved it but too much!' But an idea still more distressful presents itself to his imagination: he sees

Mezentius, astonished, softened, pass on a sudden from rage to clemency. He judged rightly, that humanity alone had not effected this revolution; and the fear of having his father for a rival completed his confusion.

At the age of Mezentius jealousy follows closely upon love. The tyrant observed the eyes of Lausus with an uneasy attention: he saw extinguished in them, all at once, that joy and ardour which had lighted up the face of the young hero on his first victory. He saw him disturbed: he caught some looks which it was but too easy to understand. From that instant he considered himself as betrayed; but nature interposed, and suspended his rage. A tyrant even in his fury constrains himself to think that he is just; and before he condemned his son, Mezentius laboured to convict him.

He began by dissembling his own passion with so much art, that the prince looked on his former fears as vain, and considered the attentions of love as nothing more than the effects of clemency. At first he affected to allow Lydia all the appearances of liberty: but the tyrant's court was full of spies and informers, the usual retinue of men of power; who, not being able to make themselves beloved, place their greatness in being feared.

His son was no longer afraid of paying Lydia a respectful homage. He mingled with his sentiments an interest so delicate and tender, that Lydia very soon began to reproach herself for the hatred which she thought she entertained for the blood of her enemy; while Lausus lamented that he had contributed to Lydia's misfortunes. He called the gods to witness that he would do all in his power to repair them. 'The king my father,' says he, 'is as generous after victory, as untractable before battle: satisfied with victory, he is incapable of oppression. It is easier than ever for the King of Præneste to engage him to a peace that shall be glorious to both. That peace will dry up your tears, beautiful Lydia; but will it efface the remembrance of their crime

MORAL TALES.

' who caused you to shed them? Why
' did I not see all my blood flow rather
' than those tears?'

Lydia's replies, which were full of modesty and greatness, betrayed to Lausus no warmer emotion than that of gratitude; though at the bottom of her heart she was but too sensible of the care he took to console her. She sometimes blushed for having listened to him with complaisance; but her father's interests made it a law to her to avail herself of such a support.

In the mean time their conferences growing more frequent, became also more animated, more interesting, more intimate; and love made it's way insensibly through respect and gratitude, as a flower, which, in order to blow, opens the slight texture in which it is enclosed.

Deceived more and more by the feigned tranquillity of Mezentius, the credulous Lausus flattered himself, that he should very soon see his duty accord with his inclination: and nothing in the world, in his opinion, was easier, than to reconcile them. The treaty of peace which he had meditated, was reduced to two articles; to restore to the King of Præneste his crown and his territories; and to make his marriage with the princess the band of union between the two powers. He communicated this project to Lydia. The confidence he placed in it, the advantages he saw accruing from it, the transports of joy which the idea alone inspired him with, surprized the lovely captive into a smile, mingled with tears. 'Generous prince,' says she to him, 'may Heaven fulfil the wishes you pour out for my father! I shall not be sorry that I am made the pledge of peace, and the token of gratitude.' This touching reply was accompanied with a look still more touching. The tyrant was informed of all. His first transport would have hurried him to sacrifice his rival; but this son was the only support of his crown, the only barrier between the people and him: the same stroke would have rendered him completely odious to his subjects, and have taken from him the only defender, whom he could oppose to the publick hatred. Fear is the ruling passion of tyrants. Mezentius resolves to dissimble. He orders his son into his presence, talks to him with good-humour, and bids

him prepare to set out the next day for the frontiers of his territories, where he had left his army. The prince endeavoured to conceal the grief which wrung his soul, and set out without having time to take leave of Lydia.

The very day of Lausus's departure, Mezentius had caused honourable conditions of peace to be proposed to the King of Præneste; the first article of which was his marriage with the daughter of the vanquished monarch. That unfortunate monarch hesitated not to consent, and the same ambassador that offered him peace brought back his agreement for an answer.

Lausus had in the court a friend, who had been attached to him from his infancy. A remarkable resemblance to the young prince had been the means of making the fortune of this young man, who was called Phanor; but they resembled each other still more in their disposition than their figure; the same inclinations, the same virtues. Lausus and Phanor seemed to have but one soul. Lausus, at parting, had confided to Phanor his passion and his despair. The latter was therefore inconsolable on hearing of the marriage of Lydia with Mezentius; he thought it is duty to acquaint the prince with it. The situation of the lover at this news cannot be described; his heart is troubled, his reason forsakes him; and, in the distraction of a blind sorrow, he writes to Lydia the warmest and most imprudent letter that love ever dictated. Phanor was charged with the delivery of it. He went to her at the hazard of his life, if he should be discovered. He was so. Mezentius, enraged, orders him to be laden with irons, and dragged to a frightful prison.

However, every thing was prepared for the celebration of this unhappy marriage. We may justly conclude that the feast was suitable to the character of Mezentius. Wrestling, the cestus, gladiators, combats between men and animals bred up to carnage, every thing that barbarity has invented for it's amusements, was to have graced the pomp: nothing was wanting to this bloody spectacle, but persons to fight against the wild beasts; for it was customary to expose to these fights none but criminals condemned to die; and Mezentius, who on any suspicion was always eager to put the innocent to death,

death, retarded still less the punishment of the guilty. There remained in the prison none but the faithful friend of Lausus. 'Let him be exposed,' said Mezentius; 'let him fall a prey to devouring lions: the traitor deserves a more cruel death; but this best suits his crime and my vengeance, and his punishment is a feast worthy of injured love.'

Lausus having in vain expected the answer of his friend, impatiently gave way to affright. 'Should we be discovered?' says he; 'should I have lost my friend by my fatal imprudence! Lydia herself—Ah! I tremble. No, I cannot live any longer in this dreadful uncertainty.' He sets out; he disguises himself carefully; he arrives; he hears the reports spread among the people; he learns that his friend is in chains, and that the next day is to unite Lydia with Mezentius. He learns that they are preparing the feast which is to precede the marriage-festival, and that, by way of show at this festival, they are to see the unhappy Phanor a prey to wild beasts. He shrinks at this recital; a deadly chillness spreads through all his veins; he comes again to himself; but lost in distraction, he falls on his knees, and cries out, 'Great gods, restrain my hand; my despair terrifies me! Let me die to save my friend; but let me die with virtue!' Resolved to deliver his dear Phanor, though he should perish in his stead, he flies to the gates of the prison; but how is he to enter there? He addresses himself to the slave whose office it was to carry food to the prisoners. 'Open your eyes,' said he, 'and know me: I am Lausus, I am the son of the king. I expect an important service from you. Phanor is confined here; I will see him; I will. I have but one way to come at him: give me your cloaths; fly! There are the pledges of my acknowledgments: withdraw yourself from the vengeance of my father. If you betray me, you rush on your ruin; if you assist me in my undertaking, my favour shall find you in the very heart of the deserts.'

The weak and timorous slave yields to his promises and threats. He assists the prince in disguising himself; and disappears, after having told him the hour at which he was to present himself, and the conduct he was to observe in order to deceive the vigilance of the guards.

Night approaches, the moment arrives, Lausus presents himself: he assumes the name of the slave; the bolts of the dungeon open with a dismal sound. By the feeble glimmering of a torch, he penetrates into this mansion of horror; he advances, he listens: the accents of a moaning voice strike his ear; he knows it to be the voice of his friend; he sees him lying down in the corner of a cell, covered with rags, consumed with weakness, the paleness of death on his countenance, and the fire of despair in his eyes. 'Leave me,' said Phanor to him, taking him for the slave; 'away with these odious nourishments; suffer me to die. Alas!' added he, sending forth cries interrupted by sighs; 'alas! my dear Lausus is still more unhappy than I. O, ye gods! if he knows the state to which he has reduced his friend!' — 'Yes,' cried Lausus, throwing himself on his bosom; 'yes, my dear Phanor, he does know it, and he partakes of it.' — 'What do I see?' cried Phanor, transported: 'Ah, Lausus! ah, my prince!' At these words both of them lose the use of their senses, their arms are locked in each other, their hearts meet, their sighs are intermingled. They remain for a long time mute and immovable, stretched out on the floor of the dungeon; grief stifles their voice, and they answer each other only by embracing more closely, and bathing one another with their tears. Lausus at last coming to himself, 'Let us not lose time,' said he to his friend; 'take these cloaths, get hence, and leave me here.' — 'What, I! great gods! can I be so vile?' 'Ah, Lausus, could you believe it! Ought you to propose it to me!' — 'I know you well,' said the prince; 'but you should also know me. The sentence is pronounced, your punishment is prepared, you must die or fly.' — 'Fly!' — 'Hear me; my father is violent, but he is not without sensibility; Nature asserts her right over his heart: if I deliver you from death, I have only to melt him to compassion for myself; and his arm, when lifted up against a son, will be easily disarmed.' — 'He would strike,' said Phanor, 'and your death would be my crime; I cannot abandon you.' — 'Well, then,' said Lausus, 'remain here; but at your death you shall see mine also. Depend not on my father's clemency; it would be in vain for him to pardon me; think not

‘not that I would pardon myself. This hand, which wrote the fatal billet that condemns you; this hand, which, even after it’s crime, is still the hand of your friend, shall re-unite us in your own despite.’ In vain would Phanor have insisted. ‘Let us argue no longer,’ interrupted Lausus; ‘you can say nothing to me that can equal the shame of surviving my friend, after I have destroyed him. Your pressing earnestness makes me blush, and your prayers are an affront. I will answer for my own safety, if you will fly. I swear to die, if you will stay and perish; chuse: the moments now are precious.’

Phanor knew his friend too well to pretend to shake his resolution. ‘I consent,’ says he, ‘to let you try the only means of safety that is left us; but live, if you would have me live: your scaffold shall be mine.’—‘I readily believe it,’ said Lausus, ‘and your friend esteems you too much to desire you to survive him.’ At these words they embraced, and Phanor went out of the dungeon in the habit of the slave, which Lausus had just thrown off.

What a night! what a dreadful night for Lydia! Alas! how shall we paint the emotions that arise in her soul; that divide, that tear it, between love and virtue? She adores Lausus, she detests Mezentius; she sacrifices herself to her father’s interests, she delivers herself up to the object of her hatred, she tears herself for ever from the wishes of an adored lover. They lead her to the altar as it were to punishment. Barbarous Mezentius! thou art content to reign over the heart by violence and fear! it suffices thee that thy consort trembles before thee, as a slave before his master. Such is love in the heart of a tyrant.

Yet, alas! it is for him alone that she is hereafter to live; it is to him that she is going to be united. If she resists, she must betray her lover and her father; a refusal will discover the secret of her soul; and if Lausus is suspected to be dear to her, he is undone.

It was in this cruel agitation that Lydia waited the day. The terrible day arrives. Lydia, dismayed and trembling, sees herself decked out, not as a bride to be presented at the altars of Love and Hymen, but as one of those innocent victims which a barbarous pity

crowned with flowers before it sacrificed them.

They lead her to the place where the spectacle is to be exhibited; the people assemble there in multitudes; the sports begin. I shall not stop to describe the engagements at the cestus, at wrestling, at the sword; a more dreadful object engages our attention.

An enormous lion advances. At first, with a calm pride, he traverses the arena, throwing his dreadful looks round the amphitheatre that environs him: a confused murmur announces the terror that he inspires. In a short time the sound of the clarions animates him; he replies by his roarings; his shaggy mane is erected around his monstrous head; he lashes his loins with his tail, and the fire begins to issue from his sparkling eye-balls. The affrighted populace with dread to see the wretch appear, who is to be delivered up to the rage of this monster. Terror and pity seize on every breast.

The combatant, whom Mezentius’s guards themselves had taken for Phanor, presents himself. Lydia could not distinguish him. The horror with which she is seized had obliged her to turn away her eyes from this spectacle, which shocks the sensibility of her tender soul. Alas! what would she feel, if she knew that Phanor, that the dear friend of Lausus, is the criminal whom they have devoted; if she knew that Lausus himself had taken his friend’s place, and that it is he who is going to fight!

Half naked, his hair dishevelled, he walks with an intrepid air; a poniard for the attack, a buckler for defence, are the only arms by which he is protected. Mezentius, prepossessed, sees in him only the guilty Phanor. His own blood is dumb, Nature is blind; it is his own son whom he delivers up to death, and his bowels are not moved; resentment and revenge stifle every other sentiment. He sees with a barbarous joy the fury of the lion rising by degrees. Lausus, impatient, provokes the monster, and urges him to the combat. He advances towards him; the lion springs forward. Lausus avoids him. Thrice the enraged animal makes towards him with his foaming jaws, and thrice Lausus escapes his murderous fangs.

In the mean time Phanor learns what is doing. He runs up, and bears down the multitude before him, while his piercing

sacrifi-

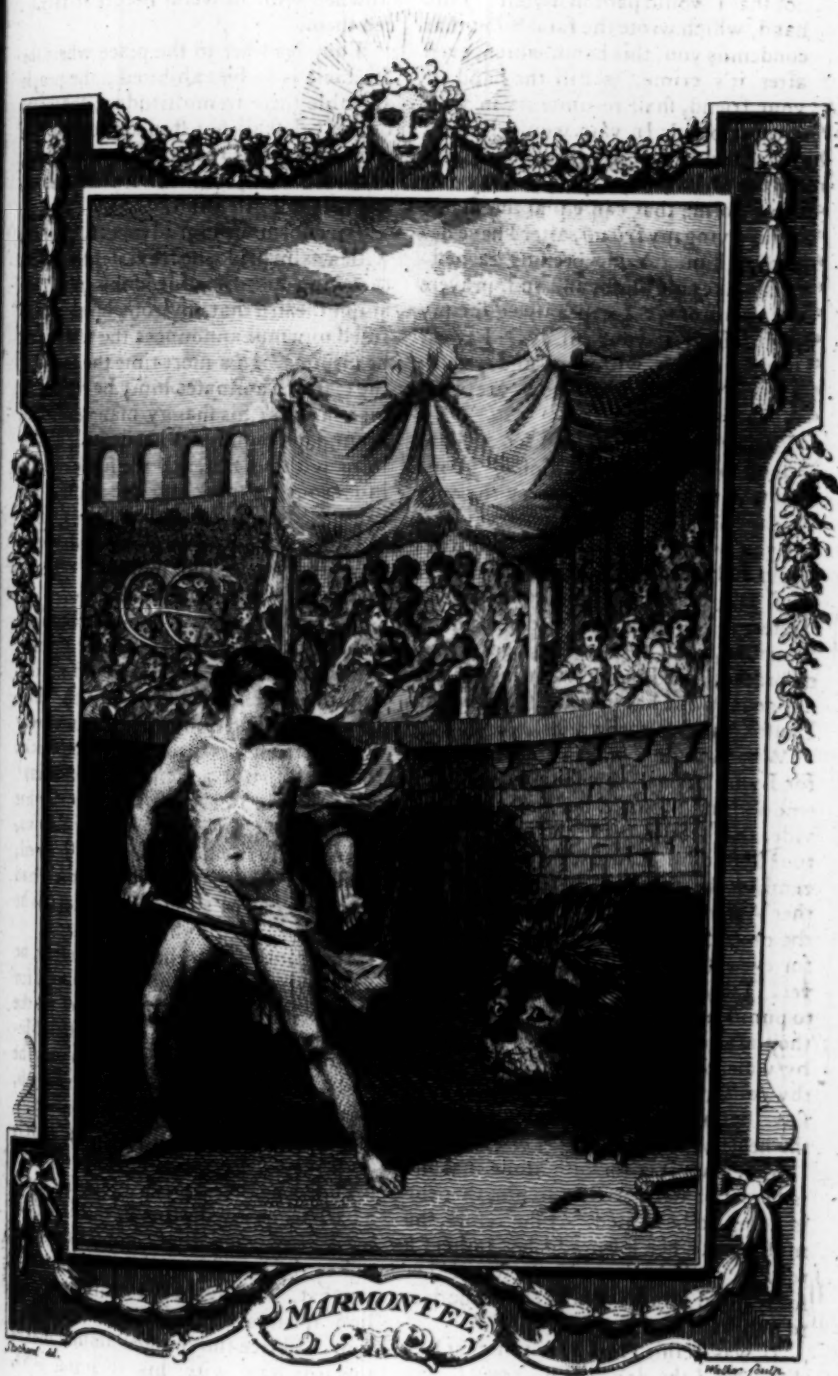
ere the
people
sports
the the
elling,
object

At first,
arena,
and the
a con-
or that
und of
ies by
rected
hes his
ins to
The
to see
ivered
error

tius's
anor,
ot dis-
which
away
ocks
Alas!
that
ufus,
oted;
f had
is be

d, he
d for
e the
Me-
y the
umb,
hom
wels
enge
with
sing
pro-
the
oids
akes
ws,
der-

hat
own
his
ing



Published as the Act directs by Hamilton & Co. Oct. 29. 1791.

piercing
found
‘son
‘gag
Phan-
‘ye
‘affir-
‘aren
‘dear
dia fa-
amp
eyes
zenti-
inewit
arm i-
fler p-
vour
rived
dible
nefs!
of the
tal bl-
is ar-
lican’s
feas
foam
now
ple r-
only
The
open-
zenti-
bloo-
dear
faid
‘am
‘mi
‘I

✠

‘N
chio-
‘th
‘is
‘wa
‘in
‘de
‘no
‘N
‘ve
‘no
‘fa

piercing cries make the amphitheatre resound. 'Stop, Mezentius! save your son: it is he; it is Lausus who is engaged.' Mezentius looks and knows Phanor, who hastens towards him: 'O, ye gods, what do I see! My people assist me; throw yourselves on the arena, ravish my son from the jaws of death!' At the name of Lausus, Lydia falls down dead on the steps of the amphitheatre; her heart is chilled, her eyes are covered with darkness. Mezentius sees only his son, who is now in inevitable danger: a thousand hands arm in vain for his defence: the monster pursues him, and would have devoured him, before they could have arrived to his assistance. But, O incredible wonder! O unlooked-for happiness! Lausus, while he eludes the bounds of the furious animal, strikes him a mortal blow; and the sword, with which he is armed, is drawn reeking from the lion's heart. He falls, and swims in seas of blood, vomited through his foaming jaws. The universal alarm now changes into triumph, and the people reply to Mezentius's doleful cries only by shouts of admiration and joy. These shouts recal Lydia to life; she opens her eyes, and sees Lausus at Mezentius's feet, holding in one hand the bloody dagger, and in the other his dear and faithful Phanor. 'It is I,' said he to his father, 'it is I alone who am culpable. Phanor's crime was mine: it was my duty to expiate it. I forced him to resign his place; and

was about to kill myself if he refused. I live, I owe that life to him; and if your son be still dear to you, you owe your son to him; but if your vengeance is not appeased, our days are in your hands: strike; we will perish together; our hearts have sworn it.' Lydia, trembling at this discourse, viewed Mezentius with suppliant eyes, overflowing with tears. The tyrant's cruelty could not withstand this trial. The cries of nature, and the voice of remorse, put to silence jealousy and revenge. He remains for a long time immovable, and dumb, rolling by turns, on the subjects that surround him, looks of trouble and confusion, in which love, hatred, indignation, and pity, combat and succeed each other. All tremble around the tyrant. Lausus, Phanor, Lydia, a multitude innumerable, wait with terror the first words that he is to pronounce. He submits at last, in spite of himself, to that virtue whose ascendancy overpowers him; and passing of a sudden, with impetuous violence, from rage to tenderness, he throws himself into his son's arms. 'Yes,' says he, 'I pardon thee, and I pardon also thy friend. Live, love one another: but there remains one sacrifice more for me to make thee, and thou hast just now rendered thyself worthy of it. Receive it then,' said he with a new effort; 'receive this hand, the gift of which is dearer to thee than life, it is thy valour which has forced it from me; it is that alone could have obtained it.'



BY GOOD LUCK.

'NO, Madam,' said the Abbé de Chateaufort to the old Marchioness of Lisban, 'I cannot believe that what is called virtue in a woman, is so rare as is said; and I would lay a wager, without going farther, that you yourself have never been guilty of one indiscretion.'—'Upon my word, my dear abbé, I could almost say like Agnes, *do not lay*.'—'Should I lose?'—'No, you would win; but by so little, so very little, that to say the truth it is not worth boasting of.'—'That is to say, your prudence has run some risks,'

—'Alas! yes: I have seen it more than once on the point of being shipwrecked. *By good luck* you behold it in port.'—'Ah, Madam, trust me with the recital of your adventures.'—'With all my heart. We are arrived at an age wherein we have no longer any thing to dissemble, and my youth is now so long past, that I may speak of it as a gay dream.'

'If you recollect the Marquis of Lisban, he was one of those insipid fine figures, which say to you, *Here am I!* He was one of those awkward pieces of

of vanity which always miss their aim. He valued himself on every thing, and was good at nothing: he took the lead in conversation, demanded silence, suspended the attention, and then brought out the flattest speech in the world. He laughed before he told a story, but no one else laughed at his stories; he often aimed at being refined, and gave such fine turns to what he said, that at last he did not know what he was saying: when he had given ladies the vapours, he thought he had made them pensive: when they were diverting themselves with his follies, he took it for coquetry. — “Ah, Madam, what a happy temper!” Our first interviews were filled with the recital of his intrigues. I began by listening to him with impatience; I ended by hearing him with disgust: I even took the liberty of declaring to my parents that the creature tired me to death. They replied, that I was a simpleton, for that a husband was formed to do so. I married him. They made me promise to love him alone: my mouth said, *Yes*; my heart said, *No*; and my heart kept it's promise. The Count of Palmene presented himself before me with all the graces of mind and figure. My husband, who introduced him, did the honour of my modesty: he replied to the handsome things the count said on his happiness with an air of superiority that made me mad. If you would believe him, I loved him to distraction; and this declaration was succeeded by all that indiscreet disclosure of secrets, no less shocking to truth than decorum, while vanity abuses the silence of modesty. I was not able to contain myself; I quitted the room, and Palmene could perceive by my disgust, that the marquis imposed upon him. “The impertinent creature!” said I to myself, “he goes on boasting of his triumphs, because he is persuaded I shall not have the courage to contradict him. They will believe him; they will suppose me tasteless enough to love the silliest and vainest man in the world. If he had spoken of dishonest attachment to my duty, I could have borne it; but to talk off love! of a weakness for him! this is enough to bring a disgrace on me. No! I would not have it said in the world, that I am fond of my husband: it is of the highest consequence that I should undective Palmene; and with him I ought to begin.”

My husband, who congratulated himself on having put me out of countenance, did not discover, any better than myself, the true cause of my confusion and anger. He valued himself too much, and loved me too little, to condescend to be jealous. “You have behaved like a child,” said he to me when the count was gone: “I can tell you, however, that he thinks you charming. Yet do not listen too much to him; he is a dangerous man.” I felt it much better than he could tell me.

Next day the Count de Palmene came to see me; he found me alone. “Do you forgive me, Madam,” said he for the confusion I saw you in yesterday? I was the innocent cause of it, but I could freely have dispensed with the marquis's making me his confidant.” — “I know not,” said I to him, looking down, “why he takes so much pleasure in relating what it gives me so much pain to hear.” — “When we are so happy, Madam, we are very pardonable in being indiscreet.” — “If he is happy, I congratulate him; but indeed he has no reason.” — “What! can he be otherwife,” replied the count with a sigh, “when he possesses the most beautiful woman in the world?” — “Suppose, Sir, suppose for once that I am so; where is the glory, the merit, the happiness of possessing me? Did I disclose of myself?” — “No, Madam; but, if I may believe him, you soon applauded the choice they had made for you.” — “What! Sir! will the men never consider that they train us up to dissimulation from our infancy; that we lose our frankness with our liberty; and that it is no longer the time to require of us to be sincere, when they have imposed it as a duty on us to be otherwife?” Here I was a little too much so myself, and perceived it too late: hope had now insinuated itself into the count's soul. To confess that one does not love one's husband, is almost to confess that we love another; and the person who is made the confidant of such a confession, is very often the object of it. These ideas had plunged the count into a pleasing reverie. “You have

dissembled

"dissembled then mighty well," said he, after a long silence, "for the marriage has told me astonishing things of your mutual love."—"Very well, Sir; let him flatter himself as much as he pleases: I shall not try to deceive him."—"But for yourself, Madam, ought you to be unhappy?"—"I do my duty, I submit to my destiny: question me no more about it; and, above all, make no ill use of the secrets which the imprudence of my husband, my own natural sincerity, and my impatience, have forced from me."—"! Madam; may I die sooner than be unworthy your confidence. But I would enjoy it alone, and without reserve: look upon me as a friend who shares all your difficulties, and in whose breast you may safely deposit them."

This name of *friend* infused into my heart a perfidious tranquillity: I no longer mistrusted either myself or him. A friend of twenty-four hours, of the count's age and figure, appeared to me the most reasonable, as well as the most decent thing in the world; and a husband such as mine, the thing of all the world the most ridiculous and most afflicting.

The latter obtained no longer, from the duty I owed him, any more than a few cold civilities; of which, however, he had still the folly to pride himself, and was always mentioning them in confidence to Palmene, and at the same time exaggerating their value. The count knew not what to think of it. "Why deceive me?" said he sometimes. "Why disown a commendable sensibility? Are you ashamed to contradict yourself?"—"Alas! no, Sir; I could glory in it; but I am not happy enough to have occasion to retract."

At these words my eyes were filled with tears. Palmene was melted by them. What did he not say to me to soften my sorrows! What pleasure did I take in hearing him! O, my dear abbé! the dangerous comforter: he assumed from that moment an absolute empire over my soul; and, of all my thoughts, my love for him was the only one I concealed from him. He had never spoke to me of his own passion but under the title of friendship; but making an ill use at last of

the ascendancy he had over me, he wrote to me as follows:

"I Have deceived myself, and imposed upon you: that friendship, so calm and so sweet, to which I resigned myself without fear, is become love, the most violent, the most passionate, that ever existed. I shall see you this evening, to devote my life to you, or to bid you an eternal farewell."

"I shall not explain to you, my dear abbé, the different emotions that arose in my soul: all I know is, that virtue, love, and fear, strove together; but I remember, too, that joy had its part. I endeavoured, however, to prepare myself for making a good defence. First, I thought I would not be alone—"and I will go and tell them to let in all the world." Secondly, I resolved I would look at him but very slightly, without giving his eyes an opportunity to fix themselves for one moment on mine. "This effort will cost me dear; but virtue is not virtue for nothing. In short, I will avoid giving him an opportunity of speaking to me in particular: and, if he should dare to attempt it, I will answer him in a tone, in such a tone as shall deceive him."

My resolution being taken, I sat down to my toilette; and without intending it, dressed myself that day with more grace and elegance than ever. In the evening, a prodigious deal of company came to see me, and this company put me out of humour. My husband also, more earnest and assiduous than usual, as if he had done it on purpose, harassed me almost to death. At length they announced Palmene. He blushed, he paid his respects to me: I received him with a profound curtsy, without deigning to raise my eyes towards him, and said to myself, "Well, this is very fine!" The conversation at first was general; Palmene let drop some words, which, to the rest of the company, carried very little meaning, but signified a great deal to me. I pretended not to understand them, and applauded myself in my own mind for so well supported a rigour. Palmene had not the courage to approach me; my husband forced him

him to it by his familiar pleasantries. The count's respect and timidity softened me. "The poor wretch," said I, "is more to be pitied than blamed; if he dared, he would ask pardon of me; but he will never have the courage. I will cheer him by a look."—"I have been guilty of an indiscretion, Madam," said he to me, "do you pardon me for it?"—"No, Sir." This No, pronounced I know not how, appeared to me very great. Palmene got up, as it were to go; my husband retained him by force. Word was brought that supper was on table. "Come, my dear count, be gallant; give my wife your hand: she seems to me to be rather in ill-humour; but we shall contrive to drive it away."

Palmene, in despair, squeezed my hand; I looked at him, and thought I saw in his eyes the image of love and grief. I was touched with it, my dear ablé; and by a movement, which proceeded from my heart, my hand replied to his. I cannot describe to you the change which appeared all of a sudden on his countenance. It sparkled with joy, and that joy diffused itself into the souls of all the company. Love, and the desire of pleasing, seemed to animate them all, as well as himself.

The discourse turned upon gallantry. My husband, who thought himself an Ovid in the art of love, delivered a thousand imperinencies on the subject. The count, in his answers, endeavoured to soften them with a delicacy and ingenuity that quite charmed me. *By good luck*, a young fop, who had seated himself by me, took it into his head to say handsome things to me. *By good luck* also I paid some attention to him, and answered him with an air of satisfaction. The amiable Palmene now changed of a sudden both his language and temper. The conversation had passed from love to coquetry. The count inveighed against that general desire of pleasing, with a warmth and gravity that astonished me. "I forgive," said he, "a woman for changing her lover; I can even pardon her for having several; all this is natural: it is not her fault if they cannot fix her; at least, if she seeks to captivate only those she loves, and whom she makes happy; and if she contributes at one

time to the happiness of two or three, it is only a blessing multiplied. But a coquette is a tyrant who wants to enslave, merely for the pleasure of having slaves. Idolatress of herself, she cares for nobody else: her pride makes a sport of our weakness, and a triumph of our torments; her looks are false, her mouth deceitful, her language and her behaviour are only a series of snares, her graces so many syrens, her charms so many poisons." This declamation astonished all present. "What! Sir," said the young gentleman to him, who talked to me, "do you prefer a woman of gallantry to a coquette?"—"Yes, without doubt do I, and it is beyond all dispute."—"Such a one is more convenient!" said I to him ironically. "And more inestimable, Madam," replied he, with an air of chagrin; "more estimable a thousand times." I confess that I was piqued at this insult. "Come, Sir," replied I with disdain, "it is to no purpose that you reproach us, as with a crime, of one of the most innocent and most natural pleasures in the world; your opinion will not be a law. The coquettes, you say, are tyrants: you are a much greater tyrant yourself, for wanting to deprive us of the only advantage that nature has given us. If we must give up the desire of pleasing, what have we left in society? Talents, genius, the striking virtues, all these you have, or think you have; it is permitted a woman only to attempt to be amiable; and yet you most cruelly condemn her never to wish to be so, except to one man. This is to bury her alive amidst the living; this is to render the whole world nothing to her."—"Ah, Madam!" said the count to me in a pet, "you are in the way of the world! Indeed I could not have believed it."—"You are wrong, my dear," replied my husband, "you are wrong: my wife would please every body, but desires to make none happy but me. That is cruel, I confess, and I have told her so a hundred times; but it is her foible: so much the worse for the dupes. Besides, why take so seriously what is but a jest? If she takes a pleasure in hearing herself called handsome, must she for that reason reply in the same strain? She loves

me, that is plain; but you, and as many others who amuse her, ye have no pretensions to her heart. She keeps that for me; and I defy any body to rob me of it."—"You shut my mouth," said Palmene, "the moment you cite your lady for an example, and I have nothing to say in reply." At these words they went out from table.

"I conceived from that instant, I will not say an aversion for the count, but a dread which almost comes up to it. What a strange man!" said I to myself; "what an imperious disposition! He would make a woman miserable." After supper he fell into a fullen silence, from which nothing could rouse him. At last, finding me for a moment alone, "Do you really think as you speak?" demanded he with the air of a severe judge. "Certainly."—"Enough: you shall never see me more as long as I live."

By good luck he kept his word with me, and I perceived by the chagrin which this rupture gave me, all the danger I had run.—‘See,’ said the abbé, moralizing very gravely, ‘what one moment of ill-humour produces. A trifle becomes a serious affair: we are exasperated, humbled; love is terrified, and flies.’

“The character of the Chevalier de Luzel,” resumed the marchioness, “was quite the reverse of that of the Count de Palmene.”—“This gentleman, Madam, was, without doubt, the person who was so sweet upon you during supper?”—“Yes, my dear abbé, the same. He was beautiful as Narcissus, and he loved himself no less: he had vanity, and a gentility in his understanding, but not the shadow of common sense.”

"Ah! marchioness," said he to me, "this Palmene of yours is a melancholy creature! What do you do with the man? He talks, he moralizes, he overwhelms us with his arguments. For my own part, I know but two things; to amuse myself, and to be amusing to others: I know the world I live in, I see what passes there; I see that the greatest of evils that afflict mankind is dullness. Now this dullness proceeds from an evenness in the temper, a constancy in our connections, a solidity in our tastes, a monotony,

"in flirt, which gives a sleepiness even to pleasure itself; while levity, caprice, coquetry, keep it awake. Besides, I love coquettes to distraction: coquetry is the charm of society. Besides, sensible women are tiresome in the long-run. It is a good thing to have somebody with whom you may unbend."—"With me," said I to him, smiling, "you may unbend as much as you please."—"And that now is what I want, what I seek in a coquette; to oppose, to resist, to defend herself, if possible. Yes, Madam, I would fly you, if I thought you capable of a serious attachment."—"Madam," replied the abbé gravely, "this young fop was a dangerous person."—"I assure you, my good friend, he was; and it was not long before I perceived it. I treated him at first as a child, and this ascendancy of my understanding over his could not but be very flattering at my time of life, but he might be taken from me by somebody. I began to grow uneasy at it. His absence put me out of humour; his connections raised my jealousy. I demanded sacrifices, and wanted to impose laws.

"Well, now," said he to me one day when I was reproaching him for his dissipation, "would you work a little miracle; make me discreet at once: I ask nothing better." I understood very well, that to make him discreet, there was a necessity for ceasing to be so myself. I asked him, however, on what this little miracle depended. "On a trifle," said he: "we seem to me to love one another already; the rest is easily imagined."—"If we loved one another, as you say, but which I do not believe, the miracle would be already performed: love alone would have rendered you discreet."—"O, no, Madam, we must be just: I willingly abandon all other hearts for yours, win or lose; it is the chance of the game, and I wish to run the hazard of it; but yet there is an exchange to make, and you cannot in conscience desire that I should renounce all pleasure for nothing."—"Madam," interrupted the abbé, "the chevalier was not so void of sense as you say, and here he reasoned pretty well."—"I was astonished," said the marchioness; "but the more I perceived he was in the right,

the more I endeavoured to persuade him that he was wrong. I even told him, as far as I can remember, some of the finest things in the world on honour, duty, and conjugal fidelity: but he paid no regard to them; he pretended that honour was only a decorum, marriage a ceremony, and the oath of fidelity a compliment, a piece of politeness, which in reality bound us to nothing. So much was said on one side and the other, that we began to lose ourselves in our ideas, when on a sudden my husband arrived.

“By good luck, Madam!”—“Oh! by great good luck, I confess: never did husband come more opportunely. We were confused; my blushes would have betrayed me; and, for want of time to recollect myself, I said to the chevalier, “Hide yourself.” He retired into the closet of my dressing-room.”—“A dangerous retreat, Madam!”—“It was so; but this closet had a back-door, and I was easy about the chevalier’s escape.”—“Madam,” said the abbé, with his air of reflection, “I would lay a wager that the chevalier is still in the closet.”—“Patience,” replied the marchioness, “we are not come to the unravelling of the plot. My husband accosted me with that air of self-content which appeared always on his countenance; and I, in order to conceal my embarrassment from him, ran up hastily to embrace him with an exclamation of surprize and joy.”—“So, you little fool,” said he to me, “there now, I suppose you are pleased! You see me again. I am very good, to come and pass the evening with this poor thing. You are not ashamed, then, to love your husband? But do you know that it is ridiculous, and that they say that they must bury us together, or that I must be banished from you; that you are good for nothing, ever since you have been my wife; that you drive all your lovers into despair, and that you ought to be punished for it?”—“I, Sir! I drive nobody into despair. Do not you know me? I am one of the best-natured women in the world.”—“What an air of simplicity! one would believe it. Thus, for example, Palmene ought to take it for granted that you have not played the coquette with him: the chevalier ought to be content that you prefer your husband

to him; and what a husband too! A dull, insipid fellow, who has not even common sense: is it not so? What a contrast to an elegant chevalier!”—“Indeed I form no comparison between you.”—“The chevalier has wit, vivacity, and grace. How do I know but he has the gift of tears also? Has he never wept at your knees? You blush! That is almost a confession. Out with it; tell me?”—“Have done,” said I to him, “or I will leave the room.”—“What! do not you see that I am joking?”—“Such joking would deserve——” “How now! what, angry! You threaten me too! You may, but I shall not be at all alarmed.”—“You take advantage of my virtue.”—“Of your virtue? Oh, not at all! I depend only on my own planet, which will not suffer me to be made a fool of!”—“And you trust to your planet?”—“I trust so strongly in it, I depend so thoroughly upon it, that I defy you to counteract it. Hark ye, child, I have known women without number; and not one, whatever I did, could bring herself to be untrue to me. Ah! I may say without vanity, that when they love me, they love me heartily. Not that I am better than any others: I do not flatter myself so far as that; but there is a certain *je-ne-sçai-quoi*, as Moliere says, which cannot be explained.” At these words, surveying himself with his eyes, he walked before a glass. “You see too,” continued he, “how little restraint I put upon you. For example, to-night have you any appointment, any *fitte-à-tête*, I take my leave. It is merely on a supposition that you are engaged, that I come to pass the evening with you.”—“However that be,” said I to him, “you had better stay.”—“For the greater surety, is it not so?”—“Perhaps so.”—“I thank you: I live!”—“I must sup with you.”—“Sup then quickly,” interrupted the abbé; “the marquis makes me impatient: I am in pain till you get up from table; till you are retired into your own apartment, and your husband leaves you there.”—“Well, my dear abbé behold me there, in the most cruel anxiety I ever experienced in my life. My soul struggling (I blush at it yet) between fear and desire. I advance with a trembling pace towards the closet of my

my dressing-room, to see at last if my fears have any foundation: I perceive nobody there, I think him gone. this perfidious chevalier! but, *by good luck*, I hear somebody speaking in a low voice in the next room; I draw near, I listen: it was Luzel himself, with the youngest of my women. "It is true," said he, "I came here with a design upon the marchioness, but chance uses me better than love. What a comparison! and how unjust is fortune! Your mistress is well enough; but has she that shape, that air of neatness, that bloom, that gentility? You are, by nature, a woman of quality. A woman must either be very modest, or very vain, to have an attendant of your age and figure! Faith, Lucy, if the Graces are made like you, Venus cannot shine much at her toilette."—"Keep your gallantries, Sir, for my lady; and remember that she will be here presently."—"Oh, no, she is with her husband; they are the best in the world together. I even think, God forgive me! that I hear them saying tender things to each other. It would be pleasant if he should come to pass the night with her. But however that be, she does not know that I am here, and from this moment I am no longer for her."—"But, Sir, you do not consider; what will become of me if they should know it?"—"Take courage; I have provided for every thing: if to-morrow they should see me go out, it is easy to give it a proper turn."—"But, Sir, my lady's honour—" "Stuff: your lady's honour is mightily concerned in it! And, after all, if they should give her such a man as myself, so much the better, that would bring her into fashion."—"Oh, the wretch!" cried the abbé. "Judge, my friend," resumed the marchioness, "my indignation at this discourse. I was on the point of bursting out upon them; but such a burst of passion would have ruined me: neither my people nor my husband would have been able to persuade themselves that the chevalier came there on Lucy's account. I resolved to dissemble: I rang; Lucy appeared; I had never seen her look so handsome before; for jealousy embellishes its object, when it cannot make it ugly. "Was that one of your mistress's servants," said I to her, "whom

"I just now heard talking with you?"—"Yes, Madam," replied she with confusion. "Let him withdraw this instant, and do not come back till he is gone." I said no more; but whether Lucy saw through me, or fear determined her to send away the chevalier, he retired that instant, and got out undiscovered. You may easily judge, my dear abbé, that my door was ever after shut against him; and that Lucy the next day dressed my head ill, did every thing wrong, was good for nothing, put me quite out of patience, and was discharged."

"You had reason, Madam," cried the abbé, "to say that your virtue has run some risks."—"This is not all," continued she, "I shall now entertain you with another adventure. We passed the summer every year at our country-house at Corbéil, where we had a celebrated painter for our neighbour, which inspired the marquis with the gallant notion of having my portrait and his own. You know that it was his foible to believe himself beloved by me. He would have us represented in the same piece, chained together by Hymen with wreaths of flowers. The painter took the hint; but being accustomed to draw after nature, he desired to have a model for the figure of Hymen. In the same village was at that time a young abbé, who now and then came to see us. His fine eyes, his rosy mouth, his complexion scarce yet shaded with the down of youth, his hair of a bright flaxen colour flowing in small ringlets on a neck whiter than ivory, the tender vivacity of his looks, the delicacy and regularity of his features, every thing about him seemed so formed for the purpose, that the marquis prevailed on the abbé to consent to serve as a model to the painter."

At this beginning, the Abbé de Chateaufneuf redoubled his attention; but contained himself to the end, in order to hear the conclusion of the story.

"The expression to be given to the countenances," continued the marchioness, "produced excellent scenes between the painter and the marquis. The more my husband endeavoured to put on an air of sensibility, the more simple he looked. The painter copied faithfully, and the marquis was enraged at seeing himself painted to the

life. For my part, I had something of mockery in my countenance, which the painter imitated as well. The marquis swore, the artist retouched without ceasing; but he still found on the canvas the air of a sly baggage and a fool. At last a dulness seized me; the marquis took it for a soft languor: on his side he gave himself a foolish laugh, which he called a tender smile, and the painter came off for drawing him as he saw him. We were to proceed next to the figure of Hymen. "Come, Sir," said the painter to the abbé, "now for the Graces and voluptuousness! Look tenderly on the lady; still more tenderly."—"Take her hand," added my husband, "and imagine that you are saying to her, 'Fear not, my dear; these bands are made of flowers; strong, but light. Animate yourself, then, my dear abbé; your countenance has no expression in it: you have the air of a Hymen benumbed.'" The young man profited wonderfully by the instructions of the painter and the marquis. His timidity vanished by degrees; his mouth wore an amorous smile, his complexion was heightened with a livelier red, his eyes sparkled with a gentler flame; and his hand pressed mine with a tremor which myself only could perceive. I must tell you all, the emotion of his soul passed into mine, and I viewed the god with much more tenderness than I had done my spouse. "There! the very thing," said the marquis: "go on, abbé; admirable!—Is not it?" said he to the painter. "We shall make something of this little model. —Come, wife, do not let us be cast down: I knew very well that it would be a fine piece. There! you are now just as I wanted.—Courage, abbé.—Go on, Madam: I leave you both in the right attitude; do not change it till I return." As soon as the marquis was gone, my little abbé became quite heavenly; my eyes devoured his, and yet I could not be satisfied. The sittings were long, and seemed to us to last only for a moment. "What a pity!" said the painter, "that I did not take my lady at such a juncture as this! There is the expression I wished for! quite another countenance. Ah, Sir! what a pleasure it is to copy you! You do not flag at

"all: your features become more and more animated.—No inattention, Madam; fix your eyes on his: my Hymen will be a capital figure." When the head of the Hymen was finished, "I want, Madam," said he to me one day in my husband's absence, "I want to retouch your portrait. Change places, abbé, and take that of the marquis."—"Why so, Sir?" said I, blushing. "Oh, Heavens, Madam! let me alone. I know best what will set you off to advantage." I understood him, and the abbé blushed at it as well as myself. The artifice of the painter had a wonderful effect. The languor gave place to the most touching expression of timid voluptuousness. The marquis, at his return, could not cease admiring this change, which he could not comprehend. "This is very strange!" said he; "it looks as if the picture had animated itself."—"It is the effect of my colours," replied the painter coldly, "to display themselves thus in proportion as they take place. You will see it quite a different thing in a short time from what it is now!"—"But my head," resumed the marquis, "to me does not seem to improve so."—"That is easily accounted for," replied the artist: "the lineaments are stronger, and the colours less delicate. But do not be impatient: it will become, in time, one of the finest husband's heads that ever was seen." When the picture was finished, the abbé and myself fell into a profound melancholy. Those soft moments in which our souls spoke through our eyes, and shot themselves into one another, were now no more. His timidity and my modesty laid us under a cruel restraint. He no longer dared to visit us so often, and I no longer dared to invite him. In short, one day when he happened to be at our house, I found him alone, motionless and pensive, before the picture. "You are well employed, Sir," said I to him. "Yes, Madam," replied he briskly, "I am enjoying the only pleasure that will henceforth be permitted me: I am admiring yourself in your picture."—"You are admiring me! That is very gallant!"—"Ah! I would say

more

"more if I durst."—"Indeed? You are content?"—"Content, Madam! I am enchanted. Alas! why are you not still such as I see you in this picture!"—"It is pretty well," interrupted I, pretending not to understand him; "but yours appears to me to be better."—"Better, Madam! mine is as cold as ice."—"You joke about your coldness; nothing in the world can be more warm."—"Ah, Madam! had I but been at liberty to suffer that emotion to display itself in my countenance which passed in my heart, you should have seen quite another thing. But how could I express what I felt in those moments? The painter, if not the marquis, had his eyes continually upon me. I was obliged to assume a tranquil air. "Would you see," added he, "how I should have viewed you if we had been without witnesses? Give me once more that hand which I pressed not without trembling, and let us resume the same attitude."—"Would you believe it, my friend? I had the curiosity, the complaisance, and, if you please, the weakness, to let my hand drop into his. I must confess, I never saw any thing so tender, so passionate, so touching, as the figure of my little abbé, at this dangerous conference. Voluptuousness smiled on his lips, desire sparkled in his eyes, and all the flowers of the spring seemed to blow on his beautiful cheeks. He pressed my hand against his heart, and I felt it beat with a vivacity that communi-

cated itself to mine. "Yes," said I, endeavouring to dissemble my confusion, "that would be more expressive, I confess, but it would no longer be the figure of Hymen."—"No, Madam, no; it would be that of Love; but Hymen at your feet ought to be no other than Love himself." At these words he seemed to forget himself, and thought himself in reality the god whose image he represented.

By good luck I had still strength enough left to be in a passion: the poor creature, shocked and confounded, took my emotion for anger, and lost, in asking my pardon, the most favourable moment to offend me with impunity.—"Ah, Madam!" cried the Abbé de Chateaufort, "is it possible that I have been such a fool!"—"How now?" resumed the marchioness. "Alas! this little fool was I!"—"You! impossible!"—"It was I, I myself, nothing more certain. You recollect my own story to my remembrance. Cruel woman! had I known but what I know now—My old friend, you would have had too great an advantage; and this prudence which you now extol so highly would have made but a feeble resistance."—"I am confounded," cried the abbé, "I shall never forgive myself as long as I live."—"Console yourself, for it is time," replied the marchioness, smiling; "but confess that there is a great deal of good luck in virtue itself, and that those ladies who have the most, ought to judge less severely of them who have not had enough."



THE TWO UNFORTUNATE LADIES.

IN the convent of the visitation of Cl. . . had for some short time retired the Marchioness of Clarence. The calm and serenity which she saw reign in this solitude, did but render more lively and bitter the grief that consumed her. "How happy," said she, "are those innocent doves, which have taken their flight towards heaven! Like as to them a cloudless day; they know

neither the sorrows nor pleasures of the world."

Amidst these pious maidens, whose happiness she envied, one only, named Lucilia, seemed to her to be pensive and pining. Lucilia, still in the bloom of her youth, had that style of beauty which is the image of a sensible heart; but sorrow and tears had taken off its freshness, like a rose which the sun has withered,

thered, but which leaves us still capable of judging, in it's languishing state, of all the beauty it had in the morning. There seems to be a dumb language between tender souls. The marchioness read in the eyes of this afflicted fair-one what nobody had discovered there before. So natural is it to the unhappy to complain, and love their partners in affliction! She took a liking to Lucilia. Friendship, which in the world is hardly a sentiment, in the cloister is a passion. They connection in a short time became very intimate; but on both sides a concealed sorrow poisoned it's sweetness. They were sometimes a whole hour sighing together, without presuming to ask each other the secret of their griefs. The marchioness at last broke the silence.

'A mutual confession,' said she, 'would spare us perhaps a great deal of uneasiness: we stifle our sighs on both sides; ought friendship to keep any thing a secret from the breast where a mutual friendship is found?' At these words a modest blush animated the features of Lucilia, and the veil of her eye-lids dropped over her fine eyes. 'Ah! why,' replied the marchioness, 'why this blush? Is it the effect of shame? It is thus that the thought of happiness ought to colour beauty. Speak, my Lucilia; pour out your heart into the bosom of a friend, more, without doubt, to be lamented than yourself; but who would console herself for her own happiness, if she could but soften yours.'—'What is it you ask of me, Madam? I share all your sorrows, but I have none of my own to confide to you. The alteration of my health is the only cause of that languor into which you see me plunged. I am decaying insensibly; and, thanks to Heaven, my end approaches.' She spoke these last words with a smile, at which the marchioness was greatly affected. 'Is that, then,' said she, 'your only consolation? yet, though impatient to die, you will not confess to me what it is that renders life odious to you. How long have you been here?'—'Five years, Madam.'—'Was you brought hither by compulsion?'—'No, Madam; by reason, by Heaven, which was pleased to attract my heart entirely to itself.'—'That heart, then, was attached to the world?'—'Alas! yes, for it's own punishment.'—'Fi-

nish.'—'I have told you all.'—'Were you in love, Lucilia, and had the fortitude to bury yourself alive? Was it some perfidious wretch whom you have abandoned?'—'The most virtuous, most tender, and most valuable of mankind. Ask no more: you see the guilty tears that steal from my eyes; all the wounds of my heart open afresh at the thought.'—'No, my dear Lucilia, it is not a time for us now to keep any thing a secret. I would penetrate into the inmost recesses of your soul, in order to pour consolation into it: believe me, the poison of grief ex- hales not but by complaints; shut up in silence, it only becomes the more violent.'—'You will have it, Madam? Weep then over the unfortunate Lucilia; weep over her life, and shortly over her death.'

'Scarce had I appeared in the world, when this fatal beauty attracted the eyes of a sickle and imprudent youth, whose homage could not dazzle me. One man alone, yet in the age of innocence and candour, taught me that I was sensible of love. The equality of our years, birth, fortune; the connection also between our families; and, above all, a mutual inclination, had united us to each other. My lover lived only for me: we saw with pity this immense void of the world, where pleasure is only a shadow, where love is but a gleam; our hearts full of themselves. . . . But I lose myself. Ah, Madam, what do you now oblige me to call to mind!'—'What, my dear, do you reproach yourself for having been just? When Heaven has formed two virtuous and sensible hearts, does it make it criminal in them to seek each other, to attract, to captivate reciprocally? If so, why has it made them?'—'It formed, no doubt, with pleasure that heart in which mine lost itself; where virtue took place of reason, and where I saw nothing that was a reproach to nature. Oh, Madam, who was ever loved like me! Would you believe that I was obliged to spare my lover's delicacy even the confession of those tender inquietudes which sometimes afflict love? He would have deprived himself of life, if Lucilia had been jealous of it. When he perceived in my eyes any mark of sorrow, it was to him as if

all nature had been eclipsed: he supposed himself always the cause, and reproached himself for all my faults.

It is but too easy to judge to what excess the most amiable of men must have been loved. Interest, which dissolves all ties except those of love, interest disunited our families: a fatal law-suit, commenced against my mother, was to us the zero and source of our misfortunes. The mutual hatred of our friends raised itself as an eternal barrier between us: we were obliged to give over seeing each other. The letter which he wrote to me will never be effaced out of my memory.

EVERY thing is lost to me, my dear Lucilia: they tear from me my only happiness. I am just come from throwing myself at my father's feet. I am just come from conjuring him, bathing him at the same time with my tears, to give over this fatal law-suit. He received me as a child. I protested to him that your fortune was sacred to me, that my own would become odious. He has treated my disinterestedness as a folly. Mankind conceive not that there is something above riches: and yet what should I do with wealth if I lose you? They say that one day I shall be glad they did not listen to me. If I believed that age, or what they call reason, could so far debase my soul, I should cease to live from this moment, terrified at what was to come. No, my dear Lucilia, no; all I have or ask is yours. The laws would in vain give me a part of your inheritance; my laws are in my heart, and my father there stands condemned. A thousand pardons for the uneasinesses he occasions you! Pray God that I offer up no criminal wishes! I could cut off from my own days to add to my father's; but, if ever I am master of those riches he is now accumulating, and with which he would overload me in spite of myself, ample reparation shall be made for all. But yet I am deprived of you. They will dispose, perhaps, of the heart which you have given me. Ah! beware of ever consenting to it: think that my life is at stake, think that our oaths are written in heaven. But can you withstand the imperious will of a mother? I

shudder at the thought; speak comfort to me, in the name of the most tender love."

"You answered him, without doubt."
— "Yes, Madam; but in very few words."

"I Upbraid you with nothing. I am unhappy, but I know how to be so: learn from me to suffer."

The law-suit, however, was begun, and carried on with heat. One day, alas! one terrible day! while my mother was reading with indignation a memorial published against her, somebody asked to speak with me. "Who is it?" said she; "let them come in." The servant, confounded, hesitates for some time, stammers in his answers, and concludes by confessing that he was charged with a billet to me. "For my daughter! from whom?" I was present; judge of my situation; judge of the indignation of my mother when she heard the name of the son of the person whom she called her persecutor. If she had vouchsafed to read the billet, which she sent back without opening, perhaps she had been moved by it. She would have seen, at least, the extreme purity of our sentiments: but whether the vexation into which this law-suit had plunged her, required only an opportunity to vent itself, or that a secret correspondence between her daughter and her enemies was in her eyes a real crime, there are no reproaches with which I was not loaded. I fell down confounded at my mother's feet, and submitted to the humiliation of her upbraidings, as if I had deserved them. It was determined on the spot that I should go and conceal in a cloister what she called my shame and her own. Being brought here the day after, orders were given not to suffer me to see any body; and I was here three whole months, as if my family and the world had been entirely annihilated to me. The first and only visit I received was my mother's: I presaged from her embraces the sentence she was going to pronounce. "I am ruined," said she to me, as soon as we were alone: "iniquity has prevailed; I have lost my law-suit, and with it all means of establishing you in the world. Scarce enough

"enough remains for my son to support himself according to his birth. As to you, my daughter, God has called you here; here you must live and die: to-morrow you take the veil." At these words, which were strengthened by the cold and absolute tone in which they were pronounced, my heart was struck, and my tongue frozen; my knees gave way beneath me, and I fell senseless on the ground. My mother called for assistance, and laid hold of that opportunity to withdraw herself from my tears. When I was come to myself again, I found myself surrounded with those pious damsels, whose companion I was to be, and who invited me to partake with them the sweet tranquillity of their condition. But that state, so fortunate for an innocent and disengaged soul, presented to my eyes nothing but struggles, perjuries, and remorse. A dreadful abyss was going to be opened betwixt my lover and me; I found my better part torn from me; I saw no longer any thing around me but silence and vacancy; and in this immense solitude, in this renunciation of all nature, I found myself in the presence of Heaven, with my heart full of the lovely object, which it was necessary I should forget for its sake. These holy damsels told me, with the strongest conviction, all that they knew of the vanities of the world: but it was not to the world that I was attached; the most horrible despair would have seemed a ravishing abode with the man whom I had left in that world which to me was nothing.

I desired to see my mother again: she pretended at first to have taken my swooning for a natural accident. No, Madam, it is the effect of the violent situation into which you have thrown me; for it is no longer time to feign. You have given me life, you may take it from me; but, Madam, have you convinced me only as a victim devoted to the torment of a lingering death? and to whom is it you sacrifice me? Not to God. I feel that he rejects me: the Almighty demands only pure victims, voluntary sacrifices; he is jealous of the offerings made him, and the heart which presents itself to him ought thenceforward to be his alone. If violence

"drags me to the altar, perjury and sacrilege attend me there."—"What say you, wretched girl?"—"A terrible truth, which despair forces from me. Yes, Madam, my heart has given itself away without your consent; innocent or culpable, it is no longer mine; God only can break the band by which it is tied."—"Go, unworthy daughter, go and ruin yourself: I will never acknowledge you more."—"Dear mother, by your own blood, abandon me not; see my tears, my despair; see hell open at my feet!"—"Is it in this light, then, that a fatal passion makes thee view the asylum of honour, the tranquil port of innocence? What, is there then but the world in thy eyes? Know, however, that this world has but one idol, interest. All our homages are for the successful: oblivion, desertion, and contempt, are the portion of the unfortunate."

"Ah, Madam! separate from that corrupt multitude the man—"—"Whom you love, is it not so? I know all that he can have said to you. He is no accomplice in the iniquity of his father; he disclaims it, he complains to you of it; he will repair the injury done you! Vain promises; the fine speeches of a young man, which will be forgot to-morrow. But were he constant in his passion, and faithful in his promises, his father is young, he will grow old, for the wicked grow old; and in the mean time love becomes extinct, ambition prompts, duty commands; rank, alliance, fortune, present themselves to him, and the credulous, beguiled maid, becomes the publick talk. Such is the lot that awaited you: your mother has preserved you from it. I how coil you some tears, but you will one day bid me for it. I leave you, my daughter: prepare yourself for the sacrifice which God requires of you. The more painful this sacrifice, the more worthy will it be of Him."

"In a word, Madam, I was obliged to resolve. I took this veil, this badge; I entered the path of penitence; and, during the time of probation, in which we are yet free, I flattered myself with the hope of subduing myself, and attributed my resolution and weakness solely to the

fatal liberty of having it in my power to return. I thought the time long till I could bind myself by an irrevocable oath. I took that oath; I renounced the world; an easy matter. But, alas! I renounced also my lover, and that was more than renouncing my life. On pronouncing those vows, my soul fluttered on my lips, as if ready to leave me. Scarce had I strength enough to drag me to the foot of the altar; whence they were obliged to carry me away as dead. My mother came to me transported with a cruel joy.—Pardon me, my God: I respect, I love her still; I will love her to my last gasp. These words of Lucilia were interrupted by sighs, and two rivulets of tears overflowed her face.

The sacrifice was now compleated, resumed she after a long silence: 'I was the Almighty's. I was no longer my own. All sensual ties were now to be broken: I was become dead to the earth; I presumed to believe it. But what was my terror, on searching into the abyss of my own soul! I there still found love, but a frantick and criminal love; love covered with shame and despair, love rebelling against Heaven, against nature, against myself; love consumed by regret, torn with remorse, and transformed into rage. "What have I done!" cried I to myself a thousand times; "what have I done! This adored man, whom I must see no more, presents himself to my imagination in all his charms." The happy knot which was to have made us one, all the moments of a delicious life, all the emotions of two hearts which death alone would have separated, presented themselves to my distracted soul. Ah, Madam, how grievous was the image! There is nothing which I have not done in order to blot it from my memory. For these five years past have I by turns banished it from my sight, and seen it recur without ceasing. In vain do I sink myself in sleep, which only revives it in my mind; in vain do I abstract myself in solitude, where it awaits me: I find it at the foot of the altar, I bear it into the bosom of God himself. Meantime that God, who is the father of mercies, has at length taken pity on me. Time, reason, penance, have weakened the first shocks of this

criminal passion, but a painful languor has succeeded. I feel myself dying every moment, and the thought that I am drawing near to my grave is my sole consolation.'

'Oh, my dear Lucilia!' cried the marchioness, after hearing her, 'which of us is most to be pitied! Love has been the cause both of your misfortunes and mine: but you loved the tenderest, the most faithful, the most grateful of men; and I the most perfidious, the most ungrateful, the most cruel. You devoted yourself to Heaven, I delivered myself up to a villain; your retreat was a triumph, mine is a reproach: people lament you, love you, and respect you; but me they revile and traduce.'

'Of all lovers, the most passionate before marriage was the Marquis of Clarence. Young, amiable, seducing to the highest degree, he promised a most happy disposition. He seemed to possess all the virtues, as he really did all the graces. The docile ease of his temper received in so lively a manner the impression of virtuous sentiments, that they seemed as if they could never have been effaced. It was too easy for him, alas! to inspire me with the passion which he had himself, or at least thought he had for me. All the conveniences, which make great matches, conspired with this mutual inclination; and my parents, who had seen it rising in my bosom, consented to crown it. Two years passed in the tenderest union. O, Paris! O theatre of vices, O dreadful rock of love, innocence, and virtue! My husband, who till then had been but little conversant with those of his own age, and that merely to amuse himself, as he said, with their irregularities and follies, imbibed insensibly the poison of their example. The noisy preparation for their insipid meetings, the mysterious confidence of their adventures, the proud recitals of their empty pleasures, the commendations lavished on their worthless conquests, all excited his curiosity. The sweetness of an innocent and peaceful union had no longer the same charms for him. I had myself no other talents than those which a virtuous education bestows; I perceived that he required more in me. "I am undone," said I to myself; "my heart

"is no longer a sufficient return for his." Indeed his attentions from that time were nothing more than complaisance; he no longer preferred those sweet conversations, those private interviews, so delicious to me, to the ebb and flow of a tumultuous society. He himself persuaded me to abandon myself to dissipation, only in order to authorize him to be abandoned. I became more pressing, and restrained him. I took the resolution of leaving him at liberty, that he might wish for me, and see me again with pleasure, after a comparison which I thought must be to my advantage: but young corrupters seized that soul, unfortunately too flexible; and from the instant he had steeped his lips in the poisoned cup, his intoxication was without remedy, and his wandering without return. I wanted to recal him; but it was too late. "You destroy yourself, my dear," said I to him; "and though it be dreadful to me to see a husband torn from me who formed all my delight, yet it is more for your sake than my own that I lament your error. You seek happiness where it is most assuredly not to be found. False delights, shameful pleasures, will never satisfy your soul. The art of seducing and deceiving is the whole of that worldly art that now charms you; your wife knows it not, and you know it no better than she: that infamous school is not formed for our hearts; yours suffers itself to be lost in its intoxication; but it will last only for a time; the illusion will vanish like a dream; you will return to me, and find me still the same; an indulgent and faithful love waits your return, and all will be forgotten. You will have neither reproach nor complaint to fear from me: happy if I can console you, for all the chagrins which you may have occasioned me! But you, who know the value of virtue, and have tasted of her charms; you, whom vice shall have plunged from one abyss into another; you, whom it shall dismiss perhaps with contempt, to conceal at home with your wife the languishing days of a premature old age, your heart withered with sadness, your soul a prey to cruel remorse, how will you reconcile yourself to yourself? how will you be

able still to relish the pure pleasure of being beloved by me? Alas! my love itself will be your punishment. The more lively also and tender that love will be, the more humiliating will it be for you. It is this, my dear marquis, it is this that grieves and overpowers me. Cease to love me, if you please; I can forgive you, since I have ceased to be agreeable: but never render yourself unworthy of my tenderness, and contrive at least not to be obliged to blush before me." Would you believe it, my dear Lucilia? a piece of railery was all his answer. He told me that I talked like an angel, and that what I had said deserved to be committed to writing. But seeing my eyes brimful of tears, "Nay, do not play the child!" said he to me: "I love you; you know it; suffer me to amuse myself, and be assured that nothing attaches me." However, some officious friends failed not to inform me of every thing that could grieve and confound me. Alas! my husband himself in a short time desisted from keeping himself under my restraint, and even from flattering me. I shall not tell you, my dear Lucilia, the many marks of humiliation and disgust that I endured. Your griefs, in comparison of mine, would even appear light to you. Imagine, if possible, the situation of a virtuous and feeling soul, lively and delicate to excess, receiving every day new outrages from the only object of its affection; still living for him alone, when he lives no longer for her, when he is not ashamed to live for objects devoted to contempt. I spare your delicacy the most horrible part of this picture. Rejected, abandoned, sacrificed by my husband, I devoured my grief in silence: and if I afforded some profligate companies a topic of ridicule, a more just and compassionate publick consoled me with it's pity; and I enjoyed the sole good which his vice could not take from me, a spotless character. I have since lost that, my dear Lucilia. The wickedness of the women, whom my example humbled, could not bear to see me irreproachable. They interpreted, according to their wishes, my solitude and apparent tranquillity: they ascribed to me as a lover, the first man who had the

impudence

impudence to conceive that he was well received by me. My husband, to whom my presence was a continual reproach, and who found himself not yet sufficiently at liberty, in order to rid himself of my importunate grief, took the first pretext that was presented to him, and banished me to one of his country-seats. Unknown to the world, far from the sight of my misfortunes, I at least enjoyed in solitude the liberty of indulging my grief; but the cruel man caused it to be notified to me, that I might chuse a convent; that his seat of Florival was sold, and that I must retire from thence. — Florival! interrupted Lucilia, in a violent emotion. That was the place of my exile, resumed the marchioness. Ah, Madam! what name have you pronounced! — The name of my husband before he acquired the marquise of Clarence. — What do I hear! Oh, Heaven! oh, just Heaven! is it possible? cried Lucilia, throwing herself upon the bosom of her friend. What is the matter! what troubles you! what sudden revolution! Lucilia, recover your senses. — How, Madam! is Florival then the perfidious wretch, the villain, who betrays and dishonours you! — Do you know him? — It is the man, Madam, whom I adored, whom I have mourned for these five years past; the man who would have had my last sighs! — What say you? — It is he, Madam! Alas, what had been my lot! At these words Lucilia, bowing her face to the ground, "Oh, my God!" said she; "oh, my God! it was thou who stretched'st out thine hand towards me." The marchioness was confounded, and unable to recover from her astonishment. "Doubt it not," said she to Lucilia; "the designs of Heaven are visibly manifested upon us: it brings us together, inspires us with a mutual confidence, and opens our hearts to each other, as two sources of light and consolation. Well, my worthy and tender friend, let us endeavour to forget at once both our misfortunes, and the person who occasioned them."

From this time the tenderness and intimacy of their friendship increased to the highest degree: their solitude had pleasures, known only to the unfortunate. But, in a little time, this calm was interrupted by the news of the dan-

ger which threatened the marquis. His dissipations cost him his life. At the point of death he asked for his virtuous wife. She tears herself from the arms of her forlorn companion; hastens to him; arrives; and finds him expiring. "Oh you, whom I have so greatly and cruelly injured," said he to her on recollecting her, "see the fruit of my irregularities; see the dreadful stroke which the hand of God, hath inflicted upon me. If I am yet worthy of your pity, raise up to Heaven your innocent voice, and lay my remorse before it." The distracted wife would have thrown herself on his bosom. "Stand off," said he; "I shudder at myself; my breath is the blast of death:" adding, after a long silence. Do you know me again in this state to which my crimes have reduced me? Is this that pure soul that used to mix itself with thine? Is this that half of thyself? Is this that nuptial bed that received me when worthy of thee? Perfidious friends; detestable enchantresses; come, see, and shudder! Oh, my soul! who will deliver thee from this hideous prison? — Sir," said he to his physician, "have I yet long to live? My pains are intolerable. Leave me if I, my generous friend; I should fall but for thee, into the most dreadful despair. . . . Cruel death, complete, complete the expiation of my life. There are no evils which I do not deserve: I have betrayed, dishonoured, basely persecuted innocent and virtuous myself."

The marchioness, in the agonies of grief, made every moment new efforts to throw herself on the bed, from which they endeavoured to remove her. At last the unhappy man expired; his eyes fixed upon her; and his voice died away in asking her pardon.

The only consolation the marchioness was capable of, arose from that religious confidence with which so good a death inspired her. "He was," said she "more weak than wicked, and more frail than culpable. The world led him astray by its pleasures; God brought him back again by afflictions; he has chastised, and pardons him. — Yes, my husband, my dear Clarence," cried she, "now disencumbered of the ties of blood and the world, thou waitest me in the bosom of thy God."

Her soul filled with these holy ideas,

she went to join her friend, whom she found at the foot of the altar. Lucilla's heart was rent within her at the relation of this cruel and virtuous death. They wept together for the last time;

and of Lucilla's death, she told her friend.

ALL OR NOTHING.

AT that time of life, when it is so agreeable to be a widow, Cecilia could not help thinking of a fresh engagement. Two rivals disputed her choice. One, modest and plain, loved only her; the other, artful and vain, was above all things fond of himself. The first had the confidence of Cecilia; the second had her love. Cecilia was unjust, you will say: not at all. Plain folks neglect themselves; they think, that in order to please, it is sufficient to love with sincerity, and to convince others of their love. But there are few dispositions which do not require a little ornament. A man without art in the midst of the world, is like a lady at the opera without rouge.

Erastus, with his usual frankness, had said to Cecilia, 'I love you!' and from that time loved her as if he had breathed nothing else: his love was his life. Floricourt had rendered himself agreeable by those little gallantries which have the air of pretending to nothing. Among the attentions which he paid to Cecilia, he chose, not the most passionate, but the most seducing. Nothing affected, nothing grave: he appeared so much the more amiable, as he seemed not to intend it. She pitied Erastus; did not know an honest man: it was pity that it was impossible to love him. She dreaded Floricourt: he was a dangerous creature, and would perhaps be the ruin of a woman; but how was it possible to defend one's self? However, she would not deceive Erastus. She must confess the whole to him.

'Esteem you, Erastus,' said Cecilia to him, 'and I am sensible you merit more. But the heart has its caprices; my own differs from my reason. — I understand you, Madam,' replied Erastus, containing himself, but with tears in his eyes, 'your reason pleads

and, some time after, the marchioness consecrated to God, with the same vows as Lucilla, that heart, those charms, those virtues, of which the world was unworthy.

and of Lucilla's death, she told her friend.

'for me, but your heart for another. — I confess it, and not without regret: I should be to blame, if I were free; but there is no answering for inclination.' — 'Very well, Madam: I will love then alone; I shall derive the more glory from it.' — 'But there, now, is the very thing I would not have; — Nor I neither; but that is to no purpose.' — 'And what is to become of you?' — 'Whatever Love and Nature please.' — 'You distress me, Erastus, by thus abandoning yourself.' — 'I must abandon myself, when I cannot help it.' — 'How unhappy am I in having ever known you!' — 'Indeed, you had need complain: it is a terrible misfortune to be beloved!' — 'Yes, it is a misfortune to have cause to reproach one's self on account of a man we esteem.' — 'You, Madam! you have nothing to reproach yourself.' — 'An honest man may complain of a coquette who trifles with him; or rather, she is unworthy of his complaints and regret; but what wrongs have you committed? Have you employed any seducing arts to attract me; any complaisance to retain me? Did I consult you about loving you? Who obliges you to think me amiable? Follow your own inclination, and I will follow mine. Be not afraid that I shall plague you.' — 'No, but you will plague yourself; for, in short, you will see me.' — 'What! would you be cruel enough to forbid me your sight?' — 'Far from it, I assure you; but I wish to see you easy, and as my best friend.' — 'Friend, let it be; the name signifies nothing.' — 'But the name is not enough; I would bring you back in reality to that sentiment, so pure, so tender, and so solid, to that friendship which I feel for you.' — 'Well, Madam, you may love me as

you please; pray now permit me to love you as I can, and as much as I can. I only desire the liberty of being unhappy after my own manner.

The obstinacy of Erastus grieved Cecilia; but, after all, she had done her duty: so much the worse for him, if he loved her still. She gave herself up, therefore, without concern or reproach, to her inclination for Floricourt. The most refined gallantry was put in practice to captivate her. Floricourt succeeded without difficulty. He knew how to please, though he loved, and was happy, if he had chosen to be so. But self-love is the bane of love. It was but a trifle in Floricourt's eyes to be loved more than every thing else; he wanted to be loved solely, without reserve or participation. It is true that he set the example: he had detached himself for Cecilia from a prude whom he had ruined, and a coquette who ruined him; he had broke off with five or six of the vilest and foolishlest young fellows in the world. He supped now where but at Cecilia's, where it was delicious supping; and he had the goodness to think of her amidst a circle of women, not one of whom equalled her either in grace or beauty. Such uncommon proceedings, not to speak of merit still more uncommon, had not they a right to exact from Cecilia the most absolute devotion?

In the mean time, as he was not sufficiently in love to be at all deficient in address, he took care not to suffer his pretensions to appear at first. Never had man, before conquest, been more complaisant, more docile, less assuming, than Floricourt; but from the moment he saw himself master of her heart, he became its tyrant. Difficult, imperious, jealous, he wanted to possess alone all the faculties of Cecilia's soul. He could not so much as permit her one idea except his own, much less a thought which came not from him. A decisive taste, a strict connection, was sure to displease him; but his meaning was to be guessed at. He would force her to ask him a hundred times over what he was thinking of, or what had put him out of humour; and it was never but as a favour that he confessed at last that such a thing had displeased him, or such a person made him dull. In short, as soon as he saw that his will was a law, he declared it without ceremony; and

it was submitted to without opposition. It was but a small matter to require of Cecilia the sacrifice of those pleasures which naturally presented themselves; he gave birth to them the oftener, on purpose to see them sacrificed to him. He spoke with transport of a play or an entertainment; he invited Cecilia to it; and they settled the party with ladies of his own naming: the hour came, they were dressed, the horses put to; he changed his design, and Cecilia was obliged to pretend a head-ach. He presented to her a she-friend, whom he introduced as an adorable woman; she was found such; an intimacy was contracted. A week after, he confessed he had been deceived; she was affected, insipid, or giddy; and Cecilia was obliged to break off with her. Cecilia was in a short time reduced to slight acquaintances, whom, however, he complained of her seeing too often. She perceives not that her complaisance was changed into slavery. We think we pursue our own will when we pursue the will of those we love. Floricourt seemed to her only to forestall her own desires. She sacrificed every thing to him, without so much as suspecting that she made him any sacrifices; yet Floricourt's self-love was not satisfied.

The company of the town, perfectly frivolous and transitory as it was, yet appeared to him too interesting. He extolled solitude; he repeated a hundred times, that there was no true love but in the country, far from dissipation and noise, and that he should never be happy but in a retreat inaccessible to importunents and rivals. Cecilia had a country-house to his wish. She had longed to pass the finest part of the year there with him, but could she do it with decency? He gave her to understand, that it was sufficient to take off all the air of a private party, by carrying such a friend along with them as Erastus, and a woman of the character of Ardenice. After all, if people should talk, their marriage, which was soon to be concluded, would silence them. They set out, Erastus was of the party, and this again was a refinement of Floricourt's self-love. He knew that Erastus was his rival, his unsuccessful rival: it was the most flattering testimony that he could have of his triumph; therefore he had contrived excellently to bring it about. His attentions to him had an

air of compassion and superiority, at which Erastus was sometimes quite out of patience; but the tender and delicate friendship of Cecilia made him amends for these humiliations, and the fear of displeasing her made him disguise them. However, sure as he was that they were going into the country only in order to enjoy their love there at liberty, how could he resolve with himself to follow them? This reflection Cecilia made as well as he; she would have hindered him, but the party was settled, past revocation. Besides, Artenice was young and handsome. Solitude, opportunity, liberty, example, jealousy, and pique, might engage Erastus to turn towards her those vows which Cecilia could not listen to. Cecilia was modest enough to think it possible for a person to be unfaithful to her, and just enough to wish it; but it was betraying a very slight knowledge of the heart and character of Erastus.

Artenice was one of those women with whom love is only an arrangement of society, who are offended at a long attachment, who grow tired of a constant passion, and who depend sufficiently on the honesty of the men to deliver themselves up to them without reserve, and to quit them without hesitation. They had told her, 'We are going to pass some time in the country; Erastus is to be there; will you make one?' She replied, with a smile, 'With all my heart; a pleasant scheme!' and the party was immediately settled. This was an additional torment to Erastus. Artenice had heard Cecilia praise her friend; as the most prudent man in the world, the honestest and most reserved. 'That is charming,' said Artenice within herself; 'that is a kind of man to be taken and dismissed without precaution or noise. Happy or unhappy, that is not to the purpose: one is never at one's ease but with people of this sort. An Erastus is a rarity!' We may readily conclude, after these reflections, that Erastus did not want for encouragement.

Floricourt behaved towards Cecilia with an assiduity perfectly distressing to an unsuccessful rival. Cecilia in vain endeavoured to constrain herself; her looks, her voice, her very silence, betrayed her. Erastus was upon the rack; but he concealed his pain. Artenice, like a devious woman, kept conve-

niently at a distance, and engaged Erastus to follow her. 'How happy are they,' said she one day to him as they were walking together: 'wholly taken up with each other, they feel a mutual satisfaction, and live only for themselves! It is a great happiness merely to love. What say you to it?' — 'Yes, Madam,' replied Erastus looking down, 'it is a great happiness when two——' 'Oh, there are always two; for I do not see that one is alone in the world.' — 'I mean, Madam, two hearts equally sensible, and made to love one another equally.' — 'Equally! that is very unreasonable. For my part, I think that we ought to be less difficult, and to content ourselves with coming up within a small matter of it. Suppose I have more sensibility in my temper than he who attaches himself to me, must I punish him for it? Every one gives what he has, and we have no room to reproach him who contributes towards society that portion of sensibility which Nature has given him. I wonder that the coldest hearts are always the most delicate. You, for example; you, now, are a man that would expect one to love you to distraction.' — 'I, Madam! I expect nothing.' — 'You mistake me; that is not what I mean. You have enough in you to seduce a woman, to be sure. I should not even be surprized at her conceiving an inclination for you.' — 'That may be, Madam; in point of folly, I doubt nothing; but if a woman were so foolish as to fall in love with me, I think she would be much to be pitied.' — 'Is this a caution, Sir, which you are so good as to give me?' — 'You, Madam! I flatter myself that you think me neither foolish nor weak enough to give you any such caution.' — 'Very well, you speak in general then, and except me out of politeness?' — 'The exception itself is unnecessary, Madam; for you have nothing to do in the case.' — 'Pardon me, Sir: it is I who tell you, that you have qualities enough to please, and that one might very easily love you to distraction; and it is to me that you reply, that one should be very much to be pitied if one loved you. Nothing, in my opinion, can be more personal. Hey! what, you are embarrassed?' — 'I confess that your railway embar-

“calls me; I know not how to reply to it; but it is not generous to attack me with weapons which I am not armed with.”—“But if I were in earnest, Erastus; if nothing in the world were truer?”—“Your servant, Madam: the situation I am now reduced to will not permit me to amuse you any longer.”—“Ah! upon my word he is in downright earnest,” said she, following him with her eyes. “The tone of levity, the laughing air which I assumed, piqued him: he is a man for sentiment; I must talk to him in his own language. To-morrow, in this grove, one turn more, and my victory is decided.”

Erastus’s walk with Ardenice had appeared very long to Cecilia. Erastus returned from it quite pensive, and Ardenice in triumph. “Well,” said Cecilia to her friend, in a very low voice, “what do you think of Erastus?”

“Why I like him pretty well; he has not quite tired me, and that is a great deal; he has some excellent qualities, and one might make an agreeable man of him. I find him only a little romantick in his manner. He expects sentiment; a fault of habit, a mere country prejudice, of which it is easy to break him.”—“He expects sentiment!” said Cecilia within herself; “they are coming to terms already! This is going very far at one interview. I think Erastus acts his part with a good grace. Well! but if he is happy, am I to take it ill? Yet, it was wrong in him to want to persuade me that he was so greatly to be pitied. He might have spared my delicacy the heavy reproaches, which he knew very well I heaped upon myself. It is the frenzy of lovers always to exaggerate their pains. In short, he is consoled, and I am sufficiently comforted.”

Cecilia, in this idea, put less restraint on herself with regard to Floricourt. Erastus, whom nothing escaped, became more melancholy than usual. Cecilia and Ardenice attributed his melancholy to the same cause. A growing passion always produces that effect. The day after, Ardenice did not fail to contrive a *lie à l’aise* for Cecilia and Floricourt, by taking away Erastus along with her.

“You are angry,” said she, “and I want to be reconciled to you. I see,

Erastus, that you are not one of those men with whom love is to be treated with raillery: you look upon an engagement as one of the most serious things in the world; I like you the better for it.”—“It! Not at all, Madam; I am too well persuaded that a serious passion is the highest extravagance, and that love is no longer a pleasure than while it is a jest.”—“Be consistent then. Yesterday evening you required an equal sensibility, a mutual inclination.”—“I required an impossibility; or, at least, the most uncommon thing in the world; and I maintain, that without this union, which is so difficult that it must be given up, the wisest and surest way is to make a jest of love, without annexing any chimerical value or importance to it.”—“Upon my word, my dear Erastus, you talk like an angel. Why, indeed, should we torment ourselves to no purpose, endeavouring to love more than we are able?”—“We agree, settle matters, grow weary of each other, and part. On casting up the account, we have had pleasure: the time, therefore, was well employed; and would to Heaven we could be so amused all our lives!”—“This now,” said Erastus within himself, “is a very convenient way of thinking!”—“I well know,” continued she, “what they call a serious passion: nothing is more gloomy, nothing more dull. Uneasiness, jealousy, are continually tormenting the two unhappy creatures. They pretend to be satisfied with each other, and weary themselves to death.”—“Ah, Madam! what is it you say? They want nothing, if they love truly. Such an union is the charm of life, the delight of the soul, the fullness of happiness!”—“Really, Sir, you are mad with your eternal inconsistencies. What would you have, pray?”—“What is not to be found, Madam; and what, perhaps, will never be seen.”—“A fine expectation, truly! And in the mean while your heart will continue disengaged?”—“Alas, would to Heaven it could!”—“It is not so, then, Erastus?”—“No, certainly, Madam; and you would pity its condition, could you but conceive it!” At these words he left her, lifting his eyes towards heaven, and heaving a profound sigh. “This, then,” said Ardenice, “is what they

‘they call a reserved man! He is so much so, that it makes him a downright beast. By good luck, I have not explained myself. Possibly I ought to have spoken out: bashful people must be assisted. But he walks off with an exclamation, without giving one time to ask him what possesses or afflicts him. He shall see: he must declare; for, in short, I am come to a compromise, and my honour is concerned.’

Florincourt, during supper, wanted to entertain himself at the expence of Erastus. ‘So,’ said he to Artenice, ‘where have you been? Nothing should be concealed from friends, and we set you the example.’—‘Right,’ said Artenice, with indignation, ‘if we knew how to profit by the examples that are set us; or did we even know what we would be at. If one talks of a serious passion, the gentleman treats it as a jest; if one agrees to it’s being a jest, he goes back again to the serious.’—‘It is easy for you, Madam,’ said Erastus, ‘to turn me into ridicule; I submit to it, as much as you please.’—‘Nay, Sir! I have no such design; but we are among friends, let us explain. We have not time to observe and guess at each other. I please you; that you have given me to understand: I will not dissemble that you are agreeable enough to me. We are not come here to be idle spectators; honour itself requires that we should be employed: let us make an end, and understand one another. How is it that you would love me? How would you have me love you?’—‘I, Madam!’ cried Erastus, ‘I do not want you to love me.’—‘What, Sir! have you deceived me then?’—‘Not at all, Madam; I call Heaven to witness, that I have not said one word to you in the least like love.’—‘Nay, then,’ said she to him, getting up from table, ‘this is a piece of effrontery beyond any thing I ever saw.’ Florincourt would have detained her. ‘No, Sir, I am not able to endure the sight of a man who has the assurance to deny the dull and insipid declarations with which he has affronted me, and which I had the goodness to put up with, prepossessed by the commendations that had been given me, I know not why, of this wretched creature.’

‘Artenice is gone off in a rage,’ said

Cecilia to Erastus, on seeing him again the next day: ‘what has passed between you?’—‘Some idle talk, Madam; the result of which on my side was, that nothing is more to be dreaded than a serious passion, and nothing is more despicable than a frivolous one. Artenice has seen me sigh; she thought I sighed for her; and I undeceived her, that is all.’—‘You undeceived her! that is handsome enough; but you should have done it with a little more art!’—‘How, Madam! could she dare to tell you that we were on the brink of love, and would you have had me contain myself? What would you have thought of my assent, or even of my silence?’—‘That you were very much in the right. Artenice is young and handsome, and your attachment would have been merely an amusement.’—‘I am not in an humour to amuse myself, Madam; and I beg of you to spare the advice, by which I shall never profit.’—‘But you are now alone with us, and you yourself must perceive that you will act but a very strange part here.’—‘I shall act, Madam, the part of a friend: nothing is, in my opinion, more honourable.’—‘But, Erastus, how will you be able to support it?’—‘Leave that to me, Madam, and do not make yourself at all uneasy on my account.’—‘I cannot help being uneasy; for, in short, I know your situation, and indeed it is dreadful.’—‘May be so; but it is neither in your power nor mine to render it better: let me alone, and let us talk no more of it.’—‘Talk no more of it! Soon said; but you are unhappy, and I am the cause.’—‘Oh! no, Madam; no: I have told you so a hundred times; you have nothing to reproach yourself with. In God’s name be easy.’—‘I should be easy, if you could but be so.’—‘Nay, now, you are cruel. Though you should insist upon knowing what passes in my soul, yet I should not have one pang the less, but you would have a piece of chagrin the more for it: pr’ythee now forget that I love you.’—‘Hey! how? forget it? I see it every moment.’—‘You would have me leave you, then?’—‘Why, our situation would require it.’—‘Very well; drive me away then, that will be the best.’—‘I drive you away, my friend! It is for you that

that I am in pain.—O, then, for my part I declare to you, that I cannot live without you.—You think so; but absence—Absence!—a fine remedy for love like mine!—Doubt not it's efficacy, my dear Erastus: there are women more amiable and less unjust than I.—I am glad of it; but that is all one to me.—You think so at present.—I am now what I shall be all my life long: I know myself; I know the women. Do not be afraid that any of them can make me either happy or unhappy.—I believe that you would not attach yourself at first; but you will dissipate in the world.—And with what?—Nothing in it amuses me. Here, at least, I have no time to grow dull: I see you, or am going to see you; you talk to me kindly; I am sure that you do not forget me; and if I were at a distance from you, I have an imagination that would be my torment.—And could it paint any thing more cruel than what you see?—I see nothing, Madam; I desire to see nothing; spare me the uneasiness of being your confident.—Indeed I admire your moderation.—Yes, I have great merit, indeed, in being moderate!—Would you have me beat you?—No, but people usually complain on such occasions.—And of what?—I do not know; but I cannot reconcile so much love with so much reason.—Be assured, Madam, every one loves after his own fashion: mine is not to rave. If ill language would please you, I could bestow as much as another; but I doubt whether that would succeed.—I lose nothing by that, Erastus; and at the bottom of your heart.—No, I vow that my heart respects you as much as my mouth. I never surprised myself one moment possessed with the least anger against you.—Yet you torment yourself, I see plainly. Melancholy gnaws upon you.—I am not very gay.—You hardly eat.—I live, at least.—I am sure you do not sleep at all.—Pardon me, I sleep a little, and that is the happiest part of my time; for I see you in my slumbers such almost as I wish you to be.—Erastus!—Cecilia!—You offend me.—Nay, Madam! it is too much to want to rob me of my dreams. You are, in reality, such as you think proper; suf-

fer me then, at least in idea, to have you such as pleases me.—Do not be angry, but let us talk reason. These very dreams, which I ought not to know of, nourish your passion.—So much the better, Madam, so much the better: I should be very sorry to be cured of it.—And why do you persist to love me without hope?—Without hope! I am not reduced to that yet: if your sentiments were just, they would be durable. But—Do not flatter yourself, Erastus; I am in love, and for my whole life.—I do not flatter myself, Cecilia; it is you that slander yourself. Your passion is a fever, which will have it's period. It is not generous to speak ill of one's rival: I am silent; but I refer it to the goodness of your disposition, to the delicacy of your heart.—They are both blind.—That is owing they are not so. One must have seen or have had some glimmerings, even to know that we see badly.—Well, I confess it: I remember to have discovered faults in Floricourt; but I know nothing more in him.—That knowledge will come to you, Madam, and on that I depend.—And if I marry Floricourt, as, indeed, every thing tends that way.—In that case I shall have nothing more either to hope or to fear; and my resolution is already taken.—And what is it?—To give over loving you.—And how are you to do that?—How?—nothing so easy. If I were in the army, and a ball—O Heavens!—It is so difficult, then, to suppose one's self in the army?—Ah, my cruel friend, what is it you say? and with what levity do you tell me of a mischief for which I should never forgive myself!—Cecilia began to melt at this idea, when Floricourt came up to them. Erastus soon left them, according to his usual practice. Our friend, my dear Cecilia, said Floricourt, is a very gloomy mortal; what say you?—He is an honest creature, replied Cecilia, whose virtues I respect.—Faith, with all his virtues I wish he would go and indulge his reveries somewhere else; we grant gaiety and company in the country.—Perhaps he has some reason to be pensive and solitary.—Yes, I believe so, and I guess it. You blush, Cecilia! I shall be discreet, and your embarrassment,

‘imposes silence on me.’—‘And what should be my embarrassment, Sir? You believe that Eraustus loves me, and you have reason to believe it. I pity him, I advise him, I talk to him as his friend; there is nothing in all this to blush at.’—‘Such a confession, my beautiful Cecilia, renders you still more deserving of esteem; but allow that it comes a little too late.’—‘I did not think myself obliged, Sir, to inform you of a secret which was not mine; and I should have concealed it from you all my life long, if you had not surprized me into the discovery. There is in these kinds of confidences an ostentation and cruelty not in my disposition. We should at least respect those whom we have made unhappy.’—‘There is heroism for you!’ cried Floricourt in a tone of anger and irony. ‘And does this friend whom you use so well know how far matters are gone between us?’—‘Yes, Sir, I have told him all.’—‘And he has still the goodness to stay here!’—‘I endeavoured to dispose him to leave us.’—‘Ah! I have nothing more to say; I should have been surprized if your delicacy had not forerun mine. You perceived the indecency of suffering a man who loves you to continue in your house, at the very moment in which you are going to declare for his rival. There would even be inhumanity in it, to render him a witness of the sacrifice you make me. When is he to depart?’—‘I do not know; I have not had the courage to prescribe the time; and he has not the resolution to determine upon it.’—‘You rally, Cecilia: who then is to propose to him to rid us of his presence? it would not be handsome in me.’—‘It shall be myself, Sir; do not be uneasy.’—‘And what uneasiness do I shew, Madam! Would you do me the honour of supposing me to be jealous? I assure you I am not in the least so; my delicacy has yourself only in view, and for the little pain it may give you—’ ‘It will give me pain, no doubt, to deprive a respectable friend of the only consolation that is left him: but I know how to do myself violence.’—‘Violence, Madam! that is very strong. I would have no violence; that would be the way to render me odious, and I shall therefore go myself, and persuade this

respectable friend not to abandon you.’—‘Go on, Sir; your raillery is mighty well timed; and I deserve, indeed, that you should talk to me in this manner.’—‘I am very unhappy, Madam, to have displeased you,’ said Floricourt, on seeing her eyes bedewed with tears. ‘Forgive me my imprudence. I did not know all the concern you had for my rival and your friend.’ At these words he left her, overcome with grief.

Eraustus, at his return, found her in this situation. ‘What is the matter, Madam?’ said he, accosting her; ‘in tears!’—‘You see, Sir, the most wretched of women: I am sensible that my weakness will ruin me, and yet am unable to cure myself. A man, to whom I have sacrificed every thing, doubts of my sentiments, treats me with contempt, and suspects me.’—‘I understand, Madam, he is jealous, and must be made easy. Your quiet is concerned in it, and there is nothing that I would not sacrifice to a concern so dear to me. Adieu: may you be happy! and I shall be less wretched.’ Cecilia’s tears burst forth afresh at these words. ‘I have exhorted you to fly me,’ said she to him; ‘I advised you to it as a friend, and for your own sake. The effort I made over my own soul had nothing humiliating in it; but to banish you to gratify an unreasonable man, to rid him of a suspicion which I ought never to have feared, to be obliged to justify my love by the sacrifice of friendship, is shameful and overwhelming. Never did any thing cost me so dear before.’—‘It must be so, Madam, if you love Floricourt.’—‘Yes, my dear Eraustus, pity me: I do love him, and it is in vain I reproach myself for it.’ Eraustus listened no longer, but went off.

Floricourt made use of every method to appease Cecilia; his gentleness, his complaisance, were not to be equalled, when his will was fulfilled. Eraustus was almost forgot; and what is it we do not forget for the person we love, when we have the happiness to believe ourselves beloved again! One only amusement, alas! and that a very innocent one, yet remained to Cecilia in their solitude. She had brought up a goldfinch, which, by a wonderful instinct, answered to her caresses. He knew her voice, and would fly

fly to meet her. He never sung but when he saw her; he never eat but out of her hand, nor drank but out of her mouth: she would give him his liberty, he would use it but for a minute, and as soon as she called him, he flew to her immediately. No sooner was he placed on her bosom, than a sensibility seemed to agitate his wings, and to precipitate the warblings of his melodious throat. Could one believe that the haughty Floricourt was offended at the attention which Cecilia paid to the sensibility and sportiveness of this little animal! 'I will know,' said he one day within himself, 'whether the love she entertains for me is superior to these weaknesses. It would be pleasant, indeed, if she should be more attached to her goldfinch than her lover! Yet it may be so: I will make the experiment, and that before the evening be over.—And where is the little bird?' said he, accosting her with a smile. 'He is enjoying the open air and liberty; he is somewhere fluttering in the garden.'—'And are you not afraid that at last he should accustom himself to that, and never return more?'—'I would forgive him if he found himself happier.'—'Ah! prythee now, let us see if he be faith-

ful to you. Will you please to recall him?' Cecilia made the usual signal, and the bird flew to her hand. 'That is charming,' says Floricourt; 'but he is too dear to you; I am jealous of him, and I would have *all or nothing* from the person I love.' At these words he attempted to lay hold of the dear little bird, in order to throttle it: she set up a cry; the bird flew away; Cecilia, affrighted, grew pale, and lost all sensation. The servants ran to her assistance, and recalled her to life. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw at her feet, not the man whom she loved best, but to her the most odious of mortals. 'Be gone, Sir!' said she to him with horror: 'This last stroke has given me a clear insight of your frightful character, equally mean and cruel.' 'Out of my house! never to enter it more! You are too happy, that I still respect myself more than I despise you.—O, my dear and worthy Erastus! to what a man should I have sacrificed you?' Floricourt went out, fuming with rage and shame: the bird returned to caress his beautiful mistress; and it is unnecessary to add, that Erastus saw himself recalled.

THE PRETENDED PHILOSOPHER.

CLARISSA had for some years heard of nothing but philosophers. 'What kind of mortals are they?' said she; 'I want much to see one.' They tell her first, that true philosophers were very rare, and not much addicted to communication; but in every other point, they were of all men the plainest, without the least singularity. 'There are two sorts, then?' said she; 'for in all the accounts that I hear, a philosopher is a fantastical being, who pretends to be like nothing.' Of those, they told her, there were enough every where: you shall have as many as you please of them: nothing so easily contrived. Clarissa was in the country with an idle party who sought only to amuse themselves. They presented to her, a few days after, the sententious Aristus. 'The gentleman, then, is a philosopher?'

said she on seeing him. 'Yes, Madam,' replied Aristus. 'This philosophy is a fine thing; is it not?'—'Why, Madam, it is the knowledge of good and evil; or, if you please, wisdom.'—'Is that all?' said Doris. 'And the fruit of this wisdom,' continued Clarissa, 'is to be happy, no doubt?'—'And, Madam, to make others happy also.'—'I should be a philosopher to them,' said the simple Lucinda in a low voice, 'for I have been told a hundred times, that it depended only on me to be happy by making others happy.'—'Right! who does not know that?' resumed Doris. 'It is a mere stage-secret.'

Aristus, with a smile of contempt, gave them to understand, that philosophical happiness was not that which a pretty woman can taste, and make others

taste. 'I doubted it much,' said Clarissa; 'and nothing is more unlike, I should think, than a fine woman and a philosopher.—But let us hear, first, how the sage Aristus makes use of it, in order to be happy himself?'—'That is very simple, Madam: I have no prejudices, I depend on nobody, I live on little, I love nothing, and I speak every thing that I think.'—'To love nothing,' observed Cleon, 'seems to me a disposition but little favourable to make people happy.'—'How, Sir!' replied the philosopher; 'what, do we do good only to that we love? Do you love the miserable wretch whom you relieve as you go along?' 'It is just so that we distribute to mankind the assistance of our lights.'—'And it is with your lights, then,' said Doris, 'that you make people happy?'—'Yes, Madam, and that we are so ourselves.' The fat Lady President of Ponval thought this happiness very slender. 'Has a philosopher,' demanded Lucinda, 'many pleasures?'—'He has but one, Madam; that of despising them all.'—'That must be very entertaining,' said Mrs. President roughly. 'And if you love nothing, Sir, what do you do with your soul?'—'What do I do with it? I employ it to the only use worthy of it, I contemplate, I observe the wonders of Nature.'—'Aye, but what can that nature have interesting to you,' replied Clarissa, 'if mankind, if your equals, have nothing in them to attach you?'—'My equals, Madam! I will not dispute about words; but that expression is a little too strong. But however that be, nature, which I study, has to me the attraction of curiosity, which is the spring of understanding; as that which is called desire is the movement of sentiment.'—'Oh! aye, I conceive,' said Doris, 'that curiosity is something; but do you reckon desire, Sir, as nothing?'—'Desire, I have already told you, is an attraction of another sort.'—'Why, then, deliver yourself up to one of these attractions, while you resist the other?'—'Ah, Madam, because the enjoyments of the understanding are not mingled with any bitterness, and all those of the senses contain a concealed poison.'—'But, at least,' said Cleon, 'you have

senses?'—'Yes, I have senses, if you please; but they have no dominion over me: my mind receives their impressions as a glass, and nothing but the pure objects of the understanding can affect it strongly.'—'A very insipid fellow this!' said Doris to Clarissa in a very low voice: 'who brought this strange creature here?'—'Peace,' replied Clarissa, 'this will do for the country; there is a way to divert ourselves with him.'

Cleon, who wanted still to develop the character of Aristus, testified his surprise of seeing him resolved to love nothing: 'For, after all,' said he, 'do you know nothing amiable?'—'I know surfaces,' replied the philosopher, 'but I know how to defy the bottom.'—'It remains, then, to know,' said Cleon, 'whether this defiance be well founded.'—'Oh! very well founded, believe me: I have seen enough to convince me that this globe is peopled only by fools, knaves, and ingrates.'—'If you were to consider it well,' said Clarissa to him in a tone of reproach, 'you would be less unjust, and perhaps also more happy.'

The sage, confounded for a moment, pretended not to have heard. Word was brought that dinner was ready; he gave his hand to Clarissa, and seated himself next her at table. 'I would fain,' said she to him, 'reconcile you to human nature.'—'Impossible, Madam! impossible! man is the most vicious of beings. What can be more cruel, for example, than the spectacle of your dinner? How many innocent animals are sacrificed to the voraciousness of man? The ox, from which you have this beef, what harm had he done you? And the sheep, from whence came this mutton, the symbol of candour, what right had you over his life? And this pigeon, the ornament of our dove-houses, just torn from its tender mate? O heavens! if there had been a Buffon among the animals, in what class would he place man? The tiger, the vulture, the shark, would yield to him the first rank among those of prey.' All the company concluded that the philosopher subsisted only on pulse, and they were afraid to offer him any part of the meats which he enumerated with so

much compassion. 'Nay, help me,' said he; 'since they have gone so far as to kill them, somebody must eat them.' He declaimed, in like manner, at the same time that he eat of every thing, against the profusion of victuals, the pains taken to procure them, and the delicacy of them. 'O happy time!' said he, 'when man browsed with the goats.—Some drink, pray? Nature is greatly degenerated!' The philosopher got drunk in describing the clear brook where his forefathers used to quench their thirst.

Cleon seized the moment when wine makes us say every thing, to discover the principle of this philosophical humour, which extended itself towards all mankind. 'Well,' said he to Aristus, 'you are here now among men; do you find them so odious? Confess that you condemned them on hearsay, and that they do not deserve all the harm that is said of them?'—'On hearsay, Sir! Learn, that a philosopher judges not but after his own notions: it is because I have well considered and well developed mankind, that I believe them vain, proud, and unjust.'—'Ah! pr'ythee now,' interrupted Cleon, 'spare us a little: our admiration of you merits at least some tenderness; for, in short, you cannot reproach us with not honouring merit.'—'And how do you honour it?' replied the philosopher briskly; 'is it by neglect and desertion that it is to be honoured? Oh! the philosophers of Greece were the oracles of their age, the legislators of their country. Now-a-days wisdom and virtue languish in oblivion; intrigue, meanness, and servility, carry all before them.'—'Suppose that were the case,' said Cleon, 'it would possibly be the fault of those great men who disdain to shew themselves.'—'And would you have them, then, run their heads into the faces, or rather throw themselves at the feet of the dispensers of rewards?'—'It is true,' said Cleon, 'that they might spare themselves the trouble, and that such a person as yourself, (pardon my bringing up your name).—'No harm done,' replied the philosopher with great humility. 'Such a person as yourself ought to be dispensed from paying his court.'—'I pay my court! Ah! let them wait for that; I believe their pride would never have much to

plume itself upon: I know how to set a right value on myself, thank Heaven; and I would go and live in the deserts rather than disgrace my being.'—'It would be great pity,' said Cleon, 'that society should lose you: born to enlighten mankind, you ought to live amongst them. You cannot think, ladies, the good that a philosopher does to the world; I will lay a wager, now, that this gentleman has discovered a multitude of moral truths, and that there are perhaps at this very time fifty virtues of his own making.'—'Virtues!' replied Aristus, looking down, 'I have not struck out many of them, but I have unveiled many vices.'—'How, Sir!' said Lucinda to him, 'why did not you leave them their veil? They would have been less ugly.'—'Your humble servant for that,' replied Madam De Ponval: 'I love an acknowledged vice better than an equivocal virtue; one knows at least what to depend on.'—'And yet see how they requite us!' cried Aristus with indignation. 'It is on this account that I have taken the resolution to live only for myself: let the world go on as it may.'—'No,' said Clarissa politely to him, getting up from table, 'I must have you live for us. Have you any urgent business at Paris?'—'None, Madam: a philosopher has no business.'—'Well, then, I shall keep you here. The country should be agreeable to philosophy; and I promise you, solitude, repose, and freedom.'—'Freedom, Madam!' said the philosopher, in an articulate voice; 'I am greatly afraid you will fail in your promise.'

The company dispersed to walk, and Aristus, with a thoughtful air, pretended to go and meditate in a walk, where he mused without thinking of any thing. I mistake; he thought of Clarissa, and said within himself, 'A handsome woman, a good house, all the conveniences of life: that promises well! let us see the end. It must be confessed,' continued he, 'that society is a pleasant scene: if I were gallant now, forward, complaisant, amiable, they would scarce pay any attention to me: they see nothing else in the world, and the vanity of women is surfeited with these common homages; but to tame a bear, to civilize a philosopher, to bend his pride, to soften his soul,

'is a triumph difficult and uncommon, with which their self-love is not a little flattered. Clarissa, of her own accord, rushes into my toils; let me expect her there, without coming to any compromise.'

The company, on their side, amused themselves at the expence of Aristus. 'He is a pleasant original enough,' said Doris; 'what shall we strike out of him?'—'A comedy,' replied Cleon; 'and if Clarissa will come into it, my plan is already settled.' He communicated his thought, all the company applauded it, and Clarissa, after some difficulty, consented to play her part. She was much younger and handsomer than was necessary to move a philosopher; and some words, some looks, which had escaped our sage, seemed to promise an excellent catastrophe. She threw herself, therefore, as it were by chance, into the same walk with Aristus. 'I put you out,' said she; 'excuse me, I was only passing.'—'You do not interrupt me, Madam, I can meditate with you.'—'You will do me pleasure,' says Clarissa: 'I perceive that a philosopher does not think like another man, and I should be very glad to see things with your eyes.'—'It is true, Madam, that philosophy creates, as it were, a new world. The vulgar see only in the gross: the details of nature are a spectacle reserved for us; it is for us that she seems to have disposed, with an art so wonderful, the fibres of these leaves, the stamina of these flowers, the texture of this rind; an ant-hill is to me a republick, and each of the atoms that compose the world, appear in my eyes a new world.'—'That is admirable!' said Clarissa: 'what was it took up your thoughts this moment!'—'These birds,' replied the sage. 'They are happy, are they not?'—'Ah! very happy, without doubt; and can they be otherwise? Independence, equality, few wants, ready pleasures, oblivion of the past, no concern for the future, and their whole solicitude to support life, and to perpetuate their species; what lessons, Madam! what lessons for mankind!'—'Confess, then, that the country is a delicious abode: for, in short, it brings us nearer to the condition of animals; and, like them, we seem to have no laws there, but the gentle instinct of Nature.'—'Ah, Madam! how

true is all this! but the impression is effaced from the heart of man: society has ruined every thing.'—'You are right; this society is something very troublesome; and since we want nobody, it would be quite natural to live for one's self.'—'Alas! that is what I have said a hundred times, and what I never cease to write; but nobody will listen to me: you, Madam, for example, who seem to acknowledge the truth of this principle, could you have the strength to practise it?'—'I cannot but wish,' said Clarissa, 'that philosophy should come in fashion: I should not be the last to come into it, as I ought not to be the first to set it.'—'This is the language that every one speaks: nobody will venture to set the example; and, in the mean time, human nature groans, loaded with the yoke of opinion, and the chains of custom.'—'What would you have us do, Sir? Our ease, our honour, all that we hold dear, depends on decorums.'—'Well, Madam, observe then these tyrannical decorums; wear virtues as you do habits, made to the taste of the age; but your soul is your own: society has no right but to externals, and you owe it only appearances. The decorums, so much insisted on, are themselves nothing more than appearances well preserved: but the interior, Madam, the interior is the sanctuary of the will, and the will is independent.'—'I conceive,' said Clarissa, 'that I may wish for what I please, provided I go no farther.'—'To be sure,' replied the philosopher, 'it is better to stop there than to run the hazard of giving into imprudences: for, Madam, do you know what a vicious woman is? It is a woman who has no regard, no respect to herself, in any case.'—'What, Sir!' demanded Clarissa, affecting an air of satisfaction, 'does vice, then, consist only in imprudence!'—'Before I answer you, Madam, permit me to ask you, what is vice in your eyes? Is it not that which overturns order, which hurts, or which may hurt?'—'The very thing.'—'Very well, Madam; all that is external. Why then submit your sentiments and your thoughts to prejudice! See in these birds that soft and unrestrained liberty which Nature gave you, and which you have lost.'—'Ah!' said

Clarissa

Clarissa with a sigh, 'the death of my husband had restored me this precious gift; but I am on the point of renouncing it again.'—'O, Heaven! what do I hear,' cried he; 'are you going to form a new chain?'—'Why, I do not know.'—'You do not know!'—'They will have it so.'—'And who, Madam? who are the enemies who dare propose it to you? No; believe me, marriage is a yoke, and freedom is the supreme good. But, however, who is the husband whom they would give you?'—'Cleon.'—'Cleon, Madam! I am no longer surprised at the unconstrained air he assumes here. He questions, decides, condescends sometimes to be affable, and has that haughty politeness which seems to let himself down to a level with us; it is plain that he is doing the honours of his own house; and I know, from henceforth, the respect and deference that I owe him.'—'You owe to each other a mutual civility, and I intend that with me every body shall be on an equality.'—'You intend it, Clarissa! Alas, your choice destroys all equality between mankind, and the person who is to possess you— But let us talk no more of it, I have said too much already; this place is not made for a philosopher; permit me to leave it.'—'No,' said she to him, 'I have need of you, and you plunge me into irresolutions, from which you alone can draw me. It must be confessed, that philosophy is a very comfortable thing; but if a philosopher were a deceiver, he would be a very dangerous friend! Adieu, I would not have them see us together; I am going to rejoin the company; come to us soon.—See there, then,' said she, as she was going from him, 'what they call a philosopher!'—'Courage!' said he on his side; 'Cleon hangs only by a thread.' Clarissa, with blushes, gave an account of the first scene, and her beginning was received with applause: but the lady president, knitting her brow, 'Do you intend,' said she, 'that I should be only a looker on?' 'No, no; I must play my part, and I assure you it shall be pleasant. Do you think that you shall subdue this sage? No: I will have the honour of it.'—'You, Madam!'—'Oh! you may laugh: my fifty years, my triple chin, and my mustaches of Spanish

'snuff, defy all your graces.' The whole company applauded this challenge by redoubled peals of laughter. 'Nothing is more serious,' resumed she; 'and if it be not enough to triumph over one, you have only to join, and dispute the conquest with me; I defy you all three.' 'Go, divine Doris; charming Lucinda; admirable Clarissa; go and display before his eyes all the seductions of beauty and coquetry; I laugh at it.' She spoke these words with a tone of resolution sufficient to make her rivals tremble.

Cleon affected to appear dull and pensive at the arrival of Aristus, and Clarissa assumed with the philosopher a reserved air of mystery. They spoke little, but ogled much. Aristus, on retiring to his apartment, found it furnished with all the inventions of luxury. 'O heavens!' said he to the company, who for the sake of diverting themselves had conducted him thither; 'O heavens! is it not ridiculous that all this preparation should be made for one man's sleep? Was it thus that they slept at Lacedæmon? O Lycurgus, what wouldst thou say! a toilette for me! This is downright mockery. Do they take me for a Sybarite? I must retire, I cannot stand it.'—'Would you have us,' said Clarissa, 'unfurnish it on purpose for you?' 'Take my advice, and enjoy the pleasures of life when they present themselves: a philosopher should know how to put up with every thing, and accommodate himself to every thing.'—'Very well, Madam,' said he, somewhat appeased, 'I must at present comply with you; but I shall never be able to sleep on this heap of down. Upon my word,' says he, as he laid himself down, 'this luxury is a fine thing!' and the philosopher fell asleep.

His dreams recalled to his remembrance his conversation with Clarissa, and he awoke with the pleasing idea, that this virtue by convention, which is called prudence in women, would make but a feeble resistance against him.

He was not yet up when a lacquey came to propose the bath to him. The bath was a good presage. 'Be it so,' said he; 'I will bathe: the bath is a natural institution. As for perfumes, the earth yields them: let us not disdain her presents.' He would fain have made use of the toilette which they had

had provided for him; but shame restrained him. He contented himself with giving to his philosophical negligence the most decent air he could, and the glass was twenty times consulted. 'What a fright you have made yourself!' said Clarissa to him, on seeing him appear: 'why not dressed like the rest of the world? This habit, this wig, give you a vulgar air which you have not naturally.'—'What! Madam, is it by the air that we are to judge of mankind? Would you have me submit to the caprices of fashion, and be dressed like your Cleons?'—'Why not, Sir? Do you not know that they derive an advantage from your simplicity, and that it is this in particular that lessens in people's opinions the consideration due to you? I myself, in order to do you justice, have need of my reflection: the first sight makes against you, and it is very often the first sight that decides.'—'Why not give to Virtue all the charms of which she is capable?'—'No, Madam, Art is not made for her. The more naked, the more beautiful; they disguise her when they endeavour to adorn her.'—'Very well, Sir, let her contemplate herself alone at her ease; as for me, I declare, that this rustick and low air displeases me. Is it not strange, that having received from nature a distinguishing figure, any one should take a pride in degrading it?'—'But, Madam, what would you say, if a philosopher should employ his attention about his dress, and set himself off like your marquis?'—'I would say, he seeks to please, and he does right; for, do not flatter yourself, Aristus, there is no pleasing without taking a good deal of pains.'—'Ah! I desire nothing so much as to please in your eyes.'—'If such a desire really possesses you,' replied Clarissa, with a tender look, 'bestow at least a quarter of an hour upon it. Here, Jasmin, Jasmin! go, dress the gentleman's head.' Aristus, blushing, yields at length to these gentle instances; and now behold the sage at his toilette!

The nimble hand of Jasmin disposes his locks with art; his physiognomy now displays itself; he admires the metamorphosis, and is scarce able to conceive it. 'What will they say on seeing me?' said he to himself; 'let them say what they please; but the philosopher has

a good face.' He presents himself blown up with pride, but with an awkward and bashful air. 'Aye, now,' said Clarissa, 'you look handsome. There is nothing now but the colour of those cloaths that offends my eyes.'—'Ah! Madam, for the sake of my reputation, leave me at least this characteristic of the gravity of my condition.'—'And what then, by your leave, is this chimerical condition which you have so much at heart? I approve very much of people's being wise; but in my opinion all sorts of colours are indifferent to wisdom. Is this chestnut of Mr. Guillaume more founded in nature than the sky-blue or rose-colour? By what caprice is it that you imitate in your garments the husk of the chestnut, rather than the leaf of the rose or the tuft of the lily with which the spring is crowned? Ah! for my part, I confess to you that the rose colour charms my sight: that colour has something, I know not what, of softness in it, which goes to my very soul, and I should think you the handsomest creature living in a suit of rose-colour.'—'Rose-colour, Madam! O heavens! a philosopher in rose-colour!'—'Yes, Sir, a very rose-colour: what would you have? It is my weakness. By writing to Paris directly, you may have it by to-morrow afternoon, can you not?'—'What, Madam?'—'A suit for the country of the colour of my ribbands.'—'No, Madam, it is impossible.'—'Pardon me, nothing is easier; the workmen need only be up all night.'—'Alas! it is of mighty consequence what the time is which they are to employ in rendering me ridiculous! Consider, I beseech you, that such an extravagance as this would ruin my reputation.'—'Well, Sir, when you shall have lost that reputation, you will gain another, and it is odds that you will gain by the exchange.'—'I protest to you, Madam, that it is shocking to me to displease you, but—'—'But! you put me out of all patience; I do not love to be thwarted. It is very strange,' continued she, in a tone of displeasure, 'that you should refuse me a trifle. The importance you give it teaches me to take care of myself in matters that are more serious.' At these words she quitted the room, leaving the philosopher confounded that so trifling

thing an incident should destroy his hopes.

'Rose-colour!' said he, 'rose-colour! how ridiculous! what a contrast! she will have it so; I must submit.' And the philosopher wrote for the cloaths.

'You are obeyed, Madam,' said he to Clarissa, accosting her. 'Has it cost you much?' demanded she with a smile of disdain. 'A great deal, Madam,

more than I can express: but, in short, you would have it so.' All the company admired the philosopher's head. Madam President, above all,

swore by the great gods, that she had never seen any man's head so well dressed before. Aristus thanked her for so flat-

tering a compliment. 'Compliments!' refused she, 'compliments! I never make any. They are the false coin of

the world.'—'Nothing was ever bet- ter conceived,' cried the sage: 'that de-

serves to be set down in writing.' They perceived that Madam President was now

beginning the attack, and they left them to themselves. 'You think, then,' said

she to him, 'that nobody but yourself can make sentences? I am a philoso-

pher too, such as you see me.'—'You, Madam! and of what sect? A Stoick, or an Epicurean?'—'Oh, take

my word for it! the name is nothing. I have ten thousand crowns a year,

which I spend with gaiety; I have good Champagne, which I drink with

my friends; I enjoy a good state of health; I do what I please, and leave

every one to live after their own man- ner. There's a sect for you!'—'It

is well done, and exactly what Epicu- rus taught.'—'Oh! I declare to you

I was taught nothing: all this comes of my own self. For these twenty

years I have read nothing but the list of my wines and the bill of fare of

my supper.'—'Why, upon that foot- ing, you must be the happiest woman

in the world.'—'Happy! not entire- ly so: I want a husband of my own

way of thinking. My president was a beast; good for nothing but the bar:

he understood the law, and that was all. I want a man who knows how

to love me, and who would employ himself about me alone.'—'You may

find a thousand, Madam.'—'Oh! I want but one; but I would have

him be a good one. Birth, fortune,

all that is perfectly indifferent to me;

I attach myself only to the man.'—

Indeed, Madam, you astonish me:

you are the first woman in whom I

have found any principles; but is it precisely a husband that you want?'—

'Yes, Sir, a husband who shall be mine in all forms. These lovers are all

rogues, who deceive us, and who for-

sake us without leaving us room to

complain: whereas a husband is ours

in the face of the world; and if mine

should desert me, I should like to be

able to go, with my title in my hand,

and in all honour and honesty give an

hundred slaps on the face to the inso-

lent hussy that should have taken him

from me.'—'Very good, Madam! very good! the right of property is an

inviolable right. But do you know

that there are very few souls like

yours? What courage, what vigour!'—

'Oh, I have as much as a lioness.

I know I am not handsome; but ten

thousand crowns a year, made over

on the wedding-day, are worth all the

prettinesses of a Lucinda or Clarissa;

and though love be rare in this age,

one ought to have it for ten thousand

crowns.' This conversation brought

them back again to the house, at the

very instant that word was brought that

supper was ready.

Aristus appeared plunged in serious

reflections; he weighed the advantages

and inconveniencies that might attend

his marrying the lady president, and cal-

culated how much longer a woman of

fifty could live, swallowing every even-

ing a bottle of Champagne. A dispute

which arose between Madam de Ponval

and Clarissa, drew him out of his reve-

rie. Doris gave rise to the dispute. 'Is

it possible,' said she, 'that Madam

President should have been able to sup-

port for a whole hour a tête-à-tête

with a philosopher; she who falls à

yawning the moment one talks to her

of reason!'—'Truly,' replied Ma-

dam de Ponval, 'it is because your rea-

son has not common sense: ask this

wife man, here, if mine be not good.

We talked of the state that suits an

honest woman, and he agrees with me,

that a good husband is by much the

best for her.'—'Oh, fie!' cried Cla-

risa, 'are we made to be slaves? and what

becomes then of that freedom, which

is the first of all goods?' Cleon de-

clared against this system of freedom;

he maintained, that the union of hearts

was very different from a state of slavery.

Madam President supported this opi-

nion, and declared that she could per-

ceive no distinction between the love of

freedom, and the love of libertinism. 'May this glass of wine,' said she, 'be the last I shall drink, if I ever form the least dependence on any man who shall not first have taken an oath that he will be only mine. All the rest is but froth.'—'And there now,' said Clarissa, 'is the great mortification of marriage. Love, with it's freedom, loses all it's delicacy.—Is it not so, Sir?' demanded she of the philosopher. —'Why, Madam, I have thought as you do; yet it must be confessed that if freedom has it's charms, it has also it's dangers, its rocks: happy dispositions are so great a good, and inconsistency is so natural to man, that the moment he feels a laudable inclination, he acts prudently in depriving himself of the fatal power of changing.'—'Do you hear him, ladies? These men for my money! no flattery! this is what is called a philosopher. Try to seduce him if you can: for my part I retire quite charmed.—Adieu, philosopher, I want rest; I did not shut my eyes all last night, and I long to be asleep, in order to have the pleasure of dreaming.' She accompanied this adieu with an amorous glance, twinkling with Champagne. 'Ladies,' said Lucinda, 'did you mind that look?'—'Surely,' replied Doris, 'she is distracted for Aristus; that is clear.'—'For me, Madam! you do not think so; our tastes, I believe, and our tempers, are not made for each other. I drink little, I swear still less, and I do not love to be confined.'—'Ah, Sir, ten thousand crowns a year!'—'Ten thousand crowns a year, Madam, are an insult when mentioned to persons like myself.'

These words were repeated the next day to Madam the president. 'Oh! the insolent wretch!' said she, 'I am piqued: you shall see him at my feet.' I pass slightly over the nocturnal reflections of the sage Aristus. A good coach, a commodious apartment very far from my lady's, and the best cook in Paris; such was his plan in life. 'Our philosophers,' said he, 'perhaps will murmur a little. However, an ugly woman has in it something philosophical; at least, they will not suspect that I have pursued the pleasures of sensuality.'

The day of his triumph arrives, and the suit of rose-colour along with it: he views it, and blushes through vanity

rather than shame. Cleon, however, came to see him, with the disturbed air of one possessed; and after having cast an eye of indignation on the preparations for his dressing; 'Sir,' said he to him, 'if I had to do with a man of the world, I should propose to him, by way of preface, to exchange a thrub with me. But I am speaking to a philosopher, and I come to assault him with no other arms than frankness and virtue.'—'What is the matter, then?' demanded the sage, somewhat confounded at this preamble. 'I loved Clarissa, Sir,' replied Cleon; 'she loved me; we were going to be married. I know not what change is made all of a sudden in her soul, but she will not hear me speak any more either of marriage or of love. I had at first only some suspicions concerning the cause; but this rose-coloured suit confirms them. Rose-colour is her passion; you adopt her colours: you are my rival.'—'I, Sir!'—'I cannot doubt it, and all the circumstances that attend it crowd themselves on my imagination: your secret walks, your whifpers in the ear, looks and words that have escaped you, her hatred particularly against Madam de Ponval, every thing betrays you, every thing serves to open my eyes. Hear, then, Sir, what I have to propose. One of us must give place: violence is an unjust method; generosity will set us on good terms. I love, I idolize Clarissa; I had been happy but for you. I may still be so: my assiduities, time, and your absence, may bring her back to me. If, on the contrary, I must renounce her, you see one who will be driven to despair, and death will be my resource. Judge, Aristus, whether your situation be the same. Consult yourself, and answer me. If the happiness of your life depends on giving up your conquest to me, I require nothing, and I retire.'—'Go, Sir,' replied the philosopher to him with a serene air, 'you shall never overcome Aristus in a point of generosity; and whatever it may cost me, I will prove to you that I merited this mark of esteem.'

'At last,' said he, when Cleon had left the room, 'here is an opportunity of shewing an heroic virtue. Ha! you gentlemen of the world, you will learn to admire us.... They will not know it perhaps.... Oh, yes, Clarissa

Clarissa will communicate it in confidence to her friends; these will tell it again to others; the adventure is uncommon enough to make a noise: after all, the worst that can happen will be to publish it myself. It is necessary that a good deed should be known, and it matters not which way: our age has need of these examples; they are lessons for mankind. . . . However, let me not become a dupe to my own virtues, and dispossess myself of Clarissa before I am sure of Madam President. Let me see what Champagne and sleep may have produced.'

While he reflected thus on his conduct, the philosopher dressed himself. The industrious Jasmin surpassed himself in dressing his head: the rose-coloured suit was put on before the looking-glass with a secret complacency, and the sage sallied out all radiant to visit Madam President, who received him with an exclamation of surprize. But passing all of a sudden from joy to confusion, 'I perceive,' said she, 'Clarissa's favourite colour; you are attentive to study her taste. Go, Aristus, go and avail yourself of the trouble you take to please her; it will, no doubt, have it's reward.'—'My natural ingenuousness,' replied the philosopher, 'permits me not to conceal from you, that in the choice of this colour I have followed only her caprice. I will do more, Madam; I will confess that my first desire was to please in her eyes. The wisest is not without weakness; and when a woman prejudices us by flattering attentions, it is difficult not to be touched with them; but how my attachment is weakened! I acknowledge it with reproach to myself, Madam, and you ought also to reproach yourself for it.'—'Ah! philosopher, why is this not true? But this rose colour confounds all my ideas.'—'Very well, Madam, I assumed it with regret; I now go to quit it with joy; and if my first simplicity—' No, stay, I think you charming. But what do I say? Ah, how happy are people in being so handsome! Aristus, why am I not beautiful?—'What, Madam! do not you know that ugliness and beauty exist only in opinion? Nothing is handsome, nothing ugly in itself. A beauty in one country is far from being reckoned a beauty in another; so many men, so many minds.'—'You flatter

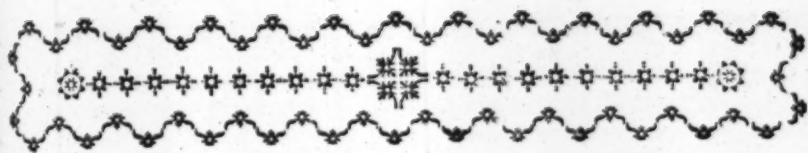
me,' said Madam President with a childish bashfulness, and pretending to blush; 'but I know, alas! but too well, that I have nothing beautiful in me, except my soul.'—'Very well, and is not the supreme beauty the only charm worthy to touch the heart?'—'Ah, philosopher! believe me, that beauty alone has few charms.'—'It has few, no doubt, for the vulgar; but to repeat it once more, you are not reduced to that. Is there nothing in a noble air, a commanding look, and an expressive countenance? And then, as to majesty, is she not the queen of the Graces?'—'And for this plumpness of mine, what say you to that?'—'Ah, Madam, this plumpness, which is reckoned an excess among us, is a beauty in Asia. Do you think, for example, that the Turks have no skill in women? Well, then, all those elegant figures which we admire at Paris would not even be admitted into the Grand Signior's seraglio; and the Grand Signior is no fool. In a word, a rosy state of health is the mother of the pleasures, and plumpness is it's symbol.'—'You will bring me presently to believe that my fat is not unbecoming. But for this nose of mine, nose without end, which runs out before my face.'—'Why, good God! what do you complain of? Were not the noses of the Roman matrons noses without end? Observe all the ancient busts.'—'But at least they had not this great mouth, and such blubber-lips?'—'Thick lips, Madam, are the charm of the American beauties: they are, as it were, two cushions, on which soft and tender pleasure takes it's repose. As to a wide mouth, I know nothing that gives the countenance more openness and gaiety.'—'True, when the teeth are fine; but unhappily—' 'Go to Siam, there fine teeth are vulgar, and it is a scandal even to have any. Thus all that is called beauty depends on the caprice of mankind, and the only real beauty is the object which has charmed us.'—'Shall I be yours then, my dear philosopher?' demanded she, hiding her face behind her fan. 'Pardon me, Madam, if I hesitate. My delicacy renders me timid, and I profess a disinterestedness not yet sufficiently known to you, to be above suspicion. You have talked to me of ten thousand crowns a year, and that circumstance

'makes me tremble.'—'Go, Sir, you are too just to impute to me such mean suspicions; it is Clarissa that detains you; I see your evasions; leave me.'—'Yes, I leave you, to go and acquit myself of the promise I have just made to Cleon. He was dismissed, he complained to me of it, and I have promised him to engage Clarissa to give him her hand. Now, believe that I love her.'—'Is it possible? Oh, you charm me, and I cannot stand this sacrifice. Go and see her, I wait you here; do not let me languish: this very evening we will leave the country.'

'I wonder at myself,' said he as he was going off, 'for having the courage to marry her. She is frightful; but she is rich.' He comes to Clarissa, finds her at her toilette, and Cleon along with her, who assumes, on seeing him, a dejected air. 'O! the handsome suit!' cried she. 'Come this way, that I may see you. It is quite delicious, is it not, Cleon? It was my choice.'—'I see it plainly, Madam,' replied Cleon with a melancholy air. 'Let us leave off this trifling,' interrupted the philosopher; 'I am come to clear myself of a crime of which I am accused, and to fulfil a serious duty. Cleon loves you, you love him; he has lost your heart, he tells me, and that I am the cause of it.'—'Yes, Sir: and why all this mystery? I have just been making a declaration of it to him.'—'And I, Madam, declare to you that I will never make unhappy a worthy man, who merits you, and dies if he loses you. I love you as much as he can love you: it is a confession which I am not ashamed to make; but his inclination has been more rooted by the unconquerable force of habit than mine, and perhaps also I shall find in myself resources which he has not in himself.'—'O, the wonderful man!' cried Cleon, embracing the philosopher. 'What shall I say to you?' 'You confound me.'—'There is no mighty matter in all this,' replied the philosopher with humility; 'your generosity set the example, I only imitate you.'—'Come, ladies,' said Clarissa to Lucinda and Doris, whom she saw appear at that instant; 'come and be witnesses of the triumph of philosophy.'

Aristus resigns me to his rival, and sacrifices his love for me to the happiness of a man he hardly knows. Their astonishment and admiration were acted up to the life; and Aristus, taking Clarissa's hand, which he put into Cleon's, snuffed up in abundance, with a supercilious modesty, the incense of adoration. 'Be happy,' said he to them, 'and cease your astonishment at an effort which, however painful, carries its recompence along with it. What would a philosopher be, if virtue were not all in all with him?' At these words he retired, as it were, to withdraw himself from his glory.

Madam President waited the philosopher's coming. 'Is it done, then?' demanded she of him. 'Yes, Madam, they are united; I am now my own and yours.'—'Oh, I triumph; you are mine. Come here, then, that I may enchain you.'—'Ah, Madam!' said he, falling at her knees, 'what dominion you have acquired over me! O Socrates! O Plato! what is become of your disciple? Do you yet know him in this state of debasement?' While he spoke thus, Madam President took a rose-coloured ribband, which she bound about the sage's neck, and imitating Lucinda in the Oracle, with the most comical infantine air in the world, called him by the name of *Charmar*. 'Good Heaven! what would become of me, if any body knew?'—'Ah, Madam,' said he, 'let us fly, let us banish ourselves from a society that watches us; spare me the humiliation.'—'What is it you call humiliation? I must have you glory in their presence that you are mine, that you wear my chain.' At these words the door opens, and Madam President rises from her chair, holding the philosopher in a string. 'See here,' said she to the company, 'see here this proud man, who sighs at my feet for the beauty of my purse; I deliver him up to you, I have played my part.' At this picture the roof resounded with the name of *Charmar*, and innumerable peals of laughter. Aristus, tearing his hair, and rending his cloaths with rage, launched out into reproaches on the perfidy of women, and went off to compose a book against the age, in which he roundly asserted, that there was no sage but himself.



MORAL TALES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE BAD MOTHER.



AMONG the monstrous productions of Nature may be reckoned the heart of a mother who loves one of her children to the exclusion of all the rest. I do not mean an enlightened tenderness, which distinguishes among the young plants which it cultivates, that which yields the best returns to it's early care; I speak of a blind fondness, frequently exclusive, sometimes jealous, which creates an idol and victims amid the little innocents brought into the world, for each of whom we are equally bound to soften the burden of life. Of this error, so common and so shameful to human nature, I am now going to give an example.

In one of the maritime provinces, M. de Carandon, an intendant, who had rendered himself respectable by his severity in repressing grievances, making it a principle to favour the weak and controul the strong, died poor, and almost insolvent. He had left behind him a daughter, whom nobody would marry, because she had much pride, little beauty, and no fortune. At last, a rich and honest merchant made his addresses to her, out of respect to the memory of her father. 'He has done us so many good offices,' said the worthy Corée, this was the merchant's name, 'it is but just that some of us should repay them to the daughter.' With these thoughts Corée offered himself in an humble manner; and Mademoiselle Carandon, with a great deal of reluctance, consented to give him her hand, on condition that she should maintain

an absolute authority in his house. The good man's respect for the memory of the father extended even to the daughter; he consulted her as his oracle; and if at any time he happened to differ in opinion from her, she had nothing to do but to utter these silencing expressions, 'The late M. de Carandon, my father' — Corée never waited for her to conclude, before he confessed himself in the wrong.

He died rather young, and left her two children, of which she had condescended to permit him to be the father. On his death-bed he thought it his duty to regulate the partition of his effects; but M. de Carandon held it, as she told him, for a maxim, that in order to retain children under the dependence of a mother, it was necessary to render her the dispenser of their effects. This law was the rule of Corée's will; and his inheritance was left in the hands of his wife, with the fatal right of distributing it to her children as she should think proper. Of these two children the eldest was her delight; not that he was handsomer, or of a more happy disposition, than the younger, but because she had ran some danger of her life in bringing him into the world; he had first made her experience the pains and joy of child-bed; he had possessed himself of her tenderness, which he also seemed to have exhausted; she had, in short, all the bad reasons that a bad mother could have for loving only him.

Little Jemmy was the rejected child: his mother hardly vouchsafed to see him, and never spoke to him but to chide him,

him. The poor child, intimidated, durst not look up before her, nor answer her without trembling. He had, she said, his father's disposition, a vulgar soul, and the air of such kind of folks.

As to the eldest, whom she had taken care to render as headstrong, disobedient, and humourfome as possible, he was gentility itself: his obstinacy was called greatness of spirit; his humours, excess of sensibility. She was delighted to see that he would never give up a point when he was in the right; and you must know that he was never in the wrong. She was eternally declaring that he knew his own good, and that he had the honour of resembling the sweet Madam his mamma. This eldest boy, who was styled M. De l'Etang, (for it was not thought right to leave him the name of Corée) had masters of all sorts: the lessons they set were for him alone, but little Jemmy reaped the fruit of them; insomuch, that at the end of a few years Jemmy knew all that they had taught M. De l'Etang, who knew nothing at all.

The good women, who make a practice of attributing to children all the little wit they have themselves, and who ruminate all morning on the pretty things they are to say in the day, had made the mother, whose weakness they were all acquainted with, believe that her eldest son was a prodigy. The masters, less complaisant, or less artful, while they complained of the indocility and inattention of this favourite, were boundless in their encomiums on Jemmy: they did not absolutely say that M. De l'Etang was a blockhead, but they said that little Jemmy had the genius of an angel. The mother's vanity was wounded; and out of an injustice, which one would not believe existed in nature, if this vice of mothers were less in fashion, she redoubled her aversion to the little wretch, became jealous of his improvement, and resolved to take away from her spoiled child the humiliation of a comparison.

A very affecting adventure awakened, however, in her, the sentiments of nature; but this retort upon herself only humbled, without correcting her. Jemmy was ten years of age, M. De l'Etang near fifteen, when she fell dangerously ill. The eldest employed himself about his pleasures, and very little about his mother's health. It is the punishment

of foolish mothers to love unnatural children. However, she began to grow uneasy; Jemmy perceived it, and his little heart was seized with grief and fear: the impatience to see his mother grew too strong for him to conceal. They had accustomed him never to appear but when he was called; but at last his tenderness gave him courage. He seized the instant when the chamber door was half open, entered silent and with trembling steps, and approached his mother's bed. 'Is it you, my son?' said she. 'No, mamma, it is Jemmy.' This natural and overwhelming answer penetrated with shame and grief the soul of this unjust woman; but a few caresses from her bad son soon restored him to his full ascendancy; and Jemmy, in the end, was neither the better beloved, nor reckoned the more worthy to be so.

Scarce was Madam Corée recovered, when she resumed the design of banishing him her house: her pretence was, that M. De l'Etang, being naturally lively, was too susceptible of dissipation to have a companion in his studies; and the impertinent prepossessions of the masters for the child, who was the most humble and fawning with them, might easily discourage the other, whose spirit being higher, and less tractable, required more management: it was her pleasure, therefore, that L'Etang should be the only object of their cares, and she got rid of the unfortunate Jemmy by exiling him to a college.

At sixteen L'Etang quitted his masters in the mathematicks, physicks, music, &c. just as he had taken them: he began his exercises, which he performed much in the same manner as he had done his studies; and at twenty he appeared in the world with the self-sufficiency of a coxcomb, who has heard of every thing, but reflected on nothing.

Jemmy, on his part, had gone through his studies; and his mother was quite wearied with the commendations they gave him. 'Well then,' said she, 'since he is so wise, he will succeed in the church; he has nothing to do but to take to that course of life.'

Unfortunately, Jemmy had no inclination for the ecclesiastick state; he came, therefore, to intreat his mother to dispense with his entering into it. 'You imagine, then,' said she to him with a cold and severe air, 'that I have enough to maintain you in the world; I assure

‘I assure you I have not. Your father’s fortune was not so considerable as was imagined; it will scarce be sufficient to settle your elder brother. For your part, you have only to consider whether you will run the career of benefices or of arms; whether you will have your head shaven or broken; in short, whether you will take a band, or a lieutenantancy of infantry: this is all that I can do for you.’ Jemmy answered her with respect, that there were less violent courses to be taken by the son of a merchant. At these words Mad. de Carandon was near dying with grief, for having brought into the world a son so little worthy of her, and forbid him her sight. Young Corée, distressed at having incurred his mother’s anger, retired sighing, and resolved to try whether Fortune would be less cruel to him than Nature. He learned that a vessel was on the point of sailing for the Antilles, whither he had a design of repairing. He writ to his mother to ask her consent, her blessing, and a parcel of goods. The two first articles were amply granted him, but the latter very sparingly.

His mother, too happy in being rid of him, wanted to see him before his departure, and, while she embraced him, bestowed on him a few tears. His brother also had the goodness to wish him a good voyage. These were the first caresses he had ever received from his relations: his sensible heart was penetrated with them; yet he durst not ask them to write to him: but he had a fellow collegian, by whom he was tenderly beloved, and he conjured him at parting, now and then to send him news of his mother.

She was now only employed in the care of settling her favourite son. He declared for the robe: they obtained him a dispensation from it’s studies; and he was soon admitted into the sanctuary of the laws. Nothing remained wanting but an advantageous marriage: they proposed a rich heiress; but they required of the widow the settlement of her fortune. She had the weakness to consent to it, scarce reserving to herself sufficient to live decently; well assured that her son’s fortune would be always at her disposal.

At the age of twenty-five, M. De l’Etang found himself a dapper little counsellor, neglecting his wife as much

as his mother, taking great care of his own person, and paying very little regard to the bar. As it was gentled for a husband to have somebody besides his wife, L’Etang thought it his duty to set up for a man of intrigue. A young girl, whom he ogled at the play, returned his invitations, received him at her lodgings with a great deal of politeness, told him he was charming, which he very readily believed, and in a short time eased him of a pocket-book with ten thousand crowns. But as there is no such thing as eternal love, this perjured beauty quitted him at the expiration of three months for a young English lord, equally foolish, and more magnificent. L’Etang, who could not conceive how they could dismiss such a person as himself, resolved to avenge himself by taking a mistress still more celebrated, and loading her with favours. His new conquest raised him a thousand rivals; and when he compared himself with a crowd of adorers, who sighed for her in vain, he had the pleasure of thinking himself more amiable, as he found himself more happy. However, having perceived that he was not without uneasiness, she was desirous of convincing him, that there was nothing in the world which she was not resolved to quit for him, and proposed, for the sake of avoiding impertinence, that they should go together to Paris, to forget all the world; and live only for each other. L’Etang was transported at this mark of tenderness. Every thing is got ready for the journey; they set out, they arrive, and chuse their retreat in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal. Fatima (that was the name of this beauty) asked and obtained, without difficulty, a coach to take the air. L’Etang was surprized at the number of friends that he found in this good city. These friends had never seen him; but his merit attracted them in crowds. Fatima received none but L’Etang’s company, and he was always very true of his friends and of her. This charming woman had, however, one weakness: she believed in dreams. One night she had had one which could not, she said, be effaced from her memory. L’Etang wanted to know this dream which engaged her attention so seriously. ‘I dream’d,’ said she, ‘that I was in a delicious apartment. In it was a damask bed of three different colours, with tapestry and sofas suited

* suited to this superb bed; pannels
 * dazzling with gold, polished cabinets,
 * porcelaine of Japan, China monies,
 * the prettiest in the world; but all this
 * was nothing. A toilette was ready
 * set out; I drew near it; what did I
 * see? My heart beats at it: a casket
 * of diamonds; and what diamonds!
 * the most beautiful aigrette, the finest
 * ear-rings, the handsomest esclavage,
 * and a river without end. I am sure,
 * Sir, something very extraordinary will
 * happen to me. This dream has af-
 * fected me very strongly, and my
 * dreams never deceive me.'

It was in vain that M. De l'Etang em-
 ployed all his eloquence to persuade her
 that dreams signified nothing: she main-
 tained that this dream did signify some-
 thing; and, at length, he feared lest
 some of his rivals should propose to
 realize it. He was under a necessity,
 therefore, of capitulating; and, except
 in some few circumstances, resolved to
 accomplish it himself. We may easily
 judge, that this experiment did not cure
 her of dreaming: she took a delight in
 it, and dreamed so often, that even the
 fortune of good Master Corée became
 hardly any thing more than a dream.
 M. De l'Etang's young wife, to whom
 this journey had not been very agree-
 able, demanded to be separated from the
 fortunes of a husband, who abandoned
 her; and her portion, which he was
 obliged to restore, put him still less at
 his ease.

Play is a resource. L'Etang pretend-
 ed to excel at piquet; his friends, who
 made up a common purse, all betted for
 him, while one of them played against
 him. Every time that he threw out,
 'Faith,' said one of the betters, 'that
 * is well played!'— 'There is no play-
 * ing better,' said another. In short,
 M. De l'Etang played the best in the
 world, but he never had the aces. While
 they insensibly stripped him, the faith-
 ful Fatima, who perceived his decline,
 dreamed one night that she quitted him,
 and left him the next day: however, as
 it is mortifying to fall off, he piqued
 himself upon his honour, and would not
 abate any thing of his grandeur, so that
 in a few years he was ruined.

He was now at his last shifts, when
 the good lady his mother, who had not
 managed her own reserve better, wrote
 to him to desire some money. He re-
 turned her answer, that he was very

sorry; but that, far from being able to
 send her any relief, he stood in need of
 it himself. The alarm was already
 spread among their creditors, and the
 question was, who should first seize the
 ruins of their fortune. 'What have I
 * done!' said the distracted mother; 'I
 * have stripped myself of all for a son
 * who has squandered every thing.'

In the mean time, what became of the
 unfortunate Jemmy?—Jemmy, with a
 good understanding, the best heart, the
 handsomest figure in the world, and his
 little venture, was happily arrived at St.
 Domingo. It is well known how easy
 a Frenchman of good morals, and a
 good person, finds it to establish himself
 in the isles. The name of Corée, his
 own good sense and prudence, soon ac-
 quired him the confidence of the inha-
 bitants. With the assistances that were
 offered him, he purchased himself a
 settlement, cultivated it, and rendered
 it flourishing; trade, which was then
 very brisk, enriched him in a short time,
 and in the space of five years he was be-
 come the object of the jealousy of the
 handsomest and richest widows and dam-
 sels of the colony. But, alas! his fel-
 low-collegian, who till that time had
 given him none but the most satisfactory
 news, now sent him word that his bro-
 ther was ruined, and that his mother,
 abandoned by every body, was driven
 to the most dreadful extremities. This
 fatal letter was bedewed with tears.
 'Ah, my poor mother!' cried he, 'I
 * will fly to your relief.' He would
 not trust his charge to any body. Ac-
 cident, infidelity, neglect, or delay,
 might deprive her of the assistance sent
 by her son, and leave her to perish in
 indigence and despair. 'Nothing ought
 * to retain a son,' said he to himself,
 * when the honour and life of a mother
 * are at stake.'

With these sentiments, Corée was
 only employed in the care of rendering
 his riches portable. He sold all his posses-
 sions, and this sacrifice cost him nothing;
 but he could not but feel some regret for
 a more precious treasure, which he left
 in America. Lucella, the young widow
 of an old colonist, who had left her
 immense riches, had cast upon Corée
 one of those looks which seem to pene-
 trate to the bottom of the soul, and to
 unravel it's character; one of those
 looks which decide the opinion, deter-
 mine the inclination, and the sudden and

confused effect of which is generally taken for a sympathetick emotion. She had imagined she saw in this young man every thing that could render a virtuous and sensible woman happy; and her love for him had not waited for reflection to give it birth and discover itself. Corée, on his side, had distinguished her among her rivals, as the most worthy of captivating the heart of a wise and virtuous man. Lucella, with a figure the most noble and interesting; an air the most animated, and yet the most modest; a brown complexion, but fresher than the rose; a hair of the blackness of the ebony, and teeth of a dazzling whiteness and enamel; the stature and gait of one of Diana's nymphs; the smile and look of the companions of Venus; Lucella, with all these charms, was endowed with that greatness of spirit, that loftiness of temper, that justness in her ideas, that rectitude in her sentiments, which makes us say, though not with the greatest propriety, that such a woman has the soul of a man. It was not one of Lucella's principles to be ashamed of a virtuous inclination. Scarce had Corée confessed to her the choice of his heart, when he obtained from her, without evasion, a like confession, by way of reply; and their mutual inclination becoming more tender, in proportion as it became more considered, now wanted nothing but to be consecrated at the altar. Some disputes, concerning the inheritance of Lucella's husband, had retarded their happiness. These disputes were on the point of being settled, when the letter from Corée's friend arrived, to tear him all at once from what he held dearest in the world, except his mother. He repaired to the beauteous widow's, shewed her the letter from his friend, and asked her advice. 'I flatter myself,' said she, 'that you have no need of it. Convert your wealth into mercantile commodities, hasten to the relief of your mother, pay your respects to all your friends, and come back again: my fortune awaits you. If I die, my will shall secure it to you; if I live, instead of a will, you know what right you will have over it.' Corée, struck with gratitude and admiration, seized the hands of this generous woman, and bathed them with his tears; but as he was launching out in encomiums on her, 'Go,' said she to him, 'you are a child: entertain not the

prejudices of Europe. The moment that a woman does any thing tolerably handsome, they cry her up as a prodigy, as if Nature had not given us a soul. Should you, in my place, now, be much pleased to see me in astonishment, and viewing in you, as a phenomenon, the pure emotion of a good heart?'—'Pardon me,' said Corée, 'I ought to have expected it; but your principles, your sentiments, the ease, the simplicity of your virtues, enchant me: I admire them without being amazed at them.'—'Go, my dear,' said she to him, saluting him; 'I am thine, such as God has made me. Do your duty, and return as soon as possible.'

He embarks, and with him he embarks all his fortune. The passage was pretty favourable till they came towards the Canaries; but there their vessel, pursued by a corsair from Morocco, was obliged to seek for safety in its sails. The corsair which chased them was on the point of joining them; and the captain, terrified at the danger of being boarded, was going to strike to the pirate. 'Oh, my dear mother!' cried Corée, embracing the casket in which were contained all his hopes, and then tearing his hair with grief and rage; 'No,' said he, 'this barbarous African shall have my heart first.' Then addressing himself to the captain, the crew, and the affrighted passengers, 'What! my friends,' said he, 'shall we surrender ourselves like cowards? Shall we suffer this robber to carry us to Morocco, loaded with irons; and to sell us like beasts? Are we disarmed? Are the people on board the enemy's ship invulnerable? or are they braver than we? They want to board us; let them! what then? we shall have them the nearer.' His courage reanimated their spirits; and the captain, embracing him, extolled him for having set the example.

Every thing is now got ready for defence; the corsair boards them; the vessels dash against each other; death flies on both sides. In a short time the two ships are covered with a cloud of smoke and fire. The cannonade ceases; day-light appears, and the sword singles out its victims. Corée, sabre in hand, made a dreadful slaughter; the instant he saw an African throw himself on board, he ran up to him, and cleaved

him in two, crying out, 'Oh, my poor mother!' His fury was as that of the lionsess defending her little ones; it was the last effort of nature in despair: and the gentlest, the most sensible heart that ever exalted, was now become the most violent and bloody. The captain discerned him every where, his eye flashing fire, and his arm drenched in blood. 'This is not a mortal,' said he to his companions; 'it is a god who fights for us!' His example kindled their courage. He finds himself at length hand to hand with the chief of the barbarians. 'My God!' cried he, 'have pity of my mother!' and at these words, with a back-handed blow, he let out the pirate's bowels. From this moment the victory was decisive: the few who were left of the crew of the corsair begged their lives, and were put in irons. Corée's vessel, with her booty, arrives at length on the coast of France; and this worthy son, without allowing himself one night's repose, repairs with his treasure to his unhappy mother. He finds her on the brink of the grave, and in a state more dreadful than death itself; stripped of all relief, and in the care of one man-servant, who, disgusted at suffering the indigence to which she was reduced, paid her, with regret, the last duties of an humiliating pity. The shame of her situation had induced her to forbid this servant from admitting any person, except the priest and the charitable physician who sometimes visited her. Corée asks to see her, and is refused.

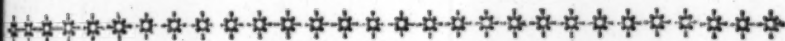
'Tell my name,' said he to the servant. 'And what is your name?'—'Jemmy.' The servant approaches the bed. 'A stranger,' says he, 'asks to see you, Madam.'—'Alas! and who is this stranger?'—'He says that his name is Jemmy.' At this name her heart was so violently agitated, that she was near expiring. 'Ah, my son!' said she, in a faint voice, and lifting upon him her dying eye-lids. 'Ah, my son, at what a moment are you returned to see your mother! Your hand will soon close her eyes.' What was the grief of this pious and tender child, to see that mother whom he had left in the bosom of luxury and opulence, to see her now in a bed surrounded with rags, the very description of which would make the stomach rise, if it were permitted me to give it. 'Oh, my mo-

ther!' cried he, throwing himself upon this bed of woe: his sobs choked his voice, and the rivers of tears with which he bathed the bosom of his expiring mother, were for a long time the only expression of his grief and love. 'Heaven punishes me,' replied she, 'for having loved too much an unnatural son; for having——' He interrupted her: 'All is atoned for, my dear mother,' said this virtuous young man; 'live: Fortune has loaded me with her favours; I come to pour them into the lap of Nature; it is for you that they are given me. Live! have enough to make you love life.'—'Ah! my dear child, if I have any desire to live, it is to expiate my injustice; it is to love a son of whom I was not worthy; a son whom I have deprived of his inheritance.' At these words she covered her face, as unworthy to see the light. 'Ah, Madam!' cried he, pressing her in his arms, 'deprive me not of the sight of my mother. I am come across the seas to seek and relieve her!' At this instant arrive the priest and physician. 'See there,' said she, 'my child, the only comforters that Heaven has left me: without their charity I should now be no more.' Corée embraces them, bursting into tears. 'My friends!' says he to them; 'my benefactors! what do I not owe you! but for you I should no longer have had a mother: go on, recal her to life. I am rich; I am come to make her happy. Redouble your cares, your consolations, your assistances; restore her to me.' The physician prudently saw that this situation was too violent for the sick lady. 'Go, Sir,' said he to Corée; 'trust in our zeal, and think of nothing but to provide her a convenient and wholesome lodging; to which the lady shall this evening be removed.'

Change of air, proper nourishment, or rather the revolution created by joy and the calm which succeeded it, insensibly re-animated the organs of life. A profound chagrin had been the ground of the disease; consolation was the remedy. Corée learned that his unhappy brother had just perished in misery. He drew a veil over the frightful picture of his death, which he had but too justly merited. They kept the knowledge of it from a feeling mother, who was as yet

too weak to support, without expiring, a new attack of grief. She learned it at last, when her health was better established. All the wounds of her heart were now opened afresh, and the maternal tears trickled from her eyes. But Heaven, while it took away from her a son unworthy of her tenderness, restored her one who had merited it by every sensible and touching tie of nature and virtue. He confided to her the desires of his soul; which were to embrace at once his mother and his wife. Matrimony seized with joy the oppor-

tunity of going over with her son to America. A city, filled with her follies and misfortunes, was to her an odious place of residence; and the moment in which she embarked restored her a new life. Heaven, which protects piety, granted them a favourable passage. Lucella received the mother of her lover as she would have received her own. Hymen made of these lovers the happiest couple, and their days still roll on in that unalterable peace, in those pure and serene pleasures, which are the portion of virtue.



THE GOOD MOTHER.

THE care of a mother for her children is of all duties the most religiously observed. This universal sentiment governs all the passions; it prevails even over the love of life. It renders the fiercest of animals sensible and gentle, the most sluggish indefatigable, the most timid courageous to excess: not one of them loses sight of it's little ones, till the moment that their care becomes useless. We see only among mankind the odious examples of a too early desertion.

In the midst of a world, where vice, ingenious to disguise itself, takes a thousand seducing forms; it is there, above all, that the most happy disposition requires to be enlightened without ceasing. The more shelves there are, and the more they are hidden, the more need has the frail bark of innocence and happiness of a prudent pilot. What would have been, for example, the fate of Miss Tröene, if Heaven had not made expressly for her a mother, who was one of ten thousand.

This respectable widow had devoted to the education of an only daughter the most agreeable years of her life. These were her reflections at the age of five and twenty.

'I have lost my husband,' said she; 'I have nothing but my daughter and myself: shall I live for myself, or shall I live for her? The world smiles upon me, and pleases me still: but if I give myself up to it, I abandon

' my daughter, and hazard her happiness and my own. Suppose that a life of noise and dissipation has all the charms that are attributed to it, how long may I be able to taste them? How few of my years, which are rolling on, have I to pass in the world? how many in solitude and the bosom of my child? The world, which invites me now, will dismiss me soon without pity; and if my daughter should forget herself, according to my example; if she is unhappy through my negligence, what will be my comfort? Let me in good time add grace to my retreat; let me render it as agreeable as it is honourable; and let me sacrifice to my daughter, who is every thing to me, that alien multitude, to whom in a short time I shall be nothing.'

From that moment this prudent mother became the friend and companion of her daughter. But to obtain her confidence was not the work of a day.

Emily (that was the young lady's name) had received from Nature a soul susceptible of the most lively impressions; and her mother, who studied incessantly, experienced an uneasy joy on perceiving this sensibility, which does so much harm and so much good. 'Happy,' said she sometimes, 'happy the husband whom she will love, if he is deserving of her tenderness; if by esteem and friendship he knows how to render dear to her the cares she shall

'take to please him! but woe be to him, if he humbles and shocks her: her wounded delicacy will be the torment of them both. I see that if a reproach escapes even me, a slight complaint which she has not merited, tears of grief trickle from her eyes; her drooping heart is dispirited. Nothing is easier than to soothe her, nothing easier than to frighten her.'

Temperate as was the life of Madam Du Troëne, it was however conformable to her condition, and relative to the design she had of instructing herself at leisure in the choice of a husband worthy of Emily. A crowd of admirers, caught with the charms of the daughter, paid, according to custom, assiduous court to the mother. Of this number was the Marquis de Verglan, who, to his own misfortune, was endowed with a very handsome figure. His glass and the ladies had so often told him so, that he could not but believe it. He listened to them with pleasure, contemplated himself with delight, smiled upon himself, and was eternally singing his own praises. Nothing could be objected to his politeness; but it was so cold, and so slight, in comparison to the attentions with which he honoured himself, that one might clearly perceive that he possessed the first place in his own esteem. He would have had, without thinking on them, all the graces of Nature: he spoiled them all by affecting them. In regard to understanding, he wanted only justness, or rather reflection. Nobody would have talked better than he, if he had known what he was going to say; but it was his first care to be of an opinion contrary to that of another. Right or wrong was all one to him; he was sure of dazzling, of seducing, of persuading to whatever he would. He knew by heart all that little toilette chit-chat, all those pretty things which mean nothing. He was thoroughly versed in all the love-anecdotes of the city and court: who was the gallant of yesterday, who of to-day, who of the morrow, and how many times in the year such and such a lady had changed her admirers. He even knew a certain person who had refused to be upon the list, and who would have supplanted all his rivals, if he had chosen to give himself the trouble.

This young coxcomb was the son of an old friend of M. Du Troëne, and

the widow spoke of him to her daughter with a kind of compassion. 'It is a pity,' said she, 'that they spoil this young man! He is of a good family, and might have succeeded.' He had already succeeded but too well in the heart of Emily. That which is ridiculous in the eyes of a mother, is not always so in the eyes of a daughter. Youth is indulgent to youth; and there are such things as beautiful defects.

Verglan, on his side, thought Emily tolerably handsome, only a little too plain and simple; but that might be corrected. He took but very little care to please her; but when the first impression is made, every thing contributes to sink it deeper. The very dissipation of this young fop was a new attraction to Emily, as it threatened her with the danger of losing him; and nothing hastens, so much as jealousy, the progress of a growing love.

In giving an account of his life to Madam Du Troëne, Verglan represented himself (as to be sure he ought) the most desirable man in the world.

Madam Du Troëne dropped a hint concerning modesty: but he protested that nobody was less vain than himself; that he knew perfectly well that it was not for his own sake that they sought him; that his birth did a great deal, and that he owed the rest to his wit and figure, qualities which he had not given himself, and which he was far from being proud of.

The more pleasure Emily felt in seeing and hearing him, the more care she took to conceal it. A reproach from her mother would have touched her to the heart; and this delicate sensibility rendered her fearful to excess.

In the mean time, Emily's charms, with which Verglan was so faintly touched, had inspired the discreet and modest Belzors with the tenderest passion. A just way of thinking, and an upright heart, formed the basis of his character. His agreeable and open figure was still more ennobled by the high idea that was conceived of his soul; for we are naturally disposed to seek, and believe that we discover, in the features of a man, what we know to be in his heart.

Belzors, in whom nature had been directed to virtue from his infancy, enjoyed the inestimable advantage of being able to give himself up to it without precaution and constraint. Decency, honesty,

honesty, candour, a frankness which gains confidence, together with a severity of manners which creates respect, had in him the free ease of habit. An enemy to vice without pride; indulgent to follies, without contracting any; complying with innocent customs; incorruptible by bad examples; he swam upon the torrent of the world; beloved, respected, even by those to whom his life was a reproach, and to whom the public esteem delighted to oppose it, in order to humble their pride.

Madam Du Troëne, charmed with the character of this young man, had secretly pitched upon him as the most deserving husband she could give her daughter. She was inexhaustible in his commendations; and while Emily applauded with the modesty of her age, Madam Du Troëne mistook the ingenuous and agreeable air which her daughter assumed towards him: for, as the esteem with which Belzors inspired her was not mingled with any sentiment that she needed to conceal, Emily was quite at her ease.

It were to be wished, that she had been as free and as tranquil with the dangerous Verglan; though the painful situation into which his presence cast her, had in good measure the appearance of spleen. If Madam Du Troëne spoke in commendation of him, Emily looked down, and kept silence. 'You do not seem to me, daughter,' said Madam Du Troëne, 'to relish those light and shining graces, on which the world lays so much stress.'—'I know nothing at all of them!' said Emily, blushing. The good mother concealed her joy: she thought she saw the plain and modest virtues of Belzors triumphing in Emily's heart over the little brilliant vices of Verglan, and those of his character; till an accident, slight in appearance, but striking to an attentive and discerning mother, drew her out of this illusion.

One of Emily's accomplishments was drawing. She had chosen the delineation of flowers, as the most suitable to her age: for what can be more natural than to see a rose blow beneath the hand of beauty! Verglan, by a taste somewhat resembling hers, was passionately fond of flowers; and he never appeared without a nosegay, the prettiest in the world.

One day Madam Du Troëne's eyes

were thrown casually on Verglan's nosegay. The day after, she perceived that Emily, perhaps without thinking of it, was drawing the flowers of it. It was natural enough, that the flowers she had seen the evening before should be still present to her imagination, and come, as it were, of their own accord, to offer themselves to her pencil; but that which was not quite so natural, was the air of enthusiasm which she betrayed in drawing them. Her eyes sparkled with the fire of genius; her mouth smiled amorously at every stroke of the pencil, and a colour more animated than that of the flowers which she was endeavouring to delineate, diffused itself over her cheeks. 'Are you pleased with the execution?' said the mother to her carelessly. 'It is impossible,' replied Emily, 'to represent Nature well, when we have her not before our eyes.' It was certain, however, that she had never copied her more faithfully.

Some few days after, Verglan came again with new flowers. Madam Du Troëne, without any particularity, observed them, one after another; and, in Emily's next lesson, Verglan's nosegay was drawn again. The good mother continued her observations, and every trial confirming her suspicions, redoubled her uneasiness. 'After all,' said she, 'I am alarmed, perhaps, at somewhat very innocent. Let me see, however, if she has any meaning in all this.'

The studies and accomplishments of Emily were a secret to her mother's acquaintance. As she had only intended to make her relish solitude, and preserve her imagination from the dangers of meditation, and the tediousness of idleness, Madam Du Troëne derived neither to herself nor daughter the least vanity from those talents which she had cultivated with so much care. But one day when they were alone with Belzors, and the conversation turned on the great advantage of employing and amusing one's self; 'My daughter,' said Madam Du Troëne, 'has created herself an amusement, which she relishes more and more. I want to have you see some of her designs.' Emily opened her port-folio; and Belzors, charmed, was never weary of admiration of her performances. 'How soft and pure,' said he, 'are the pleasures of innocence! In vain does vice torment itself, it will never taste the like. Is it not true,

'true, Madam, that the hour of labour passes away quick? And yet you have fixed it: see it here retraced and produced anew to your eyes. Time is never lost but to the idle.' Madam Du Troëne listened with a secret complacency. Emily thought his observations very sensible, but was not in the least touched by them.

Some days after, Verglan came to see them. 'Do you know, Sir,' says Madam Du Troëne, 'that my daughter has received the highest encomiums from Belzors on her talent for drawing! I want your opinion of it.' Emily, in confusion, blushed, hesitated, said that she had nothing finished by her, and beseeched her mother to wait till she should have some piece fit to be seen. She did not doubt but her mother was laying a snare for her. 'Since there is a mystery in this, there is also a design,' said this discerning mother within herself: 'she is afraid that Verglan may know his own flowers, and penetrate into the secret motive of the pleasure she has taken in drawing them. My daughter loves this young fop; my fears were but too well founded.'

Madam Du Troëne, solicited on all sides, excused herself still on account of Emily's youth, and the resolution she had taken not to constrain her in her choice. However, this choice alarmed her. 'My daughter,' said she, 'is going to prefer Verglan; there is, at least, room to think so: and this young man has every quality that can render a woman unhappy. If I declare my will to Emily, if I only suffer her to have the slightest perception of it, she will make it a law to subscribe to it without murmuring; she will marry a man whom she does not love, and the remembrance of the man she loves will haunt her even in the arms of another. I know her soul; she will become the victim of her duty. But shall I ordain this grievous sacrifice? God forbid! No: let her own inclination decide it; but I may direct her inclination by enlightening it, and that is the only lawful use of the authority that is given me. I am certain of the goodness of heart, of the justness of my daughter's sentiments; let me supply, by the light natural to my years, the inexperience of hers; let her see by her mother's eyes, and

'fancy, if possible, that she consults only her own inclination.'

Every time that Verglan and Belzors met together at Madam Du Troëne's, she turned the conversation on the manners, customs, and maxims of the world. She encouraged contradiction; and without taking any side, gave their dispositions room to display themselves. Those little adventures with which society abounds, and which entertain the idle curiosity of the circles at Paris, most commonly furnished matter for their reflections. Verglan, light, decisive, and lively, was constantly on the side of the fashion. Belzors, in a moderate tone, constantly defended the cause of morality with a noble freedom.

The arrangement of Count D'Auberive with his lady was at that time the town-talk. It was said, that after a pretty brisk quarrel, and bitter complaints on both sides, on the subject of their mutual infidelity, they agreed, that they owed each other nothing; that they had concluded by laughing at the folly of being jealous without loving; that D'Auberive had consented to see the Chevalier De Clange make love to his wife; and that she had promised, on her side, to receive with the greatest politeness the Marchioness De Talbe, to whom D'Auberive paid his court; that the peace had been ratified by a supper, and that two couple of lovers never maintained a better understanding with each other.

At this recital Verglan cried out, that nothing was wiser. 'They talk of the good old times,' said he; 'let them produce an instance of the manners of our forefathers comparable to this. Formerly an instance of infidelity set a family in flames; they shut up, they beat their wives. If the husband made use of the liberty that was reserved to him, his sad and faithful half was obliged to put up with the injury, and vent her moans at home, as in an obscure prison. If she imitated her wandering husband, it was with terrible risks. Nothing less than her lover's and her own life were at stake. They had the folly to attach the honour of the man to the virtue of his wife; and the husband, who was not the less a fine gentleman for intriguing elsewhere himself, became the ridiculous object of publick contempt on the first false step of his lady. Upon honour, I do not

'not conceive how, in these barbarous ages, they had the courage to marry. The bands of Hymen were then down-right chains. Now a-days, complaisance, freedom, peace, reign in the bosom of families. If the married pair love one another, to much the better; they live together, they are happy. If they cease to love, they tell it like well-bred persons, and dispense with each other's promise of fidelity. They give over being lovers, and become friends. These are what I call social manners, free and easy. This makes one long to be married.' — 'You find it then quite easy,' said Madam Du Troëne, 'for a wife to be the confidante of her husband, and for him to be the complaisant friend of his wife?' — 'To be sure; provided it be mutual. Is it not just to grant our confidence to those who honour us with theirs, and to render each other by turns the offices of friendship? Can a man have a better friend than his wife, or the wife a surer and more intimate friend than her husband? With whom shall we be free, if not with the person, who, from situation, is one with us? And when unfortunately we no longer find any pleasure at home, what can be better than to seek it abroad, to return each at their own time, without jealousy and restraint?' —

'Nothing is more pleasant,' said Belzors, 'than this new method; but you and I have a great deal of ground to go over before we can relish it. In the first place, we must give up all love for ourselves, wife, and children; we must be able to accustom ourselves to consider, without repugnance, as being one half of one's self, somebody whom we despise sufficiently, to deliver up——' 'Well,' replied Verglan, 'what but mere prejudices are all these scruples! what hinders us from esteeming one another, if it be settled that there is no longer any scandal in it?' — 'When that is settled,' said Belzors, 'all the ties of society are broken. The inviolable sanctity of the marriage-tie forms the sanctity of all the ties of nature. Remember, my friend, that if there are no longer any sacred duties for the parents, there will no longer be any for the children. All these conditions depend on each other. Family quar-

rels were violent in the days of our fathers; but the mass of morals was sound, and the wound soon closed up again. At present it is a languishing body, wasting by a slow poison. On the other side, my dear Verglan, we have not now the idea of those pure and intimate pleasures which the married pair felt amidst their family; nor of that union which formed the delight of their youth, and the consolation of their advanced years. Now-a-days, when a mother is afflicted at the dissipations of her son, or a father overwhelmed with any reverse of fortune, are they a refuge or support to each other? They are obliged to unbosom their grief abroad; and the consolation of strangers is very weak indeed.'

'You talk like an oracle, my sage Belzors,' said Verglan; 'but who has told you that two married persons would not do best to love, and to be faithful to each other all their lives? I am only, if unfortunately this mutual liking should cease, for their consoling each other, and settling matters amicably, without forbidding those who may have loved reciprocally from the times of our fathers, to love on still, if their heart inclines them to it.' — 'Aye,' said Madam Du Troëne, 'what is there to hinder them?' — 'What is there to hinder them, Madam!' replied Belzors. 'Custom, example, the *bon ton*, the facility of living, without shame, according to their liking. Verglan will agree, that the life led in the world is agreeable; and change is naturally pleasing: our very weakness invites us to it. Who, then, will resist this inclination, if they take off the curb of morality?' — 'If I take off nothing,' said Verglan, 'but I am for every body's living according to their liking; and I very much approve of the course that D'Aubertine and his lady have taken to overlook on both sides what are called injuries. If they are satisfied, every body else ought to be so too.'

As he finished these last words, a servant announced the Marquis D'Aubertine. 'Ah, Marquis! you come very opportunely,' said Verglan: 'tell us, pray thee, if your story be true. They say that your lady forgives you your rhubarb, and that you pass by her fenna.' — 'Phia! what stuff!' said D'Au-

D'Auberive to him carelessly. 'I have maintained that nothing was more reasonable; but Belzors there condemns you without appeal.'—'Why so, pray? Would not he have done as much? My wife is young and handsome: a coquette; that is quite evident. At the bottom, however, I believe her to be very virtuous; but though she should err a little, justice ought to take place. I conceive, however, that a person more jealous than myself may condemn me; but what astonishes me is, that Belzors should be the first. I have hitherto received nothing but commendations. Nothing is more natural than my proceeding; and all the world felicitate me upon it as on something marvellous. It looks as if they did not think I had understanding enough to take a reasonable step. Upon honour, I am quite confounded at the compliments I receive on it. As to the rigid gentlemen, I honour them sufficiently; but I live for myself. Let every one do as much, and the happiest will always be the wisest.'—'Well, how is the Marchioness?' said Madam Du Troëne to him, with a design of changing the subject. 'Wonderfully well, Madam; we supped together last night, and I never saw her in such good-humour.'—'I will lay a wager,' says Verglan, 'that you will take her again some day.'—'Faith, very possibly: for but yesterday, when we got up from table, I caught myself saying tender things to her.'

This first experiment made the most lively impression on Emily's understanding. Her mother, who perceived it, gave free course to her reflections; but in order to put her into the way, 'It is wonderful,' said she, 'how much opinions depend upon tempers. Here, now, these two young men, educated with the same care, both endued with the same principles of honesty and virtue; observe, however, how they differ from one another! and each of them believes he is in the right.' Emily's heart did it's best to excuse in Verglan the fault of having defended the manners of the age. 'With what levity,' said she, 'do they treat modesty

and fidelity! how they sport with what is most sacred in nature! and Verglan gives into these irregularities! Why has he not the soul of Belzors!'

Some time after, Emily and her mother being at the play, Belzors and Verglan presented themselves at their box, and Madame Du Troëne invited them both to take their seats there. The play was *Ines**. The scene of the children gave Verglan an opportunity of uttering some *bon mots*, which he put off as excellent criticisms. Belzors, without listening to him, melted into tears, and took no pains to conceal it. His rival rallied him on his weakness.

'What,' said he to him, 'do children make you cry?'—'And what would you have me be affected by?' said Belzors. 'Yes, I confess, I never hear, without much emotion, the tender names of father and mother; the pathos of Nature penetrates me; even the most touching love interests me, moves me much less.' *Ines* was followed by Nanine†: and when they came to the catastrophe, 'Oh!' said Verglan, 'that is carrying the jest too far: let Dolban love this little wench, with all my heart; but to marry her, I think, is rather too much.'—'It is a folly, perhaps,' replied Belzors; 'but I feel myself capable of it: when virtue and beauty are united, I cannot answer for my discretion.' Not one of their observations escaped Madame Du Troëne; Emily, still more attentive, blushed at the advantage which Belzors had over his rival. After the play, they saw the Chevalier D'Olcet pass by in weepers.

'What is the meaning of this, Chevalier?' said Verglan to him with an air of gaiety. 'An old uncle,' replies D'Olcet, 'who has been so kind as to leave me ten thousand crowns a year.'—'Ten thousand crowns! I give you joy. This uncle was a brave old fellow. Ten thousand crowns! charming.' Belzors, embracing him in his turn, said to him, 'Chevalier, I condole with you on his death: I know that you think too justly to conceive any unnatural joy on the occasion.'—'He has long been as a father to me,' said the chevalier, confounded at the pleasant air he had assumed; 'but he was so old, you know!'—'That is

* *Ines de Castro*, from which Mallet's *Elvira* is taken.

† A petit piece of Voltaire; the story somewhat like *Pamela*.

• a cause

'a cause for patience,' replied Belzors mildly, 'but not for consolation. A good relation is the best of friends; and the riches he has left you are not equal to the value of such a one.'— 'An old uncle is but a dull kind of friend,' said Verglan; 'and it is a rule, that every one must live in his turn. Young folks would be much to be pitied, if old fellows were immortal.' Belzors changed the discourse, in order to spare Verglan an humiliating reply. At every stroke of this contrast, Emily's heart was cruelly torn. Madam Du Troëne saw with joy the respectful and sensible air she assumed towards Belzors, and the cold and chagrined air with which she replied to Verglan's compliments; but, in order to bring about another trial, she invited them both to supper.

They played at cards. Verglan and Belzors had a *tête-à-tête* at tric-track. Verglan liked nothing but high play; Belzors would play for as little as you pleased. The party was interesting. Mademoiselle Du Troëne was of the number of lookers-on; and the Good Mother, in making her own party, kept an eye upon her daughter, to read in her countenance what passed in her heart. Fortune favoured Belzors; Emily, displeased as she was with Verglan, had too good a heart not to suffer, on seeing him engaged in a serious loss. The young coxcomb could no longer contain himself; he grew angry, he doubled the game, and, before supper, he was on the point of playing upon honour. Ill-humour had seized him: he did his utmost to be merry; but the alteration of his countenance banished all joy. He perceived himself that they pitied him, and that they did not laugh at some pleasantries he endeavoured to throw out; he was humbled, and indignation would have taken place, if they had not quitted the table. Belzors, whom neither his own good-luck, nor the chagrin of his rival, had moved, was easy and modest, according to custom. They sat down again to play. Madam Du Troëne, who had finished her own party, came to be present at this, extremely uneasy at the issue it might have, but desirous that it might make it's impression on the soul of Emily. The success exceeded her expectation: Verglan lost more than he had to pay; his trembling hand and pale countenance expressed the

trouble he wanted to conceal. Belzors, with an unbounded complaisance, gave him as many opportunities of revenging himself, as he thought proper; and when, by doubling the game, he had suffered Verglan to get off for a reasonable sum; 'If you please,' said he, 'we will stop here: I think I may fairly win as much as I was resolved to lose.' So much moderation and discretion excited a murmur of applause in the company. Verglan alone appeared insensible to it, and said, on getting up, with an air of disdain, 'It was not worth the trouble of playing so long for.'

Emily did not sleep that night, so violently was her soul agitated with what she had just seen and heard. 'What a difference!' said she, 'and by what caprice is it that I must sigh at having been enlightened? Ought not the seduction to cease, as soon as we perceive that we are seduced? I admire one, and love the other. What is this misunderstanding between the heart and the reason, which makes us still hold dear that which we cease to esteem?'

In the morning, she appeared, according to custom, at her mother's levee. 'You seem strangely altered,' said Madam Du Troëne. 'Yes, Madam, I am very much so.'— 'What, have not you slept well?'— 'Very little,' said she, with a sigh. 'You must endeavour, however, to look handsome; for I am going to take you this morning to the Thuilleries, where all Paris is to be assembled. I used to lament that the finest garden in the world was abandoned: I am very glad it is come into fashion again.'

Verglan failed not to repair there, and Madam Du Troëne retained him about her. The view of this walk had the air of enchantment. A thousand beauties, in all the gaiety of dress, were seated round the basin, whose sides are decorated by sculpture. The superb walk which this basin crowns, was filled with young nymphs; who, by their charms and accomplishments, attracted the desires after their steps. Verglan knew them all, and smiled upon them, following them with his eyes. 'This here,' said he, 'is *Faimé*. Nothing is more tender and sensible; she lives like an angel with Cleon; he has given her twenty thou-

'sand crowns in six months; they love like two turtles. That there is the celebrated Corinna: her house is the temple of luxury; her suppers the most brilliant in Paris; she does the honours of them with a grace that enchants us. Do you see that fair beauty who looks so modest, and whose glances wander languishingly on every side? She has three lovers, each of whom flatters himself, that he alone is the happy man. It is a pleasure to see her amidst her adorers, distributing slight favours to each, and persuading each, in their turns, that she jilts their rivals. She is a model of coquetry, and nobody deceives a set of lovers with so much address and sprightliness. She will go a great way, on my word, and I have told her so.'—'You are in her confidence, then?' said Madam Du Troëne. 'Oh, yes; they do not dissemble with me: they know me; they know very well, that they cannot impose upon me.'—'And you, Belzors,' said Madam Du Troëne to the sensible and virtuous young man, who had joined, 'are you initiated in these mysteries?'—'No, Madam: I can believe that all that is very amusing; but the charm makes the danger.' Madam Du Troëne observed that the modest women received, with a cold and reserved air, the smiling and familiar salute of Verglan, while they returned with an air of esteem and friendship the respectful salutation of Belzors. She rallied Verglan on this distinction, in order to make Emily perceive it. 'It is true,' said he, 'Madam, that they have behaved rigidly to me in publick; but, *tête-à-tête*, they make me amends for it.'

On her return home with them, she received a visit from Eleonora, a young widow of uncommon beauty. Eleonora spoke of the misfortune she had sustained in losing a deserving husband; she spoke of it with so much sensibility, candour, and grace, that Madam Du Troëne, Emily, and Belzors, listened to her with tears in their eyes. 'To a young, handsome woman,' said Verglan, in a gay tone, 'a husband is a trifling loss, and easy to be repaired.'—'Not to me, Sir,' replied the tender and modest Eleonora: 'a husband who honoured a wife of my age with his esteem and his confidence, and whose delicate love never was tainted either

by fears or jealousy, or the negligences of habitude, is not one of those whom we can easily replace.'—'He had, I take it for granted, a fine person?' said Verglan. 'No, Sir, but his soul was beautiful.'—'A beautiful soul!' replied Verglan, with a disdainful air: 'a beautiful soul! He was young at least?'—'Not at all; he was of an age wherein we are affected when we have any occasion to be so.'—'But if he was neither young nor handsome, I do not see why you should afflict yourself. Confidence, esteem, handsome treatment, attend of course an amiable woman; nothing of that kind could have been wanting to you. Believe me, Madam, the essential point is to suit yourself, as to age and figure; to unite the Graces with the Loves; in one word, to marry a handsome man, or to preserve your liberty.'—'Your advice is very gallant,' replied Eleonora; 'but unfortunately it is misplaced.'—'There is a pretty prudel!' said Verglan, as soon as she was gone. 'Prudery, Sir!' replied Madam Du Troëne, 'is an exaggerated copy of prudence and reason; and I see nothing in Eleonora but what is plain and natural.'—'For my part,' said Belzors, 'I think her as respectable as she is handsome.'—'Respect her, Sir! respect her!' resumed Verglan, with vivacity, 'who hinders you? She is the only person can take it ill.'—'Do you know,' interrupted Madam Du Troëne, 'who could console Eleonora? Such a man as Belzors; and if I were the confidante that he consulted to his choice, I would persuade him to think of her.'—'You do me great honour, Madam,' said Belzors, colouring, 'but Eleonora deserves a heart that is disengaged, and unhappy mine is not so.' At these words he took his leave, quite confounded with the dismissal which he thought he had received. 'For, in short,' said he, 'to invite me herself to pay my addresses to Eleonora, is not that giving me notice to renounce Emily? Alas! how little my heart is known to her!' Verglan, who took it in the same sense, affected to pity his rival. He spoke of him as one of the honestest men in the world. 'It is a pity he is so gloomy,' said he, with a tone of compassion; 'that is all they get by their virtue; they grow tiresome, and are dismissed.'

dismissed.' Madam Du Troëne, without explaining herself, assured him that she had not intended saying any thing disobliging to a man for whom she had a most particular esteem and regard. In the mean time, Emily sat with downcast eyes, and her blushes betrayed the agitation of her soul. Verglan, not doubting but this confusion was an emotion of joy, retired in triumph, and the day following wrote her a billet conceived in these terms.

'YOU must have thought me very romantick, beautiful Emily, in having so long spoke to you only by my eyes! Do not accuse me of an unjust diffidence: I have read your heart, and if I had only that to consult, I should be very sure of it's answer. But you depend on a mother, and mothers have their caprices: Happily your mother loves you, and her affection has enlightened her choice. The dismissal of Belzors apprizes me that she has determined; but your consent ought to precede hers: I wait it with the most tender impatience, and the most violent love.'

Emily opened this billet without knowing whence it came: she was as much offended as surprized at it, and without hesitation communicated it to her mother. 'I take very kindly of you,' said Madam Du Troëne, 'this mark of your friendship; but I owe you in my turn confidence for confidence. Belzors has writ to me; read his letter.' Emily obeyed and read.

'MADAM,

'I Honour the virtue, I admire the beauty, I do justice to Eleonora; but has Heaven favoured only her? And after having adored in your image every thing that Heaven has made most affecting, do you think me in a condition to follow the counsel which you have given me? I will not say to you how cruel it is; my respect stifles my complaints. If I have not the name, I have at least the sentiments of your son, and that character cannot be effaced.'

Emily could not finish without the most lively emotion. Her mother pre-

tended not to perceive it, and said to her, 'There now, child, I indeed must answer these two rivals; but you must dictate my answers.'—'I, Madam!'—'Who else? Is it I whom they demand in marriage? Is it my heart that I am to consult?'—'Ah, Madam! is not your will mine? Have not you the right to dispose of me?'—'You are very good, my dear; but as your own happiness is concerned, it is just that you should decide on it. These young men are both well born; their condition and fortunes nearly the same: see which comes up nearest to the idea you have formed of a good husband. Let us keep him, and dismiss the other.' Emily, struck, kissed her mother's hands, and bathed them with her tears. 'Compleat your goodness,' said she to her, 'by enlightening me in my choice: the more important it is, the more need have I for your advice to determine it. The husband whom my mother shall chuse for me shall be dear to me; my heart dares promise that.'—'No, my dear, there is no loving out of mere duty, and you know better than myself the man who is likely to make you happy. If you are not so, I will console you: I would readily share your sorrows, but I would not be the cause of them. Come, I take pen in hand; I am going to write; you need but to dictate.' Imagine the trouble, the confusion, the moving situation of Emily. Trembling by the side of this tender mother, one hand on her eyes, and the other on her heart, she essayed in vain to obey her; her voice expired on her lips. 'Well,' said the good mother, 'to which of the two are we to return an answer? Make an end, or I shall grow impatient.'—'To Verglan,' said Emily, with a feeble and faltering voice. 'To Verglan; be it so: what shall I say to him?'—'It is impossible, Sir, that a man, so necessary to society as yourself, should renounce it to live in the bosom of his family. My Emily has not qualities sufficient to indemnify you for the sacrifices which she would require. Continue to embellish the world; for it is for that you are made.'—'Is this all?'—'Yes, Madam.'—'And to Belzors; what shall we say to him?' Emily continued to

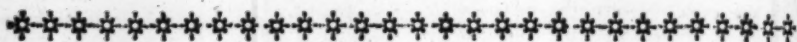
N 2

dictate

dictate with somewhat more confidence.
 "To deem you worthy of a woman as
 "virtuous as handsome, was not, Sir,
 "to forbid you to make a choice which
 "interests me as much as it does me
 "honour; it was even to encourage
 "you. Your modesty has reversed
 "things, and you have been unjust
 "both to yourself and to me. Come,
 "and learn to judge better of the in-
 "tentions of a Good Mother. I dispose
 "of the heart of my daughter, and I
 "esteem none in the world more than
 "yourself."

"Come hither, my child, that I may
 'embrace you,' cried Madam Du Tro-
 ène; 'you fulfil the wishes of your
 'mother, and you could not have said
 'better, though you had consulted my
 'heart.'

Belzors hastened to them, quite beside
 himself with joy. Never was marriage
 more applauded, more fortunate. Bel-
 zors' affection was divided between
 Emily and her mother; and it was a
 moot point among the world, which of
 the two he loved most.



THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

IN the mountains of Savoy, not far
 from the road from Briançon to
 Modena, is a solitary valley, the sight
 of which inspires travellers with a pleas-
 ing melancholy. Three little hills in
 form of an amphitheatre, on which are
 scattered, at a great distance from each
 other, some shepherds huts, torrents
 that fall from the mountains, clumps
 of trees here and there, pastures always
 green, form the ornament of this rural
 place.

The Marchioness of Fonrose was re-
 turning from France to Italy with her
 husband. The axle-tree of their cari-
 age broke, and as the day was on the
 decline, they were obliged to seek in
 this valley for some shelter to pass the
 night. As they advanced towards one
 of the huts, they saw a flock going that
 way, conducted by a shepherdess whose
 gait astonished them. They drew nearer,
 and heard a heavenly voice, whose plain-
 tive and moving accents made the echoes
 groan.

"How the setting sun still glitters
 'with a gentle light! It is thus,' said
 she, 'that at the end of a painful race,
 'the exhausted soul departs to grow
 'young again in the pure source of im-
 'mortality. But, alas! how distant is
 'the period, and how long is life!' On
 saying these words, the shepherdess re-
 tired, with her head inclined; but the
 negligence of her attitude seemed to
 give still more nobleness and majesty to
 her person and deportment.

Struck with what they saw, and still
 more with what they had just heard, the
 Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose
 redoubled their pace, in order to over-
 take the shepherdess whom they ad-
 mired. But what was their surprise,
 when under the plainest head-dress, be-
 neath the most humble garb, they saw
 all the graces, all the beauties united!

"Child," said the marchioness to her,
 on seeing that she avoided them, "fear
 'nothing; we are travellers, whom an
 'accident obliges to seek shelter in these
 'huts till the day: will you be so good
 'as to be our guide?"—"I pity you,"
 "Madam," said the shepherdess to her,
 looking down and blushing; "these huts
 'are inhabited by poor wretches, and
 'you will be very ill lodged."—"You
 'lodge there, without doubt, yourself,"
 replied the marchioness; "and I can
 'easily endure, for one night, the incon-
 'veniences which you suffer always."
 —"I am formed for that," said the
 shepherdess, with a modesty that charm-
 ed them. "No, surely," said the Mar-
 quis De Fonrose, who could no longer
 dissemble the emotion she had caused in
 him; "no, you are not formed to suffer."
 "and Fortune is very unjust! Is it
 'possible, lovely damsel, that so many
 'charms are buried in this desert, un-
 'der that habit?"—"Fortune, Sir!"
 replied Adelaïde, (this was the name of
 the shepherdess;) "Fortune is not cruel
 'but when she takes from us that which
 'she has given us. My condition has

‘it’s pleasures for one who knows no other; and custom creates wants for you, which shepherds do not know.’—‘That may be,’ said the marquis, ‘with respect to those whom Heaven has placed from their birth in this obscure condition; but you, astonishing damsel, you whom I admire, you who enchant me, you were never born what you now are; that air, that gait, that voice, that language, every thing betrays you. But two words which you have just now spoken, proclaim a cultivated understanding, a noble soul. Proceed; teach us what misfortune can have reduced you to this strange abasement.’—‘For a man in misfortune,’ replied Adelaïde, ‘there are a thousand ways to extricate himself; for a woman, you know, there is no other honest resource than servitude, and the choice of masters. They do well, in my opinion, who prefer the good. You are now going to see mine; you will be charmed with the innocence of their lives, the candour, the simplicity, the probity of their manners.’

While she talked thus, they arrived at the hut. It was separated by a partition from the fold into which this incognita drove her sheep, telling them over with the most serious attention, and without deigning to take any farther notice of the travellers, who contemplated her. An old man and his wife, such as Philemon and Baucis are described to us, came forth to meet their guests, with that village-honesty which recalls the golden age to our minds. ‘We have nothing to offer you,’ said the good woman, ‘but fresh straw for a bed; milk, fruit, and rye-bread for your food; but the little that Heaven gives us, we will most heartily share with you.’ The travellers, on entering the hut, were surprized at the air of regularity which every thing breathed there. The table was one single plank of walnut-tree highly polished: they saw themselves in the enamel of the earthen vessels designed for their milk. Every thing presented the image of cheerful poverty, and of the first wants of Nature agreeably satisfied. ‘It is our dear daughter,’ said the good woman, ‘who takes upon her the management of our house. In the morning, before her flock ramble far into the country, and while they begin to graze round the house on

the grass covered with dew, she washes, cleans, and sets every thing in order, with a dexterity that charms us.’—‘What!’ said the marchioness, ‘is this shepherdes your daughter?’—‘Ah, Madam, would to Heaven she were!’ cried the good old woman; ‘it is my heart that calls her so, for I have a mother’s love for her: but I am not so happy as to have borne her; we are not worthy to have given her birth.’—‘Who is she then? Whence comes she? and what misfortune has reduced her to such a condition?’—‘All that is unknown to us. It is now four years since she came in the habit of a female peasant to offer herself to keep our flocks; we would have taken her for nothing, so much had her good look and pleasing manner won upon our hearts. We doubted her being born a villager; but our questions afflicted her, and we thought it our duty to abstain from them. This respect has but augmented in proportion as we have become better acquainted with her soul; but the more we would humble ourselves to her, the more she humbles herself to us. Never had daughter more attention for her father and mother, nor officiousness more tender. She cannot obey us, because we are far from commanding her; but it seems as if she saw through us, and every thing that we can wish is done, before we perceive that she thinks of it. She is an angel come down among us to comfort our old age.’—‘And what is she doing now in the fold?’ demanded the marchioness. ‘Giving the flock fresh litter; drawing the milk from the ewes and she-goats. This milk, pressed out by her hand, seems to become the more delicate for it. I, who go and sell it in the town, cannot serve it fast enough. They think it delicious.’ The dear child employs herself, while she is watching the flock, in works of straw and osier, which are admired by all. Every thing becomes valuable beneath her fingers. You see, Madam,’ continued the good old woman, ‘you see here the image of an easy and quiet life: it is she that procures it to us. This heavenly daughter is never employed but to make us happy.’—‘Is she happy herself?’ demanded the Marquis De Fonrose. ‘She endeavours to persuade us so,’ replied the old man; but

but I have frequently observed to my wife, that at her return from the pasture, she had her eyes bedewed with tears, and the most afflicted air in the world. The moment she sees us, she affects to smile: but we see plainly that she has some grief that consumes her. We dare not ask her what it is.

—‘Ah, Madam!’ said the old woman, ‘how I suffer for this child, when she persists in leading out her flocks to pasture in spite of rain and frost! Many a time have I thrown myself on my knees, in order to prevail with her to let me go in her stead; but I never could prevail on her. She goes out at sun-rise, and returns in the evening benumbed with cold. “Judge, now,” says she to me, “whether I would suffer you to quit your fire-side, and expose yourself at your age to the rigours of the season. I am scarce able to withstand it myself.” Nevertheless, she brings home under her arm the wood with which we warm ourselves; and when I complain of the fatigue she gives herself, “Have done, have done, my good mother, it is by exercise that I keep myself from cold: labour is made for my age.” In short, Madam, she is as good as she is handsome, and my husband and I never speak of her but with tears in our eyes.’—‘And if she should be taken from you?’ said the marchioness. ‘We should lose,’ interrupted the old man, ‘all that we hold dearest in the world; but if she herself was to be the happier for it, we would die happy in that consolation.’—‘Oh, ay!’ replied the old woman, shedding tears; ‘Heaven grant her a fortune worthy of her, if it be possible! It was my hope, that that hand, so dear to me, would have closed my eyes, for I love her more than my life.’ Her arrival broke off their discourse.

She appeared with a pail of milk in one hand, a basket of fruit in the other; and after saluting them with an ineffable grace, she directed her attention to the care of the family, as if nobody observed her. ‘You give yourself a great deal of trouble, my dear child,’ said the marchioness. ‘I endeavour, Madam,’ replied she, ‘to fulfil the intention of those I serve, who are desirous of entertaining you in the best manner they are able. You will have,’ continued she,

spreading over the table a coarse but very white cloth, ‘you will have a frugal and rural repast: this bread is not the whitest in the world, but it tastes pretty well; the eggs are fresh, the milk is good; and the fruits, which I have just now gathered, are such as the season affords.’ The diligence, the attention, the noble and becoming grace with which this wonderful shepherdess paid them all the duties of hospitality; the respect she shewed for her master and mistress, whether she spoke to them, or whether she sought to read in their eyes what they wanted her to do; all these things filled the Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose with astonishment and admiration. As soon as they were laid down on the bed of fresh straw which the shepherdess had prepared for them herself, ‘Our adventure has the air of a prodigy,’ said they one to another; ‘we must clear up this mystery; we must carry away this child along with us.’

At break of day, one of the men, who had been up all night mending their carriage, came to inform them that it was thoroughly repaired. Madam De Fonrose, before she set out, ordered the shepherdess to be called to her. ‘Without wanting to pry,’ said she, ‘into the secret of your birth, and the cause of your misfortune; all that I see, all that I hear, interests me in your favour. I see that your spirit has raised you above ill-fortune; and that you have suited your sentiments to your present condition: your charms and your virtues render it respectable, but yet it is unworthy of you. I have it in my power, amiable stranger, to procure you a happier lot; my husband’s intentions agree entirely with mine. I have a considerable estate at Turin: I want a friend of my own sex, and I shall think I bear away from this place an invaluable treasure, if you will accompany me. Separate from the proposal, from the suit I now make you, all notion of servitude: I do not think you made for that condition; but though my prepossessions in your favour should deceive me, I had rather raise you above your birth, than leave you beneath it. I repeat to you, it is a friend of my own sex that I want to attach to me. For the rest, be under no concern for the fate of these good people: there is nothing which I would not do to make them

amends

amends for your loss; at least they shall have wherewith to spend the remainder of their lives happily, according to their condition; and it is from your hand that they shall receive the benefits I intend them.' The old folks, who were present at this discourse, kissing the hands of the marchioness, and throwing themselves at her feet, begged the young incognita to accept of these generous offers: they represented to her with tears, that they were on the brink of the grave; that she had no other consolation than to make them happy in their old age; and that at their death, when left to herself, their habitation would become a dreadful solitude. The shepherdess, embracing them, mingled her tears with their's; she returned thanks to the Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose for their goodness, with a sensibility that made her still more beautiful. 'I cannot,' said she, 'accept of your courtesies. Heaven has marked out my place, and it's will is accomplished; but your goodness has made impressions on my soul which will never be effaced. The respectable name of Fonrose shall ever be present to my imagination. I have but one favour more to ask you,' said she, blushing, and looking down; 'that is, to be so good as to bury this adventure in eternal silence, and to leave the world for ever ignorant of the lot of an unknown wretch, who wants to live and die in oblivion.' The Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose, moved with pity and grief, redoubled a thousand times their instances: she was immovable, and the old people, the travellers, and the shepherdess, separated with tears in their eyes.

During the journey, the marquis and his lady were taken up with nothing but this adventure. They thought they had been in a dream. Their imaginations being filled with this kind of romance, they arrive at Turin. It may easily be imagined that they did not keep silence, and this was an inexhaustible subject for reflections and conjectures. The young Fonrose, being present at these discourses, lost not one circumstance. He was at that age wherein the imagination is most lively, and the heart most susceptible; but he was one of those characters whose sensibility displays not itself outwardly, and who are so much the more violently agitated,

when they are so at all, as the sentiment which affects them does not weaken itself by any sort of dissipation. All that Fonrose hears said of the charms, virtues, and misfortunes of the shepherdess of Savoy, kindles in his soul the most ardent desire of seeing her. He forms to himself an image of her, which is always present to him. He compares her to every thing that he sees, and every thing that he sees vanishes before her. But the more his impatience redoubles, the more care he takes to conceal it. Turin becomes odious to him. The valley, which conceals from the world it's brightest ornament, attracts his whole soul. It is there that happiness waits him. But if his project is known, he foresees the greatest obstacles: they will never consent to the journey he meditates; it is the folly of a young man, the consequences of which they will be apprehensive of; the shepherdess herself, affrighted at his pursuits, will not fail to withdraw herself from them; he loses her, if he should be known. After all these reflections, which employed his thoughts for three months, he takes a resolution to quit every thing for her sake; to go, under the habit of a shepherd, to seek her in her solitude, and to die there, or draw her out of it.

He disappears; they see him no more. His parents become alarmed at his absence: their fear increases every day; their expectations disappointed throw the whole family into affliction; the fruitlessness of their enquiries compleats their despair; a duel, an assassination, every thing that is most unfortunate, presents itself to their imagination; and these unhappy parents ended their researches by lamenting the death of their son, their only hope. While his family are in mourning, Fonrose, under the habit of a shepherd, presents himself to the inhabitants of the hamlets adjoining to the vallies, which they had but too well described to him. His ambition is accomplished: they trust him with the care of their flocks.

The first day after his arrival, he left them to wander at random, solely attentive to discover the places to which the shepherdess led hers.

'Let us manage,' said he, 'the timidity of this solitary fair one: if she is unfortunate, her heart has need of consolation; if it be nothing but a desire to banish herself from the world, and

‘and the pleasure of a tranquil and innocent life that retains her here, she will feel some dull moments, and wish for company to amuse or console her. If I succeed so far as to render that agreeable to her, she will soon find it necessary; then I shall take counsel from the situation of her soul. After all, we are here alone, as it were in the world, and we shall be every thing to each other. From confidence to friendship the passage is not long; and from friendship to love, at our age, the road is still easier.’ And what was Fonrose’s age when he reasoned thus? Fonrose was eighteen; but three months reflection on the same object unfolds a number of ideas. While he was thus giving himself up to his imagination, with his eyes wandering over the country, he hears at a distance that voice, the charms of which had been so often extolled to him. The emotion it excited in him was as lively as if she had been unexpected. ‘It is here,’ said the shepherdess in her plaintive strains; ‘it is here that my heart enjoys the only happiness that remains to it. My grief has a luxury in it for my soul; I prefer it’s bitterness to the deceitful sweets of joy.’ These accents rent the sensible heart of Fonrose. ‘What,’ said he, ‘can be the cause of the chagrin that consumes her? How pleasing would it be to console her!’ A hope still more pleasing presumed, not without difficulty, to flatter his desires. He feared to alarm the shepherdess if he resigned himself imprudently to his impatience of seeing her near, and for the first time it was sufficient to have heard her. The next day he went out again to lead his sheep to pasture; and after observing the route which she had taken, he placed himself at the foot of a rock, which the day before repeated to him the sounds of that touching voice. I forgot to mention that Fonrose, to the handsomest figure had joined those talents which the young nobility of Italy do not neglect. He played on the hautboy like Befuzzi, of whom he had taken his lessons, and who formed at that time the delight of Europe. Adelaïde, buried in her own afflicting ideas, had not yet made her voice heard, and the echoes kept silence. All on a sudden this silence was interrupted by the plaintive sounds of Fonrose’s hautboy. These unknown sounds excited in the soul of Adelaïde

a surprize mingled with anxiety. The keepers of the flocks that wandered on the hills had never caused her to hear aught before but the sounds of rustick pipes. Immoveable and attentive, she seeks with her eyes who it was that could form such harmonious sounds. She perceives, at a distance, a young shepherd seated in the cavity of a rock, at the foot of which he fed his flock; she draws near, to hear him the better. ‘See,’ said she, ‘what the mere instinct of Nature can do! The ear teaches this shepherd all the refinements of art. Can any one breathe purer sounds? What delicacy in his inflexions! what variety in his gradations! Who can say after this, that taste is not a gift of Nature?’ Ever since Adelaïde had dwelled in this solitude, this was the first time that her grief, suspended by an agreeable distraction, had delivered up her soul to the sweet emotion of pleasure. Fonrose, who saw her approach and seat herself at the foot of a willow to hear him, pretended not to perceive her. He seized, without seeming to affect it, the moment of her retreat, and managed the course of his own flock in such a manner as to meet her on a declivity of a hill, where the road crossed. He cast only one look on her, and continued his route, as if taken up with nothing but the care of his flock. But what beauties had that one look ran over! What eyes! what a divine mouth! How much more ravishing still would those features be, which are so noble and touching in their languor, if love re-animated them! He saw plainly that grief alone had withered in their spring the roses on her lovely cheeks; but of so many charms, that which had moved him most was the noble elegance of her person and her gait; in the ease of her motions he thought he saw a young cedar, whose straight and flexible trunk yields gently to the zephyrs. This image, which love had just engraven in flaming characters on his memory, took up all his thoughts. ‘How feebly,’ said he, ‘have they painted to me this beauty, unknown to the world, whose adoration the merits! And it is a desert that she inhabits! and it is thatch that covers her! She who ought to see kings at her feet, employs herself in tending an humble flock! Beneath what garments has she presented herself to my view? She adorns

The
on the
aught
pipes.
seeks
could
She
pherd
at the
draws
See,
of Na-
s this
of art.
unds?
what
no can
a gift
le had
as the
led by
livered
ion of
er ap-
ot of a
not to
seem-
er re-
of his
o meet
ere the
e look
as if
care of
nd that
what
ore ra-
rea be,
in their
m! He
with-
lovely
s, that
as the
nd her
ons he
whole
gently
ch love
racters
oughts.
re they
own to
merits!
its! and
he who
employs
flock!
he pre-
She
adorn



Published as the Act directs by Harrison, & Co Nov. 11. 1781.

dorns
figure
frame
rage
gods
made
this
unw
his refl
Aleai
with th
posed
Fortun
find th
man
Bar,
are he
his m
Wha
the w
for m
melanc
her sou
reproac
tible of
self for
mole the
ed his
melanc
disgr
betra
posseff
his ha
was no
heard
She be
find th
me
birds
notes
the 2
the
figh
with
brains
Never
that o
voice.
encl
ears
who
fence
of li
thus,
lody,
thou
which
fister
the kr
heriel

'dorns every thing, and nothing dis-
 figures her. Yet what a life for a
 'frame so delicate! Coarse food, a sa-
 'rage climate, a bed of straw; great
 'gods! And for whom are the roses
 'made? Yes, I will draw her out of
 'this state, so much too hard and too
 'unworthy of her.' Sleep interrupted
 his reflections, but effaced not her image.
 Adelaïde, on her side, sensibly struck
 with the youth, the beauty of Fonrose,
 ceased not to admire the caprices of
 Fortune. 'Where is Nature going,'
 said she, 'to re-assemble together so
 'many talents and so many graces!
 'But, alas! those gifts which to him
 'are here but useless, would be perhaps
 'his misfortune in a more elevated state.
 'What evils does not beauty create in
 'the world! Unhappy as I am, is it
 'for me to set any value on it?' This
 melancholy reflection began to poison in
 her soul the pleasure she had tasted; she
 reproached herself for having been sen-
 sible of it, and resolved to deny it her-
 self for the future. The next day Fon-
 rose thought he perceived that she avoid-
 ed his approach; he fell into a profound
 melancholy. 'Could she suspect my
 'disguise?' said he. 'Should I have
 'betrayed it myself?' This uneasiness
 possessed him all the live-long-day, and
 his hautboy was neglected. Adelaïde
 was not so far but she could easily have
 heard it; and his silence astonished her.
 She began to sing herself. 'It seems,'
 said the song, 'that every thing around
 'me partakes of my heaviness: the
 'birds send forth none but sorrowful
 'notes; Echo replies to me in complaints;
 'the Zephyrs moan amidst these leaves;
 'the sound of the brooks imitates my
 'sighs, one might say that they flowed
 'with tears.' Fonrose, softened by these
 strains, could not help replying to them.
 Never was concert more moving than
 that of his hautboy with Adelaïde's
 voice. 'O Heaven!' said she, 'it is
 'enchantment! I dare not believe my
 'ears: it is not a shepherd, it is a god
 'whom I have heard! Can the natural
 'sense of harmony inspire such concord
 'of sounds?' While she was speaking
 thus, a rural, or rather a celestial me-
 lody, made the valley resound. Adelaïde
 thought she saw those prodigies realizing
 which Poetry attributes to her sprightly
 sister Musick. Astonished, confounded,
 she knew not whether she ought to take
 herself away, or resign herself up to this

enchantment. But she perceived the
 shepherd, whom she had just heard, re-
 assembling his flock in order to regain
 his hut. 'He knows not,' says she,
 'the delight he diffuses around him;
 'his undisguised soul is not in the least
 'vain of it: he waits not even for the
 'praises I owe him. Such is the power
 'of musick: it is the only talent that
 'places its happiness in itself; all the
 'others require witnesses. This gift of
 'Heaven was granted to man in his in-
 'nocence: it is the purest of all plea-
 'sures. Alas! it is the only one I still
 'relish; and I consider this shepherd as
 'a new echo, who is come to answer to
 'my grief.'

The following day Fonrose affected
 to keep at a distance in his turn: Ade-
 laïde was affected at it. 'Chance,' said
 she, 'seemed to have procured me this
 'feeble consolation; I gave myself up
 'to it too easily, and, to punish me, she
 'has deprived me of it.' At last, one
 day, when they happened to meet on the
 declivity of the hill, 'Shepherd,' said
 she to him, 'are you leading your flocks
 'far off?' These first words of Ade-
 laïde caused an emotion in Fonrose, which
 almost deprived him of the use of his
 voice. 'I do not know,' said he, hesi-
 tating; 'it is not I who lead my flock,
 'but my flock that leads me; these
 'places are better known to it than to
 'me: I leave to it the choice of the best
 'pastures.'—'Whence are you, then?'
 said the shepherdess to him. 'I was
 'born beyond the Alps,' replied Fon-
 rose. 'Were you born among shep-
 'herds?' continued she. 'As I am a
 'shepherd,' said he, looking down, 'I
 'must have been born to be one.'—'I
 'doubt it,' replied Adelaïde, viewing
 him with attention. 'Your talents,
 'your language, your very air, all tell
 'me, that Fate had placed you in a better
 'situation.'—'You are very obliging,'
 said Fonrose; 'but ought you, of all
 'persons, to believe that Nature refuses
 'every thing to shepherds?' Were you
 'born to be a queen?' Adelaïde blush-
 ed at this answer; and changing the
 subject, 'The other day,' said she, 'by
 'the sound of a hautboy you accompa-
 'nied my songs with an art that would
 'be a prodigy in a simple shepherd.'—
 'It is your voice that is so,' replied
 Fonrose, 'in a simple shepherdess.'—
 'But has nobody instructed you?'—
 'I have, like yourself, no other guides
 'than

' than my heart and my ear. You sung, ' I was melted; what my heart feels, ' my hautboy expresses; I breathe my ' soul into it. This is the whole of my ' secret; nothing in the world is easier.' — 'That is incredible,' said Adelaïde. ' I said the very same on hearing you,' replied Fonrose, ' but I was forced to ' believe it. What will you say? Na- ' ture and Love sometimes take a de- ' light in assembling their most precious ' gifts in persons of the most humble ' fortune, to shew that there is no con- ' dition which they cannot ennoble.'

During this discourse, they advanced towards the valley; and Fonrose, whom a ray of hope now animated, began to make the air resound with those sprightly notes which pleasure inspires. ' Ah, ' pr'ythee now!' said Adelaïde, ' spare ' my soul the troublesome image of a ' sentiment which she cannot relish. ' This solitude is consecrated to Grief; ' her echoes are not used to repeat the ' accents of a profane joy; here every ' thing groans in concert with me.' — ' I also have cause to complain!' replied the young man; and these words, pronounced with a sigh, were followed by a long silence. ' You have cause to ' complain!' replied Adelaïde; ' is it of ' mankind? is it of fortune?' — ' No ' matter,' said he, ' but I am not hap- ' py: ask me no more.' — ' Hear me,' said Adelaïde: ' Heaven gives us to ' each other as a consolation in our ' troubles; mine are like an overwhelm- ' ing load, which weighs down my heart. ' Whoever you may be, if you know ' misfortune, you ought to be compas- ' sionate, and I believe you worthy of ' my confidence; but promise me that ' it shall be mutual.' — ' Alas!' said Fonrose, ' my misfortunes are such, ' that I shall perhaps be condemned ' never to reveal them.' This mystery but redoubled the curiosity of Adelaïde. ' Repair to-morrow,' said she to him, ' to the foot of that hill, beneath that ' old tufted oak where you have heard ' me moan. There I will teach you ' things that will excite your pity.' Fon- rose passed the night in the utmost emo- tion. His fate depended on what he was going to hear. A thousand alarming ideas agitated him by turns. He dread- ed, above all, the being driven to despair by the communication of an unsuccess- ful and faithful love. ' If she is in ' love,' said he, ' I am undone!'

He repairs to the appointed place. He sees Adelaïde arrive. The day was overcast with clouds, and Nature, mourn- ing, seemed to forebode the sadness of their conversation. As soon as they were seated at the foot of the oak, Adelaïde spoke thus. ' You see these stones ' which the grass begins to cover; they ' are the tomb of the most tender, the ' most virtuous of men, whom my love ' and my imprudence have cost his life. ' I am a French woman, of a family ' of distinction; and, to my misfortune, ' too rich. The Count D'Orestan con- ' ceived the tenderest passion for me; ' was sensible to it, sensible to excess. ' My parents opposed the inclination ' of our hearts, and my frantick pas- ' sion made me consent to a marriage ' sacred to virtuous souls, but disallow- ' ed by the laws. Italy was at that ' time the theatre of war. My husband ' went thither to join the corps which ' he was to command; I followed him ' as far as Briançon: my foolish ten- ' derness retained him there two days ' in spite of himself; for he, a young ' man, full of honour, prolonged his ' stay there with the greatest reluctance. ' He sacrificed his duty to me: but ' what would not I have sacrificed to ' him! In a word, I required it of ' him; and he could not withstand my ' tears. He took leave with a fore- ' boding which alarmed me. I accom- ' panied him as far as this valley, where ' I received his adieu; and in order ' to wait to hear from him, I returned ' to Briançon. A few days after, a ' report was spread of a battle. I doubt- ' ed whether D'Orestan had got thither. ' I wished it for his honour, I dreaded it ' for my love; when I received a letter ' from him, which I thought very con- ' soling. " I shall be such a day, at ' such an hour," said he, " in the val- ' ley, and under the oak where we ' parted; I shall repair there alone. ' I conjure you to go there, and expect ' me, likewise, alone; I live yet but for ' you." How great was my mistake! ' I perceived in this billet nothing more ' than an impatience to see me again, ' and this impatience made me happy. ' I repaired, then, to this very oak. ' D'Orestan arrives; and, after the ten- ' derest reception, " You would have ' it so, my dear Adelaïde," said he, ' " I have failed in my duty at the most ' important moment of my life. What ' " I feared

I feared is come to pass. A battle has happened; my regiment charged; it performed prodigies of valour, and I was not there. I am dishonoured; lost without resource. I reproach not you with my misfortune, but I have now but one sacrifice more to make you, and my heart is come to accomplish it." At this discourse, pale, trembling, and scarce breathing, I took my husband into my arms. I felt my blood congeal in my veins, my knees bent under me, and I fell down senseless. He availed himself of my fainting to tear himself from my bosom; and in a little time I was recalled to life by the report of a shot, which killed him. I will not describe to you the situation I was in; it is inexpressible; and the tears which you now see flowing, the sighs that stifle my voice, are but a feeble image of it.—After passing the whole night beside his bloody corpse, in a grief that stupified me, my first care was, to bury along with him my flame: my hands dug out his grave. I seek not to move you; but the moment in which the earth was to separate me from the forrowful remains of my husband, was a thousand times more dreadful to me than that can be which is to separate my body from my soul. Spent with grief, and deprived of nourishment, my enfeebled hands took up two whole days in hollowing out this tomb with inconceivable labour. When my strength forsook me, I reposed myself on the livid and cold bosom of my husband. In short, I paid him the rites of sepulture, and my heart promised him to wait in these parts till death re-unites us. In the mean time, cruel hunger began to devour my exhausted entrails. I thought it criminal to refuse nature the supports of a life more grievous than death. I changed my garments for the plain habit of a shepherdess, and I embraced that condition as my only refuge. From that time my only consolation has been to come here, and weep over this grave, which shall be my own. "You see," continued she, "with what sincerity I open my soul to you. With you I may henceforth weep at liberty: it is a consolation I had need of; but I expect the same confidence from you. Do not think that you have deceived me. I see clearly, that the

state of a shepherd is as foreign, and newer to you than to me. You are young, perhaps sensible; and, if I may believe my conjectures, our misfortunes have the same source, and you have loved as well as I. We shall only feel the more for one another. I consider you as a friend, whom Heaven, touched by my misfortunes, deigns to send me in my solitude. Do you also consider me as a friend, capable of giving you, if not salutary counsel, at least a consolatory example."

"You pierce my very soul," said Fonrose, overcome with what he had just heard; "and whatever sensibility you may attribute to me, you are very far from conceiving the impression that the recital of your misfortunes has made on me. Alas! why cannot I return it with that confidence which you testify towards me, and of which you are so worthy? But I warned you of it; I foresaw it. Such is the nature of my sorrows, that an eternal silence must shut them up in the bottom of my heart. You are very unhappy," added he with a profound sigh; "I am still more unhappy: this is all I can tell you. Be not offended at my silence; it is terrible to me to be condemned to it. The constant companion of all your steps, I will soften your labours; I will partake of all your griefs: I will see you weep over this grave, I will mingle my tears with yours. You shall not repent having deposited your woes in a heart, alas! but too sensible."—"I repent me of it from this moment," said she with confusion; and both, with downcast eyes, retired in silence from each other. Adelaïde, on quitting Fonrose, thought she saw in his countenance the impression of a profound grief. "I have revived," said she, "the sense of his sorrows; and what must be their horror, when he thinks himself still more wretched than I!"

From that day more sighing and more conversation followed between Fonrose and Adelaïde. They neither sought nor avoided one another: looks of consternation formed almost their only language; if he found her weeping over the grave of her husband, his heart was seized with pity, jealousy, and grief; he contemplated her in silence, and answered her sighs with deep groans.

Two months had passed away in this
O 2 painful

painful situation, and Adelaide saw Fonrose's youth wither as a flower. The sorrow which consumed him afflicted her so much the more deeply, as the cause of it was unknown to her. She had not the most distant suspicion that she was the object of it. However, as it is natural, when two sentiments divide a soul, for one to weaken the other, Adelaide's regret on account of the death of D'Orkhan became less lively every day, in proportion as she delivered herself up to the pity with which Fonrose inspired her. She was very sure that this pity had nothing but what was innocent in it; it did not even come into her head to defend herself from it; and the object of this generous sentiment being continually present to her view, awakened it every instant. The languor into which this young man was fallen became such, that she thought it her duty not to leave him any longer to himself. 'You are dying,' said she to him, 'and you add to my griefs that of seeing you consumed with sorrow under my eye, without being able to apply any remedy. If the recital of the imprudences of my youth has not inspired you with a contempt for me; if the purest and tenderest friendship be dear to you; in short, if you would not render me more unhappy than I was before I knew you, confide to me the cause of your griefs: you have no person in the world but myself to assist you in supporting them; your secret, though it were more important than mine, fear not that I shall divulge. The death of my husband has placed a gulph betwixt the world and me; and the confidence which I require will soon be buried in this grave, to which grief is with slow steps conducting me. — 'I hope to go before you,' said Fonrose, bursting into tears. 'Suffer me to finish my deplorable life without leaving you afterwards the reproach of having shortened it's course, — O Heaven, what do I hear!' cried she with distraction. 'What, I! can I have contributed to the evils which overwhelm you? Go on; you pierce my soul. What have I done? what have I said? Alas, I tremble! Good Heaven! hast thou sent me into the world only to create wretches? Speak; nay, speak! you must no longer conceal who you are;

'you have said too much to dissemble any longer.' — 'Well, then, I am — 'I am Fonrose, the son of those travellers whom you filled with admiration and respect. All that they related of your virtues and your charms inspired me with the fatal design of coming to see you in this disguise. I have left my family in the deepest sorrow, thinking they have lost me, and lamenting my death. I have seen you; I know what attaches you to this place; I know that the only hope that is left me, is to die here, adoring you. Give me no useless counsel or unjust reproaches. My resolution is as firm and immovable as your own. If, in betraying my secret, you disturb the last moments of a life almost at an end, you will to no purpose injure me, who would never offend you.'

Adelaide, confounded, endeavoured to calm the despair into which this young man was plunged. 'Let me,' said she, 'do to his parents the service of restoring him to life; let me save their only hope: Heaven presents me with this opportunity of acknowledging their favours.' Thus, far from making him furious by a misplaced rigour, all the tenderness of pity, and consolation of friendship, was put in practice in order to soothe him.

'Heavenly angel!' cried Fonrose, 'I see all the reluctance that you feel to make any one unhappy: your heart is with him who reposes in this grave. I see that nothing can detach you from him; I see how ingenious your virtue is to conceal your woe from me; I perceive it in all it's extent, I am overwhelmed by it, but I pardon you: it is your duty never to love me, it is mine ever to adore you.'

Impatient of executing the design which she had conceived, Adelaide arrives at her hut. 'Father,' said she to her old master, 'do you think you have strength to travel to Turin? I have need of somebody whom I can trust, to give the Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose the most interesting intelligence.' The old man replied, that his zeal to serve them inspired him with courage. 'Go,' resumed Adelaide, 'you will find them bewailing the death of their only son; tell them that he is living, and in these parts; and that I will restore him to them.'

‘but that there is an indispensable necessity for their coming here themselves to fetch him.’

‘He sets out, arrives at Turin, sends in his address as the old man of the valley of Savoy. ‘Aht!’ cried Madam De Fonrose, ‘some misfortune, perhaps, has happened to our shepherdes.’—‘Let him come in,’ added the marquis; ‘he will tell us, perhaps, that she consents to live with us.’—‘After the loss of my son,’ said the marchioness, ‘it is the only comfort I can taste in this world.’ The old man is introduced. He throws himself at their feet: they raise him. ‘You are lamenting the death of your son,’ said he; ‘I come to tell you that he lives: our dear child has discovered him in the valley; she sends me to inform you of it; but yourselves only, she says, can bring him back.’ As he spoke this, surprise and joy deprived the Marchioness De Fonrose of her senses. The Marquis, distracted and amazed, calls out for help for his lady, recalls her to life, embraces the old man, publishes to the whole house that their son is restored to them. The marchioness, refusing her spirits, ‘What shall we do?’ said she, taking the old man by the hands, and pressing them with tenderness, ‘what shall we do in gratitude for this benefit, which restores life to us?’

Every thing is ordered for their departure. They set out with the good man; they travel night and day, and repair to the valley, where their only good awaits them. The shepherdes was out at pasture: the old woman conducts them to her; they approach. How great is their surprize! their son, that well-beloved son, is by her side in the habit of a simple shepherd. Their hearts, sooner than their eyes, acknowledge him. ‘Ah, cruel child!’ cried his mother, throwing herself into his arms, ‘what sorrow have you occasioned us! why withdraw yourself from our tenderness? and what is it you come here for?’—‘To adore,’ said he, ‘what you yourself admired.’—‘Pardon me,’ said Adelaïde, while Fonrose embraced his father’s knees, who raised him with kindness; ‘pardon me for having left you so long in grief: if I had known it sooner, you should have been sooner consoled.’ After the first emotions of nature, Fonrose re-

lapsed into the deepest affliction. ‘Let us go,’ said the marquis, ‘let us go rest ourselves in the hut, and forget all the pain that this young madman has occasioned us.’—‘Yes, Sir, I have been mad,’ said Fonrose to his father, who led him by the hand, ‘nothing but the loss of my reason could have suspended in my heart the emotions of nature, so as to make me forget the most sacred duties; in short, to detach myself from every thing that I held dearest in the world: but this madness you gave birth to, and I am but too severely punished for it. I love without hope the most accomplished person in the world; you see nothing, you know nothing of this incomparable woman: she is honesty, sensibility, virtue itself; I love her even to idolatry, I cannot be happy without her, and I know that she cannot be mine.’—‘Has she confided to you,’ said the marquis, ‘the secret of her birth?’—‘I have learned enough of it,’ said Fonrose, ‘to assure you, that it is in no respect beneath my own; she has even renounced a considerable fortune to bury herself in this desert.’—‘And do you know what has induced her to it?’—‘Yes, Sir; but it is a secret which she alone can reveal to you.’—‘She is married, perhaps?’—‘She is a widow; but her heart is not the more disengaged; her ties are but too strong.’—‘Daughter,’ said the marquis, on entering the hut, ‘you see that you turn the heads of the whole family of Fonrose. The extravagant passion of this young man cannot be justified but by such a prodigy as you are. All my wife’s wishes are confined to having you for a companion, and a friend; this child, here, will not live unless he obtains you for his wife; I desire no less to have you for my daughter: see how many persons you will make unhappy by a refusal.’—‘Ah, Sir!’ said she, ‘your goodness confounds me; but hear and judge for me.’ Then Adelaïde, in the presence of the old man and his wife, made a recital of her deplorable adventure. She added the name of her family, which was not unknown to the Marquis de Fonrose, and ended by calling on himself to witness the inviolable fidelity she owed her spouse. At these words, consternation spread itself over every countenance. Young Fonrose,

Fonrose, choaked with sobs, threw himself into a corner of the hut, in order to give them free scope. The father, moved at the sight, flew to the assistance of his son. 'See,' said he, 'my dear Adelaïde, to what a condition you have reduced him.' Madam de Fonrose, who was near Adelaïde, pressed her in her arms, bathing her at the same time with her tears. 'Alas! why, my daughter,' said she, 'why will you a second time make us mourn the death of our dear child?' The old man and his wife, their eyes filled with tears, and fixed upon Adelaïde, waited her speaking. 'Heaven is my witness,' said Adelaïde, rising, 'that I would lay down my life in gratitude for such goodness. It would heighten my misfortunes to have occasion to reproach myself with yours; but I am willing that Fonrose himself should be my judge: suffer me, if you please, to speak to him for a moment.' Then retiring with him alone; 'Fonrose,' said she, 'you know what sacred ties retain me in this place. If I could cease to love and lament a husband who loved me but too well, I should be the most despicable of women. Esteem, friendship, gratitude, are the sentiments I owe you; but none of these can cancel love: the more you have conceived for me, the more you should expect from me; it is the impossibility of fulfilling that duty, that hinders my imposing it on myself. At the same time, I see you in a situation that would move the least sensible heart; it is shocking to me to be the cause, it would be still more shocking to me to hear your parents accuse me with having been your destruction. I will forget myself, then, for the present, and leave you, as far as in me lies, to be the arbiter of our destiny. It is for you to chuse that of the two situations which appears to you least painful; either to renounce me, to subdue yourself, and forget me; or to possess a woman, whose heart, being full of

another object, can only grant you sentiments too feeble to satisfy the wishes of a lover.'—'That is enough,' said Fonrose; 'and in a soul like yours, friendship should take place of love. I shall be jealous, without doubt, of the tears which you shall bestow to the memory of another husband: but the cause of that jealousy, in rendering you more respectable, will render you also more dear in my eyes.'

'She is mine!' said he, coming and throwing himself into the arms of his parents; 'it is to her respect for you, to your goodness, that I owe her, and it is owing you a second life.' From that moment their arms were chains from which Adelaïde could not disengage herself.

Did she yield only to pity, to gratitude? I would fain believe it, in order to admire her the more: Adelaïde believed so herself. However it be, before she set out, she would revisit the tomb, which she quitted but with regret. 'O, my dear D'Orestan,' said she, 'if from the womb of the dead thou canst read the bottom of my soul, thy shade has no cause to murmur at the sacrifice I make: I owe it to the generous sentiments of this virtuous family; but my heart remains thine for ever. I go to endeavour to make them happy, without any hope of being myself so.' It was not without some sort of violence they forced her from the place; but she insisted that they should erect a monument there to the memory of her husband; and that the hut of her old master and mistress, who followed her to Turin, should be converted into a country-house, as plain as it was solitary, where she proposed to come sometimes to mourn the errors and misfortunes of her youth. Time, the affiduities of Fonrose, the fruits of her second marriage, have since opened her soul to the impressions of a new affection; and they cite her as an example of a woman, remarkable and respectable even in her infidelity.

THE HAPPY DIVORCE.

UNEASINESS and inconstancy are, in the greatest part of mankind, nothing more than the consequence of false calculation. Too strong a prepossession in favour of the happiness we desire, makes us experience, as soon as we possess it, that uneasiness and disgust which suffer us to relish nothing. The imagination deceived, and the heart dissatisfied, wander to new objects, the prospect of which dazzles in its turn, and the approach disabuses us. Thus, from illusion to illusion, life is passed away in changing the chimera: this is the malady of lively and delicate souls; Nature has nothing sufficiently perfect for them; whence it proceeds, that it is thought such a mighty matter to fix the taste of a pretty woman.

Lucilia, in the convent, had painted to herself the charms of love, and the delights of marriage, with the colouring of an imagination of a girl of fifteen, whose flower nothing had yet tarnished.

She had seen the world only in those ingenious fictions which are the romance of human nature. It costs nothing to an eloquent man to give love and marriage all the charms that he conceives. Lucilia, according to these pictures, saw lovers and husbands only as they are to be met with in fables, always tender and full of love, saying nothing but fine things, taken up solely with the care of pleasing, new homages, or pleasures eternally varied.

Such was the prepossession of Lucilia, when they came to draw her out of the convent to marry the Marquis De Lifere. His engaging and noble figure inspired her with a favourable opinion of him, and his first addresses succeeded in determining the irresolution of her soul. She saw not yet in the marquis the ardour of a passionate lover; but she thought modestly enough of herself not to pretend to set him on fire at first sight. This liking, tranquil at its birth, would make a rapid progress; he must have time. However, the marriage was concluded upon, and solemnized before the inclination of the marquis was grown a violent passion.

Nothing was more steady or solid than the temper of the Marquis De Li-

sere. In marrying a young woman, he proposed to himself, in order to make her happy, to begin by being her friend, persuaded that an honest man does whatever he pleases with a well-disposed woman, when he has gained her confidence; and that a husband who makes himself dreaded, invites his wife to deceive him, and authorises her to hate him.

In order to follow the plan which he had traced out to himself, it was necessary not to be a too passionate lover; passion knows no rule. He had considered well before his engagement, on the kind of liking with which Lucilia inspired him, resolved never to marry a woman whom he should love to distraction. Lucilia found in her husband only that lively and tender friendship, that attentive and constant complaisance, that soft and pure pleasure, that love, in short, which has neither its hot nor cold fits. At first, she flattered herself that intoxication, enchantment, transports, would have their turn; but the soul of Lifere was unalterable.

'This is very extraordinary,' said she; 'I am young, handsome, and my husband does not love me! I am his, and he thinks it enough to possess me with coldness. But, then, why suffer him to be cold? Can he have any violent longings for what is in his power without reserve or trouble? He would become passionately fond of me, if he were jealous. How unjust are men! We must torment them, in order to please them. Be tender, faithful, fond, they neglect, they disdain you. An even course of happiness makes them dull: caprice, coquetry, inconstancy, rouse and enliven them; they set no value on pleasure, but in proportion to the trouble it gives them. Lifere, less sure of being beloved, will become a thousand times fonder. That is easy; let me be in the fashion. Every thing around me presents me with enough to make him uneasy, if he is capable of jealousy.'

After this fine project, Lucilia gave herself up to dissipation, to coquetry: she assumed a mystery in all her proceedings; she made parties without the marquis.

marquis. 'Did I not foresee it,' said he to himself, 'that I had a wife like other women? Six months after marriage, she begins to be tired of it. I should be a happy man, now, if I were passionately fond of my wife! Happily my liking and esteem for her leave me full enjoyment of my reason: I must make use of it, dissemble, subdue myself, and employ nothing but gentleness and soothing measures, to keep her in order. They do not always succeed; but reproaches, complaints, restraint, and violence, succeed still less.' The moderation, complaisance, and tranquillity of the marquis, put Lucilia out of all patience. 'Alas!' said she, 'do what I will, it is all to no purpose; this man will never love me: he is one of those cold souls whom nothing moves, nothing engages; and I am condemned to pass my life with a stone that knows neither how to love nor hate! O, the delight of sensible souls, the charm of impassioned hearts!—Love, who raisest us to heaven on thy fiery pinions! where are those flaming darts, with which thou woundest happy lovers? where is that intoxication into which thou plungest them? where are those ravishing transports with which they mutually inspire each other?—Where are they?' continued she. 'In free and independent love, in the disposal of two hearts which give a loose to themselves. And why should the marquis be fond? What sacrifice have I made him? By what marks of courage, by what heroick devotion of myself, have I moved the sensibility of his soul? Where is the merit of having obeyed, of having accepted for a husband an amiable and rich young man, chosen without my consent? Is it for love to interfere in a marriage of convenience? But is this then the lot of a woman of sixteen, to whom, without vanity, Nature has given wherewith to please, and still more, wherewith to love? For, after all, I cannot conceal from myself the graces of my figure, nor the sensibility of my heart. At sixteen, to languish without hope in cold indifference, and to see at least a score of years waste away without pleasure, which might have been delicious! I say, a score at least, and it is not desiring to tire the world, to be content to renounce it

before forty years of age. Cruel family! was it for you that I took a husband? You chose me an honest man! a rare present you made me! To be dull with an honest man, and to be dull all one's life! Very hard, indeed!'

This discontent soon degenerated into peevishness; and Lisere thought he perceived, at last, that she had taken an aversion to him. His friends displeased her, their company became troublesome to her, she received them with a coolness sufficient to keep them at a distance. The marquis could no longer dissemble. 'Madam,' said he to Lucilia, 'the end of marriage is to make people happy; we are not so, and it is in vain to pique ourselves on a constancy which restrains us. Our fortune puts us in a condition of doing without each other, and of resuming that liberty of which we imprudently made a mutual sacrifice. Live by yourself; I will live by myself. I ask towards me only that decency and regard which you owe to yourself.'—'With all my heart, Sir,' replied Lucilia with the coldness of disgust; and from that moment every thing was settled, that Madam might have her equipage, her table, her domesticks, in one word, a separate maintenance.

Lucilia's suppers soon became ranked among the most brilliant in Paris. Her company was sought by all the handsome women and men of gallantry. But there was a necessity for Lucilia's having some particular, and he who should engage her first, it was observed, had the only hard task! In the mean time, she enjoyed the homages of a brilliant set; and her heart, yet irresolute, seemed to suspend her choice only to render it more flattering. She thought, at last, she saw the person who would determine it. At the approach of the Count De Blamzé, all other pretenders lowered their tone. He was, of the whole court, the most to be dreaded by a young woman. It was agreed, that there was no resisting him; and so they spared themselves the trouble. He was beautiful as the day, presented himself with grace, spoke little, but extremely well; and if he said common things, he rendered them interesting by the most pleasing sound of voice, and the most beautiful look in the world. They could not say that Blamzé was a fop, his foppery

very had so much dignity. A modest laughiness formed his character; he decided with the gentlest air in the world, and the most laconic tone: he listened to contradictions with good-humour, replied to them only with a smile; and if they pressed him to explain himself, he smiled still and kept silence, or repeated what he had said before. Never did he combat the opinion of another, never did he take any trouble to give a reason for his own: it was the most attentive politeness, and the most decisive presumption, that had ever yet been united in a young man of quality.

This assurance had something commanding in it, which rendered him the oracle of taste, and the legislator of fashion. They were never sure of being right in the choice of a suit, or the colour of a carriage, till Blamzé had approved by a glance. *'It is excellent, it is handsome!'* were the precious words from his mouth; and his silence a dead warrant. The despotism of his opinion extended even over beauty, talents, wit, and graces. In a circle of women, she whom he had honoured with a particular attention was that instant in vogue.

Blamzé's reputation had gone before him to Lucilia's; but the deference which even his rivals paid him, redoubled the esteem she had conceived for him. She was dazzled with his beauty, and still more surprized at his modesty. He presented himself with the most respectful air, seated himself in the lowest place, but all looks were soon directed towards him. His dress was the model of taste: all the young people who surrounded him studied it with a scrupulous attention. His laces, his embroidery, his manner of dressing his head, were all examined: they wrote down the names of his tradespeople and workmen. *'It is strange,'* said they, *'we see these designs, these colours, no where else!'* Blamzé confessed modestly, that it cost him very little trouble. *'Industry,'* said he, *'is at it's highest perfection; you need but to enlighten and direct it.'* He took a pinch of snuff as he said these words, and his box excited new curiosity; it was, however, the work of a young artist whom Blamzé had drawn from his obscurity. They asked him the price of every thing; he replied with a smile, that he knew the price of none

of them; and the women whispered in each other's ear the name of the female who took these matters under her care.

'I am ashamed, Madam,' said Blamzé to Lucilia, *'that these trifles should engage the attention which ought to centre in a more interesting object. Pardon me if I listen to the frivolous questions of these young men: never did complaisance cost me so dear. I hope,'* added he in a low voice, *'that you will permit me to come and make myself amends in some more tranquil moment.'*—*'I shall be very glad to see you,'* replied Lucilia blushing, and by her blushes, and the tender smile with which Blamzé accompanied a most respectful bow, the assembly judged that it would not be long before matters came to a conclusion. Lucilia, who did not see the consequence of a few words said in her ear, and who did not think that she had made an assignation, scarce paid any attention to the meaning looks which the women cast on each other, or the light raileries which escaped the men. She delivered herself up insensibly to her own reflections, and was quite grave the whole evening. They often turned the conversation on Blamzé; all the company spoke well of him; his rivals talked of him with esteem; Lucilia's rivals spoke of him with complaisance. Nobody was more genteel, more gallant, more respectful; and of twenty women, on whose account he had reason to pride himself, not one had any reason to complain. Lucilia became attentive: nothing escaped her. *'Twenty women?'* said she within herself; *'that is much; but where is the wonder? He seeks one who may be worthy to fix him, and capable of fixing herself.'*

She hoped the next day that he would come early, and before the crowd of visitors: she waited for him; she grew uneasy; he never came; she was out of temper: he writ; she read his billet, and her ill-humour ceased. He was distracted to lose the most agreeable moments of his life. Some impertinents had broke in upon him, he would have made his escape; but these impertinents were people of rank. It was not in his power to be happy till the next day; but he beseeched Lucilia to receive him early, *'To abridge,'* said he, *'by a few hours, the cruel weariness of absence.'* The company came as usual, and Lucilia

received them with a coldness at which they were piqued. 'We shall not have Blamzé this evening,' said Clarissa, with a disconsolate air, 'he goes to sup at Araminta's little box.' At these words Lucilia turned pale, and the gaiety which reigned around her only served to redouble the grief which she endeavoured to dissemble. Her first emotion was, not to see the perfidious man more. But Clarissa wanted, perhaps, either out of malice or jealousy, to impute a wrong to him of which he was not guilty. It was after all engaging herself to nothing, to see him once more; and before condemning him, it was but just to hear him.

While she was yet at her toilette, Blamzé arrives in an undress, but the most elegant undress in the world. Lucilia was a little surprized to see a man whom she scarce knew appear in a dishabille; yet if he had given himself time to dress, perhaps she would have been sorry for it. But he said so many handsome things to her on the freshness of her complexion, the beauty of her hair, the brilliancy of her morning appearance, that she had not the courage to complain. However, Araminta did not go out of her head; but it would not have been decent to appear jealous so soon; and one reproach might betray her. She contented herself with asking him what he had done with himself the evening before. What did I do with myself! Do I know myself? O, how troublesome the world is! How happy are we in being forgotten and far from the crowd, in being devoted to one's self, and the person we love! Follow my advice, Lucilia, get out of this whirlwind: the more repose, the more liberty, as soon as we give ourselves up to it. Now I have mentioned the whirlwind, what do you do with all these young fellows who pay court to you? They dispute with each other the conquest of you: have you vouchsafed to make a choice? The easy familiarity of Blamzé had at first astonished Lucilia; this question entirely confounded her. 'I am impertinent, perhaps?' resumed Blamzé, who perceived it. 'Not at all,' replied Lucilia with gentleness. 'I have nothing to conceal, and I am not afraid that any body should see through me. I amuse myself with the levity of these giddy young fellows, but not one of them

seems to me worthy of a serious attachment.' Blamzé spoke of his rivals with indulgence, and thought that Lucilia judged too severely of them. 'Clean, for example,' said he, 'has something very amiable in him; he knows nothing as yet; it is a pity, for he speaks well enough of things which he is ignorant of, and he is a proof to me, that with wit one may dispense with common sense. Clairfont is a coxcomb; but it is the first fire of his age, and he only wants to be disciplined by a woman who has seen life. Pomblac's disposition pronounces him a man of sentiment; and that simplicity which looks so like silliness, would please me well enough if I were a woman: some coquette will make her advantage of him. Little Linval is conceited, but when he has been supplanted five or six times, people will not be surprized to see him grown modest. At present,' continued Blamzé, 'none of all these will suit you; we behold you, therefore, free: what use do you make of your freedom?'—'I endeavour to enjoy it,' replied Lucilia. 'That is mere childishness,' resumed the count: 'we never enjoy our freedom but in the moment when we renounce it; and we ought not to preserve it with care, but in order to lose it at a proper opportunity. You are young, you are handsome, do not flatter yourself with being long disengaged; if you will not resign your heart, it will resign itself; but among those who may pretend to it, it is of importance to make a right choice. As soon as you love, and even when you do not love, you will be beloved infallibly: that is not the point; but at your age women have need of finding in a lover a counsellor, a guide, a friend, a man formed by the custom of the world, and able to enlighten you in respect of the dangers you are going to run in it.'—'A man, like yourself, for example!' said Lucilia, in an ironical tone, and with a sneering smile. 'Yes, indeed,' continued Blamzé; 'I should do pretty well for your purpose, were it not for all this multitude that besieges me; but how to disengage myself from it?—Why, do not disengage yourself from it at all,' replied Lucilia; 'you would excite too many complaints, and make me too many enemies.'—'As to complaints,

plaints,' said the count coldly, 'I am accustomed to them: as to enemies, one never gives one's self the least concern about them, when one has cause to be satisfied; and the good sense to live for one's self.'—'At my age,' said Lucilia, smiling, 'we are still too timorous; and though there were nothing farther to experience in it than the despair of an Araminta, that alone would make me tremble.'—'An Araminta;' replied Blamz , without any emotion. 'Araminta is a good creature, who hears reason, and who does not give herself up to despair: I see somebody has been talking to you of her; you shall have the whole account of my connections with her. Araminta is one of those beauties, who seeing themselves on the decline, that they may not fall into oblivion, and to revive their expiring consequence, have occasion from time to time to make some noise in the world. She has engaged me to pay her some small attentions, and to behave to her with some warmth. It would not have been handsome to refuse her, so I made myself subservient to her views. In order to give the more celebrity to our adventure, she has thought proper to take a little box. It was in vain that I represented to her that it was not worth while for a month at most which I had to bestow on her: the box was furnished without my knowledge, and in the handsomest manner; she made me promise, and there lay the grand point, to sup with her there with an air of mystery; yesterday was the day appointed. Araminta, for the greater secrecy, invited nobody there but five of her female friends, and permitted me to carry only the like number of my friends. I went; assumed an air of pleasure; was gallant and warm towards her: in a word, I let all the guests go away, and did not retire myself till half an hour after them; this was all, in my opinion, that decorum required; and accordingly Araminta was charmed with me. It was sufficient to bring her again into vogue; and I may henceforth take my leave of her whenever I please, without fear of reproach. This, Madam, is my manner of conducting myself. The reputation of a woman is as dear to me as my own; nay, more, it costs me nothing to make a

sacrifice to her glory of my own vanity. The greatest misfortune to a woman who sets up for a beauty, is to be forsaken: I never forsake them; I leave myself to be discharged, I pretend even to be inconsolable at it, and sometimes I have shut myself up three days successively without seeing any body, in order to leave the lady from whom I had detached myself all the honour of the rupture. You see, beautiful Lucilia, that the men are not all as bad as they say, and that there are still among us principles and morals.'

Lucilia, who had read only the romances of time past, was not at all accustomed to this new style, and her surprise redoubled at every syllable. 'What, Sir!' said she; 'is this what you call principles and morals?'—'Yes, Madam, but this is rare, and the singular reputation which my proceedings have acquired me, does no great honour to the rest of our youth. Upon honour, the more I think on it, the more I wish, for your own interest, that you had somebody like me.'—'I flatter myself,' said Lucilia, 'that I shall be treated as tenderly as another, and that, at least, I shall not experience the shock of being forsaken.'—'You are merry, Madam; but, to be serious, you deserve a person who thinks, and knows how to develop those qualities of heart and understanding, which I think I have discovered in you. Lisere is a good man; but he never knew how to make the most of his wife; and in general the desire of pleasing a husband is not strong enough, to induce a woman to give herself the trouble of being amiable to him to a certain degree. Happily, he leaves you at your own pleasure; and you would not be worthy of so reasonable a procedure, if you should lose the most precious time of your life in indolence or dissipation.'—'I am not afraid,' said Lucilia, 'of falling into any of these excesses.'—'We see, however, nothing else in the world.'—'True, Sir; and that is the reason why I should be difficult in my choice, if I had any design of making one: for I think there is no excuse for an attachment, but that it is solid and durable.'—'What, Lucilia! at your age would you pique yourself upon constancy? Really, if I thought

'so, I should be capable of committing
 'a folly.'—'And that folly would
 'be——' 'To grow prudent, and at-
 'tach myself in good earnest.'—'Se-
 'riously! would you have the courage?'
 '—' Upon my credit, I am a little fear-
 'ful of it, if you would have me own
 'the truth.'—'A strange declaration!'
 '—' It is a little ill expressed; but I beg
 'you will pardon me: it is the first in
 'my life.'—'The first, say you?'—
 'Yes, Madam: hitherto they have had
 'the modesty to spare me the trouble of
 'making advances; but I see plainly
 'that I grow old.'—'Well, Sir, for
 'the novelty of the thing, I pardon you
 'this first essay: I will do more still,
 'I will confess to you, that it cannot
 'displease me.'—'That is happiness
 'indeed! Do you give me leave to love
 'you; and will you do me the honour
 'to love me too?'—'Ah! that is an-
 'other thing; time shall show me whe-
 'ther you deserve it.'—'Look at me,
 'Lucilia.'—'I do look at you.'—'And
 'do not you laugh?'—'What should
 'I laugh at?'—'At your own answer.'
 'Do you take me for a child?'—'I
 'talk reasonably to you, I think.'—
 'And it is in order to talk reasonably
 'to me, that you have done me the ho-
 'nour to grant me a *tête-à-tête*?'—
 'I did not think, that in order to be
 'reasonable, we had need of witnesses;
 'after all, what have I said to you,
 'which you ought not to have expected?'
 'I find in you graces, wit, an engag-
 'ing and noble air.'—'You are very
 'good.'—'But that is not enough to
 'merit my confidence, and determine
 'my inclination.'—'Not enough, Ma-
 'dam! excuse me a little. Please to
 'inform me, what you would require
 'more?'—'A more thorough know-
 'ledge of your temper, a more inti-
 'mate persuasion of your sentiments for
 'me. I promise you nothing, I for-
 'bid myself nothing; you have every
 'thing to hope, but nothing to claim:
 'you are to consider whether that suits
 'you.'—'No price, without doubt,
 'beautiful Lucilia, should be thought
 'too dear to merit and obtain you: but
 'seriously, would you have merenounce
 'all the charms of the world to have
 'my happiness depend on an uncertain
 'contingency? I am, you know, and
 'I am not conceited of it, I am the
 'man the most sought after in all France;
 'be it taste or fancy, it is no matter;

'it is her concern that should have me,
 'though but for a time.'—'You are
 'right,' said Lucilia; 'I was unrea-
 'sonable, and your moments are too
 'precious.'—'No, I confess to you
 'seriously, that I am tired of being in
 'fashion; I was looking out for an
 'object that might fix me; I have
 'found it; I attach myself: nothing
 'can be more fortunate; but still this
 'ought not to be to no purpose. You
 'would have time for reflection; I give
 'you twenty-four hours: I think that
 'is very handsome, and I never gave so
 'much time before.'—'My reflections
 'are too slow,' replied Lucilia, 'and
 'you are too much in a hurry for us to
 'agree on this point. I am young,
 'perhaps have sensibility; but my age
 'and sensibility shall never engage me
 'in an imprudent step. I have told
 'you, if my heart yields, time, proofs,
 'reflection, the pleasing habitude of
 'confidence and esteem, will have de-
 'cided it's choice.'—'Madam, in good
 'earnest, now, do you think to find an
 'amiable man sufficiently disengaged to
 'lose his time in spinning out an in-
 'trigue to this length? and do you
 'yourself intend to pass your youth in
 'consulting whether you shall love or
 'no?'—'I cannot tell,' replied Luci-
 'lia, 'whether I shall ever love, nor what
 'time I shall employ in resolving; but
 'that time will not be lost, if it spares
 'me regret.'—'I admire you, Madam;
 'I admire you!' said Blamzé, taking his
 'leave; 'but I have not the honour to
 'be of the ancient order of chivalry,
 'and I did not come here so early to
 'compose a romance with you.'

Lucilia, thunderstruck at the scene
 which she had just had with Blamzé,
 passed in a short time from astonishment
 to reflection. 'Is this, then,' said she,
 'the man in vogue, the most amiable
 'man in the world? He condescends
 'to think me handsome; and if he be-
 'lieved me capable of constancy, he
 'would be guilty of the folly of loving
 'me in good earnest; but yet he has
 'not time to wait till I have consulted
 'myself. I must seize the moment of
 'pleasing him, and determine in twen-
 'ty-four hours: he never gave so much
 'time before. Do the women, then,
 'humble themselves thus, and the men
 'thus prescribe them the condition!
 'happily he has made himself known
 'to me. Under that modest air which

'had seduced me, what conceit, what presumption! Ah! I see, the most mortifying evil to a woman, is that of loving a fop.'

The same day, after the opera, Lucilia's company being met together, Pomblac came to tell her, with an air of mystery, that she would have neither Blamzé nor Clairfont to sup with her.

'Very well,' said she, 'I require not of my friends any assiduity that constrains them: there are even such people whose assiduity would constrain me.'—'If Blamzé be of that number,' replied Pomblac frankly, 'Clairfont has delivered you from him, at least for some time.'—'How so?'—

'Do not be frightened: all is very well over.'—'How, Sir, what is over?'—

'After the opera, the curtain being dropped, we were on the stage, and, according to custom, hearing Blamzé deciding on every thing. Having given us his opinion on the singing, the dancing, and the decorations, he asked us, if we were to sup at the little marchioness's: (pardon me, Madam, it was you he spoke of.) We replied,

"Yes."—"I shall not be there," said he; "we are in the pouts since this morning." I asked what might be the cause of these pouts. Blamzé told us, that you had made him an assignation; that he never came; that you were piqued at it; that he had made up that this morning; that you played the child; that he was in a hurry to conclude; that you had demanded time for reflection; and that, tired out with your *ifs* and your *buts*, he had left you in the lurch. He told us, that you wanted to set off with a serious engagement; that he had some inclination to it; but that he had not time enough on his hands; that, on calculating the strength of the citadel, he had judged that it might sustain a siege; but that nothing would do for him but a surprise. "It is an exploit that may suit some of you,"

added he; "you are young, it is the time when one loves to encounter difficulties, in order to overcome them; but I forewarn you, that virtue is her fort, and sensibility her weak part."

'Every thing was concluded, if I had taken the trouble to play the passionate lover!' I was fully persuaded that he lied, resumed the young man,

but I had the prudence to be silent.

Clairfont was not so patient as I: he signified to him, that he did not believe one word of his story; and at this declaration they went out together. I followed them. Clairfont received a wound.'—'And Blamzé?'—

'Blamzé has two, of which he will not recover without some difficulty. While I helped him to get into his coach, "If Clairfont," said he, "know how to make an advantage of this adventure, he will carry Lucilia. A woman defends herself but ill against a man who defends her so well. Tell him that I dispense with this being a secret to her; it is just that she should know what she owes to her knight."

Lucilia had all the difficulty in the world to conceal the trouble and consternation which this story gave her. She feigned a head-ache, and it is well known that a head-ache, in a handsome woman, is a civil way of dismissing impertinents: so they left her alone at their rising from table.

Delivered up to herself, Lucilia could not console herself for having been the subject of a duel, which would make her the town-talk. She was strongly touched by the warmth with which Clairfont had revenged the affront offered her; but what an humiliation to her if this adventure should make a noise, and Lisere should be informed of it? Happily the secret was kept. Pomblac and Clairfont made a point of saving Lucilia's honour; and Blamzé, being cured of his wounds, was far from boasting of an imprudence by which he had been so severely punished. It will be asked, perhaps, how a man, till then so discreet, came all of a sudden to cease to be so. It is because we are under less temptation to publish favours which we obtain, than to avenge ourselves for the rigours we undergo. This first indiscretion had like to have cost him his life. He was for a month on the brink of the grave. Clairfont had less difficulty to get his wound cured, and Lucilia saw him again with a tenderness hitherto unknown to him. If we attach ourselves to any one who has exposed his life for us, we attach ourselves as naturally to the person for whom we have exposed our life; and such services, perhaps, are stronger ties to the person who has performed them, than to the party for whom they were performed. Clairfont then became desperately in love

love with Lucilia; but the more she owed him in return, the less he dared to require any thing of her; he found a sensible pleasure in being generous, and he ceased to be so if he availed himself of the rights he had acquired to Lucilia's gratitude: accordingly, he was more timorous than if he had merited nothing; but Lucilia read his soul, and this delicacy took the strongest hold of her. In the mean time, the fear of appearing to want gratitude, or the dread of carrying it too far, made her dissemble her knowledge of the intelligence Pomblac had given her; thus the good-will she testified towards Clairfont appeared free and disinterested, and he was so much the more affected by it. Their mutual inclination every day made a sensible progress. They sought one another with their eyes, conferred with intimacy, listened to each other with complaisance, gave one another an account of their proceedings, in reality, without affectation, and, as it were, for the sake of saying something; but with so much exactness, that they knew, almost to a minute, the hour at which they were to see each other again. Clairfont insensibly became more familiar, and Lucilia less reserved. Nothing remained but to explain themselves; for which purpose there was no need of those marvellous incidents which love sometimes sends to the assistance of bashful lovers. One day that they were alone, Lucilia let her fan drop; Clairfont picks it up, and presents it to her; she receives it with a pleasing smile; that smile inspires the lover with the courage to kiss her hand; that hand was the most beautiful hand in the world; and from the moment that Clairfont's lips were applied to it, she was unable to withdraw it. Lucilia, in her emotion, made a slight effort to draw back her hand; he opposed a gentle violence, and his eyes, tenderly fixed on Lucilia's eyes, entirely disarmed her. Their looks had expressed every thing before their tongues interfered; and the mutual confession of their love was made and returned in two words. 'I breathe, we love!' said Clairfont, intoxicated with joy. 'Alas! yes, we do love!' replied Lucilia, with a profound sigh; 'it is no longer time to deny it. But remember that I am bound by duties: those duties are inviolable; and, if I am dear to you, they will be sacred.'

Lucilia's inclination was not one of those fashionable passions which stifle shame in their infancy, and Clairfont respected it too much to take advantage of it as a weakness. Transported with being loved, he for a long time confined his desires to the delicious possession of a heart pure, virtuous, and faithful. 'How little we love,' said he to himself in his delirium, 'when we are not made happy by the single pleasure of loving! Who was the stupid savage who first branded with the name of rigour that resistance which timid modesty opposes to wild desire? Is there, beautiful Lucilia, is there a denial which your looks would not soften? Can I complain when you smile upon me? And has my soul any wishes still to form, when my eyes draw from yours that heavenly voluptuousness with which you intoxicate all my senses? Far be from us, I consent to it, all those pleasures followed by regrets, which would trouble the serenity of your life. I respect your virtue as much as you cherish it yourself; and I should never pardon myself the having caused any remorse to spring up in the bosom of innocence itself.' Sentiments so heroic charmed Lucilia; and Clairfont, more tender every day, was every day more beloved, more happy, and more worthy to be so. But at length the railleries of his friends, and the suspicions they excited in him with respect to that virtue which he adored, embittered his happiness. He became gloomy, uneasy, jealous; every thing vexed him, every thing gave him umbrage. Lucilia every day perceived her chain become closer and heavier; every day there were new complaints to hear, new reproaches to undergo. Every man that she received with civility was a rival whom she must banish. The first sacrifices that he required were made without opposition; he demanded new ones, he obtained them; he wanted still more, she was weary of obeying him. Clairfont imagined he saw in Lucilia's impatience an invincible attachment to the connections which he prohibited; and that love, at first so delicate and submissive, became fierce and tyrannical. Lucilia was terrified; she sought to appease him, but to no purpose. 'I will not believe,' said the imperious Clairfont, 'I will not believe that you love me till you live for me alone, as I do for you. What

'if I possess, if I fill your soul, what do
 'you do with this troublesome crowd?
 'Ought it to cost you any thing to banish
 'what afflicts me? Would it cost me
 'any pain to renounce every thing that
 'would displease you? What do I say?
 'Is it not a continual violence that I
 'do myself to see any thing but Luci-
 'lia? Would to Heaven we were freed
 'from this crowd, which besieges you,
 'and which deprives me every moment
 'either of your looks or your thoughts!
 'The solitude that so terrifies you would
 'compleat all my wishes. Are not our
 'souls of the same nature? or the love
 'which you think you feel, is it not
 'the same that I feel? You complain
 'that I demand sacrifices of you! Re-
 'quire, Lucilia, require in your turn;
 'chuse the most painful, the most griev-
 'ous trials; you shall see whether I
 'hesitate. There is no connection which
 'I would not break, no effort which I
 'would not make; or rather I should
 'not make any. The pleasure of gra-
 'tifying you will make me amends,
 'will serve instead of every thing; and
 'what they call denials would be to me
 'enjoyments.'—'You think so, Clair-
 'font,' replied the tender and ingenu-
 'ous Lucilia, 'but you deceive yourself.
 'Each of these denials is but little;
 'but all together make up a great deal.
 'It is the continuance of them that is
 'tire some: you have made me know
 'by experience, that no complaisance is
 'inexhaustible.' While she spoke thus,
 'Clairfont's eyes, sparkling with impa-
 'tience, were sometimes turned up to
 'heaven, and sometimes fixed on her.
 'Believe me,' continued Lucilia, 'the
 'sacrifices of true love are made in the
 'heart, and under the veil of mystery:
 'self-love alone demands publick ones;
 'to that victory is little; it aspires to
 'the honours of a triumph; and that
 'is what you exact.'
 'What a cold analysis,' cried he,
 'and what vain metaphysics! Love,
 'to be sure, reasons thus! I love you,
 'Madam; nothing, to my misfortune,
 'is truer; I would sacrifice a thousand
 'lives to please you; and whatever may
 'be this sentiment which you call self-
 'love, it detaches me from the whole
 'world to deliver myself up solely to
 'you; but in abandoning myself thus,
 'I would possess you in the same man-
 'ner. Cleon, Linval, Pomblac, all
 'these are sufficient to make me un-

'easy: I cannot answer for myself.
 'After this, if you love me, nothing
 'ought to be more precious to you than
 'my repose; and my uneasiness, were
 'it even a folly, you ought to dissipate.
 'But why do I say a folly? You ren-
 'der my alarms and suspicions but too
 'reasonable. And how should I be
 'easy, when I see that every one who
 'comes near you engages you more than
 'myself?'

'Ah, Sir! what acknowledgments
 'do I owe you?' said Lucilia with a
 'sigh; 'you make me see the depth of
 'the abyss into which love was going
 'to plunge me. Yes, I see that there
 'is no slavery comparable to that which
 'a jealous lover imposes.'—'I, Ma-
 'dam! Do I make you a slave? Have
 'not you even an absolute empire over
 'me? do not you do what you please
 'with me?'—'Enough, Sir: I have
 'suffered a long time; I flattered my-
 'self; but you now draw me out of
 'my illusion, and nothing can lead me
 'into it again. Be my friend, if you
 'can be so: it is the only title that re-
 'mains to you with me.'—'Ah, cruel
 'woman! would you have my death?'
 '—I want nothing but your ease and my
 'own.'—'You overwhelm me. What
 'is my crime?'—'Loving yourself too
 'well, and not esteeming me enough.'
 '—'Ah! I swear to you—' 'Swear
 'nothing: your jealousy is a vice in
 'your disposition, and the disposition
 'never corrects itself. I know you,
 'Clairfont; I begin to dread you, and
 'cease to love you. This very moment
 'I see my frankness makes you desper-
 'ate; but of two punishments I chuse
 'the shortest; and by taking away from
 'you the right of being jealous, I create
 'you the happy necessity of ceasing to
 'be so.'—'I know you in my turn,'
 'replied Clairfont with a stifled rage:
 'the delicacy of a sensible soul ill agrees
 'with the levity of yours; it is a
 'Blamzè that you must have for a lover,
 'and I was a fool to take it ill'
 '—'Go no farther,' interrupted Lucilia,
 'I know all that I owe to you; but I
 'retire to spare you the shame of having
 'reproached me with it.'

Clairfont went off in a rage, and fully
 resolved never more to revisit a woman
 whom he had so tenderly loved, and
 who had dismissed him with so much
 inhumanity.

Lucilia, restored to herself, found
 herself,

herself, as it were, relieved from a burden that overwhelmed her. But, on one side, the dangers of love, which she had just experienced; on the other, the sad prospect of everlasting indifference; suffered her to hope hereafter for nothing but cruel disquietudes, or insupportable dulness. 'What,' said she, 'has Heaven given me a sensible heart only to make me the sport of a fop, the victim of a tyrant, or the gloomy companion of a kind of philosopher, neither affected nor moved at any thing?' These reflections plunged her into a languor which she was not able to conceal: her company perceived it, and became soon as melancholy as herself. The women, to whom her house was a rendezvous, were alarmed at it. 'She is lost,' said they, 'if we draw her not out of this sad state; she is disgusted with the world; she loves nothing but solitude; the symptoms of her melancholy become every day more terrible; and, by the force of some violent passion which agitates her, it is to be feared that she will fall again into the power of her husband. Do we know nobody to turn this young head? Blamzè himself set about it the wrong way, and did not succeed: as to Clairfont, on whom we depended, he is a little fool who loves like a madman; no wonder he should be affronted.'— 'Hold,' said Cephisa, after being lost in thought for some time, 'Lucilia has a romantick way of thinking; she must have something in the fairy taste, and the magnificent Dorimon is exactly the man that suits her. She will grow mad for him, I am sure; let us engage him only to go and invite her to supper at his fine country-house: I will take upon me to give him his lesson.' The party was accepted, and Dorimon made acquainted with it.

Dorimon was the man in the world who knew best the most able artists, received them with the best grace, and recompensed them most liberally; accordingly he had the reputation of a connoisseur, and a man of taste.

If, some centuries hence, this tale should be read, they may imagine it mere fiction, and the habitation I am going to describe may pass for a fairy castle; but it is not my fault if the luxury of our times comes into competition with the marvellous of fables, and

if, in the representation of our follies, probability should be wanting to truth.

On the rich banks of the Seine arises, in form of an amphitheatre, a small eminence exposed to the first rays of the morning, and the ardent fires of noon. The forest which crowns it, defends it from the chilling blast of the north, and the watery influence of the west. From the summit of the hill fall in cascades three copious springs of water purer than chrysal, which the industrious hand of art has conducted by a thousand windings over green slopes. Sometimes these waters divide themselves, and glide along in meanders; sometimes they reunite in basons, in which the heavens behold themselves with delight; then they precipitate themselves, and pour along, dashing against rocks cut out into grottos in which the chizel has imitated the fanciful varieties of Nature. The Seine, which forms a bow at the foot of the hill, receives them into his peaceable bosom; and their fall recalls to our minds those fabulous times in which the nymphs of the fountains descended into the humid palace of the rivers, to temper the ardours of youth and love.

An ingenious whimsicalness seems to have designed the gardens watered by these streams. All sides of this smiling scene agree without sameness; the very symmetry is striking; the eye roves without lassitude, and repose without dulness. A noble elegance, a richness well managed, a bold and yet delicate taste, have been employed in embellishing them. Nothing is neglected, nothing forced or laboured with too much art. The concourse of simple beauties forms all its magnificence; and the equilibrium of masses, joined to the variety of forms, produces that beautiful harmony which forms the delight of beholders.

Groves ornamented with statues, lattice-work fashioned into arbours and bowers, decorate all the known gardens; but these riches, displayed without understanding and taste, generally excite nothing more than a cold and dull admiration, soon attended with satiety. Here the disposition and connection of the parts form, of a thousand different sensations, but one continued enchantment. The second object that is discovered adds to the pleasure raised by the

the first; and both are still farther embellished by the charms of the new object that succeeds, without effacing them.

This delicious landscape is terminated by a palace of such airy architecture, that the Corinthian order itself has less elegance and lightness. Here the columns imitated the palm-trees united in arbours. The roof of the vault, formed of palms, composes a chapter more natural and as noble as the vase of Callimachus. These palms were interwoven among each other in the interstices of the columns, and their natural wreathings concealed from the deceived eye the heaviness of the entablature. As these columns are sufficient for the weight of the edifice, they leave a continued transparency to the walls, by means of chasms artfully contrived. We see none of those double roofs which crush our modern architecture; and the frightful irregularity of our Gothick chimnies is lost in the crown-work.

The interior luxury of the palace is suitable to the magnificence without. It is, in short, the temple of the arts and of taste. The pencil, the chizel, the graving tool, every thing that industry has invented for the delicacies of life, is there displayed with a discreet profusion; and the Pleasures, the daughters of Opulence, there flatter the soul through all the senses.

Lucilia was dazzled with so much magnificence; the first evening appeared to her a dream; it was nothing but one continued scene of shews and featings, of which she plainly perceived herself was the divinity. The earnestness, the vivacity, the gallantry with which Dorimon did the honours of this beautiful dwelling, the changes of scene which he produced with one single look, the absolute empire which he seemed to exercise over the arts and pleasures, recalled to Lucilia's imagination every thing that she had read of the most celebrated enchanters. She dared not trust her eyes, and even thought herself enchanted. If Dorimon had availed himself of the intoxication into which she was plunged, the dream perhaps had ended after the manner of modern romances. But Dorimon was merely gallant; and all he had the courage to permit himself to do, was to ask Lucilia to come sometimes and embellish his hermitage; for so he called this mansion.

Lucilia's companions had observed her with attention. The most experienced judged that Dorimon was too much taken up with his magnificence, and too little with his happiness. 'He ought,' said they, 'to have seized the first moment of surprize: it is a kind of transport which we do not feel twice.'

In the meantime, Lucilia's head being filled with all that she had just seen, she formed to herself the most wonderful idea of Dorimon himself. So much gallantry bespoke an imagination brisk and sprightly, a cultivated genius, a delicate taste, and a lover, if ever there was one, wholly taken up with the care of pleasing. This portrait, though a little too flattering, was not wholly unlike. Dorimon was yet young, of an engaging figure, and a most joyous temper. His wit was all in sallies: he had in his way of thinking little warmth, but much refinement. Nobody said more gallant things; but he had not the gift of enforcing them: every body loved to hear him, but nobody believed him. He was the most seducing man in the world for a coquette, the least dangerous to a woman of sentiment.

She consented to see him again at his own house, and this gave occasion to new entertainments. But in vain had the gallantry of Dorimon re-assembled there all the pleasures which she had given birth to; in vain were these pleasures varied every instant with as much art as taste: Lucilia was at first slightly moved, soon after satiated; and before the close of the day, she conceived it possible to grow dull in this delicious abode. Dorimon, who never quitted her, exerted all the talents of pleasing; he held her in discourse on a thousand ingenious subjects, he mingled also some soft things with them; but still this was not what she had conceived. She thought to find a god, and Dorimon was but a man; the pomp of his house eclipsed him; proportions were not observed; and Dorimon, while he surpassed himself, was all the while inferior to the idea which every thing around him inspired.

He was very far from suspecting the injury which this comparison did him in the imagination of Lucilia, and he waited only one happy moment to avail himself of his advantages. After the concert, and before supper, he led her, as it were by chance, into a solitary closet, where she might go, he said, and

Q ruminare,

ruminate, when she should have any moments of pouting. The door opens, and Lucilia sees her image reflected a thousand times in the dazzling pier-glasses; the voluptuous paintings with which the pannels were covered, multiplied themselves around her. Lucilia, admiring herself, thought she beheld the goddess of Loves. At this sight an exclamation of surprize and admiration escaped her, and Dorimon seized the instant of this sudden emotion. 'Reign here; there is your throne,' said he to her, shewing her a sofa, which the hand of fairies had sown with flowers. 'My throne!' said Lucilia, seating herself, and with a tone of gaiety; 'well, aye, I like it pretty well, and I find myself the queen of a mighty pretty people.' She spoke of the multitude of Loves which she perceived in the glasses. 'Amidst these subjects, will you condescend, Madam, to admit me?' said Dorimon with ardour, and throwing himself at her feet. 'Ah! as to you,' said she with a serious air, 'you are no child;' and at these words she would have got up, but he retained her with a strong hand, and the effort she made to escape rendered him still bolder. 'Where am I, then?' said she with terror: 'let me go; let me go, I say; or my cries——' These words awed him. 'Excuse, Madam,' said he, 'an imprudence, of which you are yourself in some measure the cause. To come here *tête à tête*, and repose yourself on this sofa, as you have done, is giving to understand, according to the received custom, that a little violence would not be ill taken. With you I see plainly that it means nothing; we misunderstand each other.' — 'Oh! very much,' said Lucilia, going out in a rage; and Dorimon followed her, a little confounded at his mistake. Happily their absence had not been long enough to give time for slander to speak ill of it. Lucilia, dissembling her perturbation, told the company that she had just been seeing a very fine cabinet. They ran there in a body; and their exclamations of admiration were only interrupted by the coming in of supper.

The sumptuousness of this feast seemed to improve still upon all the pleasures that they had tasted. But Dorimon endeavoured in vain to do the honours of it: he had lost that gaiety

which was so natural to him; and Lucilia replied to the gallant things they addressed to her, in order to draw her out of her reverie, only by a forced smile, with which good-breeding endeavours to disguise ill-humour.

'There,' said her friends to her, on going home with her, 'there now is a man who suits you: with him life is a continual enchantment; it appears as if all the pleasures obeyed his voice; the moment he commands, they arrive in troops.'

'There are some,' said Lucilia coldly, 'which cannot be commanded: they are above riches; we find them only in our hearts.' — 'Upon my word, my dear,' said Cephisa to her, 'you are very difficult.' — 'Yes, Madam, very difficult,' replied she with a sigh: and during the rest of the journey they kept a profound silence. 'This is nothing but a handsome woman spoiled,' said her friends, at quitting her; 'yet if her whims were cheerful ones, we might amuse ourselves with them; but nothing in the world is more gloomy. It was worth while indeed to separate from her husband, to be a prudent to the rest of the world!'

'Is this, then, the world so much boasted of?' said Lucilia, on her side; 'I have passed rapidly through every thing agreeable in it: what have I found? a coxcomb, a jealous lover, a vain man, who arrogates to himself, as so many charms, his gardens, his palace, and his entertainments, and who thinks that the severest virtue can desire no better than to yield to him. Ah, how I hate those makers of romances, who have lulled me with their fables! My imagination filled with a thousand chimeras, I thought my husband insipid; and yet he is worth more than all I have seen. He is plain; but is not his plainness a thousand times preferable to the vain pretensions of a Blamzè? He is temperate in his affections, and what would become of me if he were violent and passionate like Clairfont? He loved me little, but he loved only me; and if I had been reasonable, he loved me enough to make me happy. I had not with him those pompous and noisy pleasures which intoxicate at first, and soon after cloy: but his complaisance, his sweetness, his delicate attentions, furnished me every moment with plea-

'surely,

'sures, the most pure and solid, if I had but known how to relish them. Fool that I was! I pursued illusions, and fled happiness itself: it is placed in the silence of the passions, the equilibrium and repose of the soul. But, alas! it is a fine time to acknowledge my errors, when they have made me lose the friendship, the confidence, perhaps the esteem, of my husband. Thank Heaven! I have nothing to reproach myself with but the indiscretions of my age.—But is Lisere obliged to believe me in this point, and would he vouchsafe to hear me?—Ah, how difficult is it to return to one's duty, when we have once abandoned it!—Difficult! and why? Who hinders me? The dread of being humbled.—But Lisere is a good man; and if he has spared me in my errors, would he distress me in my reformation? I have but to detach myself from a pernicious society, to live at home with such of my female friends as my husband respects, and whom I can see without blushing. All the while that he has seen me delivered up to the world, he has never come near me; but if he sees me restored to myself, he will condescend, perhaps, to recal me to him; and if his heart be not restored to me, the only consolation that remains to me, is that of rendering myself worthy of it: I shall be at least reconciled to myself, if I cannot be so to my husband.'

Lisere, full of grief, had kept sight of her through all her whirl of company: he depended on the justness of her way of thinking, and the probity of her soul. 'She will perceive,' said he, 'the frivolousness of the pleasures which she seeks, the folly of the women, the vanity of the men, the falsity of both; and, if she returns virtuous, her virtue will be but the more confirmed by the dangers it has run. But will she have escaped all the shelves that surround her, the charms of flattery, the snares of seduction, the attractions of pleasure? We despise the world when we know it thoroughly; but we give ourselves up to it before we know it, and the heart is frequently lost before reason enlightens it. O Lucilia!' cried he, looking at the portrait of his wife, which in solitude was his only conversation; 'O Lucilia! you were so desirous of being happy! and I flattered myself that you would be so with

me. Alas! perhaps some one of those handsome corrupters, who form at once the ornament and misfortune of the world, is at this very time employed in seducing her innocence, and is bent upon her defeat, merely for the pleasure of boasting of it. What, would my wife's shame raise an eternal barrier between us! It would no longer be permitted me to live with her, from whom death alone ought to separate me! I have betrayed her in abandoning her. Heaven had chosen me for the guardian of her imprudent and frail youth. I have consulted only custom, and I have been struck only by the frightful idea of being hated as a tyrant.'

While Lisere floated thus in this cruel uncertainty, Lucilia was not less agitated between the desire of returning, and the dread of being repulsed. Twenty times had she risen, after passing the night in sighs and tears, with the resolution of going to wait his rising, in order to throw herself at his feet, and ask his pardon. But a shame, well known to sensible and delicate souls, had still withheld her footsteps. If Lisere did not despise her, if he still preserved any feeling for her, any esteem; from the time when she had broken off with her parties, from the time that she had lived retired and solitary, how came it that he had never vouchsafed to see her even once? Every day, as he went by, he enquired after his lady's health; she heard of it: she hoped that at last he would ask to see her, each day this hope was renewed; she expected, all trembling, the moment of Lisere's calling; she drew as near as possible, in order to listen to him, and retired in tears, after having heard him ask, as he went along, 'How does my Lady do?' She could have wished to have Lisere informed of her repentance, of her return to herself: 'But to whom can I trust?' said she; 'to friends! is there one of them faithful enough, discreet enough, wise enough, for so delicate an interposition? Some of them might have the talents, but had not the zeal; and others had the zeal, but not the talents: besides, it is so hard to trust to others what we dare not confess ourselves! A letter . . . ; but what shall I write to him? General expressions would not touch him, and particulars are so humiliating!' At length a thought came into her head,

by which her delicacy and sensibility were equally satisfied. Lifere had absented himself for two days, and Lucilia seized the opportunity of his absence to execute her design.

Lifere had an old servant, whom Lucilia saw melting into tears at the moment of their separation, and whose zeal, honesty, and discretion, were well known to her. 'Ambrose,' said she to him, 'I have a favour to ask of you.'—'Ah, Madam!' said the good man, 'command me; I am yours, with all my soul: would to God that you and my master loved one another as I love you! I know not which of you is wrong; but I am sorry for you both: it would be delightful to see you together, and I see nothing here which does not give me sorrow, ever since you have been on ill terms.'—'It is perhaps my fault,' said Lucilia, humiliated; 'but, my dear Ambrose, the evil is not without remedy: only do what I shall tell you. You know that my portrait is in your master's chamber.'—'O yes, Madam, he knows it very well too; for he sometimes shuts himself up with it for whole days: it is all his consolation. He looks at it, he talks to it, he sighs most pitifully; and I see plainly that the poor gentleman would still much rather converse with you than with your picture.'—'You tell me very comfortable news, my dear Ambrose; but go and take away that portrait privately; and chuse, in order to bring it me, a time when you may not be seen by any body.'—'I, Madam, deprive my master of all that he holds dearest in the world! rather ask my life.'—'Be assured,' replied Lucilia, 'my design is not to deprive him of it. To-morrow evening thou shalt come and fetch it, to put it in its place again: I will only beg of you to say nothing to my husband.'—'Very well,' said Ambrose; 'I know that you are goodness itself, and you would not now, at the latter end of my life, give me the mortification of having made my master uneasy.' The faithful Ambrose executed Lucilia's order. She had in her portrait the tender and languishing air which was natural to her; but her look was serene, and her hair set

with flowers. She sent for her painter, ordered him to draw her with her hair dishevelled, and to paint the tears trickling from her eyes. As soon as her idea was carried into execution, the picture was replaced in Lifere's apartment. He comes into it, and his eyes are soon raised on the dear object. It is easy to conceive how great was his surprise. The dishevelled hair strikes him first: he draws near, and sees the tears flow. 'Ah!' cried he; 'ah, Lucilia! are these the tears of repentance? Is that the sorrow of love?' He goes out transported; he flies to her; he seeks her with his eyes, and he finds her in the same situation as the picture had represented her. Immoveable for a moment, he eyes her with tenderness; and suddenly throwing himself at her feet, 'Is it really true,' said he, 'that my wife is restored to me?'—'Yes,' said Lucilia, with sighs; 'yes, if you think her still worthy of you?'—'Can she have ceased to be so,' replied Lifere, locking her in his arms. 'No, my dear, be comforted; I know your soul, and I have never ceased to mourn and to esteem you. You would not return to me, if the world had been able to seduce you, and this voluntary return is the proof of your virtue.'—'Oh! thank Heaven!' said she, her heart being eased by the tears which flowed in abundance from her eyes; 'thank Heaven! I have no shameful weakness to blush at: I have been foolish, but not dishonest.'—'If I doubted it, would you now be in my bosom?' replied Lifere; and at these words—but who can describe the transports of two sensible hearts; which, after having groaned under a cruel separation, were reunited for ever! On learning their reconciliation, the family were filled with joy; and the good Ambrose said, his eyes swimming with tears, 'God be praised! I shall now die content.'

From that day, the tender union of this pair serves as an example to all those of their age. Their divorce has convinced them that the world had nothing that could make either of them amends; and this is what I call A HAPPY DIVORCE.

ANNETE

ANNETE AND LUBIN.

A TRUE STORY.

IF it be dangerous to tell every thing to children, it is more dangerous still to leave them in ignorance of every thing. There are grievous crimes according to the laws, which are not so in the eyes of Nature; and we are now going to see into what an abyss the latter leads innocence when she has a fillet over the eyes.

Annete and Lubin were the children of two sisters. These strict ties of blood ought to be incompatible with those of marriage: but Annete and Lubin had no suspicion that there were in the world other laws than the simple laws of Nature. From the age of eight years they kept sheep together on the smiling banks of the Seine. They now touched on their sixteenth; but their youth differed not from infancy but by a warmer sentiment of mutual friendship.

Annete, beneath a plain country coif, bound back negligently her ebony hair. Two large blue eyes sparkled beneath her long eye-lashes, and expressed most innocently every thing which the dull eyes of our old coquettes endeavour to express. Her rosy lips seemed to solicit to be kissed. Her complexion, tanned by the sun, was enlivened by that light shade of purple which colours the down of the peach. Every part of her, which the veils of modesty concealed from the rays of noon, effaced the whiteness of the lily: we thought we saw the head of a lively Brunette on the shoulders of a beautiful Blonde.

Lubin had that decisive, open, and joyous air, which proclaims a free and contented mind. His look was that of desire, his laugh the laugh of joy. When he burst out, he displayed teeth whiter than ivory. The freshness of his round cheeks invited the hand to pat them. Add to all this a nose in the air, a dimple in the chin, white silver locks curled by the hand of Nature, a genteel make, a deliberate pace, the frankness of the golden age, which suspects and blushes at nothing. This was the portrait of Annete's cousin.

Philosophy brings man back nearer to Nature; and it is for this reason that instinct sometimes resembles it. I should

not be surprized, then, if my shepherds should be imagined to be somewhat philosophical; but I forewarn my readers that it is without their knowing it.

As they both went frequently to sell fruits and milk in the city, and as people were glad to see them, they had an opportunity of observing what passed in the world, and of giving an account to each other of their little reflections. They compared their lot to that of the most opulent citizens, and found themselves happier and wiser. 'The senseless creatures!' said Lubin; 'during the finest part of the year they shut themselves up in quarries! Is it not true, Annete, that our hut is preferable to those magnificent prisons which they call palaces? When the thatch that covers us is burnt up by the sun, I go to the neighbouring forest, and in less than an hour make you a new house, more cheerful than the former. The air and the light are ours. A branch less gives us the freshness of the east or the north; a branch more defends us from the heats of the south, and rains of the west: that is not very dear, Annete?'

'No, truly,' said she: 'and I cannot think why, in the fine weather, they do not come all, two and two, to live in a pretty hut. Have you seen, Lubin, those tapestries of which they are so vain? What comparison between them and our beds of verdure? How we sleep on them! how we wake!'—'And you, Annete, have you remarked what trouble they take to give a rural air to the walls which shut them up? Those landscapes which they endeavour to imitate, Nature has made for us: it is for us that the sun shines; it is for us that the seasons delight to vary themselves.'—'Right,' said Annete; 'I carried the other day some strawberries to a lady of quality; they were entertaining her with musick. Ah, Lubin! "what a terrible noise!" I said in myself: "why does she not come some morning and hear our nightingales?" The unhappy woman was laid down upon cushions; and she yawned in such a manner

'manner as to move pity. I asked what ailed her ladyship; they told me that she had the vapours. Do you know, Lubin, what the vapours are?'—'No, not I; but I am afraid they are one of those distempers which one gets in the city, and which take away from persons of quality the use of their legs. That is very sad, is it not, Annete? And if they were to hinder you from running upon the grass, you would be very sorry, I believe!'—'O, very sorry; for I love to run; especially, Lubin, when I run after you.'

Such was pretty nearly the philosophy of Lubin and Annete. Free from envy and ambition, their state had nothing humiliating to them, nothing painful. They passed the fine weather in that green hut, the master-piece of Lubin's art. In the evening they were obliged to lead back their flocks to the village; but the fatigue and pleasures of the day prepared them a tranquil repose. The morning recalled them to the fields, more earnest to see each other again. Sleep effaced in their lives nothing but the moment of absence: it preserved them from dulness. Nevertheless, a happiness so pure was not unalterable. The slender waist of Annete insensibly became rounder. She knew not the cause of it; Lubin himself did not suspect it.

The bailiff of the village was the first who perceived it. 'God defend you, Annete,' said he to her one day, 'you seem to be very round!'—'True,' said she, dropping a curtsy. 'But, Annete, what has happened to this handsome shape? Have you had any love affair?'—'Any love affair? Not that I know.'—'Ah, child! nothing is more certain; you have listened to some of your young fellows.'—'Yes, truly, I do listen to them; does that spoil the shape?'—'No, not that, but some of them have a kindness for you.'—'Kindness for me? Aye, Lubin and I are kind to each other all the day long.'—'And you have granted him every thing, is it not so?'—'Oh, Lord, yes: Lubin and I have nothing to refuse one another.'—'How, nothing to refuse one another!'—'Oh, nothing at all! I should be very sorry if he kept any thing to himself, and more sorry still to have him believe that I have any thing which

is not his. Are we not cousins?'—'Cousins?'—'Cousins german, I tell you.'—'O Heaven!' cried the bailiff, 'there is an adventure!'—'Aye, or else do you think that we should have been every day together? that we should have had but one and the same hut?'—'I have heard it said, indeed, that the shepherds are to be dreaded; but your cousin is not dangerous.' The judge continued to interrogate; Annete continued to reply; inasmuch that it was clearer than the day that she would shortly be a mother. Become a mother before marriage! that was a riddle to Annete. The bailiff explained it to her. 'What,' said he to her, 'the first time that this misfortune happened, did not the sun hide himself? did not the heavens thunder upon you?'—'No,' replied Annete; 'I remember it was the finest weather in the world.'—'Did not the earth shake! did it not open itself?'—'Alas, no!' said Annete again, 'I saw it covered with flowers.'—'And do you know what a crime you have committed?'—'I know not what a crime is; but all that we have done, I swear to you, was in good friendship, and without any ill design.'—'You think that I am big with child; should never have thought it; but it is so, I am very glad of it: I shall have a little Lubin, perhaps.'—'No,' replied the man of law, 'you will bring into the world a child, which will own neither its father nor mother, which will be ashamed of its birth, and will reproach you for it. What have you done, unhappy girl! what have you done! How I pity you, and how I pity that innocent!' These last words made Annete grow pale and tremble. Lubin found her all in tears. 'Here!' said she to him with terror, 'do you know what has happened; I am big with child.'—'With child, and by whom?'—'By you.'—'You joke. And how has that happened?'—'The bailiff has just explained it to me.'—'Well?'—'Well! when we thought we were only shewing kindness to each other, we were making love.'—'That is droll!' said Lubin. 'But you are in tears, my dear Annete. Is it this that makes you uneasy?'—'Yes, the bailiff has made me tremble. My child, he said, will own neither its father nor mother; he will re-

proach us with it's birth.—'Why?'
 'Because we are cousins, and have
 committed a crime. Do you know,
 Lubin, what a crime is?'—'Yes, it
 is a wicked thing. For example, it is
 a crime to take away life from any
 one; but it is not to give it. The
 bailiff does not know what he says.'
 'Ah, my dear Lubin! go and find
 him out, I beseech thee: I am all of a
 tremble. He has put I know not
 what into my soul, which embitters
 all the pleasure I had in loving thee.'

Lubin ran to the bailiff. 'A word,
 if you please, Mr. Judge,' said he,
 accosting him; 'you will have it that I
 am not to be the father of my own
 child, and that Annete is not to be
 it's mother?'—'Ah, wretch! dare
 you shew yourself,' said the bailiff,
 'after ruining this young innocent?'—
 'You are a wretch yourself,' replied
 Lubin. 'I have not ruined Annete;
 she waits me now in our hut. But
 it is you, wicked man, that (she says)
 have put I know not what into her
 soul, that grieves her; and it is very
 ill done to afflict Annete.'—'You
 young villain! it is you that have
 stolen from her her chief good.'—
 'And what is that?'—'Innocence and
 honour.'—'I love her more than my
 life,' said the shepherd, 'and if I
 have done her any injury, I am here
 to repair it. Marry us; who hinders
 you? We ask no better.'—'That is
 impossible.'—'Impossible! And why?'
 'The most difficult part, in my opinion,
 is over, seeing we are now father and
 mother.'—'And there is the crime,'
 cried the judge; 'you must separate,
 you must fly each other.'—'Fly each
 other! And have you the heart to pro-
 pose it to me, Mr. Bailiff? And who
 is to take care of Annete and my
 child? Quit them! I would sooner
 die.'—'The law obliges thee to it,'
 said the bailiff. 'There is no law that
 holds good there,' replied Lubin, clap-
 ping on his hat. 'We have a child
 without you, and if it please Heaven
 we will have more, and we will love
 for ever.'—'Ah, the audacious young
 knave, what, rebel against the law!'—
 'Ah, the wicked man, the bad heart,
 that wants me to abandon Annetel
 Let me go and find out our parson,'
 said he to himself; 'he is a good man,
 and will have pity on us.' The priest

was severer than the judge, and Lubin
 retired, confounded at having offended
 Heaven without knowing it. 'For,
 after all,' said he still, 'we have done
 nobody any harm.'

'My dear Annete,' cried Lubin, on
 seeing her again, 'every body condemns
 us; but no matter: I will never leave
 you.'—'I am big with child,' said
 Annete, reclining her face on her two
 hands, which she bathed with tears;
 'and I cannot be your wife! Leave me,
 I am distressed; I have no longer any
 pleasure in seeing you. Alas! I am
 ashamed of myself, and I reproach
 myself for all the moments that I
 have passed with you.'—'Ah, the
 cursed bailiff!' said Lubin: 'but for
 him we were so happy!'

From that moment, Annete, a prey
 to her grief, could not endure the light.
 If Lubin wanted to console her, he saw
 her tears stream afresh: she replied to
 his caresses only by pushing him off with
 horror. 'What, my dear Annetel!' said
 he to her, 'am I no longer the Lubin
 you loved so much?'—'Alas! no;
 you are no longer the same. I trem-
 ble the moment you come near me;
 my child, who moves in my womb, and
 whom I should have had so much joy
 in feeling, seems already to complain
 that I have given him my cousin for a
 father.'—'You will hate my child,
 then?' said Lubin to her, sobbing.
 'Oh, no, no; I shall love it with all my
 soul!' said she. 'At least they will
 not forbid me to love my child, to give
 him my milk and my life. But that
 child will hate it's mother: the judge
 has foretold it to me.'—'Do not men-
 tion that old devil,' said Lubin, clasp-
 ing her in his arms, and bathing her
 with tears; 'your child shall love you,
 my dear Annete; he will love you, for
 I am his father.'

Lubin in despair employed all the
 eloquence of nature and love to dissipate
 Annete's fear and grief. 'Let us see,'
 said he, 'what have we done to anger
 Heaven? We have led out our flocks
 to feed in the same meadows; there is
 no harm in that. I have built a hut,
 you have taken pleasure in reposing in
 it; there is no harm in that. You
 slept upon my knees: I drew in your
 breath, and that I might not lose one
 gasp, I drew gently near you; there
 was no harm yet. It is true, that
 some-

'sometimes, awakened by my care-
'fess—' 'Alas!' said she, sighing,
'there was no harm in that.'

It was in vain that they recalled to memory all that had passed in the hut; they saw nothing but what was natural and innocent, nothing of which any body had any room to complain, nothing at which Heaven could be incensed. 'Yet that is all,' said the shepherd; 'where then is the crime? We are 'cousins, so much the worse; but if 'that does not hinder our loving, why 'ought it to hinder our marrying? Am 'I on that account less the father of my 'child, and you less it's mother? Mark 'me, Annete! let them talk on: you 'depend on nobody; I am my own 'master; let us dispose of ourselves; 'every one does what he pleases with 'his own property. We shall have 'a child: so much the better. If 'it be a daughter, she will be genteel 'and amiable, like yourself; if it be 'a boy, he will be alert and joyous, 'like his father. It will be a treasure 'to us both. We will try who can 'love him best; and say what they 'will, he will know his father and 'mother by the tender care we shall take 'of him.' It was in vain that Lubin talked sense and reason; Annete was not at ease, and her uneasiness redoubled every day. She did not comprehend the discourse of the bailiff, and this very obscurity rendered his reproaches and menaces more terrible.

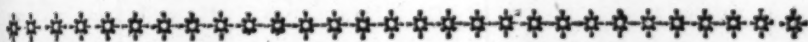
Lubin, who saw her consuming herself with sorrow, said to her one morning, 'My dear Annete, your grief will 'kill me; return to yourself, I beseech 'you. I have this night thought of an 'expedient which may relieve us. The 'parson told me, that if we were rich, 'the evil would be but half so great, 'and that by means of a good deal of 'money cousins drew themselves out of 'trouble; let us go and find out the 'lord of the manor: he is rich, and 'not proud; he is a father to us all; 'with him a shepherd is a man; and 'I have heard it said in the village, that 'he likes that they should get children. 'We will relate our adventure to him, 'and beg him to assist us in repairing 'the evil, if there be any.'—'What, 'would you dare?' said the shepherdess. 'Why not?' replied Lubin: 'my lord 'is goodness itself, and we should be 'the first unfortunate creatures whom 'he would have left without succour.'

Behold, then, Annete and Lubin directing their way towards the castle. They ask to speak with his lordship, and are permitted to appear. Annete, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and her hands placed one in another over her round little waist, makes a modest curtsey. Lubin makes a leg, and pulls off his hat, with the simple grace of Nature. 'My lord,' said he 'here is Annete 'big with child, saving your presence, 'and it is I alone who have done her 'that injury. Our judge says that we 'ought to be married, in order to get 'children; I desire him to marry us. 'He says that is impossible, because we 'are cousins; but I think the thing may 'be done, seeing that Annete is big 'with child, and that it is not more 'difficult to be a husband than a father. 'The bailiff sends us to the devil, and 'we recommend ourselves to you.' The good man had much ado to withhold laughing at Lubin's harangue. 'Children,' says he, 'the bailiff is right. 'But take courage, and tell me how 'the affair happened.' Annete, who had not thought Lubin's manner sufficiently touching; (for Nature teaches women the art of softening and gaining upon men, and Cicero is but a novice to a young female petitioner.) Annete then spoke. 'Alas, my lord!' said she, 'nothing is more plain or more natural 'than all that has happened to us. Lubin 'and I from our infancy kept sheep together: we caressed one another while 'infants; and when we see one another 'continually, we grow up without perceiving it. Our parents are dead; we 'were alone in the world. "If we "love not one another," said I, "who "will love us?"' Lubin said the same. 'Leisure, curiosity, and I know not 'what besides, made us try every method of testifying that we loved one 'another; and you see what has befallen 'us. If I have done ill, I shall die 'with sorrow. All that I desire is, to 'bring my child into the world, in order to console him when I shall be no 'more.'—'Ah, my lord,' said Lubin, bursting into tears, 'prevent Annete 'from dying. I should die too, and 'that would be a pity. If you knew 'how we lived together, you should 'have seen us before this old bailiff 'struck terror into our souls! it was 'then who should be gayest. See, now, 'how pale and sorrowful she is; she 'whose complexion could have defied 'all

all the flowers of the spring. What disheartens her most is, that they threaten her that her child will reproach her with it's birth.' At these last words, Annete was not able to contain her sobs. 'He will come, then,' said she, 'to reproach me in my grave. I only ask of Heaven to live long enough to give him suck; and may I die the instant he has no need of his mother!' At these words she covered her face with her apron, to hide the tears which overflowed it.

The wife and virtuous mortal, whose

succour they implored, had too much sensibility not to be touched with this affecting scene. 'Go, children,' said he, 'your innocence and love are equally respectable. If you were rich, you would obtain the permission of loving one another, and of being united. It is not just that your misfortune should be deemed a crime.' He disdained not to write to Rome in their favour, and Benedict XIV. consented with pleasure that these lovers should be made man and wife.



THE SAMNITE MARRIAGES.

AN ANCIENT ANECDOTE.

LET every legislator, who would assure himself of the hearts of men, begin by ranging the women on the side of the laws and manners; let him put virtue and glory under the guard of beauty, under the tutelage of love: without this agreement he is sure of nothing.

Such was the policy of the Samnites, that warlike republick which made Rome pass under the yoke, and was a long time her rival. What made a Samnite a warrior, a patriot, a man virtuous against every trial, was the care they took to attach to all these qualities the most valuable prize of love.

The ceremony of their marriages was celebrated every year in a wide place, destined for military exercises. All the youth, who were of a sufficient age to give citizens to the republick, assembled on a solemn day. There the young men chose their wives, according to the rank which their virtues and their exploits had given them in the annals of their country. We may easily conceive what a triumph this must be to those women who had the glory of being chosen by the conquerors; and how pride and love, those two springs of the human passions, gave force to virtues on which all their success depended. They expected every year the ceremony of their marriages with a timid impatience: till then the

young men and maidens of the Samnites never saw one another but in the temple, under the eyes of their mothers and prudent old men, with a modesty equally inviolable to both sexes. Indeed, this austere confinement was no restraint to the desires: the eyes and heart made a choice; but it was to the children a religious and sacred duty to confide their inclination to the authors of their days; a secret of this sort divulged was the shame of a family. This intimate communication of the dearest sentiment of their soul, this tender disclosure, which it was not permitted them to give to their desires, their regrets, their fears, but in the respectable bosom of Nature, rendered a father and mother the friends, the consolers, the support, of their children. The glory of some, the happiness of others, connected all the members of a family by the warmest interests of the human heart; and this society of pleasure and pain, cemented by habitude, and consecrated by duty, lasted till the grave. If the event did not answer their desires, an inclination which had not manifested itself abandoned it's object so much the easier, as it would have been in vain to have pursued it with obstinacy, and there was a necessity for it's giving place to the object of a new choice: for marriage was an act of duty in a citizen.

R

The

The legislator had wisely considered, that he who would not take a wife himself, depended in some measure on the wives of others: and in making a crime of adultery, he had made a duty of marriage. There was a necessity, therefore, of presenting themselves to the assembly as soon as they had attained the age pointed out by the laws, and of making a choice according to their rank, though it were not also according to their desires.

Among a warlike people, beauty, even in the weaker sex, has something fierce and noble, which favours of their manners. The chase was the most familiar amusement of the Samnite maidens; their skill in drawing the bow, their nimbleness in the race, are talents unknown among us. These exercises gave their persons a wonderful ease, and their action a freedom full of graces. Unarmed, modesty was painted on their countenances; as soon as they had fastened on their quivers, their head was erected with a warlike assurance, and courage sparkled in their eyes. The beauty of the men had a majestic and serious character; and the image of battles, for ever present to their imaginations, gave to their looks a grave, commanding, and savage boldness. Amidst this warlike youth was distinguished, by the delicacy of his features, his sensible and tender air, the son of the brave Telespon, one of the old Samnites who had fought best for liberty. This old man, in resigning up his arms to the hands of his son, had said to him, 'My son, I hear sometimes the old men, with an ill-natured raillery, telling me that I ought to clothe you like a woman, and that you would have made a pretty huntress. These railleries afflict your father; but he consoles himself in the hope that Nature has at least made no mistake in the heart which she has given you.'—'Take courage, my father,' replied the young man, piqued with emulation; 'these old men will, perhaps, be glad one day that their children follow my example; let them take me for a girl here, the Romans shall not be mistaken in me.' Agatis kept his word with his father, and displayed in his first campaigns an intrepidity, an ardour, which changed their railleries into encomiums. His companions said to one another with astonishment, 'Who would have thought

'this effeminate body was filled with so manly a courage? Cold, hunger, fatigue, nothing daunts him: with his touching and modest air he braves death full as well as we.'

One day, in presence of the enemy, Agatis seeing with composure a shower of arrows falling around him; 'You who are so handsome, how are you so brave?' said one of his companions, who was remarkable for his ugliness. At these words the signal for the attack was given. 'And you, who are so ugly,' replied Agatis, 'will you now see which of us two shall carry off the standard of the battalion we are going to charge?' He said; both of them spring forward; and, in the midst of the carnage, Agatis appears with the standard in his hand.

However, he now approached the age wherein he was to enter himself in the number of married persons; and, in the quality of father, to obtain that of citizen. The young damsels, who heard of his valour with esteem, and saw his beauty with a soft emotion, envied each other his looks. One alone at last attracted them, the beautiful Cephalis.

In her were assembled, in the highest degree, that modesty and boldness, those noble and touching graces, which characterize the Samnite beauties. The laws, as I have said, had not forbid the eyes to speak; and the eyes of love are very eloquent, when it has no other language. If you have sometimes seen lovers constrained by the presence of a severe witness, do not you admire with what rapidity the whole soul unfolds itself in the lightening of one fugitive glance? A look of Agatis declared his trouble, his fears, his hope, and the emulation of virtue and glory with which love had just enflamed his heart. Cephalis seemed to forbid her eyes to meet those of Agatis; but her eyes were sometimes a little slow in obeying her, and were not cast downwards till after they had been answered. One day especially, and it was that which decided the triumph of her lover; one day her looks being fixed upon him, after remaining for some time immoveable, were turned up towards Heaven with the most tender expression. 'Ah! I understand that with,' said the young man in himself. 'I understand it, and I will accomplish it. Charming maiden, have I flattered myself too much? Did not you

eyes, raised up to Heaven, beseech it to render me deserving of chusing you? Well, Heaven has listened to you; I feel it by the emotions of my soul. But, alas! all my rivals (and I shall have rivals without number) will dispute with me this honour: a brilliant action depends upon circumstances; should any one happier than I attain it, he has the honour of the first choice; and the first choice, beautiful Cephalis, cannot but fall upon you.'

These ideas engaged his attention without remission: they engaged also the attention of his mistress. 'If Agatis had to chuse,' said she, 'he would fix upon me; I dare believe it: I have observed him well, I have thoroughly read his soul. Whether he presents himself to my companions, or whether he speaks to them, he has not with them that complaisance, that sweet earnestness, which he betrays on seeing me. I perceive also that his voice, naturally soft and tender, has something still more sensible when he speaks to me. His eyes especially . . . Oh! his eyes have said to me what they say to no one else; and would it had pleased the gods that he were the only one who distinguished me from the crowd! Yes, my dear Agatis, it would be a misfortune to seem handsome to any other than thee. What comparison between him and those youths who terrify me while they seek me out with their eyes? Their murderous air frightens me. Agatis is valiant, but has nothing ferocious in him; even under arms, we see in him I know not what that is moving. He will perform prodigies of valour, I am sure; but after all, if fortune betrays love, and if some other has the advantage . . . that thought chills me with terror.'

Cephalis dissembled not her fears to her mother. 'Put up vows,' said she to her, 'put up vows for Agatis's glory; you will put them up for the happiness of your daughter. I think, I am sure he loves me; and can I not adore him? You know that he has the esteem of our elders; he is the idol of all my companions: I see their confusion, their blushes, their emotion at his approach; one word from his mouth fills them with pride.'—'Very well,' said her mother smiling, 'if he loves you, he will chuse you.'—'He

would chuse me, without doubt, if he had the right of chusing; but my mother—' 'But my daughter, he will have his turn.'—'His turn, alas! it will be a pretty time,' replied Cephalis, fixing her eyes on the ground. 'How, my daughter? Methinks, to hear you—the word is, who shall have you! You flatter yourself a little.'—'I do not flatter myself; I tremble; happy if I had known to please only him whom I shall always love!'

Agatis, on his side, the evening of the day on which he took the field, said to his father, embracing him, 'Adieu, dear author of my life; either you see me for the last time, or you shall see me again the most glorious of all the sons of the Samnites.'—'Well said, my boy: thus it is that a well-born son ought to take leave of his father. In reality, I see thee animated with an ardour that astonishes even myself; what propitious deities inspire thee?'—'What deities, my father? Nature and Love, the desire of imitating you, and of meriting Cephalis.'—'Oh! I understand; love is concerned in it: there is no harm in that. Come, tell me a little: I think I have sometimes distinguished your Cephalis among her companions.'—'Yes, my father, she is easily distinguished.'—'But do you know that she is very beautiful?'—'Beautiful! beautiful as glory.'—'I think I see her,' continued the old man, who took a delight in animating him; 'I see in her the figure of a nymph.'—'Ah, my father!' cried Agatis, 'you do a great deal of honour to the nymphs.'—'An elegant gait?'—'And still more noble.'—'A fresh complexion?'—'The rose itself.'—'Long tresses braided with grace?'—'And her eyes, my father, her eyes?'—'Oh! that you had seen them, when lifted up to Heaven after being fixed on me, they prayed for victory.'—'You are right, she is all charming; but you will have rivals.'—'Rivals! I have undoubtedly a thousand.'—'They will carry her off from you.'—'They will carry her off from me?'—'To tell you the truth, I am afraid of it; these Samnites are very brave young fellows!—'Oh! let them be as brave as you please; that is not what disturbs me. Let them but give me an opportunity of meriting Cephalis, you shall hear of me.'—'Telephon,

who till then had taken a delight in stimulating him, could no longer contain his tears. 'Ah! the rare present that Heaven makes us,' said he, embracing him, 'when he gives us a sensible heart! It is the principle of all the virtues. My dear child, you overwhelm me with joy. There remains still in my veins sufficient to make one campaign; and you promise me such fine things, that I will make this along with you.'

The day of departure, according to custom, the whole army filed off before the young maidens, who were ranged on the spot, to animate the warriors. The good old Telephon marched by his son's side. 'Ah, ah!' said the other old men, 'see Telephon is grown young again; where is he going then at his age?'—'To a wedding,' replied the good man; 'to a wedding.' Agatis made him remark Cephalis from afar, who towered above her companions with a grace perfectly celestial. His father, who had his eyes upon him, perceived, that in passing before her, that sweet and serene countenance was inflamed with a martial ardour, and became terrible as the countenance of Mars. 'Courage, my son!' said he to him; 'indulge thy passion, it becomes thee well.'

Part of the campaign passed between the Samnites and the Romans in observing each other, without coming to any decisive action. The strength of the two states consisted in their armies; and the generals on both sides acted like able officers. However, the young Samnites who were to marry, burned with impatience of coming to blows. 'I have done nothing yet,' said one, 'worthy to be inscribed in the annals of the republic; I shall have the shame of hearing myself named without any eulogy to distinguish me.'—'What pity,' said another, 'that they vouchsafe not to offer us an opportunity of signaling ourselves! I should have done wonders this campaign.'—'Our general,' said the greater part, 'will dishonour us in the eyes of our elders and wives. If he leads us back without fighting, they will have room to think that he mistrusted our valour.'

But the sage warrior, who was at their head, heard them unmoved. From his slowness and delays, he promised himself two advantages: one was to persuade the enemy that he was weak or fearful, and to engage him, in this con-

fidence, to an imprudent attack; the other, to suffer the impatience of his warriors to encrease, and to carry their ardour to excess before he risked a battle. Both these stratagems succeeded. The Roman general, haranguing his troops, pointed out to them the Samnites wavering, and ready to fly before them. 'The genius of Rome triumphs,' said he to them; 'that of our enemies trembles, and is not able to sustain our approach. Come on, brave Romans; if we have not the advantage of ground, that of valour makes it up to us: it is ours; let us march.'—'There they are,' said the Samnite general to his impatient youth; 'let us suffer them to approach within bow-shot, and you shall then have all the liberty imaginable to deserve your wives.'

The Romans advance; the Samnites wait them with firmness. 'Let us fall upon them,' said the Roman general; 'a still body cannot sustain the impetuosity of that which runs upon them.' On a sudden the Samnites themselves spring forward, with the rapidity of couriers when the barrier is opened to them. 'The Romans halt; they receive the shock without being broken or disordered; and the skilfulness of their chief changes on a sudden the attack to a defence. They fought a long time with incredible obstinacy: to conceive it, we must picture to ourselves men who had no other passions than love, nature, country, liberty, glory, defending in those decisive moments all those interests at once. In one of the redoubled attacks of the Samnites, old Telephon was dangerously wounded, as he fought by the side of his son. The youth, full of love for his father, seeing the Romans giving way in all parts, and thinking the battle won, pursued the invincible movement of nature, and drawing his father out of the tumult, helped him to drag himself to some distance from the place of combat. There, at the foot of a tree, he dressed, with tears, the deep wound of the venerable old man. While he was drawing the dart out of it, he heard near him the noise of a troop of Samnites, who had been repulsed. 'Whither are you going, my friends?' said he to them, quitting his father. 'You fly! this is your way. And perceiving the left wing of the Romans uncovered; 'Come on,' said he, 'let us attack their flank; they are

'vanquished, if you but follow me.' This rapid evolution struck terror into the bowing of the Roman army; and Agathis, seeing them put to the rout, 'Pursue,' said he, 'my friends! the road is open: I quit you for a moment, to go and assist my father.' Victory at last decided for the Samnites, and the Romans, too much enfeebled by their losses, were obliged to retire within their walls.

Telephon had fainted away through pain. The cares of his son re-animated him. 'Are they beaten?' demanded the old man. 'They are putting the finishing stroke to it,' said the young one; 'things are in a good posture.'—'If so,' said the old man, smiling, 'endeavour to recal me to life: it is sweet to conquerors; and I would see thee married.' The good man, for a long time, had not strength to say more; for the blood, which had flowed from his wound, had reduced him to extremity.

The Samnites, after their victory, busied themselves the whole night in succouring the wounded: they spared no pains to save the worthy father of Agathis; and he recovered, though with some difficulty, of his weakness.

The return from the campaign was the time of their marriages, for two reasons: one, that the reward of services done their country might follow them close, and that the example might thence have more force; the other, that during the winter the young husbands might have time to give life to new citizens, before they went to expose their own. As the deeds of this glowing youth had been more brilliant than ever, they thought proper to give more pomp and splendour to the feast, which was to be their triumph.

There were few maidens in the state, who had not, like Cephalis, some communication of sentiments and desires with some one of the young men; and each of them put up vows for him whose choice she hoped to fix, if he should have it in his power to chuse.

The place in which they were to assemble, was a vast amphitheatre, entered by triumphal arches, on which were seen hung up the spoils of the Romans. The young warriors were to repair there armed at all points; the young maidens with their bow and quiver, and as well clad as the simplicity of a state, in which luxury was unknown, permitted.

'Come, daughters,' said the mothers, eager to adorn them, 'you must present yourselves at this august feast, with all the charms that Heaven has been pleased to grant you. The glory of men is to conquer, that of women to please. Happy those who shall merit the wishes of these young and valiant citizens, who are now going to be adjudged the most worthy of giving defenders to the state! the palm of merit will shelter their habitation, the publick esteem will surround it. Their children will be the elder sons of their country, and it's most precious hope.' While they spoke thus, these tender mothers interweaved with vine-leaves and myrtle the beautiful tresses of these young virgins, and gave to the foldings of their veil that air and turn which was most favourable to the character of their beauty. From the knots of the girdle beneath the bosom, they created waves of the most elegant drapery; fixed the quiver on their shoulders; instructed them to present themselves with grace, leaning on the bow; and threw back their light robe negligently, above one of their knees, in order to give their gait more ease and majesty. This industry of the Samnite mothers was an act of piety; and gallantry itself, employed in the triumph of virtue, assumed the sacred character of it. The maidens, admiring themselves in the chrysal of the pure wave, never thought themselves sufficiently handsome; each of them exaggerated the advantages of her rivals, and dared no longer reckon upon her own.

But of all the wishes formed in that great day, there were none more ardent than those of the beautiful Cephalis. 'May the gods grant us our prayers,' said her mother to her, embracing her; 'but, my daughter, wait their will with the submission of an humble heart! if they have given you some charms, they know what value to set upon them. It is for you to crown their gifts with the graces of modesty. Without modesty, beauty may dazzle, but will never touch the heart. It is by this that it inspires a tender veneration, and obtains a kind of worship. Let this amiable modesty serve as a veil to desires, which, perhaps, may become extinct before the day closes, and give place to a new inclination.' Cephalis was not able to bear this idea without letting fall some tears. 'These tears,'

said

said her mother to her, 'are unworthy a Samnite maiden. Learn, that of all the young warriors now about to assemble, there is not one but has lavished his blood for our defence, and our liberty; that there is not one of them but merits you, and towards whom you ought to be proud of paying the debt due from your country. Think of that, dry up your tears, and follow me.'

On his side, the good old Telephon conducted his son to the assembly. 'Well,' said he, 'how goes thy heart?' 'I have been sufficiently pleased with you this campaign, and I hope they will speak well of it.'—'Alas!' said the tender and modest Agatis, 'I had but a moment for myself. I should perhaps have done something; but you were wounded. I owed all my attention to you. I do not reproach myself for having sacrificed my glory to you: I should be inconsolable for having betrayed my country; but I should have been no less so for having abandoned my father. Thank Heaven! my duties were not incompatible; the rest is in the hand of the gods.'—'How religious we are, when we are afraid!' said the old man, smiling. 'Confess that you were more resolute, when you went out to charge the Romans; but take courage, all will go well: I promise you a handsome wife.'

They repair to the assembly, where several generations of citizens, ranged in amphitheatre, formed a most awful sight. The circuit rounded off into an oval. On one side were seen the daughters at the feet of their mothers; on the other side, the fathers ranged above their sons: at one end sat the council of old men; at the other the youth not yet marriageable, placed according to the degrees of their age. The new-married pairs of the preceding years crowned the circle. Respect, modesty, and silence, reigned throughout. This silence was suddenly interrupted by the noise of warlike instruments, and the Samnite general was seen to enter environed with heroes, who commanded under him. His presence made all the assembly look down. He traverses the circuit, and goes to place himself with his retinue in the midst of the sages.

The annals of the republick are opened, and a herald reads with a loud voice, according to the order of time, the testi-

mony which the magistrates and generals had paid to the behaviour of the young warriors. He, who by any cowardice or baseness had set a blot upon his name, was condemned by the laws to the infamous punishment of celibacy, till he had redeemed his honour by some brave action: but nothing was more rare than such examples. A plain honesty, an irreproachable bravery, was the least praise that could be given a young Samnite: and it was a kind of shame to have done only one's duty. The greater part amongst them had given proofs of a courage, a virtue, which every where else would be deemed heroick, but which in the manners of that people were hardly to be distinguished, so familiar were they. Some of them raised themselves above their rivals by actions that were striking; but the judgment of the spectators became more severe in proportion as they received the report of virtues still more worthy of commendation; and those which had at first struck them, were effaced by greater strokes. The first campaigns of Agatis were of this number; but when they came to the recital of the last battle, and it was related how he had abandoned his father to rally his companions, and lead them back to the fight; this sacrifice of nature to his country carried all their suffrages: the tears ran from the eyes of the old men; those who surrounded Telephon embraced him with joy, those at a greater distance congratulated him by gesture and look. The good man smiled, and burst into tears; the very rivals of his son viewed him with respect; and the mothers, pressing their daughters in their arms, wished them Agatis for their husband. Cephalis, pale and trembling, dares not lift up her eyes: her heart, filled with joy and fear, had suspended its motion; her mother, who supported her on her knees, dares not speak to her, for fear of betraying her, and thinks she sees all eyes fixed upon her.

As soon as the murmur of the universal applause was appeased, the herald names Parmeno, and relates, that in the last battle, the courser of the Samnite general being thrown down under him, transfixd by a deadly shaft, and the hero in his fall being for a moment defenceless, a Roman soldier was on the point of piercing him with his javelin; when Parmeno, to save the chief's life, had exposed his own, by throwing him-

self

self before the blow, from which he had received a deep wound. 'It is certain,' said the general, addressing himself to the assembly, 'that this brave citizen made a buckler for me with his body; and if my life be of service to my country, it is a gift of Parmeno's.' At these words, the assembly, less moved, but not less astonished, at Parmeno's courage than that of Agatis, bestowed upon him the same eulogies; and the suffrages and good wishes were now divided between those two rivals. The herald, by order of the elders, commands silence; and those venerable judges get up to deliberate. Their opinions are opposed to each other for a long time with equal advantage. Some of them pretended, that Agatis ought not to have quitted his post to assist his father, and that he had done nothing but repair this fault by abandoning his father to rally his companions: but this unnatural sentiment was espoused by very few. The most aged of the elders then spoke, and said, 'Is it not virtue that we are to recompense? The point, then, is only to know which of these two emotions is the most virtuous; to abandon a dying father, or to expose one's own life. Our young warriors have both of them performed an action decisive with respect to the victory: it is for you, virtuous citizens, to judge which of the two it must have cost most. Of two examples equally serviceable, the most painful is that which must be most encouraged.'

Will it be believed of the manners of this people? It was decided with one voice, that it was braver to tear one's self from the arms of a dying father, whom we could succour, than to expose one's self to death, even though it were inevitable; and all the suffrages concurred in decreeing to Agatis the honour of the first choice. But the contest about to arise will appear still less probable. Their deliberations were carried on aloud; and Agatis had heard that the principles of generosity alone made the balance incline in his favour. There arose in his soul a reproach which made him ashamed. 'No,' said he in himself, 'it is a surprize; I ought not to make an ill use of it.' He asks leave to speak; they attend in silence. 'A triumph which I have not merited,' said he, 'would be the torment of my life; and in the arms of my virtuous

spouse, my happiness would be embittered by the crime of having obtained her unjustly. You think you crown in me the person who has done most for his country; ye wife Samnites, I must confess, that what I did, was not entirely done for that alone. I love, I longed to merit what I love; and if there is any glory redounds to me from a conduct which you vouch safe to commend, love divides it with virtue. Let my rival judge himself, and let him receive the prize, which I yield to him, if he has been more generous than I.' How is it possible to express the emotion which this confession caused in all hearts! On one side it tarnished the lustre of the actions of this young man; and on the other it gave to the character of his virtue something more heroick, more surprizing, more uncommon, than the most noble devotion of life. This stroke of frankness and candour produced, with regard to these young rivals, two very opposite effects. Some, admiring them with an undisguised joy, seemed to testify, by a noble assurance, that this example raised them above themselves; others, lost and confused, appeared to be overwhelmed, as by a weight above their strength. The matrons and virgins, in their hearts, unanimously gave the prize of virtue to him who had the magnanimity to declare, that he was not worthy of it: and the elders had their eyes fixed on Parmeno; who, with a composed countenance, waited till they should deign to hear him. 'I know not,' said he at last, addressing himself to Agatis, 'I know not to what degree the actions of men ought to be disinterested, in order to be virtuous. There is nothing, strictly speaking, but is done for our own satisfaction; but what I should not have done for mine, is the confession I have just heard; and even supposing that there may have been hitherto something more brave in my conduct than in yours, which is a point yet undecided, the severity with which you have just now judged yourself, raises you above me.'

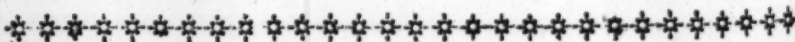
Here the elders, confounded, knew not which side to take: they had not even recourse to voices, in order to determine to whom to give the prize. It was decided by acclamation, that both of them merited it, and the honour of the second choice was now unworthy either of one

or the other. The most aged of the judges spoke again. 'Why delay,' said he, 'by our irresolutions, the happiness of our young people? Their choice is made in the bottom of their hearts; let them be permitted to communicate one to the other the secret of their desires: if the object of them be different, each, without precedency, will obtain the wife he loves; if it happen that they are rivals, the law of chance shall decide it; and there is no Samnite maiden but may glory in consoling the less successful of these two warriors.' Thus spoke the venerable Androgeus, and all the assembly applauded.

They cause Agatis and Parmeno to advance to the middle of the circus. They begin by embracing each other, and all eyes are bedewed with tears. Trembling each, they hesitate: they are afraid to name the wife of their desires; neither of them thinks it possible that the other can have made a choice different from his own. 'I love,' said Parmeno, 'the most accomplished of Heaven's works; grace and beauty itself.'—'Alas!' replied Agatis, 'you love her whom I adore: it is naming her, to paint her thus; the nobleness of her features, the gentle fire of her looks, I know not what of divinity in her shape and gait, sufficiently distinguish her from the crowd of Samnite maidens. How happy will one of us be, reduced to another choice!'—'You say true,' replied Parmeno, 'there is no happiness without Eliana.'—'Eliana, say you! What,' cried Agatis, 'is it the daughter of the wife Androgeus, Eliana, whom you love?'

—'And who then should I love?' said Parmeno, astonished at the joy of his rival. 'Eliana! not Cephalis!' resumed Agatis with transport. 'Ah! if so, we are happy: embrace me; you restore me to life.' By their embraces it was easy to judge that they were reconciled about their love. The elders ordered them to draw near; and, if their choice was not the same, to declare it aloud. At the names of Eliana and Cephalis, the whole amphitheatre resounded with shouts of applause. Androgeus and Telephon, the brave Eumenes, father of Cephalis, Parmeno's father, Melante, felicitated each other with that melting tenderness which mingles in the joy of old men. 'My friends,' said Telephon, 'we have brave children there: with what ardour are they going to beget others! When I think of it, I imagine myself to be still in the flower of my age. Paternal weakness apart, the day of marriages is a festival to me: I think it is I who marry all the virgins of the commonwealth.' While he spoke thus, the good man leaped with joy; and as he was a widower, they advised him to put himself again into the ranks. 'No raillery,' said he; 'if I were always as young, I might yet do something to speak of.'

They repaired to the temple to consecrate at the foot of the altar the ceremony of the marriages. Parmeno and Agatis were conducted together in triumph; and there was ordered a solemn sacrifice, to return thanks to the gods for having given to the republic two such virtuous citizens.



THE GOOD HUSBAND.

FELISONDE, one of those good fathers of a family who recal the golden age to our minds, had married his only daughter, Hortensia, to the Baron De Valsain; and his niece, Amelia, to the President De Lufane.

Valsain, gallant without assiduity, sufficiently tender without jealousy, too much taken up about his own glory and advancement to make himself the

guardian of his wife, had left her, upon the strength of her own vigour, to deliver herself up to the dissipations of a world, in which being launched himself, he took a delight in seeing her shine. Lufane, more retired, more assiduous, breathed only for Amelia; who, on her side, lived but for him. The mutual care of pleasing was their constant employment, and to them the most sacred

sacred of duties was the sweetest of pleasures.

Old Felisondewas enjoying the union of his family, when the deaths of Amelia and Valsain diffused sorrow and mourning over it. Lufane in his grief had not even the consolation of being a father: Valsain left Hortensia two children with very little to support them. The first sorrows of the young widow were only her husband; but we forget ourselves in vain, we return thither insensibly. The time of mourning was that of reflection.

At Paris, a young woman, resigned to dissipation, is exempt from censure as long as she is in the power of a husband; they suppose that the person most interested ought to be the most rigid, and what he approves they dare not blame; but, delivered up to herself, she falls again under the tutelage of a severe and jealous publick, and it is not at twenty-two that widowhood is a free state. Hortensia then saw clearly that she was too young to depend only on herself, and Felisonde saw it still clearer. One day this good father communicated his fears to his nephew Lufane. 'My friend,' said he, 'you are much to be pitied, but I am still more so. I have but one daughter; you know how I love her, and you see the dangers that she runs. The world, which has seduced her, invites her back again; her mourning over, she will resign herself to it; and I am afraid, old as I am, I may live long enough to have occasion to be ashamed. My daughter has a fund of virtue; but our virtue is within ourselves, and our honour, that honour so dear, is placed in the opinion of others.'—'I understand you, Sir; and to say the truth, I share your uneasiness. But can we not engage Hortensia to a new match?'—'Ha, my friend! what reasons she has to oppose me! two children, two children without fortune; for you know that I am not rich, and that their father was ruined.'—'No matter, Sir; consult Hortensia: I know a man, if it should be agreeable to her, who thinks justly enough, who has a heart good enough to serve as a father to her children.' The good old man thought he understood him, 'O, you,' said he to him, 'who formed the happiness of my niece Amelia, you whom I love as my own son;

'Lufane! Heaven reads in my heart—' But tell me, does the husband whom you propose know my daughter? Is not he afraid of her youth, her levity, the flight she has taken in the world?'—'He knows her as well as you do, and he esteems her no less.' Felisonde delayed not to speak to his daughter. 'Yes, my father, I agree,' said she, 'that my situation is delicate. To be observant of one's self, to be afraid of one's self without ceasing, to be in the world as before one's judge, is the lot of a widow at my age: it is painful and dangerous.'—'Well, then, daughter, Lufane has talked to me of a husband who would suit you.'—'Lufane, my father? Ah, if it be possible, let him give me one like himself! Happy as I was myself with Valsain, I could not help envying sometimes the lot of his wife.' The father, transported with her answer, went to give an account of it to his nephew. 'If you do not flatter me,' said Lufane, 'to-morrow we shall all be happy.'—'What, my friend, is it you?'—'I myself.'—'Alas! my heart had told me so.'—'Yes, it is I, Sir, who would console your old age, by bringing back to her duty a daughter worthy of you. Without giving into indecent extravagancies, I see that Hortensia has assumed all the airs, all the follies of a woman of fashion. Vivacity, caprice, the desire of pleasing and of amusements, have engaged her in the labyrinth of a noisy and frivolous acquaintance; the point is to withdraw her from it. To do that, I have occasion for a little courage and resolution: I shall have tears perhaps to contend with, and that is much for a heart so sensible as mine; nevertheless, I can answer for myself. But you, Sir, you are a father; and if Hortensia should come to complain to you——' 'Fear nothing; dispose of my daughter: I confide her to thy virtue; and if the authority of a husband be not enough, I resign to you that of a father.'

Lufane was received by Hortensia with the most touching graces. 'Think that you see in me,' said she to him, 'the wife that you have lost; if I take her place in your heart, I have nothing to regret.'

When they came to draw up the articles; 'Sir,' said Lufane to Felisonde,

'let us not forget that we have two orphans. Their father's estate has not permitted him to leave them a large inheritance; let us not deprive them of their mother's, nor let the birth of my children be a misfortune to them.' The old man was moved even to weeping with the generosity of his nephew, whom he called from that moment his son. Hortensia was not less sensible to the proceedings of her new husband. The most elegant equipage, the richest cloaths, the most precious trinkets, a house in which every thing breathed taste, elegance, wealth, proclaimed to this young lady a husband attentive to all her pleasures. But the joy she felt was not of long duration.

As soon as a calm had succeeded to the tumult of the wedding, Lusane thought it his duty to come to an explanation with her on the plan of life which he wanted to trace out to her. He took for this serious discourse the peaceful moment of her waking; that moment in which the silence of the senses leaves the reason it's perfect freedom, wherein the soul herself, lulled by the trance of sleep, seems to revive with pure ideas, and being wholly mistress of herself, contemplates herself, and reads in her own bosom, as we see to the bottom of a clear and smooth water.

'My dear Hortensia,' said he to her, 'I want you to be happy, and to be always so. But it will cost you some slight sacrifices, and I had much rather ask them plainly of you, than engage you to them by indirect methods, which would shew distrust.'

'You have passed with the Baron De Valsain some agreeable years. Made for the world, and for pleasures, young, brilliant, and dissipated himself, he inspired you with all his tastes. My character is more serious, my condition more modest, my temper a little more severe; it is not possible for me to assume his manners, and I believe it is the better for you. The path you have yet followed is strewn with flowers and snares; that which we are going to pursue has fewer attractions and fewer dangers. The charm which surrounded you would have been dissipated with youth; the serene days I prepare for you will be the same in all seasons. It is not in the midst of the world that an honest woman finds happiness; it is in the midst of her

own family, in the love of her duties the care of her children, and the intimate commerce of a worthy set of acquaintance.'

The preamble gave Hortensia some surprize; above all, the word *family* startled her ear; but assuming a tone of raillery, 'I shall become, perhaps, some day or other,' said she, 'an excellent manager of a family; at present I know nothing of it. My duty is to love you, I fulfil it; my children do not yet want me: as to my acquaintance, you know that I see none but genteel people.'—'Let us not confound, my dear, genteel people with good people.'—'I understand your distinction; but in point of acquaintances, we ought not to be so difficult. The world, such as it is, amuses me; and the way of living in it has nothing incompatible with the decency of your condition: it is not I who wear the robe, and I do not see why Madame Lusane should be more obliged to be a mope than Madam De Valsain. Be, then, my dear president, as grave as you please; but do not take it amiss that your wife be giddy a few years longer: every age will bring it's likings along with it.'—'It is pity,' replied Lusane, 'to bring you back to seriousness, for you are a charming trifler. There is a necessity, however, for talking reason to you. In the world, do you love without distinction every thing that composes it?'—'Not separately; but the medley pleases me well enough all together.'—'What of the dealers in scandal, for instance?'—'The scandal-mongers have their charms.'—'They give a ridiculous turn to the plainest things, a criminal air to the most innocent, and publish, with exaggeration, the foibles or irregularities of those whom they have just flattered.'—'It is true, that at the first glance we are frightened at these characters, but at bottom they are very little dangerous: from the moment that we rail at all the world, railing does no harm: it is a species of contagion which weakens in proportion as it extends itself.'—'And those fops, whose very looks are an insult to a virtuous woman, and whose conversation dishonours her, what say you to them?'—'One never believes them.'—'I would not imitate them in speaking ill of your sex: there are many

'many valuable women, I know, but there are——!—' 'Just as it is amongst you, a mixture of virtues and vices.'—'Very well; and what prevents our making a choice in this mixture?'—'We *do* make one intimacy, but in the world we live with the world.'—'But I, my dear, I would live only with people, who by their manners and character are deserving to be my friends.'—'Your friends, Sir, your friends! and how many of them have we in life?'—'A great many, when we are worthy, and know how to cultivate them. I speak not of that generous friendship, the devotion of which proceeds almost to heroism; I call those friends who come to me with the desire of finding joy and peace, disposed to pardon my foibles, to conceal them from the eyes of the publick, to treat me when present with frankness, when absent with tenderness. Such friends are not so rare; and I presume to hope, that I shall have such.'—'With all my heart; we will introduce our several acquaintance to each other.'—'I will not have two sets of acquaintance.'—'What, Sir, will not your door be open?'—'Open to my friends, always: to every comer, never, I give you my word.'—'No, Sir; I will not suffer you to revolt against the publick by odious distinctions. We may not love the world, but we ought to fear it, and not offend it.'—'Oh, be easy, my dear, that is my concern: they will say that I am a brute; jealous, perhaps; that signifies little to me.'—'It signifies to me. I would have my husband be respected, and not have cause to reproach me with having made him the town-talk. Form your own company as you shall think proper, but leave me to cultivate my old acquaintance, and prevent the court and town from letting their tongues loose upon you.'

Lufane admired the address of a young woman in defending her liberty. 'My dear Hortensia,' said he to her, 'it is not, as a whim, that I have taken my resolution: it is upon thorough consideration, you may believe me, and nothing in the world can change it. Choose, among the persons whom you see, such a number of decent women and prudent men as you shall think proper, my house shall be theirs; but

that choice made, take leave of the rest. I will join my friends to yours: our two lists united shall be deposited with my porter for his constant rule; and if he deviates from it, he shall be discharged. This is the plan I propose to myself, and which I wanted to communicate to you.'

Hortensia remained confounded at seeing all her fine projects vanish in a moment. She could not believe that it was Lufane, that gentle and complaisant man, who had just been talking to her. 'After this,' said she, 'who can trust men? see the tone this man assumes! with what composure he dictates his will to me! To see only virtuous women, and accomplished men! a fine chimera! And then the amusing society which this circle of respectable friends must afford! *Such is my plan*,' said he, as if there was nothing but to obey when he had said it. See how we spoil them. My cousin was a good little woman, who moped as much as he pleased. She was as happy as a queen the moment her husband deigned to smile upon her, and quite transported with one caress, she would come to me and boast of him as a divinity. He believes, without doubt, that according to her example I shall have nothing else to do but to please him: he is mistaken, and if he intends to put me in leading-strings, I will let him see that I am no longer a child.'

From that moment, to the joyous, free, and endearing manner which she had observed with Lufane, succeeded a cold and reserved air, which he saw plain enough, but took no notice of it to her. She had not failed to make her marriage known to that swarm of slight acquaintances, who are called friends. They came in crowds to congratulate her, and Lufane could not decline returning with her those visits of ceremony; but he infused into his politeness such striking distinctions, that it was not difficult for Hortensia to discern those whom he wished to see again.

In this number was not included one Olympia, who, with a sovereign contempt for the opinion of the publick, pretends that every thing which pleases is right, and joins the example to the precept; nor one Climene, who does not know why a woman should make any scruple to change her lovers when she is

tired of the man she has taken, and thinks the timid precautions of secrecy too much beneath her quality. In this number were not included those smart toilette and scene hunters, who leading in Paris a life of idleness and inutility, (*grubs in the morning, and butterflies in the evening**) pass one half of their time in having nothing to do, and the other half in doing nothing; nor those obliging gentry by profession, who having no personal existence in the world, attach themselves to a handsome woman to pass for one of her dangles, and who ruin her in order to support themselves.

Hortensia retired to her own apartment uneasy and pensive. She thought she saw herself on the point of being deprived of every thing that makes life agreeable: vanity, a taste for pleasure, the love of liberty, every thing revolted against the empire which her husband wanted to assume. However, having armed herself with resolution, she thought it her duty to dissemble for a time, the better to chuse the moment of breaking out.

The next day Lufane asked her if she had made out her list. 'No, Sir,' said she, 'I have not, and shall not make any.'—'Here is mine,' continued he, without any discomposure; 'see, if in the number of your friends and of mine I have forgot any one you like, and that is fit for us.'—'I have told you, Sir, that I shall not meddle in your arrangements, and I beg of you, once for all, not to interfere in mine. If our acquaintance do not suit, let us do like all the rest of the world: let us divide them without constraining ourselves. Have those whom you like to dinner; I will have those whom I like to supper.'—'Ah, my dear Hortensia! what you propose to me is far from my principles. Do not think of it: never in my house shall such a custom take place. I will make it as agreeable as I can to you; but no distinction, if you please, between your friends and mine. This evening all whom this list contains are invited to sup with you. Receive them well, I beseech you, and prepare yourself to live with them.' At these

words he retired, leaving the list for Hortensia to peruse. 'There,' said she, 'his law is laid down!' And running it over, she was encouraging herself not to submit to it, when the Countess De Fierville, Valsain's aunt, came to see her, and found her with tears in her eyes. This haughty woman had taken Hortensia into her friendship, and as she flattered her inclinations, had gained her confidence. The young lady, whose heart stood in need of consolation, told her the cause of her chagrin. 'How! what!' cried the countess, 'after having had the folly to dispose of yourself so unsuitably, will you also be so weak as to degrade yourself? You a slave! and to whom? a man of the robe! Remember that you have had the honour to be Madam De Valsain.' Hortensia was now ashamed of having had the weakness to expose her husband. 'Though he might be in the wrong,' said she, 'that should not hinder me from respecting him: he is the honestest man in the world, and what he has done for my children—' 'An honest man! and who is not so? That is a merit to be met with in every street. And what has this honest man done so wonderful for your children? He has not robbed them of their fortune. To be sure it would have been worth while to have abused your father's weakness! No, Madam, he has not acquired the right of talking so magnificently. Let him preside in his own court, but leave you to command at home.' At these words, Lufane entered. 'In my house, Madam, it is neither my wife nor I that commands, it is reason; and probably it is not you that she will chuse for an arbitress.'—'No, Sir!' replied the countess, with a commanding tone, 'it is not for you to make laws for this lady. You have heard me, and I am glad of it: you know my opinion of the absurdity of your proceedings.'—'Madam,' replied Lufane, 'if I were as wrong as you suppose me, I am not to be corrected by affronts. Gentleness and modesty are the arms of your sex, and Hortensia by herself is much more powerful than with your assist-

* *Grubs in the morning, and butterflies in the evening.*] *Chevilles le matin, et papillons le soir.* The humour of this passage, being in some degree local, cannot be entirely preserved in the translation. It is an allusion to dress, *en cheville*, being at Paris a common cant phrase for a morning dishabille.

ance. Leave our agreements to ourselves, since we are the persons who must live together. Though you should have rendered her duties odious to her, you could not have dispensed with her fulfilling them; though you should have made her lose the confidence and friendship of her husband, you could not have made her amend for them. Spare her that advice which she neither will nor ought to follow. To another they might have been dangerous; to her, thank Heaven! they are only useless.—Hortensia, added he, going, 'you have not desired to give me uneasiness, but let this serve you as a lesson.'—'See how you defend yourself!' said Madam De Fierville to Hortensia, who had not even dared to lift up her eyes. 'Obey, my dear, obey! It is the portion of weak souls.' 'Good Heaven!' said she going out, 'I am the gentlest, the most virtuous woman on the face of the earth; but if a husband had dared to treat me thus, I should have taken an handsome revenge of him!' Hortensia had scarce strength enough to get up to attend Madam De Fierville, so great was her terror and confusion. She perceived the advantage that her imprudence gave her husband; but, far from availing himself of it, he did not even so much as reproach her with it; and his delicacy punished her more than his resentment would have done.

In the evening, the visitors being assembled, Lufane seized the moment when his wife was yet in her own apartment. 'Here,' said he to them, 'is the rendezvous of friendship: if you like it, come often, and let us pass our life together.' They all replied with one voice, that they desired nothing better. 'There,' continued he, presenting to them the good Felisonde, 'there is our worthy and tender father, who will be the soul of our pleasures. At his age, joy has something more sensible and tender in it than in youth, and nothing is more amiable than an amiable old man. He has a daughter whom I love, and whom I would make happy. Assist me, my friends, to keep her among us; and let love, nature, and friendship, conspire to render her house every day more agreeable to her. She entertains for the world the prepossessions of her age; but when we shall have tasted the

charms of a virtuous society, this vain world will touch her but little.' While Lufane spoke thus, old Felisonde could not refrain letting fall some tears. 'O, my friend!' said he, clasping him in his arms; 'happy the father, who at his death can leave his daughter in such good hands!'

The instant after arrived Madam De Lufane. All hearts flew out to meet her; but her own was not easy. She disguised her ill temper under the reserved air of ceremony; and her politeness, though grave, still appeared amiable and touching; such a gift have the natural graces of embellishing every thing.

They played. Lufane made Hortensia observe that all his company played low. 'It is,' said he, 'the way to maintain union and joy. High play prepossesses and alienates our minds; it afflicts those who lose; it imposes on those who win the duty of being grave, and I think it incompatible with the openness of friendship.' The supper was delicious: transport and good-humour were diffused round the table. The heart and the mind were at ease: the gallantry was such as modesty might smile at, and neither decency nor liberty were under restraint.

Hortensia in another situation would have relished these tranquil pleasures; but the idea of constraint which the attached to them embittered their sweetness.

The day after, Lufane was surprized to find her of a freer and pleasanter air: he suspected that she had taken some new resolution. 'What shall we do to-day?' said he. 'I am going to the play,' said she, 'and I shall come home to supper.'—'Very well; and who are the ladies you are going with?'—'Two of Valsain's friends, Olympia and Artenice.'—'It is cruel to me,' said the husband, 'to be obliged to give you uneasiness continually; but why, Hortensia, will you expose me to it? Do you think me so inconsistent in the principles I have laid down, as to consent that you should be seen in publick with those women?'—'To be sure you must consent to it, for the party is settled, and I shall certainly not fail in it.'—'Pardon me, Madam; you shall fail in it, that you may not fail in the regard due to yourself.'—'Is it failing in regard to myself to see women whom all the world sees?'—

'Yes,

‘Yes, it is to expose yourself to be confounded with them in the opinion of the publick.’—‘The publick, Sir, is not unjust; and in the world all persons answer for themselves.’—‘The publick, Madam, supposes with reason, that those who are allied in pleasures, are allied in manners, and you ought not to have any thing in common with Olympia and Artenice. If you would not break off with them too abruptly, there is a way; excuse yourself only from the play, and invite them to supper: my door shall be shut against all my friends, and we will be alone with them.’—‘No, Sir! no!’ said she to him with ill-humour; ‘I will not abuse your complaisance.’ And she writ to disengage herself. Nothing had cost her so much as this billet: tears of anger bedewed it, ‘To be sure,’ said she, ‘I care very little for these women; the play interests me still less: but to see one’s self opposed in every thing; never to have a will of one’s own! to be subjected to that of another! to hear him dictating his laws to me with an insulting tranquillity! that is what drives me mad, and what will make me capable of every thing.’

It was certain, however, that the tranquillity of Lusane was far from having an insulting air, and it was easy to see that he did violence to himself. His father-in-law, who came to sup with him, perceived the melancholy into which he was plunged. ‘Ah, Sir!’ said Lusane to him, ‘I see that I have entered into an engagement with you very painful to fulfil!’ He told him what had happened. ‘Courage, my friend,’ said this good father to him, ‘let us not be discouraged; if it pleases Heaven, you will render her worthy your cares and love. In pity to me, in pity to my daughter, maintain your resolution. I am going to see her, and if she complain—’ ‘If she complain,’ console her, Sir, and appear sensible to her grief: her reason will be more tractable when her heart is comforted. Let her hate me just at present; I expected it, and am not surprized at it; but if the bitterness of her temper should alter the sentiments of nature in her soul, if her confidence in you should be weakened, all would be lost. The goodness of her heart is my only resource, and it is only by an unalter-

able gentleness that we can prevent her being exasperated. After all, the trials to which I put her are grievous at her time of life, and you must be her support.’

These precautions were useless; whether from vanity or delicacy, Hortensia had the power to conceal her chagrin from the eyes of her father. ‘A good sign,’ said Lusane; ‘she knows how to subdue herself; and there are none but weak souls of whom we ought to despair.’ The day following they dined together alone, and in the most profound silence. At their getting up from table, Hortensia ordered the horses to be put to. ‘Where are you going?’ said her husband. ‘To make an excuse, Sir, for the rudeness I was guilty of yesterday.’—‘Go, Hortensia, since you will have it so; but if my repose be dear to you, take your last leave of those women.’

Artenice and Olympia, to whom Madam De Fierville had related the scene she had had with Lusane, suspected that it was he who had hindered Hortensia from going to the play with them. ‘Yes,’ said they to her, ‘it was he; we saw him but for a minute, but we have formed our opinion of him: he is a morose, absolute man, and one who will make you unhappy.’—‘He has talked to me hitherto only in the style of friendship. It is true, that he has his particular principles, and a way of living but little compatible with the customs of the world, but—’ ‘But let him live by himself,’ replied Olympia; ‘and let him leave us to amuse ourselves in peace. Do you ask him to follow you? A husband is the man in the world we can best spare, and I do not see why you have occasion for his advice to receive whomsoever you think proper, and to go and see whom you please.’—‘No, Madam,’ said Hortensia to her, ‘it is not so easy as you imagine, to put one’s self, at my age, above the will of a husband who has behaved so well to me.’—‘She gives way: see, she is quite tamed,’ replied Artenice. ‘Ah, my dear! you do not know what it is to yield once to a man, with whom one is to pass one’s life. Our husbands are our tyrants if they are not our slaves. Their authority is a torrent which swells as it runs; we can stop it only at its source; and I speak from

from experience: for having been guilty of an unfortunate complaisance to my husband twice, I have been for six months together obliged to struggle with him for the ascendancy which my weakness had given him; and but for an unparalleled effort of courage it would have been all over with me, I was a gone woman.'—'That depends upon tempers,' said Hortensia; 'and my husband is not one of those who are to be brought down by obstinacy.'—'Undeceive yourself,' replied Olympia; 'there is not one whom gentleness ever reconciles; it is by opposing them that we rule them; it is by the dread of ridicule and shame that we hold them: what are you afraid of? We are very strong when we are handsome, and have nothing to reproach ourselves. Your cause is that of all the women; and the men themselves, the men who know how to live, will be on your side.' Hortensia objected the example of her cousin, whom Lusane had made happy. They replied, that her cousin was a weak woman; that if the life which she had led was a good one to her, it was because she knew no better; but that a woman, launched into the great world, who had tasted the charms of it, and formed it's ornament, was not made to bury herself in the solitude of her own house, and the narrow circle of an obscure acquaintance. They talked to her of a superb ball which the Duchess of — was to give the next day. 'All the handsome women will be invited there,' said they to her: 'if your husband prevents your going, it is a stroke that will cry out for vengeance; and we advise you, as friends, to seize that occasion to make a noise, and to part.'

Though Hortensia was very far from wishing to follow these violent counsels, she still retained a bitterness in her soul, at seeing that her unhappiness was going to be known in the world, and that they would look for her in vain at those feasts where but for this she would have seen herself adored. On her return home, a card was put into her hands; she read it with impatience, and sighed after having read it. Her trembling hand still held it, when her husband accosted her. 'It is,' said she to him carelessly, 'a card of invitation to the Duchess of —'s ball.' 'Well, Madam!'—'Well, Sir, I shall

not go: be easy.'—'Why, then, Hortensia, deprive yourself of decent pleasures? Have I forbid them you? The honour that is done you, pleases me as much, and more than it does yourself: go to the ball, eclipse every thing there that is most lovely; that will be a triumph to me.' Hortensia was not able to dissemble her surprize and joy. 'Ah, Lusanel!' said she to him, 'why are you not always the same?' 'There now is the husband I promised myself. I recover him now; but is it for a long time?' Lusane's company assembled in the evening, and Hortensia was adorable. They proposed suppers, parties to the play; she engaged herself to them with the best grace. Cheerful with the men, engaging with the women, she charmed them all. Lusane alone dared not yet deliver himself up to the joy which she inspired; he foresaw that this good-humour would not continue long without clouds. In the mean time he said just one word to his valet de chambre; and the next day when his wife asked for her domino, it was like a surprize in a play. They presented her with a dress for the ball, which the hand of Flora seemed to have varied with the most beautiful colours of the spring; those flowers in which the art of Italy equals nature, and deceives the ravished eyes, those flowers ran in garlands over the light waves of a silk tissue of the most brilliant freshness. Hortensia, in love with her dress, her husband, and herself, could not conceal her transport. Her glass being consulted, promised her the most striking successes, and that oracle never deceived her: accordingly, on appearing at the assembly, she enjoyed the flattering emotion occasioned by unanimous admiration; and to a young woman, this ebb and flow, this murmur, have all together something so touching! It is easy to judge that at her return Lusane was pretty well treated; it seemed as if she wanted to paint all the transports which she had raised. At first he received her caresses without reflection, for the wisest sometimes forget themselves; but when he recollected himself, 'A ball,' said he, 'a domino, turns this young head! Ah! what conflicts have I yet to sustain before I see her such as I could wish her!'

Hortensia had seen at the ball all those giddy young people, from whom her husband

husband wanted to detach her. 'He does right,' said they to her, 'to grow reasonable, and to restore you to your friends: he was going to become the publick jest, and we had made a league to distress him wherever he appeared; tell him then, for his own ease, to vouchsafe to let us see you. If we have the unhappiness to displease him, we give him leave to put himself under no restraint; but let him be contented with rendering himself invisible, without requiring that his wife should be so.' Intimidated by these menaces, Hortensia gave her husband to understand, that they took it ill that his door was shut against them, that people of fashion complained of it, and proposed to remonstrate even to him upon it. 'If they do,' said he, 'I will teach them how to take their revenge on me: let each of them marry a handsome woman, live at home with their friends, and shut their doors in my face every time that I go to trouble them.'

Some days after, two of these young fellows, piqued at not having been able to introduce themselves to Hortensia, saw Lufane at the opera, and went up to him, in order to ask him the reason of the rude behaviour of his Swiss. 'Sir,' said the Chevalier De St. Placide to him, 'have they told you that the Marquis De Cirval and myself have been twice at your house?'—'Yes, gentlemen, I know that you have given yourselves that trouble.'—'Neither yourself nor your lady were to be seen.'—'That is very often the case.'—'Yet you see company.'—'Only friends.'—'We are Hortensia's friends, and in Valfain's time we always saw her.'—'Ah, Sir! what an agreeable man was Valfain! she has not lost by the exchange; but he was the gentlest, the most complaisant of all husbands.'—'I know it.'—'He, for example, was not jealous.'—'Happy man!—You speak as if you envied him; can it be true, as they say, that you are not so easy?'—'Ah, gentlemen, if ever you marry, take care you do not love your wives; it is a cruel thing, this jealousy!'—'What, are you really come to that?'—'Alas! yes, for my sins.'—'But Hortensia is so virtuous!'—'I know it.'—'She lived like an angel with Valfain.'—'I hope she will live the same with me too.'—'Why, then, go her the injustice of being jealous?'

—'It is an involuntary emotion, which I cannot account for.'—'You confess, then, it is a folly?'—'To such a degree, that I cannot see near my wife any man of a handsome figure, or distinguished merit, but my head turns; and this is the reason that my gate is shut against the most amiable people in the world.'—'The marquis and I,' said the chevalier, 'are not dangerous, and we hope—' 'You, gentlemen, you are among those who would make me unhappy all my life. I know you too well not to fear you: and since I must confess it, I have myself required of my wife that she should never see you again.'—'But, Mr. President, that is but a sorry kind of a compliment.'—'Ah, gentlemen, it is the most agreeable one that a jealous husband can make you.'—'Chevalier,' said the marquis, when Lufane had quitted them, 'we wanted, I thought, to make a jest of this man.'—'That was my design.'—'I am afraid, God forgive me, that he makes a jest of us.'—'I have some suspicion of it; but I will take my revenge on him.'—'How?'—'As men revenge themselves on a husband.'

The same evening, at supper, at the Marchioness of Bellune's, they represented Lufane as the most odious of men. 'And the little woman,' said the marchioness, 'has the meanness to suffer him to restrain her? Ah! I will give her a lesson.' Madam De Bellune's house was the rendezvous of all the giddy people both of city and court, and her secret for drawing them together was to assemble the handsomest women. Hortensia was invited to a ball which she gave. There was a necessity of acquainting Lufane with it beforehand; but without having any appearance of asking his consent, she just dropped a word *en passant*. 'No, my dear,' said Lufane to Hortensia, 'Madam De Bellune's house is in a style that does not suit you. Her ball is a rendezvous at which you ought not to be. The publick is not obliged to believe you more infallible than another, and in order to prevent all suspicion of miscarriage, the surest way is to avoid the hazard of it.' The young woman, so much the more irritated at this refusal, as she did not expect it, burst into complaints and reproaches. 'You abuse,' said she to him,

the authority which I have confided to you; but beware of driving me to extremities.'— 'I understand you, Madam,' replied Lufane to her, in a firmer and graver tone; 'but as long as I esteem you, I shall not fear this menace, and I should fear it still less, if I were to cease to esteem you.' Hortensia, who had annexed no idea to the words that had just escaped her, blushed at the meaning they seemed to carry with them, and replied only by tears. Lufane seized the moment when resentment yielded to confusion. 'I grow odious to you,' said he, 'yet what is my crime? that of saving your youth from the dangers which surround it, of detaching you from that which might cast a blemish—I do not say on your innocence, but on your reputation; of wanting to make you love soon what it is necessary that you must love always.'— 'Yes, Sir, your intentions are good; but you have a bad method of carrying them into execution. You want to make me love my duty, and you make a slavery of it: there may be some ill consequences to be foreseen in my connections; but I must dissolve instead of breaking them, and detach myself insensibly from the people who displease you, without making you an object of ridicule, by imprisoning me in my own house.'— 'When the ridicule is without foundation,' replied Lufane, 'it recoils on those who give it. The prison of which you complain is the asylum of virtue, and will also be that of peace and happiness, whenever you shall think proper to make it so. You upbraid me with not having used a little delicacy towards these people and yourself; I have had my reasons for cutting to the quick. I know that at your time of life the contagion of fashion, example, and habitude, make new progress every day; and that without cutting off all communication, there is no way of guarding against it. It gives me inexpressible uneasiness to talk to you in an absolute tone; but it is my affection for you that gives me the courage: a friend ought to know on occasion how to contradict a friend. Be well assured, then, that as long as I love you, I shall have the strength to resist you; and woe to you, if I abandon you!'— 'Woe to me!

you esteem me very little if you think me lost the moment you cease to lead me in a string. No, Sir, I knew how to conduct myself long ago; and Val-sain, who did me justice, never had occasion to repent of his confidence. I own to you, that in my husband I did not intend to create myself a tyrant. In order to submit to your will, one ought to have a strength or a weakness which I have not; all the denials you impose on me are grievous, and I will never accustom myself to them.'

Lufane, left alone to himself, reproached himself for the tears he had made her shed. 'What have I undertaken?' said he, 'and what a trial to my soul! I her tyrant! I, who love her more than my life, and whose heart is torn in pieces with her complaints! If I persist, I drive her to distraction, and if I give way one single moment, I lose the fruit of my perseverance. One step into this round of company, which she loves, will engage her in it anew. I must support this cruel character, this character so much more cruel to myself than to her.'

Hortensia passed the night in the greatest trouble: all violent measures presented themselves to her mind; but the probity of her mind shuddered at them. 'Why discourage myself?' said she, when her wrath was a little appeased: 'this man commands himself, and rules me because he does not love me; but if he should ever come to love me, I should soon reign in my turn. Let me use the only arms Nature has given me, gentleness and seduction.'

Lufane, who had not closed his eyes, came to ask her in the morning, with an air of friendship, how she had passed the night. 'You know how,' said she to him; 'you who take a pleasure in disturbing my repose. Ah, Lufane! was it for you to be the cause of my unhappiness? who could have told me that I should have repented of a choice which I made with such a good will, and such good intentions?' In pronouncing these words, she had stretched out her hand to him; and two eyes, the most eloquent that love ever yet made speak, reproached him for his ingratitude. 'My better half,' said he to her, embracing her, 'believe that I have placed all my glory and happi-

'ness in making you happy. I would have your life strewn with flowers; but permit me to pluck away the thorns. With for what may never cost you any regret, and be assured it shall be fulfilled in my soul, as soon as formed in thine. The law which I impose upon you is only your own will: not that of the moment, which is a whim, a caprice; but that which will arise from reflection and experience, that which you will have ten years hence. I entertain for you the tenderness of a lover, the frankness of a friend, and the uneasy vigilance of a father: there is my heart; it is worthy of you; and if you are still unjust enough to complain of it, you shall not long have occasion to do so.' This discourse was accompanied with the most touching marks of a passionate love, and Hortensia appeared sensible of them. Eight days passed away in the best understanding, in the most intimate union that could reign between two married people. To the charms of beauty, of youth, Hortensia joined the enchantment of those timid caresses, which love, in conjunction with duty, seems to steal from modesty. It is the finest of all toils to emmesh a tender heart. But was all this really sincere? Lusane thought so; I think so too. After all, she would not be the first woman who should have made her inclination agree with her views, and her policy with her pleasures.

In the mean time they approach those days consecrated to folly and joy, during which we are as foolish, but much less joyous than our fathers. Hortensia gave some intimation to Lusane of her desire to give an entertainment, in which musick should precede a supper, which should be followed by a dance. Lusane consented with the best grace in the world, but not without precaution: he agreed with his wife on the choice and number of persons whom she should invite; and according to this arrangement the cards were distributed.

The day arrives, and every thing is prepared with the attention of a magnificent lover; but that very morning the Swiss asks to speak to his master. 'Besides those who shall come with cards, it is my lady's pleasure,' said he to him, 'that I admit all who come to the ball. Is that your intention, Sir?'—'To be sure,' said Lusane, concealing his surprise, 'and you ought not to doubt but

'I approve what your lady orders.' He then went directly to her, and having told her what had just happened; 'You have exposed yourself,' said he, 'to be put to shame before your servants; you have hazarded what a woman cannot too much conciliate, the confidence of your husband. Is it for you, Hortensia, to make use of surprise towards me? Were I less persuaded of the probity of your soul, what an opinion would you give me of it, and what would have been the consequence of this imprudence? The pleasure of afflicting me for a moment, and of making me more mistrustful of you than I would wish to be. Ah! suffer me to esteem you for ever, and respect yourself as much as I respect you! I will not humble you by revoking the order you have given, but you will give me unspeakable uneasiness if you do not revoke it yourself, and your conduct this day shall be my rule all my life.'—'I have committed a fault,' said she; 'I see it, and I will repair it. I will send word that I shall have neither musick, nor supper, nor ball, to-night; I would not wear an appearance of joy when I have a deadly grief in my heart. The publick shall know that I am unhappy, for I am weary of dissimulation.' Lusane then falling at her feet; 'If I loved you less,' said he, 'I should yield to your reproaches; but I adore you, I will subdue myself: I shall die of grief to be hated by my wife, but I cannot live in the shame of having betrayed her by abandoning her. I took a sensible pleasure in giving you an entertainment; you refuse it, because I exclude what is not worthy to approach you; you declare to me from thence, that a frivolous world is dearer to you than your husband: it is enough; I will go and give notice that the entertainment will not take place.' Hortensia, moved to the bottom of her soul with what she had just heard, and more touched still with the tears that she had seen trickle from his eyes, recollected herself. 'What am I going to persist in?' said she; 'are the people, whom he wants me to detach myself from, my friends? Would they sacrifice the slightest of their interests to me? and yet for them I lose the quiet of my life; I trouble it, I embitter it, I renounce every thing

‘ thing that can form it’s happiness. It is spite, it is vanity, that inspire me. Have I even chosen to examine whether my husband was right? I have seen nothing but the humiliation of obeying. But who shall command, if it be not the wisest? I am a slave; and who is not so, or who ought not to be so, to their duties? I call an honest man a tyrant, who conjures me with tears in his eyes to take care of my reputation! where then is that pride with which I reproach him? Ah! I should perhaps be much to be pitied if he were as weak as I. I afflict him in the very moment that he had shewn the most delicate attention to spare me! These are injuries, these are real ones, and not those which I attribute to him.’

— ‘ Go,’ said she to one of her women; ‘ go, and tell your master that I would speak to him.’ Scarce had she sent this message, when a sudden qualm seized her. ‘ I am going, then,’ said she, ‘ to consent to mope all my life: for I cannot conceal it from myself, but that one has amusements only in the great world; and all those good folks among whom he wants me to live, have not the charms of Valsain’s friends.’ As this reflection had a little changed the disposition of her soul, she contented herself with telling Lufane, that she would willingly give way to him for this once. She excused herself to the people who had asked to be admitted to her ball: and the entertainment, which was as brilliant as possible, had all the vivacity of joy, without tumult and confusion.

‘ Tell me then, my dear, if any thing has been wanting to our amusement?’ said Lufane to Hortensia. ‘ You disguise sometimes,’ said she to him, ‘ the constraint you put upon me; but entertainments do not come every day. It is in the void and silence of her house that a woman of my age draws in the poison of dulness; and if you would see that slow poison consume my youth, you will have all the pleasure of it.’ — ‘ No, Madam,’ said he to her, ‘ penetrated with grief; I have not that deliberate cruelty of which you suspect me. If I must renounce the care

of making you happy, that dear, that pleasing care, which ought to take up my whole life, at least I will not have to reproach myself with having poisoned the happiness of your days. Neither I, nor the virtuous friends I have chosen for you, have sufficient to make you amends for the denials I occasion you; without that crowd that surrounded you, my house seems a dreadful solitude to you; you have the cruelty to tell me so yourself: I must restore you then to that liberty, without which you like nothing. I ask of you but one more act of complaisance: to-morrow I shall bring you a new set of company; and if you do not judge them worthy to employ your leisure, if they do not take place of this world, which is so dear to you, all is over, and I give you up to yourself.’ Hortensia had not much difficulty in granting him what he asked: she was very sure that he had nothing to present her which was equivalent to her liberty; but it was not purchasing it too dear to submit to this slight trial.

The next day, on her waking, she saw her husband enter with a shining countenance, in which sparkled love and joy. ‘ Here,’ said he ‘ is the new company which I propose to you; if you are not satisfied with this, I no longer know how to amuse you.’ Imagine the surprize of this sensible mother on seeing before her the two children whom she had by Valsain. ‘ Children,’ said Lufane, taking them in his arms in order to lift them to Hortensia’s bed, ‘ embrace your mother, and prevail on her tenderness to vouchsafe to share the cares which I shall take to bring you up.’ Hortensia pressed them to her bosom, and bathed them with her tears. ‘ Till Nature,’ continued Lufane, ‘ grant me the title of father, love and friendship give it me, and I am going to fulfil it’s duties.’ — ‘ Come, my love,’ said Hortensia, ‘ this is to me the dearest and tenderest of all your lessons. I had forgot that I was a mother; I was going to forget that I was a wife. You recal me to those duties; and those two bands united, bind me for all my life.’

THE CONNOISSEUR.

CELICOUR, from the age of fifteen, had been in the country what is called a little prodigy. He made the most gallant verses in the world. There was not one handsome woman in the neighbourhood whom he had not celebrated, and who had not discovered that his eyes had still more spirit than his verses. It was pity to suffer such great talents to lie buried in a little country-town: Paris ought to be their theatre, and he managed so well that his father resolved to send him there. This father was an honest man, who loved wit, without having any himself, and who admired, without knowing why, every thing that came from the capital; he had even some literary relations there, and in the number of his correspondents was a Connoisseur, called M. De Fintac. It was particularly to him that Celicour was recommended.

Fintac received the son of his friend with the kindness of one who takes persons under his protection. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have heard of you: I know that you have had success in the country; but in the country, believe me, arts and letters are yet in their infancy. Without taste, wit and genius produce nothing but what is deformed, and there is no taste but at Paris. Begin, then, by persuading yourself that you are but just born, and by forgetting all that you have learned.'—'What would I not forget?' said Celicour, casting his eyes on a niece of eighteen, whom the Connoisseur had with him: 'Yes, Sir, it is to day that I begin to live. I know not what charm breathes in these places; but it unfolds in me faculties unknown to me before: I seem to myself to have acquired new senses, a new soul.'—'Good!' cried Fintac; 'there now is enthusiasm: he is born a poet, and from this single stroke I warrant him one.'—'There is no poetry in that,' replied Celicour; 'it is plain and simple nature.'—'So much the better! there is the true talent. And at what age did you feel yourself animated with this divine fire?'—'Alas, Sir! I have had some sparks of it in the country,

'but I never experienced there this lively and sudden heat which penetrates me at this instant.'—'It is the air of Paris,' said Fintac. 'It is the air of your house,' said Celicour: 'I am in the temple of the Muses.' The Connoisseur found that this young man had happy dispositions.

Agathe, the most beautiful little wretch that love ever formed, lost not one word of this conversation; and certain sly looks, a certain smile which played on her lips, gave Celicour to understand, that she did not mistake the double meaning of his replies. 'I am greatly pleased with your father,' added the Connoisseur, 'for having sent you hither at an age when the mind is docile enough to receive right impressions; but guard yourself against bad. You will find at Paris more false connoisseurs than good judges. Do not go and consult every body, but stick close to the instruction of a man who has never been mistaken in anything.' Celicour, who did not imagine that one might praise one's self with so much openness, had the simplicity to ask who that infallible man was. 'It is I, Sir!' replied Fintac, with a tone of confidence; 'I, who have passed my life with all the artists and literati of greatest consideration; I, who for these forty years have exercised myself in distinguishing, in things both of fancy and of taste, the real and permanent beauties, the beauties of mode and of convention. I say it, because it is well known; and there is no vanity in agreeing to a known fact.'

Extraordinary as this language was, Celicour hardly paid any attention to it, which was engaged by an object more interesting. Agathe had sometimes deigned to lift up her eyes upon him, and those eyes seemed to tell him the most obliging things in the world: but was it their natural vivacity, or the pleasure of seeing their triumph, that animated them? That was a point to be cleared up. Celicour therefore begged the Connoisseur to allow him the honour of visiting him often, and Fintac himself pressed him to it.

ere this
h pene-
It is the
It is the
our: 'I
' The
ng man

tle wag
ne word
ain fly
yed on
stand,
double
greatly
led the
ou hi-
docile
tions;
You
nnois-
not go
stick
n who
hing.'
at one
much
who
Sir!"
onfi-
life
reat-
these
lf in
ancy
nent
d of
it is
nity

was,
to
fect
re-
on
im
d:
he
at
to
g-
he
a-
n



Plate. VI.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Nov. 25. 1781.

On his second visit, the young man was obliged to wait till the Connoisseur was visible, and to pass a quarter of an hour *tête-à-tête* with the lovely niece. She made him many excuses; and he replied, that there was no occasion for them. 'Sir,' said Agathe to him, 'my uncle is charmed with you.'—'That is a very pleasing piece of success to me; but, Madam, there is one which would touch me still more.'—'My uncle says you are formed to succeed in every thing.'—'Ah! why do not you think the same?'—'I am pretty often of my uncle's opinion.'—'Assist me, then, to merit his kindness.'—'You seem to me to want no assistance.'—'Pardon me; I know that great men have, almost all of them, their singularities, sometimes even weaknesses. To flatter their tastes, their opinions, their temper, one must know them; to know them, one must study them; and, if you please, beautiful Agathe, you can abridge that study for me. After all, what is the point? To gain the good-will of your uncle! Nothing in the world is more innocent.'—'Is it the custom, then, in the country, to come to an understanding with the nieces, in order to succeed with the uncles? That is very dexterous, indeed!'—'Nothing in it but what is very natural.'—'But if my uncle had, as you say, singularities and foibles, must I tell you of them?'—'Why not? would you suspect me of wanting to make an ill use of them?'—'No, but his niece—'—'Very well; his niece ought to wish that one should endeavour to please him. He is past the time of life in which we correct ourselves; nothing remains then but to manage him.'—'An admirable remover of scruples!'—'Ah! you would not have any if you knew me better; but no, you have dissembled.'—'Truly, I see the gentleman for the second time; how can I have any secrets from him?'—'I am indiscreet, I confess, and I ask you pardon.'—'No, it is I who have been wrong, to let you fancy the thing more serious than it is. The fact is this: my uncle is a good man, and would never have pretended to any thing more, if they had not put it into his head to know every thing, to judge of arts and letters, to be the guide, estimator, and arbiter of talents. That

hurts nobody; but it draws a crowd of blockheads to our house, whom my uncle protects, and with whom he shares the ridicule of being a wit. It were much to be wished, for his own ease, that he would abandon this chimera; for the publick seem to have made it their business never to be of his opinion, and we have every day some new scene.'—'You afflict me.'—'You are now in possession of all the secrets of the family, and we have nothing more to conceal from you.' Just as the finished word was brought to Celicour that the Connoisseur was visible.

The study, into which he was introduced, announced the multiplicity of his studies and the variety of his knowledge: the floor was covered with folios, piled up on one another in the utmost confusion; rolls of prints, maps lying open, and manuscripts jumbled together; on a table, a Tacitus open near a sepulchral lamp surrounded by antique medals; farther off, a telescope on it's carriage, the sketch of a picture on the easel, a model of bas-relief in wax, scraps of natural history; and in the fret-work of the ceiling, a representation of books picture(que)ly overturned. The young man knew not where to set his foot, and his embarrassment gave the Connoisseur infinite pleasure. 'Forgive,' said he to him, 'the confusion in which you find me: this is my study; I have occasion for all these things at hand; but do not imagine that the same disorder reigns in my head; every thing there is in it's place; the variety, nay, the number itself, causes no confusion there.'—'Wonderful!' said Celicour, who knew not what he said, for his thoughts were still on Agathe. 'Oh, very wonderful!' replied Fintac, 'and I am often surprized myself when I reflect on the mechanism of the memory, and the manner in which the ideas class and arrange themselves as fast as they arise: it seems as if there were drawers for every different kind of knowledge. For example, across that multitude of things which had passed through my imagination, who will explain to me how I came to retrace in my memory, to a given point, what I had read formerly on the return of the comet? for you are to know, that it was I who gave the watch-word to our astronomers.'—'You,

'You Sir?'—'They never thought of it; and, but for me, the comet had passed incognito over our horizon. I have not boasted of it, as you may plainly see: I tell it you in confidence.'—'And why suffer yourself to be deprived of the glory of so important a piece of intelligence?'—'Good! I should never have done if I were to lay claim to all that they steal from me. In general, my lad, take it for granted, that a solution, a discovery, a piece of poetry, of painting, or of eloquence, belong not, so much as is imagined, to the person who takes the credit of it to himself. But what is the object of a Connoisseur! To encourage talents at the same time that he enlightens them. Whether the thought of this bas-relief, the disposition of this picture, the beauties of the parts, or the whole of this play, be the artist's or mine, is matter of indifference to the progress of the art; now that is all my concern. They come, I tell them my thought: they listen to me, they make their advantage of it. It is excellent. I am recompensed when they have succeeded.'

—'Nothing finer,' said Celicour: 'the Arts ought to regard you as their Apollo. And does Mademoiselle Agathe condescend to be also their muse?'—'No; my niece is a madcap, whom I want to bring up with care; but she has no taste for study. I had engaged her to cast her eye over history; she returned me my books, saying that it was not worth while to read, for the sake of seeing in all ages illustrious madmen and rogues sporting with a crowd of fools. I wanted to try if she had a greater taste for eloquence; she pretended that Cicero, Demosthenes, &c. were only dexterous jugglers; and when one had good reasons, there was no need of so many words. For morality, she maintains that she knows it all by heart, and that Lucas, her foster-father, is as wise as Socrates. There is nothing, therefore, but poetry that amuses her sometimes; and then she prefers fables to the more sublime poems, and tells you plainly that she had rather hear Fontaine's animals speak, than the heroes of Virgil and Homer. In a word, she is at eighteen as much a child as at twelve: and in the midst of the most serious, the most interesting

conversations, you would be surprized to see her amusing herself with a trifle, or growing dull the moment one would captivate her attention.' Celicour, laughing within himself, took leave of M. De Fintac, who did him the favour to ask him to dine with him the next day.

The young man was so transported, that he slept not that night. To dine with Agathe! it was the happiest day of his life. He arrives, and by his beauty, by his youth, by the air of serenity diffused over his countenance, one might have imagined they saw Apollo, if Fintac's Parnassus had been better composed; but as he wanted none but dependents and flatterers, he drew to his house only such persons as were fit to be so.

He introduced Celicour to them as a young poet of the greatest expectation, and made him take his place at table at his right-hand. From that moment, behold all the eyes of envy fixed upon him. Each of the guests thought he saw his own place usurped, and swore in the bottom of their souls to take revenge on him by decrying the first work he should publish. In the mean time Celicour was graciously received, caressed by all these gentlemen, and took them from that instant for the most honest people in the world. A new-comer excited emulation; Wit hoisted all her sails; they judged the republick of letters; and as it is just to mingle commendation with criticism, they praised generously all the dead, and tore in pieces the living; the present company always excepted. All the new works, which had succeeded without passing under the inspection of Fintac, could but have their day, and that a short one; all those to which he had given the seal of his approbation, were to attain to immortality, whatever the present age thought of them. They ran through all kinds of literature; and in order to give more scope to erudition and criticism, they brought on the carpet this entirely new question, viz. 'Which merited the preference, Corneille or Racine?' They said also on the subject the finest things in the world; when the little niece, who had not spoke a word, took it into her head to ask simply which of the two fruits, the orange or the peach, had the most exquisite taste, and merited the most commendation. Her uncle blushed at her

her simplicity, and the guests all looked down, without deigning to reply to this idle foolery. 'Niece,' said Fintac, 'at your age one should hear and hold one's tongue.' Agathe, with an imperceptible half-smile, looked at Celicour, who had understood her perfectly well, and whose glance consoled her for the contempt of the company. I forgot to mention that he was placed opposite to her, and you may easily imagine that he listened very little to what was said around him. But the Connoisseur, who examined his countenance, perceived in it a very extraordinary fire. 'See,' said he to his geniusses, 'see how talent pierces.'—'Yes,' replied one of them, 'we see it transpire like water through the pores of an eolipyle.' Fintac, taking Celicour by the hand, said to him, 'There is a comparison now! Poetry and philosophy blended together! It is thus that the talents border on each other, and that the Muses join hands. Confess,' continued he, 'that such dinners are not found in your country-towns; and you see nothing: there are days, when these gentlemen have even a hundred times more wit.'—'It would be hard not to have it,' said one of them; 'we are at the fountain-head, *et purpureo bibimus ore nectar*.'—'Ah! *purpureo*!' replied Fintac, modestly, 'you do me a great deal of honour.'—'Hark, young man, learn to quote.' The young man was all the while very attentive to catch Agathe's looks, who on her side thought him very handsome.

On rising from table, they went to walk in the garden, where the Connoisseur had taken care to get together the rare plants from all quarters. He had, among other wonders, a particular coloured cabbage, which drew the admiration of naturalists. It's folds, it's festoon, the mixture of it's colours, was the most astonishing thing in the world. 'Let them show,' said Fintac, 'a foreign plant, which Nature hath taken the trouble to form with more labour and delicacy. It is for the sake of avenging Europe on the prejudice of certain *virtuosi*, in favour of every thing that comes from the Indies and the new world, that I have preserved this fine cabbage.'

While they were admiring this prodigy, Agathe and Celicour had joined each other, as it were, without intend-

ing it, in a neighbouring walk. 'Beautiful Agathe!' said the young man, shewing her a rose, 'would you let this flower die on the stalk?'—'Where, then, would you have it die?'—'Where I would die myself.' Agathe blushed at this answer; and in that instant her uncle, with two wits, came and seated themselves in an adjacent arbour, from whence, without being perceived, he could overhear them. 'If it is true,' continued Celicour, 'that souls pass from one body into another, I wish after my death to be such a rose as that. If any profane hand advances to gather me, I will conceal myself amid the prickles; but if some charming nymph deigns to cast her eyes on me, I will lean towards her, expand my bosom, exhale my perfumes, mingle them with her breath; and the desire of pleasing her shall animate my colours.'—'Very well; you will do so much, that you will be plucked off your stalk, and the moment after you will be no more.'—'Ah, Madam! do you consider as nothing the happiness of being one moment——' His eyes finished saying what his mouth had begun. 'And I,' said Agathe, disguising her confusion, 'if I had my choice, would wish to be changed into a dove, which is gentleness and innocence itself.'—'Add to these, tenderness and fidelity: yes, beautiful Agathe, the choice is worthy of you. The dove is the bird of Venus; Venus would distinguish you among your fellows; you would be the ornament of her cars; Love would repose himself on your wings, or rather, he would cherish you in his bosom. It would be from his divine mouth that your bill would take ambrosia.' Agathe interrupted him, saying, that he carried his fiction too far. 'One word more,' said Celicour: 'a dove has a mate; if it depended on you to chuse yours, what kind of a soul would you give him?'—'That of a she-friend,' replied she. At these words Celicour looked on her with two eyes, in which were painted love, reproach, and grief.

'Very well!' said the uncle, getting up: 'very well! there, now, is fine and good poetry for you. The image of this rose is of a freshness worthy Van-huysum; that of the dove is a little picture of Boucher, the freshest, the most gallant in the world, *ut pictura*
poesis.'

poet. Courage, my lad, courage! the allegory is extremely well supported; we shall make something of you. Agathe, I have been pretty well pleased with your dialogue, and here is M. De Lexergue, who is as much surprised at it as I.—‘It is certain,’ said M. De Lexergue, ‘that there is in Miss’s language something Anacreontick: it is the impression of her uncle’s taste; he says nothing which is not stamped with the mark of sound antiquity.’ M. Lucide found in Celicour’s fictions the *molle atque facetum*. ‘We must conclude this little scene,’ said Fintac; ‘we must put it into verse; it will be one of the prettiest things we have ever seen.’ Celicour said, that in order to compleat it, he stood in need of Agathe’s assistance; and, that the dialogue might have more ease and freedom in it, they thought it right to leave them alone. ‘To the dove, your mate, *the soul of a she-friend!*’ resumed Celicour. ‘Ah, beautiful Agathe! is your heart made only for friendship? Is it for that Love has delighted to assemble in you so many charms?’—‘There, now,’ said Agathe, smiling, ‘is the dialogue excellently renewed. I have but to take the reply: there is matter enough to carry us a great way.’—‘If you please,’ said Celicour, ‘it is easy to abridge it.’—‘Let us talk of something else,’ interrupted she. ‘Did the dinner amuse you?’—‘I heard there but one single word full of sense and refinement, which they had the folly to take for a simple question; all the rest escaped me. My soul was not at my ear.’—‘It was very happy!’—‘Ah, very happy! for it was in my eyes.’—‘If I pleased, I might pretend not to hear, or not to understand you; but I never put on disguise. I think it very natural, then, under favour of our wits, for you to take more pleasure in looking at me than in listening to them; and I confess to you, in my turn, that I am not sorry at having one to speak to me, though it were only by his eyes, in order to save me from the spleen that they gave me. Now, then, we are to come to a right understanding, and we shall amuse ourselves, for we have originals, entertaining enough in their kind. For example, this M. Lucide thinks he always sees in things what nobody else has perceived in them.

‘He seems as if Nature had told her secret in his ears; but every body is not worthy to know what he thinks. He chuses in a circle a privileged confident. This is commonly the most distinguished person; he leans mysteriously towards that person, and whispers his opinion.—As for M. De Lexergue, he is a scholar of the first class: full of contempt for every thing modern, he esteems things by the number of ages. He would chuse even that a young woman should have the air of antiquity, and he honours me with his attention, because he thinks I have the profile of the Empress Popæa.—In the groupe which you see below there, is an upright starch man, who make pretty little nothings; but does not know what he means by them. He demands a day for reading; he names his auditory himself; he requires that the gate should be shut against every profane person; he arrives on his tip-toes, places himself before a table between two flambeaus; draws mysteriously out of his pocket a rose-coloured porte folio; throws around him a gracious look, which demands silence; announces a little romance of his own making, which has had the good fortune to please some persons of consideration; reads it deliberately, in order to be the better tasted; and goes quite to the end, without perceiving that every body yawns at him.—That little forgetting man near him, so full of gesticulation, excites a pity in me which I am not able to express. Wit is to him like those sneezings which are going to come, but never do come. We see him dying with the desire of saying fine things: he has them at his tongue’s end; but they seem to escape him at the moment he is going to catch them. Ah, he is a man much to be pitied!—That dry and tall man, who walks alone apart from them, is the most thoughtful and most empty person I know: because he has a bob-wig, and the vapours, he thinks himself an English philosopher; he grows heavy on the wing of a fly, and is so obscure in his ideas, that one is sometimes tempted to think him profound.’

While Agathe’s wit was exercising itself on these characters, Celicour had his eyes fixed on hers. ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘that your uncle, who knows so many things,

things, should know so little of his niece's understanding! he represents you as a child!—'Oh, to be sure! and these gentlemen all consider me as such. Accordingly they put no restraint upon themselves; and the absurdity of wit is with me quite at its ease. Do not go and betray me now.'—'Never fear; but we must, beautiful Agathe, cement our understanding by stricter ties than those of friendship.'—'You do injustice to friendship,' replied Agathe; 'there is something sweeter, perhaps; but there is nothing more solid.'

At these words they came to interrupt them, and the Connoisseur walking along with Celicour, asked him if the dialogue with his niece had been cleverly resumed. 'It is not precisely what I wanted,' said the young man; 'but I will endeavour to supply it.'—'I am sorry,' says Fintack, 'that we interrupted you. Nothing is so difficult as to recover the natural thread, when once we let it escape. This giddy girl has not caught your idea. She has sometimes lights; but all on a sudden they vanish. I hope, at least, that marriage will form her.'—'You think, then, of marrying her?' demanded Celicour, with a faultering voice. 'Yes,' replied Fintack, 'and I depend upon you for the worthy celebration of that festival. You have seen M. De Lexergue; he is a man of great sense and profound erudition. It is to him that I give my niece.' If Fintack had observed Celicour's countenance, he would have seen it grow pale at this news. 'A man so serious, and so full of application, as M. De Lexergue, has need,' continued he, 'of something to dissipate him. He is rich; he has taken a liking to this girl, and in a week's time he is to marry her; but he exacts the greatest secrecy, and my niece herself knows nothing of it yet. As for you, it is highly necessary that you should be initiated into the mystery of an union which you are to celebrate. O Hymen! 6 Hymenæ! you understand me. It is an epithalamium that I ask of you; and here, now, is an opportunity to signalize yourself.'—'Ah, Sir!—' 'No modesty; it smothers all talents.'—'Excuse me.'—'You shall execute it: it is a piece in your own way, and which will do you a great deal of honour. My niece is

young and handsome, and with an imagination and soul, one is not exhausted on such a subject. With respect to the husband, I have already told you he is an extraordinary man. Nobody so knowing in antiques. He has a cabinet of medals which he values at forty thousand crowns. He was even going to see the ruins of Herculaneum, and was very near making a voyage to Palmyra. You see how many images all this presents to poetry. But you are ruminating upon it already; yes, I see on your countenance that profound meditation which hatches the buds of genius, and disposes them to fruitfulness. Go, then; go, and profit of such precious moments. I am going also to bury myself in study.'

Seized with consternation at what he had just heard, Celicour burned with impatience to see Agathe again. The next day he made a pretence to go and consult the Connoisseur; and before he went into his study, he asked if she was to be seen. 'Ah, Mademoiselle!' said he to her, 'you see a man driven to despair.'—'What ails you?'—'I am undone; you are to marry M. De Lexergue.'—'Who has told you that story?'—'Who! M. De Fintack himself.'—'Seriously?'—'He has charged me to write your epithalamium.'—'Very well, will it be a pretty one?'—'You laugh! you think it charming to have M. De Lexergue for a husband!'—'Oh, very charming!'—'Ah! at least, cruel maid, in pity to me who adore you, and who am to lose you!—' Agathe interrupted him as he fell on his knees. 'Confess,' said she to him, 'that these moments of distraction are convenient for a declaration: as the person that makes it is not himself, so she who hears him dares not complain; and, by favour of this disorder, love thinks it may risk every thing. But, softly; moderate yourself, and let us see what distracts you.'—'Your tranquillity, cruel as you are.'—'You would have me afflict myself, then, at a misfortune which I am not afraid of?'—'I tell you, that it is determined that you shall marry M. De Lexergue.'—'How would you have them determine, without me, on that which, without me, cannot be put in execution?'—'But if your uncle has given his word?'—

'If he has given it, he shall retract it.'—'How, would you have the courage!'—'The courage of not saying *Yes!* a fine effort of resolution!'—'Ah, I am at the summit of joy!'—'And your joy is a folly as well as your grief.'—'You will not be M. De Lexergue's!'—'Very well; what then?'—'You will be mine.'—'O, to be sure! there is no medium; and every woman who will not be his wife will be yours, that is clear! Indeed, you argue like a country poet. Go, go see my uncle; and take care that he has no suspicion of the information that you have given me.'

'Well, is the epithalamium in forwardness?' said the Connoisseur to him, as soon as he came into his presence. 'I have the plan in my head.'—'Let us see!'—'I have taken the allegory of Time espousing Truth.'—'The thought is beautiful; but it is gloomy; and, besides, Time is very old.'—'M. De Lexergue is an antiquary.'—'True; but we do not love to be told that we are as old as Time.'—'Would you like the nuptials of Venus and Vulcan better?'—'Vulcan! On account of bronzes and medals. No; the adventure of Mars is too disagreeable. You will find out, on consideration, some thought still more happy.—But *à-propos* of Vulcan, will you come this evening with us to see the essay of an artificer whom I protect? It is some Chinese rockets, of which I have given him the composition: I have even added something to it; for I must always put in something of my own.' Celicour doubted not but Agathe would be of the party, and repaired thither with eagerness.

The spectators were seated; Fintack and his niece took up one window, and there remained on Agathe's side a small space, which he had contrived to leave vacant. Celicour stole timorously into it, and leaped with joy on seeing himself so near Agathe. The uncle's eyes were attentive to follow the flight of the rockets; Celicour's were fixed upon the niece. The stars might have fallen from the heavens, and not have disturbed him. His hand met on the side of the window a hand softer than the down of flowers; a trembling seized him, which Agathe must have perceived. The hand he touched scarce made a motion to withdraw itself; his made one to retain it:

Agathe's eyes turned upon him, and met his, which asked for pardon. She perceived that she should afflict him by withdrawing that dear hand, and, whether through weakness or pity, she thought proper to leave it immoveable. This was a great deal, but not quite enough; Agathe's hand was shut, and Celicour's could not clasp it. Love inspired him with the courage to open it. Gods! what was his surprize and joy, when he found her yield insensibly to this soft violence! He holds Agathe's hand open in his—he presses it amorously—conceive his felicity! It is not yet perfect: the hand he presses replies not to his; he draws it towards him, inclines towards her, and dares to rest it on his heart, which advances to meet it. It wants to get from him, he stops it, he holds it captive; and love knows with what rapidity his heart beats under this timid hand. This was as a loadstone to her. O triumph! O rapture! It is no longer Celicour that presses it; it is the hand itself that answers the beatings of Celicour's heart. Those who have never loved have never known this emotion; and even those who have loved have never tasted it but once. Their looks were mingled with that touching languor which is the sweetest of all declarations, when the branch of the fireworks displayed itself in the air. Then Agathe's hand made a new effort to impress itself on the heart of Celicour; and while around them they applauded the glittering beauty of the rockets, our lovers, taken up with themselves, expressed, by burning sighs, the regret of separation. Such was this dumb scene, worthy to be cited among the examples of eloquent silence.

From this moment their hearts understanding each other, there was no longer any secret between them: both tasted, for the first time, the pleasure of loving; and this blossom of sensibility is the purest essence of the soul. But love, which takes the complexion of characters, was timid and serious in Celicour; lively, joyous, and waggish, in Agathe.

However, the day appointed for informing her of her marriage with M. De Lexergue arrives. The antiquary comes to see her, finds her alone, and makes her a declaration of his love, founded on the consent of her uncle. 'I know,' said she, raillyingly, 'that you

'you love me in profile; but for me, I should like a husband that I could love in front; and, to speak frankly, you are not the thing for me. You have, you say, my uncle's consent, but you shall not marry me without my own; and I believe I may assure you that you will not have it as long as I live.' In vain did Lexergue protest to her that she united in her eyes more charms than the Venus De Medicis; Agathe wished him antique Venuses, and assured him that she was not one. 'You have your choice,' said she to him, 'to expose me to displeasure my uncle, or to spare me that chagrin. You will afflict me in charging me with the rupture, you will oblige me by taking it upon yourself; and the best thing we can do when we are not loved, is to endeavour not to be hated. And so your very humble servant.'

The antiquary was mortally offended at Agathe's refusal; but out of pride he would have concealed it, if the reproach cast upon him of failing in his word had not extorted the confession from him. Fintack, whose authority and consideration were now brought into question, was enraged at the opposition of his niece, and did all that was possible to conquer it; but he never could draw from her any other answer but that she was no medal, and he concluded by telling her in his passion that she should never have any other husband. This was not the only obstacle to the happiness of our lovers. Celicour could hope for only part of a small inheritance; and Agathe was entirely dependent on her uncle, who was now less than ever disposed to strip himself of his wealth for her. In happier times he might have taken upon him their little family affairs; but after this refusal of Agathe's, it required a little miracle to engage him to it; and it was Love himself that wrought it.

'Flatter my uncle,' said Agathe to Celicour; 'intoxicate him with encomiums, and carefully conceal from him our love. For that purpose let us diligently avoid being found together, and content yourself with informing me of your conduct *en passant*.' Fintack dissembled not to Celicour his resentment against his niece. 'Can she have,' said he, 'any secret inclination? If I knew it—But, no! she is a little fool, who loves nothing, and

'feels nothing. Ah! if she reckons upon my inheritance, she is mistaken: I know better how to dispose of my favours.' The young man, terrified at the menaces of the uncle, took the first opportunity to inform the niece of it. She only raillied on the occasion. 'He is raving mad against you, my dear Agathe.'—'That is quite indifferent to me.'—'He says he will disinherit you.'—'Say as he says; gain his confidence, and leave the rest to love and time.' Celicour followed Agathe's advice, and at every commendation that he bestowed on Fintack, Fintack thought he discovered in him a new degree of merit. 'The justness of understanding, the penetration of this young man, is without example at his age,' said he to his friends. At last, the confidence he placed in him was such, that he thought he could trust to him what he called the secret of his life; this was a dramatick piece which he had composed, and which he had not had the resolution to read to any one, for fear of risking his reputation. After demanding an inviolable secrecy, he appointed the time for reading it. At this news Agathe was transported with joy. 'This is well,' said she; 'courage! Redouble the dose of incense; good or bad, in your eyes this piece has no equal.'

Fintack, *à l'insu* with the young man, after double-locking his study-door, drew out of a casket this precious manuscript, and read with enthusiasm the coldest, the most insipid comedy, that ever was written. It cost the young man a deal of mortification to applaud such flat stuff; but Agathe had recommended it to him. He applauded it, therefore, and the Connoisseur was transported. 'Confess,' said he to him, after reading it, 'confess that this is fine.'—'Oh, very fine!—'Very well, it is time to tell you, then, why I have chosen you for my only confident. I have burned with desire this great while to see this piece on the stage, but I would not have it go under my name.' Celicour trembled at these words. 'I was unwilling to trust any body; but, in short, I think you worthy of this mark of my friendship: you shall present my work as your own; I will have nothing but the pleasure of the success, and I leave the glory of it to you.' The thought of imposing upon

the publick would alone have terrified the young man, but that of seeing appear, and being damned under his name, so contemptible a work, shocked him still more. Confounded at the proposal, he withstood it a long time; but his opposition was to no purpose. 'My secret being confided,' said Fintack, 'engages you in honour to grant me what I ask. It is indifferent to the publick whether the piece be yours or mine, and this friendly imposition can hurt nobody. My piece is my treasure; I make you a present of it: the very remotest posterity will know nothing of it. Here, then, your delicacy is spared every way: if, after this, you refuse to present this work as your own, I shall think that you do not like it, that you only deceive me in praising it, and that you are equally unworthy of my friendship and esteem.' What would not Agathe's lover resolve upon rather than incur the hatred of her uncle? He assured him, that he was only restrained by laudable motives, and asked twenty-four hours to determine. 'He has read it to me,' said he to Agathe. 'Well?'—'Well, it is execrable.'—'I thought so.'—'He wants me to bring it on the stage in my name.'—'What?'—'To have it pass for mine.'—'Ah, Celicour, Heaven be praised! have you accepted it?'—'Not yet, but I shall be forced to it.'—'So much the better!'—'I tell you it is detestable.'—'So much the better.'—'It will be damned.'—'So much the better, I tell you; we must submit to every thing.' Celicour did not sleep that night for vexation; and the next day went to the uncle, and told him, that there was nothing which he would not sooner resolve upon than to displease him. 'I would not expose you rashly,' said the Connoisseur; 'copy out the piece with your own hand; you shall read it to our friends, who are excellent judges, and if they do not think the success infallible, you shall not be bound to any thing. I require only one thing of you; and that is to study it, in order to read it well.' This precaution gave the young man some hope. 'I am,' said he to Agathe, 'to read the piece to his friends; if they think it bad, he excuses me from bringing it out.'—'They will think it good, and

so much the better: we should be undone if they were to dislike it.'—'Explain yourself.'—'Get thee gone! they must not see us together.' What she had foreseen came to pass. The judges being assembled, the Connoisseur announced this piece as a prodigy, and especially in a young poet. The young poet read his best, and, after Fintack's example, they were in extasies at every line, and applauded every scene. At the conclusion they clapped and huzzaed; they discovered in it the delicacy of Aristophanes, the elegance of Plautus, the comic force of Terence, and they knew no piece of Moliere fit to be set in competition with this. After this trial, there was no room to hesitate. The players were not of the same opinion with the wits; for they knew beforehand that these good people had no taste, but there was an order to perform the piece. Agathe, who had assisted at the reading, had applauded it with all her might; there were even pathetick passages at which she appeared to be moved, and her enthusiasm for the work had a little reconciled her with the author. 'Could it be possible,' said Celicour to her, 'that you should have thought that good?'—'Excellent,' said she; 'excellent for us!' and at these words she left him. While the piece was in rehearsal, Fintack ran from house to house to dispose the wits in favour of a young poet of such great expectation. At last the great day arrives, and the Connoisseur assembles his friends to dinner. 'Let us go, gentlemen,' said he, 'to support your own performance. You have judged the piece admirable, you have warranted the success, and your honour is concerned. As to me, you know how great my weakness is: I have the bowels of a father for all rising geniuses, and I feel in as lively a manner as themselves the uneasinesses they suffer in those terrible moments.'

After dinner, the good friends of the Connoisseur tenderly embraced Celicour, and told him that they were going into the pit to be the witnesses rather than instruments of his triumph. They repaired thither; the piece was played; it did not go through, and the first mark of impatience was given by these good friends.

Fintack was in the house, trembling

and pale as death; but all the time that the play lasted, this unhappy and tender father made incredible efforts to encourage the spectators to succour his child. In short, he saw it expire, and then sinking beneath his grief, dragged himself to his coach, confounded, dejected, and murmuring against Heaven for having been born in so barbarous an age. And where was poor Celicour? Alas! they had granted him the honours of a latticed box, where, sitting on thorns, he had seen what they called his piece, tottering in the first act, stumbling in the second, and tumbling in the third. Fintack had promised to go and take him up, but had forgot it. What was now to become of him? How escape through that multitude who would not fail to know him again, and to point him out with the finger? At last, seeing the front of the house empty, he took courage and descended; but the stove-rooms, the galleries, the stairs, were yet full; his consternation made him be taken notice of, and he heard on all sides, 'It is he without doubt! yes, there he is; that is he! Poor wretch! It is pity! he will do better another time.' He perceived in a corner a groupe of damned authors cracking jests on their companions. He saw also the good friends of Fintack, who triumphed in his fall, and on seeing him, turned their backs upon him. Overwhelmed with confusion and grief, he repaired to the true author's, and his first care was to ask for Agathe: he had entire liberty of seeing her, for her uncle had shut himself up in his closet. 'I forewarned you of it: it is fallen, and fallen shamefully,' said Celicour, throwing himself into a chair. 'So much the better,' said Agathe. 'What, so much the better! when your lover is covered with shame, and makes himself, in order to please you, the talk and ridicule of all Paris? Ah! it is too much. No, Mademoiselle, it is no longer time to jest. I love you more than my life; but in the state of humiliation in which you now see me, I am capable of renouncing both life and yourself. I do not know how it has happened that the secret has not escaped me. It is but little to expose myself to the contempt of the publick; your cruel uncle will abandon me! I know him, he will be the first to blush at seeing me again; and what I have done to obtain you,

perhaps, cuts off my hope for ever. Let him prepare, however, to resume his piece, or to give me your hand. There is but one way to console me, and to oblige me to silence. Heaven is my witness, that if through an impossibility, his work had succeeded, I should have given to him the honour of it; it is fallen, and I bear the shame; but it is an effort of love, for which you alone can be the recompence.'— 'It must be confessed,' said the wicked Agathe, in order to irritate him still more, 'that it is a cruel thing to see one's self hissed for another.'— 'Cruel to such a degree, that I would not play such a part for my own father.'— 'With what an air of contempt they see a wretch pass along whose play is damned!'— 'The contempt is unjust, that is one comfort; but insolent pity, there is the mortification!'— 'I suppose you were greatly confused in coming down stairs! Did you salute the ladies?'— 'I could have wished to annihilate myself.'— 'Poor boy! and how will you dare to appear in the world again?'— 'I will never appear again, I swear to you, but with the name of your husband, or till after I have retorted on M. de Fintack the humiliation of this failure.'— 'You are resolved then to drive him to the wall?'— 'Easily resolved, do not doubt it. Let him determine this very evening. If he refuses me your hand, all the newspapers shall publish that he is the author of the damned piece.'— 'And that is what I wanted,' said Agathe with triumph; 'there is the object of all those *so much the better*s which put you to much out of patience. Go to my uncle; hold firm, and be assured that we shall be happy.'— 'Well, Sir, and what say you to it?' demanded Celicour of the Connoisseur. 'I say, my friend, that the publick is a stupid animal, and that we must renounce all labour for it. But console yourself; your work does you honour in the opinion of men of taste.'— 'My work! it is all yours.'— 'Talk lower, I beseech you, my dear lad; talk lower!'— 'It is very easy for you to moderate yourself, Sir; you, who have prudently saved yourself from the fall of your piece; but I whom it crushes——' 'Ah! do not think that such a fall does you any injury. The more enlightened persons have discerned

'discerned in this work strokes that proclaim genius.'—'No, Sir, I do not flatter myself; the piece is bad; I have purchased the right of speaking of it with freedom, and all the world are of the same opinion. If it had succeeded, I should have declared that it was yours; if it had been but partly condemned, I should have taken it upon myself; but so thorough a damnation is above my strength, and I beg of you to take the burden upon yourself.'—'I, child! I, on my decline, incur this ridicule! To lose in one day a respect which is the work of forty years, and which forms the hope of my old age! would you have the cruelty to require it?'—'Have not you the cruelty to render me the victim of my complaisance? You know how much it has cost me.'—'I know all that I owe to you; but, my dear Celicour, you are young, you have time enough to take your revenge, and there needs but one instance of success to make you forget this misfortune: in the name of friendship support it with constancy; I conjure you with tears in my eyes!'—'I consent, Sir; but I perceive too well the consequences of this first essay, to expose myself to the prejudice which it leaves behind it: I renounce the theatre, poetry, the belles lettres.'—'Well, you are in the right: for a young man of your age there are many other objects of ambition.'—'There is but one for me, Sir, and that depends on you.'—'Speak; there is no service which I would not do you: what do you require?'—'Your niece's hand.'—'Agathe's hand!'—'Yes, I adore her, and it was she, who to please you, made me consent to every thing that you desired.'—'My niece in the secret.'—'Yes, Sir.'—'Ah! her giddiness will perhaps—'Holla! somebody; run to my niece, and bid her come here.'—'Compose yourself: A-

gathe is less a child, less giddy, than she appears.'—'Ah! you make me tremble.'—'My dear Agathe, you know what has passed, and the misfortune which has just happened.'—'Yes, uncle.'—'Have you revealed this fatal secret to any one?'—'To nobody in the world.'—'Can I then roughly depend upon it?'—'Yes, I swear to you.'—'Well, then, my children, let it die with us three: I ask it of you as I would ask my life.'—Agathe, Celicour loves you; he renounces, out of friendship to me, the theatre, poetry, letters, and I owe him your hand as the price of so great a sacrifice.'—'He is too well paid, said Celicour, seizing Agathe's hand. 'I marry an unsuccessful author' said she smiling; but I engage to console him for his misfortune. The worst of the matter is, that they deny him wit, and so many honest people are contented without it! And now, my dear uncle, while Celicour renounces the glory of being a poet, had not you as well renounce that of being a Connoisseur? You will be a great deal the easier.' Agathe was interrupted by the arrival of Clement, the faithful valet of her uncle. 'Ah, Sir,' said he quite out of breath, 'your friends! your good friends!'—'Well, Clement?'—'I was in the pit, they were all there.'—'I know it. Did they applaud?'—'Applaud! the traitors! If you had seen with what fury they mangled this unfortunate young man. I beg, Sir, you would discharge me, if such people are ever to enter your house again.'—'Ah! the rascals! scoundrels!' said Fintack. 'Yes, it is done, I will burn my books, and break off all commerce with these men of letters.'—'Keep your books for your amusement, said Agathe, embracing her uncle; and with respect to men of letters, with no have none but your friends, and you will find some worthy of esteem.'

THE SCHOOL OF FATHERS.

THE misfortune incident to a father, employed in raising a fortune for his children, is not to be able to watch

himself over their education, a point of still more consequence than their fortune. The young Timantes, called M. De Vol-

ly, had received from Nature an agreeable figure, an easy temper, a good heart; but, thanks to the cares of the good lady his mother, this happy disposition was soon spoiled, and the most agreeable child in the world at six years old became a little coxcomb at fifteen. They gave him all the frivolous accomplishments, and not one of the useful: useful knowledge might be well enough for a man like his father, who had been obliged to labour to enrich himself; but he who found his fortune made, need only know how to enjoy it nobly. They had laid it down to him as a maxim, that he was never to live with his equals; accordingly, he saw none but young people, who being superior to him in birth, pardoned his being richer than they, provided he paid for their pleasures. His father would not have had the complaisance to furnish supplies to his liberalities; but his mother did honour to them all. She was not ignorant, that at the age of nineteen he had, according to the genteel custom, a little house and a handsome mistress: one should pass over some things in him. She required only that he should observe a little secrecy, for fear that Timantes, who did not *know the world*, should take it ill that his son amused himself. If in the intervals of his labour the father shewed any uneasiness on account of the dissipated life which this young man led, the mother was at hand to justify him, and complaisant falsehoods were never wanting on occasion. Timantes had the pleasure to hear it said, that nobody at the ball had danced like his son. 'It is a great comfort,' said the good man, 'to have given one's self so much trouble for a son who dances well.' He did not conceive the necessity of this little seignior's having lacqueys so finely dressed, and such a brilliant equipage; but his good lady-wife represented to him, that respect depended on it, and that in order to succeed in the world, one must be on a certain footing. If he asked why his son came home so late, 'It was,' she told him, 'because women of quality do not go to bed sooner.' He did not think these reasons very good; but for the sake of peace, he was obliged to be contented with them. However, his son gave a loose to himself in the dissipations of his age, till love seemed to take pity of him, and to undertake his reformation.

His sister Lucy had had, for some little time past, in her convent, a charming companion. Angelica had lost her mother; and being too young to keep house, she had prevailed upon her father to dispense with her, till he should dispose of her hand.

Conformity of age and condition, and still more that of tempers, soon united Angelica and Lucy. The latter, on wiping away the tears of her companion, appeared so sensible of her loss, that Angelica no longer observed any reserve in the effusion of her grief. 'I have lost,' said she to her, 'the best mother that ever lived. Since I have had the use of my reason, I have found in her a friend, and a friend so intimate, that if my heart and her virtues had not continually recalled to my mind the respect which I owed her, her familiarity would have made me forget it. She always disguised her instructions under an air of merriment; and what instructions, my dear Lucy! those of wisdom itself. With what strokes was this world, in which I was to live, painted to my astonished eyes! What charms did she give to the pure and modest manners, of which she was a living example! Ah, under her enchanting pencil all the virtues became Graces!' Thus did this amiable daughter, speaking of her mother, continually mingle with the most tender regret the most touching eulogies; her understanding and her soul praised still more worthily the person who had formed them. If any one about her wanted those comforts which affluence bestows, Angelica deprived herself of them with joy; the sacrifice cost her only the trouble of concealing them, and the want of obliging was the only want she knew. 'Do you think like me?' said she sometimes to Lucy; 'being more happy than our companions, that inequality mortifies me, and I blush for fortune, who has distributed her gifts so ill. If any thing makes the unhappy amends, it is that they are pitied and beloved; whereas to us, whom they might envy, they make it a favour if they do not hate us. We ought, therefore, to be very attentive to make our companions forget, by beneficence and modesty, this dangerous advantage which we have over them.'

Lucy, charmed with the disposition of

of Angelica, could have wished to attach herself to her by all the bands of affection. 'My dear friend,' said she to her one day, 'we touch, perhaps, on the moment when we may be separated for ever: this reflection is the sole unhappiness of my life; but I have one, if you did but approve of it—I want to shew you my brother; he is beautiful as the day, a very picture, and well accomplished.'—'He is very young,' said Angelica, 'and very much in the world for his age! I am afraid your mother has been too fond of him.'

Volny being come to see Lucy, she prevailed upon her friend to accompany her to the parlour. 'Ah, my sister, what charms!' cried the young coxcomb. 'Never was so much beauty; what features, what a figure, what eyes! You in a convent, Mademoiselle! It is robbery, treason!'—'I foresaw,' said Lucy, 'that you would be transported; and yet her soul is a thousand times more beautiful.'—'Sister, she has the look of the Marchioness of Alcine, whom I handed yesterday out of the opera. They cry up the figure of the Countess of Flavell, whom I am to sup with this evening; but there is no comparison between her person and this lady's; and though I am the intimate friend of the young Madam De Blanes, who passes for the beauty of the day, I will lay a thousand to one that your friend will eclipse her when she comes out into the world.'

When Volny spoke thus, Angelica viewed him with eyes of pity. 'Sir,' said she to him, 'you can have no doubt but your praises are insults: for, know, that the first sentiment that a virtuous woman ought to inspire, is the fear of wounding her modesty, and that it is not permitted to praise without reserve, any but persons without shame.'—'There are transports of surprize which we cannot matter,' replied Volny, a little confused. 'When respect accompanies them, it prevents them from breaking out. But I see that I afflict my friend in appearing offended with your address to me: I will console her, and put you at your ease. Beautiful or not, I am so little vain of an endowment with which we are often very contemptible, that I give you leave to

'say whatever you please before me; I will not have the vanity to blush at your praises.'—'One must be well accustomed,' said Volny, 'to be beautiful, and greatly superior to that advantage, to speak of it with so much negligence. As for me, I cannot persuade myself that beauty is so contemptible; but since you take the homage that are paid it so ill, we must adore it in silence.' From that moment he talked of nothing but himself, his horses, his friends, his suppers, and his intrigues. Lucy, who had her eyes on Angelica, saw with grief that all this prejudiced Volny in her opinion.

'It is pity,' said Angelica, when he was withdrawn, 'it is a great pity that they have spoiled him so early.'—'Confess, however,' said Lucy, 'that he is made up of graces.'—'And of follies, my dear friend.'—'He will correct them.'—'No, for that absurdity succeeds at his age, and we are never disposed to correct ourselves of a fault which pleases.'—'But he has seen you, he will love you; and if he loves you, he will become wise.'—'You do not doubt that I wish it; but I am far from hoping it.'

Volny did not doubt that he had made a complete conquest. 'My sister was right,' said he, 'her friend is handsome! a little singular; but her disposition is only the more lively for it. The only thing wanting in her is birth: my mother will have me marry some young woman of quality. Let us visit her, however; this girl resembles nothing that we have in the great world, and she has at least sufficient charms to amuse one.'

He went, therefore, to see his sister again, and with her he again saw Angelica. 'What have I done to you,' said he to Lucy, 'that you have disturbed my repose? I was so easy! I amused myself so cleverly before I saw your dangerous friend!—Ah, Mademoiselle, how insipid is the world, and its amusements, how cold to a heart taken up with you! Who would have told me that I should have been jealous of my sister? Mixed with the most brilliant company, solicited by all the pleasures, who could believe it? Yes, I wish to be in her place; she sees you continually, tells you that she loves you, and hears you say that you love her.'—'You have reason to

envy

envy my happiness; but, Volny, if you pleased, yours would be still more deserving of envy.' At these words Angelica blushed. 'O Heaven, sister! what do I hear?'—'I have said too much.'—'No, my dear Lucy: in virtuous sentiments there is nothing to be concealed.—Your sister wishes that Heaven may have destined us for each other, and I cannot but be obliged to her. Nay, more; I flatter myself with being born to make a good man happy, and you *might* be such a man as my husband ought to be: you need only resemble your sister.'—'If that be all, I am happy; for they flatter me that I am very like her.'—'True; they flatter you; but I, who never flatter, assure you it is no such thing. My Lucy is not vain either of the graces of her understanding, or her figure.'—'Ah! I protest, now, that nobody in the world is less vain than I; and if I have merit, I know nothing of it.'—'Nothing is more simple than Lucy's manners; she is Nature itself in all her candour. See, if in her behaviour, her language, her gesture, there is any thing affected, any thing studied.'—'She is like me: for the sake of avoiding affectation, I often fall into negligence; I am told of it every day.'—'Lucy makes no pretensions to any thing: wholly taken up with the recommendation of others, herself is the only person she forgets.'—'And I, whatever talents Nature may have given me, do they see me vain of them, or presume upon them? All the world says, that I excel in every circumstance of the agreeable; I alone never mention it. Ah! if it be modesty and simplicity which you love in my sister, I am very sure that you will love me: these are my favourite virtues.'—'Would they were!' said Angelica. 'However, if you have any design of ever pleasing me, I advise you to examine yourself more closely.'—'You have given him,' said Lucy, 'a lesson which he will not forget.'—'No; for he has forgot it already.' Angelica was in the right. All that he had drawn from their conversation was, that she liked him, and that she would be very glad to be his wife. 'With what frankness,' said he, 'did she make the declaration to me! How well that candour becomes beauty! Whether vanity or passion, he was real-

ly moved by it; but this growing passion, if it was one, had no effect upon his manners. Intoxicated with the incense of his flatterers, agreeably deceived by a young enchantress; he forgot that they sold him the pains which they took to please him; and his vanity, caressed by the Pleasures, smiled carelessly upon them. This voluptuous softness is the most fatal languor into which a young man can be plunged. Every thing, except that, is painful to him; the lightest duties are fatiguing; decorums the least austere, dull and troublesome; he is not at his ease, but in that state of indolence and liberty, where every thing obeys him, nothing constrains him.

Sometimes the image of Angelica presented itself to him like a dream. 'She is charming,' said he; 'but what shall I do with her? Nothing is more inconvenient than a delicate and faithful wife to a husband who is not so. My father would expect that I should live only for my wife. There would be love, jealousy, reproaches, tears; horrible! However, I will see her again.'

Lucy came alone this time. 'Well, how does she like me?'—'A great deal too well.'—'I thought so.'—'Too well as to figure. That advantage makes you neglect; she says, more amiable qualities, which you would stand in need of without it.'—'This Angelica of yours moralizes a little, and it is pity. Tell her that nothing is more dull, and that so pretty a mouth as her's is not made to talk reason.'—'It is not she,' said Lucy; 'it is you whom I would correct.'—'And of what, pray; of loving pleasure, and every thing that inspires it?'—'Pleasure! is there one more pure than that of possessing the heart of a virtuous and beautiful woman; of loving, and of being loved? I believe that you are affectionate. Angelica has sensibility; every thing that belongs to me is dear to her, but—'—'But she is very difficult, and what is it she requires?'—'Morals.'—'Morals at my age! and who has told her that I have none?'—'I don't know; but she has conceived a prejudice against you that grieves me.'—'Ah, I will bring her to herself again. Bring her to me, sister! bring her to me the first time I come to see you. It is to no purpose that men are discreet,' said he,

as he was going away; 'women cannot be silent; and with whatever care I conceal my intrigues, the secret will out. But what hurt does that do me? If Angelica will have a husband who has always been chaste, she has nothing to do but to marry a fool or a child. Am I obliged to be faithful to a wife that is to be? Oh! I will make her see the folly of her notions.' She appeared, and he was himself very much humbled, very much confounded, when he heard her speak with the eloquence of virtue and reason on the shame and danger of vice. 'Can you think, Sir,' said she to him, after having let him treat as slightly as he pleased the principles of good morals; can you think, without blushing, on the union of a pure and chaste soul with one tarnished and profaned by the most unworthy of all inclinations? Of what value in your eyes would a heart be, debased by the vices of which you are vain? and do you think us less sensible than yourself to the charms of virtue, modesty, and innocence? You have given yourself a dispensation from those laws which you have imposed upon us; but Nature and Reason are more equitable than you. For me, I will never believe that a man can dare to love me while he loves things that are scandalous; and if he has had the misfortune to be unworthy of me before knowing me, it is by the pains he shall take to wipe away that blemish that I shall see whether I ought to forget it.' Volny wanted to make her understand, that by changing condition we changed our conduct; that love, virtue, beauty, had numberless rights over a soul; and that the frivolous and transient pleasures which had before occupied that indolent soul, would disappear before an object more dear, and more worthy to possess it. 'Have you faith, Sir,' said she, 'in these sudden revolutions? do you know that they suppose a soul naturally delicate and noble? that there are very few of this temper; and that it is not a good presage of the change which you promise, to wait, in the very bosom of vice, the moment of becoming virtuous all on a sudden?'

Volny, surprized and confounded at this serious language, contented himself with telling her, that in all this he flat-

tered himself there was nothing personal. 'Pardon me!' said Angelica. 'I have heard much talk of you; I am besides pretty well acquainted with the way of life of the young men of fashion: you are rich, of very extensive acquaintance; and, unless by a kind of prodigy, you must be more irregular than another. But the opinion which I have of you ought not to discourage you. You think you love me; I wish it: that perhaps will give you resolution and force to become a valuable man. You have a fine example; a father who, without all the accomplishments which you are set off with, has acquired, by talents useful to his country and himself, the highest reputation. There, now, is what I call an uncommon man; and when you shall become worthy of him, I shall be proud of being worthy of you.'

This discourse had thrown Volny into serious reflections; but his friends came to draw him out of them. He was expected at a delicious supper, at which Fatime, Doris, and Chloe, were to assist. Their merriment was lively and brilliant, and if Volny's heart did not give itself up to it, at least his senses did.

We may easily judge, that in this polite circle a serious engagement passed for the highest extravagance. 'When a person's fortune is concerned,' said they, 'it is time enough, we resolve on it; but can a young man, born to a great fortune; can such a one be foolish enough, or mad enough, to forge himself a chain? If he does not love his wife, she is a burden which he wantonly imposes upon himself; and if he loves her, what a sad method of pleasing himself is that of being her husband? Is there in all the world a more ridiculous creature than a loving husband? Suppose, also, that this should succeed, what then? They are pleased for six months, to be dull all their lives. Ah, my dear Volny! no marriage: you would be a lost man. If you have a fancy for any honest girl, wait till another marries her; they always come round to us sooner or later, and you will be happy in your turn.' Would one believe that this unthinking young man thought these reflections very wise. 'And yet only see,' said he, 'what empire virtue and beauty

'beauty have over a soul, since they make it forget the care of it's repose, and the value of it's liberty.'

He would fain not have seen Angelica again; but he was not well with himself, when he had passed a few days without seeing her. Such, nevertheless, is the attraction of libertinism, that on quitting that adorable young lady, penetrated, ravished, enchanted, with her wisdom and her charms, he plunged himself again into the dissipations, of which she had made him ashamed.

It is possible, that it can be a happiness to a son to lose his mother. Volny, at the death of his, thought he saw the source of all his foolish expences dried up; but it did not even come into his head to renounce those things which had engaged him in them; and the only care with which he was taken up, was to supply the means which he had lost to support them. Being the only son of so rich a father, he could not fail to be rich in his turn; and a young man finds at Paris a pernicious facility of anticipating his fortune. Timantes, now on his decline, wanted to repose himself from his long fatigues, and to engage his son to take his place. 'Sir,' said the young man to him, 'I do not think myself born for that.'—'Well, my son, would you rather take the profession of arms?'—'My inclination is not that way, and my birth does not oblige me to it.'—'The law, without doubt, pleases you better?'—'Oh, not at all! I have an invincible aversion for the law.'—'What will you be, then?'—'My mother had views of an office which confers nobility, which requires no duty, and might be discharged at Paris.'—'I understand you, my son; I will think of it; an excellent vocation!'—'Oh, I feel!' said the good man in himself, 'that you would live an idle life; but I will hinder you if I can. An office which confers nobility, and requires no duty! very convenient. And why should I still wear myself out with labour and inquietude? Let me repose, let me have no other care than that which I have taken up rather too late, the care of observing the conduct of a son who promises me nothing but sorrow; for he who loves idleness, loves the vices of which idleness is the mother.'

But what was the affliction of Timantes, when he learned that his son,

intoxicated with pride, and plunged in libertinism, gave into all kinds of irregularities; that he had mistresses and flatterers; that he gave shews and entertainments, and that he played at a rate sufficient to ruin him. 'It is my fault,' said Timantes, 'and I must repair it; but how? The habit is contracted: the relish for vice has made great progress. Shall I constrain this young man? He will escape me. Shall I disavow his expences and debts? That would be dishonouring myself; it would be extinguishing in his abused soul the very seeds of honesty. To shut him up is still worse: thank Heaven! he is not come to that pass, as to merit that the laws should deprive him of the natural right of freedom; and there are none but unnatural parents who would be severer towards their children than the laws. In the mean time he is running on to his ruin; what shall I do to draw him from the precipice on which I see him? Let us go back to the source of the evil. My riches have turned his head; born of a father without fortune, he had been like another, modest, laborious, and prudent: the remedy is easy, and my course is taken.'

Timantes began from that time to settle his wealth in such a manner as that it should be detached, independent, and free. Excepting his estate of Volny, and his town-house, his fortune was all in his porte-folio, and he took care to adjust matters with all his correspondents. Things being thus disposed, he returns home one day in consternation. His son and his friends, who waited his coming to seat themselves at table, were struck with his dejection. One of them could not refrain from asking him the cause. 'You shall know it,' said he: 'let us make a little haste, if you please, to dine; I am taken up with serious affairs.' They dined in profound silence; and Timantes, at their getting up from table, having taken leave of his guests, shut himself up with his son. 'Volny,' said he to him, 'I have bad news to tell you, but you must support your misfortune with courage. My child, I am ruined! Two-thirds of my fortune are just taken on board two vessels; and the dishonesty of a person whom I trusted has deprived me of half the rest. The desire of leaving you a large fortune has undone

'me; happily, I owe but little, and out of the remains of my fortune I shall save my estate of Volny, which is worth twenty thousand livres a year: on that we shall be able to live. It is a terrible blow, but you are young, and you may rise under it. I have not rendered myself unworthy the confidence of my correspondents; my name will perhaps still retain some credit in Europe; but I am too old to begin anew, and you must repair the misfortunes of your father. I set out in greater difficulties than you will do; and with probity, labour, and my instructions, it is easy for you to go farther than I have done.'

The situation of a traveller, at whose feet the thunder has just fallen, is not to be compared to that of Volny. 'What, my father, ruined without resource!' 'You, my son, are the only resource left me; and I have no longer any hope but in you. Go, consult yourself, and leave me to take the measures suitable to our misfortune.'

The news was soon made publick. The house at Paris was let; the equipages sold; a plain coach, a decent lodging, a frugal table, a family of servants suitable to the necessities of a prudent way of living; every thing proclaimed this reverse of fortune, and it is unnecessary to say that the number of Timantes's friends diminished considerably.

Those of Volny were touched with his accident. 'What is the matter?' said one; 'they tell me your father is ruined!' 'It is too true.' 'What a folly!' 'You have your little box, then, no longer?' 'Alas! no.' 'I am very sorry for it; I reckoned to have gone there to supper to-morrow.' Another accosted him, and said, 'Tell me a little how this is; your fortune is entirely ruined?' 'It is at least reduced to a very small matter.' 'You have a very silly father of your own!' 'Why the devil did he meddle?' 'You would have been ruined yourself well enough without him.' 'I am quite distracted,' said a third; 'they tell me that you have sold your fine stories.' 'Alas! yes.' 'If I had known it, I would have bought them.' 'What a fellow you are! you never think of your friends.' 'I was taken up with not dissuasive affairs.' 'With your little mistress, was not it?' 'You

will have her no longer on your own account; but you will always be good friends: take comfort, I know she loves you; she will behave well.' Some of them said to him as they went along, 'Adieu, Volny!' and all the rest shunned him.

As to his mistress, whom he had enriched, she was so afflicted that she had not the courage to see him again. 'Spare me,' writ she to him; 'you know my sensibility; the sight of you would make too grievous an impression on me: I find myself unable to support it.' It was then, his soul pierced both by the cold slights of his friends, and the unworthy desertion of his mistress, that Volny, for the first time, saw the veil fall which he had over his eyes. 'Where have I been?' said he; 'what have I done? how was I going to spend my life? Ah! what reproaches have I not merited; what wrongs have I not to repair? Let me go and see my sister, added he; for he had not the courage to say, 'Let me go and see Angelica.'

Lucy was overwhelmed with the news which her father had just told her. 'It is not for myself,' said she; 'I am content; and to be happy far from the world, but little is necessary; but you, my father, but Volny!' 'What would you have, daughter? I was not born in the opulence wherein I have seen myself. If my son is prudent, he will still have riches enough; if not, he will have too much.' Lucy's grief redoubled on seeing her brother. 'I have not the courage to console you,' said she; 'but I go to call to my assistance our wife and affectionate Angelica.' 'Oh! no, sister; I have not deserved her interesting herself in my sorrow! when I might have done her honour by sacrifices, it was then that I should have rendered myself worthy of her esteem and pity: now, that every one abandons me, my return, though humiliating to me, has nothing flattering in it for her.' While he was speaking thus, Angelica came of her own accord, and with the most touching air testified to him all her sensibility for his loss. 'It is a great misfortune for your father,' added she; 'it is so too for this dear girl; but it is perhaps a happiness for you. It would be cruel to afflict you by reproaches, when we owe you consolations; but you may draw from the loss of your wealth ble-

sings more valuable than that wealth itself.—‘I abused it; Heaven punishes me for it, but punishes me too cruelly in depriving me of the hope of being here whom I love. I was young; and I dare believe that, without this desperate lesson, time, love, and reason, would have rendered me less unworthy of you.’—‘I see you dejected,’ said she to him; ‘it is no longer from presumption, it is from despondency that we must preserve you, and what it would have been dangerous to confess to you in prosperity, you stand in need of knowing in adversity. Whether it was not possible for me to think ill of the brother of my friend; or whether it was that you yourself had inspired me with that prepossession which does not listen to reason, I thought I discerned in you, amidst all the errors and vices of your age, a disposition at bottom naturally good. Happily your past errors have nothing shameful in the eyes of the world; the path of honour and virtue is open to you, and it is more easy for you than ever to become such as I wish. As to fortune, the reverse which you have experienced is overwhelming. I shall not make you a panegyric upon mediocrity: when we have known ourselves rich, it is humiliating, it is hard, to cease to be so; but the evil is not without remedy. Conform yourself to your present situation; emerge out of that indolent softness in which you have been plunged; let the love of labour take place of the taste for dissipation; do all that depends on yourself, if you love me, in order to re-establish between us that equality of fortune required in marriage. My father, who loves me, and who would not have me unhappy, will allow me, I hope, the liberty of waiting for you. If in six years your fortune is re-established, or on the point of being re-established, all the obstacles will be smoothed; if, with prudence, frugality, and labour, you have the misfortune not to succeed, I require then of you, in the room of all riches, only to have consideration of your condition. I am an only daughter, very rich myself; I will cast myself at my father’s feet, and obtain his permission to indemnify a valuable man for the injustice of Fortune.’ Lucy could no longer refrain from embracing Angeli-

ca. ‘Ah, how justly art thou named!’ said she to her; ‘there is nothing but a heavenly spirit that could be capable of so much virtue.’ Volny, on his side, in the tenderness and respect with which he was seized, applied his mouth, as he threw himself down, on the bar of the grate which Angelica’s hand had touched. ‘Mademoiselle,’ said he to her, ‘you render my misfortune dear to me; and I am going to employ my whole life to merit, if it be possible, the favours with which you overwhelm me. Permit me to come often, to derive from you the courage, the prudence, and the virtue, which I have need of in order to deserve you.’

He retired, not such as heretofore, vain, and full of himself; but humbled, confounded, at having so little known the value of the most noble heart that Heaven had ever formed. He enters his father’s closet. ‘Your fortune is changed,’ said he, ‘but your son is still more so; and I hope that one day you will bless Heaven for the reverse which restores me to my duty and to myself. Condescend to instruct and to direct me; diligent, laborious, and docile, I am going to be the support and consolation of your old age, and you may dispose of me.’ The good man, transported, dissembled his joy, and contented himself with commending such good dispositions. He presented his son to his correspondents, and demanded in his behalf their friendship and confidence. We pity, above all, unfortunate persons whom we esteem; and each of them, touched with the misfortune of this gallant man, made it a point to console him.

Volny, who resumed the name of Timantes, had but few difficulties to encounter in his first operations: his dexterity, which at first was purely his father’s, but which soon after became actually his own, made his credit visibly increase. The moments of relaxation, which his father obliged him to take, he passed with Angelica, and he felt a sensible pleasure in telling her his progress. Angelica, who attributed partly to herself the wonderful change in her lover, enjoyed her own influence with the double satisfaction of love and friendship. Lucy was in adoration of her, and ceased not to give her thanks for the happiness which she had procured them.

One day that her father came to see her, and testified his satisfaction at the consolation which his son gave him; 'Do you know,' said Lucy, 'to whom we are indebted for this reformation? to the most beautiful, and most virtuous person breathing, to the only daughter of Alcimon, my companion and friend.' She then related to him all that had passed. 'You melt me,' said the good man; 'I must know this charming girl.' Angelica came, and received the commendations of Timantes with a modesty which still heightened her beauty. 'Sir,' said she to him, 'I depend on a father; but it is true, that if he has the goodness to allow me to dispose of myself, and that you are satisfied with your son, I shall take a pride in becoming your daughter. My friendship for Lucy inspired me with the first desire of it; my respect for yourself still adds to it: your very misfortunes have only made me interest myself more in every thing that could make you amends for them; and if the conduct of your son is such as you wish, and I desire, whether he be rich or not, the most honourable, and the most agreeable use I can make of my fortune, is to share it with him.' At this discourse the old man was very near letting his secret escape him; but he had the prudence to contain himself. 'I did not think, Madam,' said he, 'that it was possible to increase, in the soul of a father, the desire of seeing his son a wife and virtuous man; but you add a new interest to that of paternal love: I do not know what Heaven will do with us; but in all the situations of life, and till my last breath, be assured of my gratitude!'

'That you should not have confided to me,' said he on seeing his son again, 'the secrets of your youth, I am but little surprized, and I pardon you for it; but why conceal from me a virtuous inclination? Why not confess to your father your love for Angelica, the daughter of my old friend?'—'Alas!' said the young man, 'have you not misfortunes enough of your own, without afflicting you with my sorrows? And who has revealed my secret to you?'—'Your sister; Angelica herself: I am charmed with her, I am in love with her, and I wish she was my daughter.'—'Ah, I wish so too! but how superior is her fortune

to mine!'—'In time you may come near it. Visit this lovely girl often.'—'I visit of ly her; and I have no other ambition in the world, than to be worthy of her and of you.'

Timantes felt an inexpressible satisfaction at seeing daily the success of the trial which he had put him to. He had the firmness to let him apply himself for five whole years, without relaxation, to the re-establishing of his fortune, detached from the world, and dividing his life between his counting-house and Angelica's parlour. At length, seeing his reformation become habit, and all the old seeds of vice extirpated, he went to visit Alcimon. 'My old friend,' said he, 'you have, they tell me, a charming daughter; I come to propose for her an agreeable partner in point of condition, and advantageous in point of fortune.'—'I am obliged to you,' said Alcimon; 'but I tell you beforehand, that I would have a person of the same condition with myself, and who would take a pride in calling me his father; I have not laboured all my life to give my daughter a husband who may be ashamed of me.'—'The person I propose,' said Timantes, 'is precisely such a one as you like. He is rich, he is honest, he will always respect you.'—'What is he?'—'I cannot tell you but at my own house, where I invite you to come and renew, over a bottle, a friendship of forty years. Do me the favour to bring Angelica there. My daughter, who is her companion in the convent, shall have the honour of accompanying her; you shall both of you see the young man who demands her; and to put you more at your ease, he shall not know himself that I have spoke to you about him.' The day appointed, Alcimon and Timantes go and fetch Angelica and Lucy; they arrive, they prepare to sit down at table; they find word to the son, who, busied in his office, expected nothing less than the happiness which was preparing for him. He enters; what is his surprize! Angelica there! Angelica with her father! What was he to think, what to hope, from this unforeseen rendezvous! Why had they made a secret of it to him? Every thing seems to proclaim his happiness to him, but his happiness is not probable. In this confusion of thoughts he lost the use of his senses.

A sudden

A sudden giddiness spread a cloud over his eyes; he wanted to speak, his voice failed him, and a low bow alone expressed to the father and the daughter how much he was moved with the honour his father and he received. His sister, who came to throw herself into his arms, gave him time to recover from his confusion. Never was embrace so tender. He thought he held in his bosom Angelica with Lucy, and he could not separate himself from her.

At table, Timantes displayed an alacrity at which all the company were surprized. Alcimon, prepossessed with the demand which he had made him, and impatient to see the young man whom he proposed arrive, freely gave himself up to the pleasure of finding himself again with his old friend; he had even the kindness to enter into conversation with the young Timantes. 'I see,' said he to him, 'that you are the comfort of your father. People talk of your application to business and your talents with great commendations; and such is the advantage of your condition, that a sensible and honest man cannot fail of success.'—'Ah, my friend,' replied the old Timantes, 'it requires a great deal of time to make one's fortune, and very little to ruin it! What a pity not to have mine to offer you! Instead of proposing to you a stranger as a husband to this amiable young lady, I should have solicited that happiness for my son.'—'I should have preferred him to every body else,' said Alcimon.—'Indeed!—'Aye, indeed. But you know where one is liable to have a numerous family, there should be wherewithal to support it.'—'If it depends only on that,' said Timantes, 'the case is not desperate, and we may come to an agreement.' On saying these words he rose from table, and returning the moment after, 'There,' said

he, 'see, there is my porte-folio; it is yet pretty well furnished;' and observing Alcimon's surprize; 'know,' added he, 'that my ruin is all a fiction. This young man hath been spoiled by the notion that he was born rich: I knew no better method to reform him, than to make him believe that I was ruined. This feint has succeeded: he is now in a good way; I am even certain that he has no desire to relapse again into the errors of his youth, and it is time to trust him.—Yes, my son, I have all the wealth I had, augmented by five years savings, and the fruit of your labour.—It is for him, therefore,' said he to his friend, 'that I demand Angelica; and if there be occasion for any new motive to engage you to grant her to me, I will confess to you that he has seen her at the convent, that he has conceived for her the most tender love, and that this love has done more than ill fortune itself towards attaching him to his duties.' While Timantes did but sound the disposition of Angelica's father, she herself, her friend, and her lover, had felt only the emotion and anxiety of hope and fear; but at sight of the porte-folio, at the news that Timantes's ruin was but a feint, at the demand which he made himself of Angelica's hand for his son, Lucy, all wild and beside herself, flew into the arms of her father; the young Timantes, still more confused, fell at Alcimon's knees; and Angelica, her countenance overspread with paleness, had not the power to lift up her eyes. Alcimon raised the young man with his embraces; and turning towards the old Timantes, 'My friend,' said he to him, 'when we would contrive an agreeable surprize, we must take instruction from you. Come, you are a good father; and your son deserves to be happy.'

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

MORAL TALES.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

THE SYMPH-HUSBAND.

It is a very common tale in our country, that every man who will take care to himself, and with more advantage, than to himself, will gain the prize of a happy marriage.

It is a very common tale in our country, that every man who will take care to himself, and with more advantage, than to himself, will gain the prize of a happy marriage.

It is a very common tale in our country, that every man who will take care to himself, and with more advantage, than to himself, will gain the prize of a happy marriage.

It is a very common tale in our country, that every man who will take care to himself, and with more advantage, than to himself, will gain the prize of a happy marriage.

It is a very common tale in our country, that every man who will take care to himself, and with more advantage, than to himself, will gain the prize of a happy marriage.

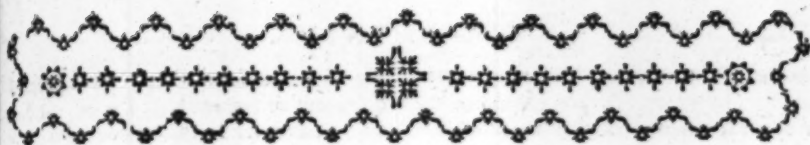
It is a very common tale in our country, that every man who will take care to himself, and with more advantage, than to himself, will gain the prize of a happy marriage.

It is a very common tale in our country, that every man who will take care to himself, and with more advantage, than to himself, will gain the prize of a happy marriage.

It is a very common tale in our country, that every man who will take care to himself, and with more advantage, than to himself, will gain the prize of a happy marriage.

It is a very common tale in our country, that every man who will take care to himself, and with more advantage, than to himself, will gain the prize of a happy marriage.

It is a very common tale in our country, that every man who will take care to himself, and with more advantage, than to himself, will gain the prize of a happy marriage.



MORAL TALES.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

THE SYLPH-HUSBAND.



VOID the snares of men,' we are perpetually saying to young women. 'A-void the seductions of women,' we are perpetually saying to young men. Do we think we are following the plan of Nature, by making one sex the enemy of the other? Are they formed only to hurt each other? Are they destined to fly one another? And what would be the fruits of these lessons if both sexes should take them literally?

When Elisa quitted the convent to go to the altar to espouse the Marquis De Volange, she was thoroughly persuaded that, next to a lover, the most dangerous being in nature was a husband. Brought up by one of those re-
close devotees, whose melancholy imagination paints to itself all objects in black, she saw nothing for her in the world but rocks, and nothing but snares in marriage. Her soul, naturally delicate and timid, was immediately blasted by fear; and age had not yet given to her senses the happy power of conquering the ascendant of opinion. Thus every thing in marriage was to her humiliating and painful. The first assiduities of her husband, far from encouraging her, alarmed her the more. 'It is thus,' said she, 'that the men cover with flowers the chains of our slavery. Flattery crowns the victim; Pride soon prepares to sacrifice it. He consults my desires now, in order to oppose them eternally hereafter. He would penetrate into my heart, in order to unfold all its recesses; and if

he discovers any foible in me, it is by that very foible that he will take care to humble me with more advantage. Let us guard ourselves well against the snares which they spread for us!'

It is easy to foresee the bitterness and coldness which this unhappy prejudice created on the side of Elisa in their most intimate commerce. Volange perceived the repugnance which she had for him. He would have endeavoured to have conquered it, had he guessed the cause; but the persuasion that he was hated discouraged him; and in losing the hope of pleasing, it was natural enough for him to lose the endeavour.

His situation was the more painful, as it was quite opposite to his character. Volange was gaiety, gallantry, complaisance itself. He had considered his marriage as a jolly festival, rather than a serious affair. He had taken a wife young and handsome, as we chose a divinity, in order to raise altars to her. 'The world will adore her,' said he; 'I shall lead her thither in triumph. I shall have a thousand rivals; so much the better! I shall eclipse them all by my assiduities, my vows, and my homages; and the inquietude ever attached to jealousy, delicate and timid, shall preserve the lover of Elisa from the negligences of the husband.'

The impatient and disdainful coldness of his wife destroyed this illusion. The more he was in love with her, the more he was hurt by the distance which she observed towards him; and that love, so tender and so pure, which would have formed his happiness, was likely

Y to

to be his torment. But an innocent artifice, of which chance gave him the first idea, re-established him in all his rights.

The sensibility of the soul must exert itself; and if it has not a real object, it creates a fantastick one. Elisa's repugnance was founded in a settled notion, that there was nothing in nature worthy to attach her. But she had found in fiction something to engage, to move, to melt her. The fable of the Sylphs was in vogue. Some of those romances, in which is represented the delicious commerce of those spirits with mortals, had fallen into her hands; and these brilliant chimeras had in her eyes all the charms of truth.

In short, Elisa believed in Sylphs, and burned with the desire of having one. We must be able at least to form to ourselves some notion of what we desire; and it is not easy to form a notion of a spirit. Elisa had been obliged to attribute all the features of a man to the sylph which she desired. But for the mansion of a celestial soul, she had composed a body at pleasure; a shape, elegant and noble; a figure, animated, interesting, ingenious; a complexion, of a bloom and figure worthy of the sylph that presides over the morning star; eyes fine, blue, and languishing; and I know not what of aerial in all the graces of his person. To all this she had super-added a vesture, the lightest imaginable, formed of ribbands, colours the most tender, a tissue of silk, almost transparent, in which the Zephyrs sported; two wings like those of Cupid, of whom this beautiful sylph was the image: such was the chimera of Elisa; and her heart, seduced by her imagination, sighed after her own fiction.

It is natural, for our most familiar and most lively ideas to recur in sleep: and the dreams of Elisa soon persuaded her that her chimera had some reality.

Volange, very sure that he was not beloved by his wife, had in vain observed her with the eyes of jealousy; he saw her with her own sex gay and gentle, easy and affable, and sometimes even with an air of friendship; but no man had yet met with such a reception from her, as could alarm him. With that sex her countenance was severe, her air disdainful; her whole behaviour cold; she spoke little, scarce vouchsafed attention to what was said, and when

she did not seem tired, she appeared quite out of patience. To be, at her age, neither tender nor a coquette; inconceivable! However, at last she betrayed herself.

The opera of Zelindor, at its first appearance, had the most brilliant success. Elisa was present at the representation in her own little box, with one of her women, for whom she had a great partiality. Justina was her confidante, and nothing attaches a timid soul so much as having once surmounted the difficulty of unbosoming itself. Elisa would fain have had this confidante of her weakness perpetually with her; and her little box at the theatre was so dear to her, only on account of the liberty it afforded them of being there together and alone.

Volange, who from the opposite side of the theatre observed all the movements of Elisa, saw her several times start at the sight of Zelindor, and talk to Justina with an air of passion.

A strange uneasiness possessed him; but in the evening, having found Justina a moment alone, 'Your mistress,' said he, 'seemed highly entertained at the play?'—'Ah, Sir! she is distractedly fond of it: Zelindor is her passion. It seems to have been made on purpose for her. She is not recovered of the surprise into which she has been thrown by seeing her own dreams represented.'—'What! does your mistress dream of such things?'—'Alas! yes, Sir; and you are much to blame to reduce her to the pleasure of dreaming.'—'Indeed, you are very happy, that, young and handsome as she is, she confines herself to the loving of sylphs.'—'Sylphs!'—'Yes, Sir, sylphs. But I am betraying her secret.'—'You jest, Justina?'—'A fine jest, indeed! Indeed, Sir, it is a shame to live with her as you do. Ah! when I see so young a lady, when she wakes, her complexion blooming, eyes languishing, with a mouth fresher than a rose, telling me, with a sigh, that she has just been happy in a dream, how I pity her, and how I hate you!'—'What do you mean? Your mistress had in her husband an uncommon lover; but she has returned the highest tenderness of love only with a coldness almost amounting to aversion.'—'You fancy so, you have mistaken timidity for coldness; and that is always the way

way with the men: they have no pity on a young woman. Why should you grow cool? Why not make use of your power over her?—That is what has restrained me. I was unwilling to owe any thing to constraint, and I should have been much warmer in my instances, had she been more free in her refusals.—Alas, poor gentleman! how good you are, with this delicacy of yours! You shall see how vastly they are obliged to you for it!—Hark'e; Justina, a thought has just struck me, which, if you will but assist me, may reconcile us.—If I'll assist you?—Elisa is in love with sylphs; I may personate a sylph in love with her.—And how will you make yourself invisible?—By visiting her only by night.—Well, that is a good scheme enough.—It is not very new: more than one lover has availed himself of it; but Elisa does not expect it, and I am persuaded will be deceived. The chief difficulty is in the opening the first stage of the plot; but I depend on your address to furnish me with an occasion.

An opportunity was not long in presenting itself. Ah, Justina! said Elisa, the next day on waking, what happiness have I just enjoyed! I dreamed that I was under an arbour of roses, where the most beautiful of the celestial spirits sighed at my knees.—How, Madam! spirits sigh! and how was this beautiful spirit made?—It would be in vain for me to endeavour to describe what has not its image among mankind. When the idea is effaced by my waking, I can scarce retrace it to myself.—But I may know, at least, what passed at your conference?—I do not know what; but I was transported, I heard a ravishing voice, drew in the sweetest perfumes, and at my waking all vanished.

Volange was informed of his wife's dream, and in her regrets he thought he saw the means of beginning to act the sylph towards her. At that time essence of roses was scarce known at Paris; Volange put into Justina's hands a small phial of that precious elixir. To-morrow, said he, before your mistress wakes, take care to perfume her bed with it.

O Heaven! said Elisa on waking, is it still a dream? Come here, Justina!

na; smell, and tell me what you smell!—I, Madam? I smell nothing.—Nothing! do you not smell roses?—You grow distracted, my dear mistress; pardon me for saying so. Your dreams might be passed over; but quite awake!—Indeed I do not conceive you.—You are right, nothing is more inconceivable. Leave me! draw the curtains. Ah! the smell is still more prevailing.—You alarm me!—Hark'e! I told you yesterday, if I remember right, that I was sorry that the dream of the arbour was dissipated, and that I was delighted with the fragrance I had breathed there. He has heard me, my dear Justina.—Who, Madam?—Who! do not you know? You put me out of patience. Leave me! But he should know, as he is present, that it is not the flowers that I regret. Ah! how much sweeter was his voice! How much more did it touch my heart! And his features, his divine features! Unavailing wishes! Alas! I shall never see him.—Why really, Madam, there is no great probability.—You throw me into despair: is it love to envy me, even to want to destroy the most pleasing illusion? For that it is one, I must believe; I am not a child.—And yet this fragrance of the roses!—Yes, I perceive it, nothing is more real; and it is not now the season for those flowers.—What would you have me say to you, Madam? All the desire I have to please you cannot make me believe a dream to be a reality.—Very well, Mademoiselle, do not believe it. Prepare my toilette, that I may dress. I am in a confusion, in an emotion at which I blush, and which I know not how to appease.

Victory, Sir, said Justina, on seeing Volange; the sylph is announced and desired: we wish for him; let him appear; and, take my word for it, he will be very well received.

Elisa was plunged all the day in a reverie, which had the air of an enchantment; and in the evening her husband perceived that she waited with impatience the moment of going to deliver herself up to sleep. There was a communication between their apartments, according to custom, and Volange had agreed with her confidante on the method of getting, without noise, to his wife's

Y

wife's pillow. But it was necessary, that either by a sigh, or by some words which were to escape, she should herself invite him to speak.

I forgot to mention, that Elisa would not have any light by her in the night; not without reason. The pictures of the imagination are never so lively as in profound darkness. Thus Volange, without being perceived, espied the favourable moment. He heard Elisa sigh and seek repose with inquietude. 'Come,' then, said she, 'happy Sleep, thou alone makest me love life.'—'It is for me,' said Volange, in a voice so soft that Elisa scarce heard him, 'it is for me to call upon Sleep; I am happy only through him; it is in his bosom that I possess you.' He had not time to finish. Elisa gave a loud shriek, and Volange having disappeared, Justina ran up at Elisa's voice. 'What is the matter, Madam?'—'Ah! I die; I have just heard him. Recall me, if possible, to life. I am loved, I am happy. Make haste, I cannot breathe.' Justina hastens, unties her ribbands, gives her some salts to smell, which revive her, and still supporting her part of being incredulous, reproaches her for delivering herself up to ideas which disturb her repose, and affect her health. 'Treat me, as a child, as a fool!' said Elisa; 'but it is no longer a dream, nothing is so true; I heard him as plain as I hear you.'—'Very well, Madam, I will not put you out of patience; but endeavour to calm your spirits; remember that, in order to please a sylph, one must be handsome, and that we soon become otherwise without sleep.'—'Going, Justina? How cruel! Do not you see that I tremble all over? Stay at least till I sleep, if it be possible to sleep in my present agitation.'

At last her fine eyes grew heavy, and it was resolved between Justina and Volange, that scared by the cry which Elisa had made, the sylph should in vain be wished for the next night. Accordingly, she called upon him in vain.

She was afraid he would never return more. 'My cries have frightened him,' said she. 'Good Madam,' said Justina, 'is a spirit so fearful then? And ought he not to have expected the fright which he put you into? Be easy; he knows what passes in your heart, as well as yourself. And perhaps at this moment he is listening,

—'What say you? You make me start.'—'How! are you not very glad that your sylph reads your soul?'—'Assuredly; nothing passes there with which he has not reason to be pleased. But there is always something of man intermingled in the idea which we form of sylphs, and modesty.'—'Modesty, in my opinion, is out of the case with spirits. Where would be the harm, for example, in engaging him to return this evening?'—'Ah! it would be vain to dissemble; he knows very well how much I wish it.'

Elisa's wish was accomplished. She was laid down, the light put out, and Volange at her bed's head. 'Do you think he will return?' said she to Justina. 'Yes, if he be gallant, he must be here already.'—'Ah, if he could but hear me!'—'He hears you,' replied Volange with a soft voice; 'but remove this witness who gives me uneasiness.'—'Justina,' said Elisa, trembling, 'get away.'—'What now, Madam? You seem moved.'—'Nothing; leave me, I say.' Justina obeyed, and as soon as they were alone, 'What, then,' said the sylph, 'does my voice fright you! It is not usual to fear what we love.'—'Alas,' said she, 'can I see without emotion my dreams thus realized; and passing, by an inconceivable prodigy, from illusion to reality? Shall I believe that one of the celestial spirits deigns to quit the heavens for me, and to be familiar with a mere mortal?'—'If you knew,' replied Volange, 'how much you efface all the charms of the nymphs of the air, you would be but little flattered with your conquest. Nor is it to vanity that I would owe the reward of my passion. That passion is pure and unalterable as the essence of my being; but it is delicate also to excess. We have only the sensations of the soul: you have them as well as we, Elisa; but, in order to relish their delights, you must reserve for me that soul of which I am jealous; anuse yourself with all that the world has interesting and amiable; but love nothing in it like myself.'—'Alas! it is very easy for me to obey you,' said she, in a voice still faltering. 'The world has no charms for me. My soul, even when unoccupied, could not give access to vain pleasures which would seduce it; how can it be accessible then, now that you possess it? But

‘But you, O spirit celestial and pure, how can I flatter myself with fixing you, and being able to content you?’—Learn, replied Volange, ‘what distinguishes us from all the spirits dispersed through the universe, and still more from the human species. A sylph has no happiness in himself; he is happy only in what he loves. Nature has forbid him the power of loving himself alone; and as he partakes all the pleasures which he excites, he feels also all the pains which he occasions. Fate has left me the choice of this half of myself on which my happiness is to depend; but, that choice decided, we have no longer but one soul, and it is only in rendering you happy that I can hope to be so.’—‘Be happy, then,’ said she to him with transport, for the mere idea of an union so sweet ravishes me, and lifts me above myself. What comparison between this intimate commerce, and that of dangerous mortals, whose slaves we are here? Alas! you know that I have submitted to the laws of Hymen, and that they have imposed fetters on me.’—‘I know it,’ said Volange; ‘and one of my cares shall be to render them light.’—‘Ah!’ resumed she, ‘be not jealous on that account. My husband is perhaps the man in the world who has the least tincture of the vice of his species; but they are all so conceited and so proud of their advantages, so indulgent to their own faults, and so rigorous to ours, so little scrupulous as to the means of seducing and making us slaves, that there would be as much imprudence as weakness in delivering ourselves up to them.’—‘Well,’ said her sylph, ‘would you believe it? All that with which you reproach the men, do we reproach the sylphs. Soft, insinuating, fertile in evasions, there is no art which they do not employ to domineer over the spirits; but once sure of their power, a capricious and absolute will, an impetuous pride, to which every thing must bow, take place of timidity, gentleness, and complaisance; and it is not till after having loved them, that we perceive we ought to hate them. This prevailing character, which Nature has given them, has however its exceptions: it is the same among the men. But be that as it may, my dear Elisa, both the one and the other world will

‘be strangers to us, if you love me as I do you. Adieu! my duty and your repose oblige me to quit you. Heaven has confided to me the care of your star; I am going to direct it’s course. May it diffuse over you the most favourable influence!’—‘Alas! going so soon!’—‘Yes, in order to see you again to-morrow at the same hour.’—‘Adieu! but no; one word more. May I have a confidante?’—‘You have one, confine yourself to her. Justina loves you, and she is dear to me.’—‘What name shall I give you in speaking to her about you?’—‘In heaven they call me *Valoë*, and in the sylphid language that name signifies *all Soul*.’—‘Ah! I merit the same name since I have heard you.’ The sylph then vanished. Elisa’s heart swam in joy, she was at the summit of her wishes, and in the midst of the delicious ideas which possessed her, sleep seized her senses.

Justina was informed of every thing that had passed, and had no need to repeat it to Volange. She only acquainted him that he had left his wife in an enchantment. ‘That is not enough,’ said he; ‘in the sylph’s absence I would have every thing recal his passion to her. You read her soul, you know her likings; instruct me in her wishes: the sylph will have the air of divining them.’ In the evening, Elisa, to be the more at liberty, went to walk alone with Justina in one of those magnificent gardens which are the ornament of Paris; and though she was there wholly taken up with her sylph, an inclination, natural to young women, made her cast her eyes on the dress of an unknown lady. ‘Ah! what a pretty gown!’ cried she to herself; and Justina pretended not to hear her. But the adroit attendant, having heard the name of this lady who was so well dressed, remembered it, and told it to Volange.

The hour of rendezvous being come, Elisa goes to bed, and as soon as she is alone, ‘Ah, my dear *Valoë*!’ said she, ‘have you forgot me! Here am I alone, and you come not!’—‘He waited for you,’ said Volange; ‘your image has followed him into Heaven. He has seen only you in the midst of all the aerial court. But you, Elisa, in his absence, have you wished only for him?’—‘No,’ said she to him assuredly, ‘nothing but you interests me.’—

‘I know,

‘I know, however, Eliza, that you have formed a wish that was not for me.’ — ‘You make me uneasy,’ said she; ‘I have examined myself in vain, I know not what that wish can be.’ — ‘You have forgot it, but I remember it, and far from complaining of it, I wish that you may often have the like. I have told you the sylphs are jealous, but it only renders them the more earnest to please. Do not be astonished to see me curious of the smallest particulars of your life: I would leave in it only the flowers, and remove the smallest thorn. For example, your husband ceases not to give me uneasiness. How are you with him?’ — ‘Why,’ said Eliza, a little confounded, ‘I live with him as with a man; in that diffidence and fear which a sex born the enemy of ours naturally inspires. They gave me to him without consulting me; I followed my duty, and not my inclination. He said he loved me, and he would have pleased me; that is, have captivated me: he has not succeeded; and his vanity, which he calls delicacy, has diverted him from his design. Thus you see we are good friends; or, if you please, both of us free.’ — ‘Is he at least a little complaisant?’ — ‘Why, yes, sufficiently to seduce a woman who did not know so well as I how dangerous men are.’ — ‘You might have fallen into worse hands; and this husband is not so troublesome as his sex generally are. He does well as to the rest; and if ever you should have cause to complain of him, he shall be punished for it instantly.’ — ‘Oh no, I conjure you,’ said she, trembling, ‘though he should totally neglect me, never interfere in it. I owe you all my confidence; but it would be a cruel abuse of it to do him any manner of hurt. He is unhappy enough in being a man, and it is a sufficient punishment.’ — ‘Your soul is celestial, charming Eliza; a mortal did not deserve you. Listen; I have not told you our manner of punishing the men. They know only fire and sword; but we have gentler methods of vengeance. Whenever your husband shall have displeased you, you shall inform me of it; and from that instant, regret, reproach, shall seize his soul, and he shall have neither peace with me, nor with himself, till he has expiated at your knees the displeasure he has occasioned. I will do

more, I will inspire into him all that you inspire into me. Thus the spirit of your sylph shall animate your husband, and shall be present to you without ceasing.’ — ‘That,’ said Eliza transported, ‘is the only way of making me love him.’ Thus passed this last conversation.

The day after, Eliza being at her toilette, Justina cast her eyes on the sofa in her closet, and sets up a cry of astonishment. Eliza turns about, and sees there displayed a gown like that which she had seen in her walk. ‘Ah! see now in what manner he avenges himself of a wish not formed for him! Justina, will you believe me at last? Is not a sylph to be adored?’ Eliza’s eyes could not weary themselves in admiring this new prodigy. Volange arrives in that moment. ‘There is a beautiful gown!’ said he. ‘Your taste, Madam, does great honour to what you love. I think,’ continued he, examining the stuff nearer, ‘this is made by the hands of fairies.’ This familiar manner of speaking came out so *à-propos*, that Eliza blushed as if she had been betrayed, and her secret revealed.

In the evening she failed not to extol the forward gallantry of her handsome little sylph; and he in his turn said to her a thousand things, so delicate, and so tender, on the happiness of embellishing what we love, and of enjoying the good which we do, that she was perpetually repeating it. ‘No, never mortal knew such language: none but a celestial being can think and speak thus.’ — ‘I acquaint you, however, before-hand,’ said he, ‘that your husband will soon become my rival. I take a pleasure in purifying his soul, in rendering it as gentle, as tender, as flexible to your desires, as his nature permits. You will be a gainer by it without doubt, Eliza, and your happiness is wholly mine: but shall not I be a loser?’ — ‘Ah! can you doubt,’ said she, ‘that I shall not attribute to you all the care he shall take to please me? Is he not like a statue which you endeavour to animate?’ — ‘Thus you will love me in him; and in thinking that it is I who animate him, you will take a pleasure in rendering him happy.’ — ‘No, Val, that would be to deceive him; I hate falsehood. It is, you that I love, not him; and to testify to him what I feel for you, would be to deceive both.’ Volange, not to engage any farther in so delicate a dispute,

dispute, changed the subject, and asked her how she had amused herself all the day. 'Hey!' said she to him, 'do not, you know, you who read my thoughts? The moments in which I was disengaged, I employed in tracing out a cypher, in which our two names are entwined. I draw flowers pretty well, and I never did any thing with so much taste as those which form that kind of chain.—' You have also,' said he to her, 'a rare talent which you neglect, and the pleasures of which are heavenly: you have a touching voice, an exquisite ear; and the harp under your fingers, mingling its accords with your sounds, would form the delight of the inhabitants of the air.' Elisa promised to exercise herself in it, and they parted more taken, more enchanted, with each other, than ever.

'I am often alone,' said she to her husband; 'music would amuse me. The harp is in fashion, and I have an inclination to try it.—' Nothing so easy,' said Volange, with an air of complaisance: and that very evening she had an harp.

The sylph returned at his hour, and appeared charmed with seeing her seize and follow his ideas with so much vivacity. 'Alas!' said Elisa to him, 'you are more happy, you divine my wishes, and know how to prevent them. How precious is the gift of reading the soul of the person we love! We do not allow time to wish. Such is your advantage over me.—' 'Content yourself,' said Valcè to her; 'complaisance has its value: I fulfil my own wishes when I prevent yours; and you, in waiting for mine, have the pleasure of telling yourself that it is my soul guides you. It is more flattering to prevent; but it is sweeter to comply. My advantage is that of self-love; yours is that of love.'

So much delicacy was to Elisa the most charming of all ties. She would fain have never ceased to hear a voice so dear; but, out of tenderness to her, Volange took care to withdraw as soon as he had gently moved her, and sleep came to calm her spirits.

The first idea which she had at her waking was that of her sylph, and the second that of her harp. It was brought to her the evening before, quite plain, and without ornaments. She flies into

her cabinet, and finds a harp decorated with a garland of flowers, which seemed freshly gathered. Her joy was equal to her astonishment. 'No!' said she, 'not never has the pencil in the hand of a mortal produced this illusion.' And what doubt but this was a present from her sylph? Two brilliant wings crowned this harp, the same, without doubt, which Valcè played on in the celestial choir. While she was returning him thanks, the musician arrives, whom she had sent for to give her lessons.

Timotheus, instructed by Volange in the part which he was to perform, opened with an encomium on the harp. 'What fulness, what harmony, in the sounds of this fine instrument! What could be more soft, more majestic!' The harp (if we might take his word for it) would renew all the prodigies of the lyre. 'But the triumph of the harp,' added this new Orpheus, 'is when it supports with its symphonies the accents of a voice melodious and tender. Observe, too, Madam, that nothing discovers to more advantage the graces of a fine hand and arm; and when a lady knows how to give her head an air of enthusiasm, so that her features grow animated, and her eyes kindle at the sounds which she occasions, she becomes half as beautiful again.'

Elisa cut short this encomium, by asking her master whether he was a descendant of Timotheus, Alexander's musician. 'Yes, Madam,' said he, 'of the same family.' She took her first lesson. The music-master appeared enchanted with the seraphick tones of the harp. 'Divine!' cried he. 'I warrant it,' said Elisa to herself. 'Come, Madam, try these harmonious strings.' Elisa applied to them a timid hand, and every note that she drew from the instrument thrilled to her very heart. 'Wonderful, Madam!' cried Timotheus, 'wonderful! I hope soon to hear you accompany your touching voice, and set off my music, and my verses.—' You make verses then too? demanded she, smiling. 'Ah, Madam!' said Timotheus, 'that is the strangest thing in the world, and I can scarce conceive it myself. I had heard that we had a genius, and I took it for a fable; but upon my word nothing is more real. I had one, I who now speak to you, and had him

without knowing it. It was but yesterday evening that I had fresh confirmation of it. — And how did you make this discovery? — How! Last night, in my sleep, my Genius appeared to me in a dream, and dictated the following verses —

"The empty honour I renounce
 "To guide thy car, Aurora!
 "No more, no more, will I announce
 "Thy sweet return, O Flora!
 "Me now employs a gentler, happier care;
 "To guard my waking, guard my sleeping
 "fair, Aurora weeps, in vain
 "In vain Aurora weeps, in vain
 "Would Flora bind me in her rosy chains
 "With dear Elisa will I stay,
 "Elisa, fairer — fairer far than they."

"What," said Elisa, with much emotion, "what, Timotheus! did you make these verses?" — "I, Madam! I never made any in my life. It was my Genius that dictated them to me. He has done more; he has set them to music, as you shall hear. — Well, Madam," said he, after having sung them, "how do you like them? Is it not happy to have a genius like mine?" — "But, Sir, do not you know at least who this Elisa is whom you celebrate?" — "Why, Madam, I believe it is a name like Phyllis, Chloris, or Isis. My Genius pitched upon that, because it is agreeable to the ear. — So, you do not pique yourself upon understanding the meaning of the verses which you sing?" — "No, Madam, but that is no matter; they are melodious, and full of sensibility, and that is enough for a song. — Let me beg you, resumed she, 'to repeat them to nobody else, and if your Genius should inspire any more, pray reserve them for me.'

She expected her sylph with impatience, in order to thank him for the inspiration. He denied them; but so weakly, that she was but the more convinced. He confessed, however, that it was not without reason that those men were regarded as inspired, who, without reflection, produced fine thoughts. "These are," said he, "the favourites of the sylphs, and each of them has his own particular one, whom he calls his Genius. It is no wonder, therefore, that Timotheus should have one; and if he inspires him with verses which please you, he may boast of being,

next to me, the happiest of the inhabitants of the air. The Genius of Timotheus became every day more fertile, and every day Elisa was more sensible of the praises he bestowed on her. However, Volange prepared her a new surprise, and the following was the object of it.

The reader remembers that she amused herself in tracing out a cypher, in which the name of Valoe was interwoven with her own. One day, being invited to a feast, she was preparing to put on her diamonds: she opens her casket, and what does she feel! her bracelets, her necklace, her algrette, her ear-rings, mounted after the pattern of that very cypher which she had drawn. Her first sensation was that of embarrassment and surprise. "What will Volange think?" "what will he suspect?" While she was yet at her toilette, enters Volange, and casting his eyes on her jewels, "Ah!" said he, "nothing can be more gallant. My name and yours in the same cypher! I should be very much flattered, Madam, to suppose that this were a stroke of sentiment." She blushed instead of feigning; but in the evening Valoe was chid. "You have exposed me," said she, "to a danger at which I tremble even yet: I have seen the instant wherein there was a necessity for me either to deceive my husband, or to give him the most humiliating opinion of me; and although the advantage which the men draw from our sincerity authorizes us to use dissimulation, I perceive that in making use of that right, I should be ill at ease with myself." Valoe failed not to commend her delicacy. "A little lye," said he, "is always a little evil, and I should have been sorry to have been the occasion. But the resemblance of the name of Volange to mine had not escaped me, and I knew that your husband would go no farther than appearances. I have begun by rendering him discreet: that is the first good quality in a husband."

The whole winter had passed away in gallantries on the part of the sylph, and on the side of Elisa in emotions of surprise and joy, which bordered on enchantment.

The first and the most beautiful of the seasons, the time in which we enjoy Nature, arrives. Volange had a country-house. "We will fit out a summer

ever you please," said he to his wife; and though he had said this in the handsomest manner, and in the sweetest tone of voice, she perceived very well, she said, that this invitation carried in it the imperious will of a husband. She confided her pain to Valon. "I do not see," said he to her, "any thing painful in what he has proposed to you. Nothing attaches you to the town; and the country is at present a delicious abode, especially to a soul sensible and benevolent as yours. We here see in Nature the first efforts of her bounteous inclination; and the care of making mortals happy, renews itself there under a thousand forms. The forests crowned with a thick verdure, the orchards in bloom, the corn springing up, the meadows enamelled, the flocks newly recruited, and bounding with joy at the first sight of the light; all concur to present us in the country the image of bounty. In winter, Nature shews herself under an aspect threatening and horrible; in autumn she is rich and fruitful, but she groans to unburden herself, and her liberality afflicts her: even in summer she sells her gifts, and the sad image of excessive labour joins itself to that of abundance. It is in spring that Nature is gaily prodigal of her riches, and fond of the good she is doing."—"Alas!" said Elisa, "Nature is beautiful, I grant; but will she be so to me, in that very place where I connected my fortunes to those of a mortal; where I took an oath to be devoted to him; where every thing will recal the humiliating remembrance to my mind?"—"No," replied the sylph, "nothing, my dear Elisa, nothing in Nature is humiliating, but what is contrary to her ordinances. The perfection of a plant is to flourish and bud; the perfection of a woman is to become a wife and a mother. If you had opposed the wisdom of this design, you would not have received my vows."—"What!" said Elisa, "can a pure essence, a celestial spirit, love in me that which degrades me beneath him!"—"Be what you are, my dear creature: I love you as a sylph; and it is not of your senses that I am jealous. Let your soul be fair and pure, let it be devoted to me, that is sufficient. As to what are called your charms, they are submitted to the

laws of mortals: one of them possesses them; let him dispose of them; far from complaining, I shall rejoice at it, for one of your duties is to render him happy."—"Ah! give me time, at least, to accustom myself to this way of thinking. In the country we see one another oftener: I shall familiarize myself, perhaps, to that duty. But prythee do not abandon me!"—"I shall be there with you perpetually: I love peace and silence."

There was at this country-house a savage and solitary place, which Elisa called her wilderness, where she used to retire to read or think at her ease. Scarce was she arrived there, when she went to it; but all was changed. Instead of her seat of moss, she found a throne of turf, interspersed with violets growing in festoons and love-knots. This throne was shaded with lilies, which over-arched the sweet-briar, formed the circuit of it, and mingled with the odour of the lilies the most delicious perfumes.

Elisa's first care, at her return, was to thank her husband for the attention which he had shewn in embellishing her little hermitage. "It is, I suppose," said he, "a piece of gallantry of my gardener: I am much obliged to him for having thought of it."—"Hilary," said Elisa, on seeing the gardener, "I am obliged to you for having made so pretty an arbour for me."—"Arbours, Madam!" said the shy rustick. "Yes, yes, I have enough to do so think of arbours, truly! I am hardly able to go through the labour of my kitchen-garden. If they would have arbours, and well kept up, they must allow me more hands."—"At least you have not neglected mine; and this fine bower of lilies, with that hedge of sweet-briar, enchants me."—"Oh! the lilies, the sweet-briar, and all that, thank God, comes of itself, and without any trouble of mine."—"What in earnest, then, have not you touched it?"—"No, Madam, but that is nothing; and if you please, after the rising of the sap, I will give it a few cuts with the pruning-knife."—"And this turf, interspersed with violets, was it not you that cultivated it?"—"Truth, Madam, not I: neither turf nor violets will do for your table; and my garden takes up enough of my time without all these fineries."

Elisa, after this discourse, no longer

doubted that the metamorphosis of her wilderness into a delicious arbour was the work of her sylph. 'Ah!' said she, in her transport, 'this shall be the temple to which I will repair to adore him. I flatter myself he will be present there; but will he be for ever invisible?'

He came in the evening, according to custom. 'Valoë,' said she to him, 'my arbour is charming. But, shall I tell you? to compleat it's beauty, you must perform one final prodigy, and there render yourself visible to me. That alone is now wanting to my happiness.'—'You demand of me, my dear Elisa, a thing that depends not on myself. The king of the air sometimes grants that favour to his favourites; but it is so rare! And even when he grants it, he prescribes the form which they shall take, and he generally prefers the most fantastick, in order to amuse himself.'—'Ah!' said Elisa, 'so I do but see you, no matter under what form.' He promised her, therefore, to solicit that favour with the most pressing instances.

'At present,' said he to her, 'how passed your journey?'—'Why, very well. My husband prattled with a gaiety that was natural enough; and I can easily discover the effect of the trouble which you take with him. But it is in vain that the natural impiousness of the men bends a little; it still keeps it's spring: one may temper, but cannot change it, at least not without long habitude.'—'Let us not despair of any thing,' said Valoë; 'I have a deal of power over his soul. What do you propose doing to-morrow, my dear Elisa?'—'I shall bathe in the morning.'—'I will come to see you bathe, if possible, and I will pass a moment with you.'

On Elisa's waking in the morning, word was brought her that the bath was ready. She went there with the faithful Justina; but as the sylph was to come to see her, and modesty is always timid, she would have the curtains drawn, and scarce admit any light into the room.

Elisa enters the bath; and, in a pannel opposite to her, her eyes perceive some confused features. This was the portrait of Elisa painted beneath glass, and which Volange had caused to be put there instead of a looking-glass: a strik-

ing delusion, but easy to be produced, by means of a groove made in the partition, through which silently slid, by turns, the looking-glass and picture, one after another.

In this picture, Elisa was exalted on a cloud, and surrounded with aerial spirits, who presented her with garlands of flowers. At first she took what she saw for the reflection of the opposite objects; but in proportion as, with an eye more attentive, she discovers what strikes her, surprize succeeds to mistake. 'Justina,' said she, 'let in some light. Either I dream, or I see—O Heaven!' cried she, as soon as a sufficient degree of light was thrown on the picture, 'my image in that glass!'—'Why, Madam, I see mine there too. Where is the wonder, that one sees one's self in a looking-glass?'—'Come here yourself, then; come here, I say. Is that the effect of a looking-glass?'—'Certainly.'—'ly.'—'Certainly! this cloud, these flowers, these genii, and I in the midst of that celestial circle, borne in triumph through the air!'—'You are not well awake yet, Madam; and no doubt but you are finishing your dream in the bath.'—'No, Justina, I do not dream; but I see that picture is not made for your eyes. O, my dear Valoë! it is you that have painted it. How ingenious is your tenderness!'

Elisa's eyes were for a whole hour fixed on the picture. She expected her sylph; but he came not. 'He has but just passed by,' said she, 'and in that homage has declared himself. But what will my husband say? How shall I explain this prodigy to him?'—'Ah, Madam!' said Justina, 'if this picture be not visible to my eyes, why should it be so to his?'—'Right; but I am so confounded—' In saying these words, she lifts up her eyes, and instead of the picture which she had seen, she finds there only the looking-glass. 'Ah, I am easy,' said she: 'the picture is vanished. My amiable sylph will not give me the slightest uneasiness. And how should I not love a spirit wholly occupied with my pleasures and repose?'

Impatient of knowing the success of her request, she pretended in the evening to be fatigued with walking, and to have need of sleep. The sylph did not make her wait. 'I know not,' said he, 'my dear Elisa, whether you will be con-

tent

‘tent with what I have obtained. I am permitted to appear to you.’—‘Ah, that is all that I desire!’—‘But what I foresaw is come to pass. The king of the air, who reads our thoughts, has prescribed to me the form which I am to take, and that form is—’ ‘guess.’—‘I cannot tell, put me quickly out of my pain.’—‘Your husband’s.’—‘My husband’s!’—‘I have done every thing in the world to obtain a form which should please you more; but it was impossible. He threatened to withdraw his boon from me, if I was not content; and, reduced to this alternative, I liked that better than nothing.’—‘Very well; and when shall I see you?’—‘To-morrow in your little wilderness, at sun-set.’—‘I shall be there, for I depend on you.’—‘You may, without doubt.’—‘And yet you promised to come to see me this morning. I received the most gallant homage from you. But it was you that I expected.’—‘I was not far off; but intimidated by the presence of Justina—’ ‘Ah! I was wrong, I ought to have sent her away. But you shall have no more reason to blame me on that account; and I shall be alone in the arbour.’

This assignation did not fail to give Volange some little uneasiness. ‘She delivers herself up to me,’ said he. ‘Shall I avail myself, to try her, of the illusion into which I have thrown her? It would be very pleasing to me to attempt her, if I was sure that she would resist! But if I were so sure of that, I should have no need of trial. Fatal curiosity! Let me consider: let me see which is the less dangerous way. Ought I to clear it up to myself, or remain in doubt? In the first case, doubt leaves me in a cloud; and can I answer for my thoughts? Perhaps, when it shall be too late to justify her, I shall do her the injury to believe, that her imagination being seduced, would have triumphed over her virtue. I shall then reproach myself in vain; and the evil will be without remedy. If, on the contrary, I try her, and she resist, I am too happy. But if she yield— Well, if she yield! I shall think that the virtue of women is not able to hold out against spirits. Yes, but that spirit is clothed with a body; and though that body be mine,

‘no thanks to Elisa. What a labyrinth! On entering into it, I foresaw every thing, except the means of getting out. Let me deliberate no longer; let me repair to the arbour, and the occasion shall determine me.’

Volange, without pretending to observe Elisa, did not suffer one of her movements to escape him. He saw her dress herself with a modesty full of grace, and the decency she mingled in her attire re-encouraged him a little. He remarked also, that she wore all the day an air of sweetness, and a serenity which announced an innocent joy.

However, the impatient eyes of Elisa measured the course of the sun. At last the happy moment approaches; and Volange, whom she had seen set out in a hunting-dress, repairs first to the arbour in the most elegant habit.

Elisa arrives, perceives him at a distance; and the emotion it excited in her almost makes her faint away. He flies to her, reaches out his hand to her; and seeing her trembling, seats her on her little throne of turf.

Elisa, recovering her spirits, finds her sylph at her knees. ‘What!’ said he to her, ‘was it fear that the sight of me was to inspire into you? Did I not spare you the surprise of it? Did not you desire to see me? Are you sorry for it, and would you have me disappear?’—‘Alas! no; punish not me for an involuntary weakness. Joy and tenderness have a greater share than terror in the disorder you now occasion.’—‘I tremble,’ said Volange to himself: ‘she is softened; a bad beginning!’—‘Ah, my dear Elisa! why was I not free to chuse among mortals him whose figure might have pleased you most; and how ill at ease is a lover under the form of a husband!’—‘That is the same thing,’ said she smiling. ‘It would have been more agreeable to me, I confess, to have seen you under the image of one of these flowers which I love, or of one of those birds which, like you, are inhabitants of the air; but as a man, I had as lief see you under the features of my husband, as those of any other person. You seem to me even to set it off. It is, indeed, Volange that I see in you; but your soul gives to his eyes something, I know not what, that is celestial. Your voice, in passing through his mouth,

communicates to it a charm perfectly divine; and in his action I perceive graces which never body animated by a mere mortal possessed. Well, then, if you love me such as you now see me; I can always be the same. You enchant me! Shall you be happy, then? added he, kissing her hand. Elisa blushed, and withdrew the hand which he had seized. You forget, said she, that it is a sylph, and not a man that I love in you. Valœ is to me only a spirit, as Elisa is to you only a soul; and if you have not been able to take the figure of a mortal without changing the purity of your essence and of your love, quit that degrading form, and make me not blush any longer at the imprudence of my wishes. Very well! said Volange, in a low voice: but I now touch on the critical moment. Elisa, it is no longer time to feign. I have done what you desired; but learn what it costs me. I consent to it, said the king of the genii to me; obey the laws of a woman, become man; but flatter not thyself with having his sensations only in appearance. Thou art now going to love like other mortals, and to feel the pleasures and pains of it. If thou art unhappy, come not groaning and troubling the air with thy complaints. I banish thee from the heavens (tho' the moment wherein Elisa shall have crowned thy wishes. I hoped to prevail on you, added the sylph, or rather I meant to comply with you; I submitted to that severe decree. Judge, then, whether I love you, and whether you ought to punish me for it.

This discourse drove Elisa to despair. O thou most imprudent, and most cruel of aerial spirits! cried she. What have you done? And to what extremity do you reduce me? Volange quaked at seeing his wife's eyes filled with tears. Why did you not consult me? added she. Was it for my shame, or for your punishment, that I desired to see you? And whatever that desire was, could you think that it could overcome what I owe to you, and what I owe to myself? I love you, Valœ, I repeat it to you, and if

there needed nothing but my life to repair the evils which I do you, you should no longer have cause to complain. But my virtue is dearer to me than my life and my love. Volange leaped with joy. I cannot blame you, said he, for an excess of delicacy; but see how much I resemble Volange: it is almost he, or rather he himself, who falls at your feet, who adores you, and demands of you the reward of the most faithful and tenderest passion. No, it is in vain that you resemble him: you are not he; and it is to him alone that the reward which you demand is due. Arise, depart from me; and see me not again all your life! Leave me, I say; are you mad? What is that insulting joy which I see sparkling in your eyes? Would you have the audaciousness to hope yet? Yes, I hope, my dear Elisa, that thou wilt live only for me. Ah, this is the height of outrage! Hear me. No, I will hear nothing! A single word will disarm thee. That word, then, must be an eternal farewell. No; death only shall separate us; behold thy husband in thy sylph. Yes, it is Volange whom you hated, that is this Valœ whom you love. O Heaven! But no, you impose upon me by the resemblance. No, I tell thee, and Justina is witness, that the whole affair is but a jest. Justina! she is my confidente. She has helped me to mislead you; she shall assist me to undeceive you. You, my husband! can it be possible? I tremble yet; finish, tell me how these prodigies were performed. It is Love has wrought them all; and you shall know by what means. Ah! if it be true. If it be true, my Elisa! can you believe that there is in the world a man worthy to be loved? Yes, I will believe that there is one, and that it is I who possess him. Justina being interrogated, confessed all, and was obliged to take her oath that Valœ was none other than Volange. It is now, said Elisa, throwing herself into the arms of her husband; it is now that I am enchanted; and I hope that nothing but death alone will break the charm!

LAURETTA.

IT was the festival of the village of Coulange. The Marquis of Clancé, whose seat was at no great distance, was come with his company to see this rural spectacle, and to mingle in the dances of the villagers, as it happens pretty often to those whom disgust chases from the lap of Luxury, and who are carried, in despite of themselves, towards pleasures that are pure and simple.

Among the young country girls who gave new life to the joy that reigned there, and who were dancing under the elm, who would not have distinguished Lauretta, by the elegance of her figure, the regularity of her features, and that natural grace which is more touching than beauty? She eclipsed all others who assisted at the festival. Ladies of quality, who piqued themselves on being handsome, could not help owning that they had never seen any thing so ravishing. They called her up to them, and examined her, as a painter does a model. 'Lift up your eyes, child,' said the ladies. 'What vivacity, what sweetness, what volupuousness in her looks! If she did but know what they express! What havoc a skilful coquette would make with those eyes! And that mouth! Can any thing be more fresh? What a vermilion on her lips! How pure an enamel on her teeth! Her face is a little brown, and sun-burnt; but it is the complexion of health. See how that ivory neck is rounded on those fine shoulders! How well she would look in a genteel dress! And those little budding charms which Love himself seems to have planted! Well, that is extremely pleasant! On whom is Nature going to lavish her gifts! Where is Beauty going to hide herself?—Lauretta, how old are you?'—'I am fifteen last month.'—'You are to be married soon, without doubt?'—'My father says that there is no hurry.'—'And you, Lauretta, have you no sweetheart lurking in your heart?'—'I do not know what a sweetheart is.'—'What, is there no young man that you wish to have for a husband?'—'I never trouble my head about that: it is my father's business.'—'What does your

father do?'—'He cultivates his farm.'—'Is he rich?'—'No, but he says he is happy if I am discreet.'—'And how do you employ yourself?'—'I help my father; I work with him.'—'With him! What do you cultivate the ground?'—'Yes, but the toils of the vineyard are only an amusement to me. To weed, plant vine-props, bind the vine-branch to them, to thin the leaves that the grapes may ripen, and to gather them when they are ripe, all that is not very laborious.'—'Poor child! I am not surprized that those fine hands are tanned! What pity that she should be born in a low and obscure state!'

Lauretta, who in her village had never excited any thing but envy, was a little surprized at her inspiring pity. As her father had carefully concealed from her whatever might have given her uneasiness, it had never come into her head that she was an object of pity. But in casting her eyes on the dress of those ladies, she saw very well that they were in the right. What difference between their cloaths and her's! What freshness and what beauty in the light silken stuff which flowed in long folds about them! What delicate shoes! With what grace and elegance their hair was dressed! What new lustre that fine linen, and those ribbands, those laces, gave to their half-veiled charms! Indeed, those ladies had not the lively air of high health; but could Lauretta imagine that the luxury which dazzled her was the cause of that languor, which rouge itself was not able to disguise? While she was ruminating on all this, the Count de Luzy approaches her, and invites her to dance with him. He was young, well dressed, well made, and too seducing for Lauretta.

Though she had not the most delicate taste in dancing, she could not but remark in the nobleness, the justness, and the lightness of the count's movements, a grace which was not to be found in the asperings of the young villagers. She had sometimes felt her hand pressed, but never by a hand so soft. The count in dancing followed her with his eyes. Lauretta found that his looks gave

gave life and soul to the dance; and whether it was that she tried from emulation to give the same grace to her's, or whether the first spark of love communicated itself from her heart to her eyes, they replied to those of the count by the most natural expression of joy and sentiment.

The dance ended, Lauretta went and seated herself at the foot of the elm, and the count at her knees. 'Let us not part any more,' said he to her, 'my pretty dear: I will dance with nobody but you.'— 'That is doing me a great deal of honour,' said she; 'but it would make my companions uneasy; and in this village they are apt to be jealous.'— 'And well they may, to see you so handsome; and in town they would be the same: it is a misfortune which will follow you every where. Ah, Lauretta! if in Paris, in the midst of those women so vain of beauty which is only artificial, they were to see you appear, all at once, with those natural charms of which you are so unconscious—' 'I, Sir, at Paris! alas, what should I do there?'— 'Be the delight of all eyes, and make the conquest of all hearts. Hark'e, Lauretta, we have not opportunity to talk together here. But, in two words; it depends only on yourself to have, instead of an obscure cottage, and a vineyard to cultivate; it depends only on yourself to have, at Paris, a little palace shining with gold and silk, a table according to your wish, the gayest furniture, the most elegant equipage, gowns for all seasons, and of all colours; in short, every thing which forms the agreeableness of an easy, quiet, and delicious life; without any other care than that of enjoying them, and of loving me as I do you. Think of it at your leisure. To-morrow there is to be a ball at the castle; all the youth of the village are invited. You will be there, my sweet Lauretta, and tell me if my passion touches you, and whether you accept my offers. To-day I ask nothing but secrecy; secrecy the most inviolable. Observe it well: if it escape you, all the happiness which now awaits you will vanish like a dream.'

Lauretta thought she had been in a dream. The brilliant lot that had been painted to her was so far from the humble state to which she was reduced, that

a passage so easy, and so rapid, from one to the other, was inconceivable. The handsome young man who had made her those offers, had not, however, the air of a deceiver. He had talked to her so seriously! she had seen so much sincerity in his eyes, and in his language!

'I should easily have perceived it,' said she, 'if he had wanted to make a fool of me. And yet, why all this mystery which he has so strongly enjoined me? For making me happy, he requires me to love him: nothing more just; but sure he will consent that my father shall partake of his benefits; why then conceal our proceedings from my father?' If Lauretta had had the idea of seduction and vice, she would easily have comprehended wherefore Luzy demanded secrecy; but the discretion they had infused into her, went no farther than to teach her to decline the rough liberties of the village youths; and in the honest and respectful air of the count, she saw nothing against which she was to be upon her guard.

Wholly taken up with these reflections, her head filled with the image of luxury and abundance, she returns to her humble habitation; every thing there seemed changed. Lauretta, for the first time, was mortified at living under thatch. The plain moveables, which use had before made precious to her, were debased in her eyes; the domestic cares which she had charged herself with, began to be disagreeable: she found no longer the same taste in that bread to which labour gives a relish, and on that fresh straw where she slept so well, she sighed for gilded roofs and a rich down bed.

It was much worse the next day, when she was obliged to return to labour, and to go on a burning hill, to support the heat of the day. 'At Paris,' said she, 'I would wake only to enjoy myself at my ease, without any other care than that of loving, and of pleasing: his honour the count assured me of it. How amiable the count is! Of all the girls in the village he regarded only me; he even quitted the ladies of the castle for a poor country girl. He is not proud, sweet gentleman! And yet he might very well be so! One would have thought that I did him a favour in preferring

prefer
of the
with lo
bleas
an am
Thoug
the pla
more g
pretty
see me
a cond
The d
doubled,
and heav
sustain b
count.
The n
pected v
the youth
at the r
bower of
strument
dance. I
ponions,
air, which
but with
This wa
the appe
and dece
too nym
the rest i
symptom
them.
proachin
her till a
ple. T
Soligny
scast, ha
retta in a
gined his
lowed his
needle's
lon'y, in
ing with
her air in
and negl
to dance
saw, as
animate
spring up
cious col
there;
ceptible
the favour
el him
emotion,
have bee
thank h
command
fire of t

preferring him to the young fellows of the village: he thanked me for it with looks so tender; an air so humble and touching! and language, what an amiable sweetness in his language! Though he had talked to the lady of the place, he could not have spoken more genteelly. By good luck I was pretty well dressed; but if he were to see me to-day! What cloaths! what a condition am I in!

The disgust at her situation only redoubled, during three days of fatigue and heaviness, which she had still to sustain before she could again see the count.

The moment, which they both expected with impatience, arrives. All the youth of the village are assembled at the neighbouring castle; and in a bow of linden trees, the sound of instruments soon gives the signal for the dance. Lauretta advances with her companions, no longer with that deliberate air which she had at the village-feast, but with an air modest and timorous. This was to Luzy a new beauty, and she appeared as one of the Graces, timid and decent, instead of a lively and wanton nymph. He distinguished her from the rest in his salute, but without any symptom of correspondence between them. He abstained even from approaching her, and delayed dancing with her till another had set him the example. This other was the Chevalier de Soligny; who, ever since the village-feast, had never ceased talking of Lauretta in a strain of rapture. Luzy imagined him a rival, and anxiously followed him with his eyes; but it was needless for Lauretta to perceive his jealousy, in order to remove it. In dancing with Soligny, her look was vague, her air indifferent, her behaviour cold and negligent. It came to Luzy's turn to dance with her, and he thought he saw, as he saluted her, all her graces animate themselves, all her charms spring up in her countenance. The precious colouring of modesty diffused itself there; a furtive, and almost imperceptible smile, moved her rosy lips; and the favour of a touching look transported him with joy and love. His first emotion, had they been alone, would have been to fall at Lauretta's feet, to thank her, and to adore her; but he commands his very eyes to restrain the fire of their looks; his hand alone, in

pressing that of her whom his heart calls his love, expresses to her by tremblings his transports.

'Beautiful Lauretta,' said he to her, after the dance, 'remove a little from your companions. I am impatient to know what you have resolved.'—'Not to take one step without the consent of my father, and to follow his advice in every thing. If you mean me good, I would have him partake of it; if I follow you, I would have him consent to it.'—'Ah! beware of consulting him! it is he whom, above all, I ought to fear. There are formalities among you, previous to love and union, with which my title, my condition, forbid me to comply. Your father would subject me to them; he would require impossibilities of me; and on my refusal, he would accuse me of having wanted to deceive you. He knows not how much I love you; but you, Lauretta, can you think me capable of doing you an injury?'—'Alas! no; I believe you to be goodness itself. You would be a great hypocrite if you were bad!'—'Dare then to trust to me.'—'It is not that I distrust you; but I cannot deal mysteriously with my father: I belong to him; I depend on him. If what you propose is proper, he will consent to it.'—'He will never consent to it. You will destroy me; you will repent it when too late: and you will be all your life condemned to those vile labours, which to be sure you love, since you dare not abandon them. Ah, Lauretta! are these delicate hands made to cultivate the ground? Must the sun destroy the colours of that beautiful complexion? You, the charm of Nature, of all the Graces, all the Loves! you, Lauretta, will you wear yourself out in an obscure and toilsome life! to be closed in becoming the wife of some rude villager! to grow old, perhaps, in indigence, without having tasted any of those pleasures which ought to follow you perpetually? This is what you prefer to the delights of ease and affluence which I promise you. And on what do you found your resolution? On the fear of giving some moments of uneasiness to your father? Yes, your flight will afflict him; but afterwards, what will be his joy at seeing you rich by my favours, with which he also shall be loaded? What a pleasing

‘ a pleasing violence will you not do him, in obliging him to quit his cottage, and give himself repose? For, from that time, I shall no longer have his denials to fear: my happiness, yours, and his, will be assured for ever.’

Lauretta had a good deal of difficulty to withstand the temptation, but she did withstand it; and but for the fatal accident which at last threw her again into the snare, the mere instinct of innocence would have sufficed to preserve her from it.

In a storm which fell on the village of Coulange, the hail destroyed all the promised vintages and harvests. The desolation was general. During the storm, a thousand mournful cries mingled with the roaring of the winds and claps of thunder; but when the ravage was accomplished, and a light, more dreadful than the darkness which had preceded it, let them see the vine-branches stripped and broken, the ears of corn hanging on their shattered stalks, the fruits of the trees beaten down or blasted, nothing prevailed throughout the desolated country but one vast and doleful silence; the roads were covered with a crowd of unfortunate people, pale, struck with consternation, and immovable, who, with a melancholy eye contemplating their ruin, bewailed the loss of the year, and saw nothing to come but despair, misery, and death. On the thresholds of the cottages, the disconsolate mothers pressed against their bosoms their tender nurslings, exclaiming, with tears in their eyes, ‘ Who will give suck to you if we want bread?’

At the sight of this calamity, the first thought which occurred to Luzy, was the distress of Lauretta and her father. Impatient to fly to their relief, he veiled the tender interest he took in their fortunes, under a pretext of common pity to this multitude of wretches. ‘ Let us go to the village,’ said he to his company; ‘ let us carry consolation thither. It will be but little expence to each of us, to save twenty families from the despair into which this disaster has plunged them. We have partaken their joy, let us go and partake of their grief.’

These words made an impression on their hearts, already moved by pity. The Marquis de Clancé set the example. He presented himself to the peasants,

offered them assistance, promised them relief, and restored them to hope and courage. While tears of gratitude flowed around him, his company, of both sexes, dispersed themselves through the village; entered the straw-huts, distributed their gifts, and tasted the rare and sensible delight of seeing themselves adored by a grateful people. In the mean time, Luzy ran like a madman, seeking the abode of Lauretta. It was thence he flies thither, and sees a countryman sitting at the door, his head inclined on his knees, and covering his face with both his hands, as if he feared to see the light again. This was Lauretta’s father. ‘ My friend,’ said the count to him, ‘ I see you are in consternation; but do not despair; Heaven is just, and there are compassionate hearts among mankind.’ ‘ Ah,’ ‘ Sir,’ replied the villager, lifting up his head; ‘ is it for a man who, after having served his country twenty years, retired covered with wounds, and who has never since ceased to labour without relaxation; is it for him to stretch out his hand for charity? Ought not the earth, which is bedewed with my sweat, to give me subsistence? Shall I end my life by begging my bread? A soul so lofty, and so noble, in an obscure person, astonished the count. ‘ You have served, then?’ said he. ‘ Yes, Sir, I took up arms under Berwick; I made the campaigns of Maurice. My father, before an unfortunate law-suit had stripped him of his estate, had sufficient to support me in the rank to which I was arrived. But at the same time that I was reduced, he was undone. We came here to conceal ourselves; and out of the wreck of our fortune we purchased a little farm, which I cultivated with my own hands. Our former condition was unknown; and this latter, to which I seemed born, gave me no shame. I maintained, and consoled, my father. I married; there was my misfortune; and it is now that I feel it.’ ‘ Your father is dead?’ ‘ Alas! yes.’ ‘ Your wife?’ ‘ She is happy in not having seen this dismal day.’ ‘ Have you a family?’ ‘ I have but one daughter, and the poor girl—’ ‘ Do you not hear her sighs? She hides herself, and keeps at a distance from me, that she may not distract my soul.’ Luzy would fain have rushed into the cottage

cottage
but he
discover
‘ He
him his
‘ small
‘ the C
On sayi
without
to retur
What
good, ol
rable sun
than trip
yard! ‘
he, ‘ loc
is not
‘ Heaven
‘ not po
‘ give m
‘ run af
‘ has cor
‘ dies afte
‘ him—
‘ cannot
‘ make u
‘ me to r
‘ Lauretta
‘ your fa
‘ too ric
‘ you? C
‘ only an
‘ carefull
‘ live: se
‘ in oblig
‘ was abou
‘ morrow
‘ day, as
‘ will rece
‘ with yo
‘ go away
‘ away th
‘ most un
‘ of day
‘ my fath
‘ Togethe
‘ have the
‘ and that
‘ do you
‘ above th
‘ say to
‘ tainly th
‘ many mi
‘ then, La
‘ see you,
‘ that pla
‘ life.
‘ Really, a
‘ more doul
‘ Ah, the

cottage where Lauretta was mourning; but he restrained himself, for fear of a discovery.

'Here,' said he to the father, giving him his purse; 'this assistance is very small; but when you want, remember the Count De Luzy. I live at Paris.' On saying these words he went away, without giving Lauretta's father time to return him thanks.

What was the astonishment of the good old Bazil, on finding a considerable sum in the purse! Fifty Louis, more than triple the revenue of his little vineyard! 'Come hither, my child,' cried he, 'look at him who goes yonder; it is not a man, it is an angel from Heaven. But I am deceived. It is not possible that he should intend to give me so much. Go, Lauretta, run after him, and let him see that he has committed a mistake.' Lauretta flies after Luzy; and, having overtaken him—'My father,' said she to him, 'cannot believe that you intended to make us so great a present. He sends me to return it to you.'—'Ah, Lauretta! is not all that I have at your and your father's disposal? Can I pay him too richly for having given birth to you? Carry back this poor gift; it is only an earnest of my good-will; but carefully conceal from him the motive: tell him only that I am too happy in obliging a man of worth.' Lauretta was about to return him thanks. 'To-morrow,' said he to her, 'at break of day, as I pass the end of the village, I will receive, if you please, your thanks with your adieus.'—'What! do you go away to-morrow?'—'Yes, I go away the most passionate lover, and the most unhappy of men.'—'At break of day?—that is about the hour when my father and I go out to work.'—'Together?'—'No; he goes first: I have the care of the house upon me, and that delays me a little.'—'And do you pass my road?'—'I cross it above the village; but, were it necessary to go out of my way, it is certainly the least that I owe you for so many marks of friendship.'—'Adieu, then, Lauretta, till to-morrow. Let me see you, though but for a moment: that pleasure will be the last of my life.'

Bazil, at Lauretta's return, had no more doubt of Luzy's benefactions. Ah, the good young man! Ah, ex-

cellent heart! cried he every instant. 'However, daughter, let us not neglect what the hail has left us. The less there is of it, the more care we must take of what is left.'

Lauretta was so touched with the count's goodness, so afflicted at being the cause of his unhappiness, that she wept all the night. 'Ah, if it were not for my father,' said she, 'what pleasure should I have had in following him!' The next day she did not put on her holiday-cloaths; but, notwithstanding the extreme simplicity of her dress, she forgot not to mingle in it a little coquetry natural to her age. 'I shall see him no more: what does it signify whether I am more or less handsome in his eyes? For one moment is not worth the trouble.' On saying these words, she adjusted her cap and her tucker. She bethought her of carrying him some fruit in her breakfast-basket. 'He will not despise them,' said she: 'I will tell him that I have gathered them.' And while she ranged the fruit on a bed of vine-leaves, she bedewed them with her tears. Her father was already set out; and with the grey light of the dawn was already mingled that gentle tint of gold and purple diffused by Aurora, when the poor girl, with a distracted heart, arrived alone at the end of the village. The instant after, she saw the count's post-coach appear, and at that sight she was troubled. The moment that he saw her, Luzy leaped out of his carriage; and coming towards her with an air of sorrow—'I am penetrated, beautiful Lauretta,' said he to her, 'with the favour which you do me. I have, at least, the consolation to see you sensible of my pain, and I can believe that you are sorry at having made me unhappy.'—'I am distressed at it,' replied Lauretta, 'and would give all the wealth you have bestowed on us, never to have seen you.'—'And I, Lauretta, I would give all I have never to quit you as long as I live.'—'Alas! I should think it depended only on yourself: my father could refuse you nothing; he loves you, he reveres you.'—'Fathers are cruel; they would have us marry; and I cannot marry you: let us think no more of it; we are going to leave each other, to bid an eternal adieu; we who never, if you had been inclined to it, would have ceased

to live for one another, to love each other, to enjoy together all the gifts which Fortune has bestowed on me, and all those which Love has conferred on you. Ah! you have no conception of the pleasures which awaited us. If you had any idea of them! If you knew what you renounce!—Why, without knowing them, I feel them. Be assured, that ever since I have seen you, every thing that is not you, is nothing to me. At first my mind was dazzled with the fine things which you had promised me; but since, all that is vanished: I have thought of it no longer, I have thought only of you. Ah! if my father would agree to it!—What occasion for his agreeing to it! Do you wait for his consent to love me! Does not our happiness depend on ourselves? Love, fidelity, Lauretta; these are your titles, and my securities. Are there any more sacred, more inviolable? Ah! believe me, when the heart is bestowed, every thing is over, and the hand has only to follow it. Give me, then, that hand, that I may kiss it a thousand times, that I may bedew it with my tears. —‘There it is,’ said she weeping. ‘It is mine,’ cried he, ‘this dear hand is mine, I hold it of Love: to take it from me, they must take my life. Yes, Lauretta, I shall die at your feet, if we must part.’ Lauretta really believed that he would literally die on losing her. ‘Alas!’ said she; ‘and shall I be the cause?’—‘Yes, cruel girl! you will be the cause. You desire my death, you do.’—‘Oh, Heaven! no: I would lay down my life for you.’—‘Prove it then,’ said he, doing her at the same time a kind of violence, ‘and follow me if you love me.’—‘No,’ said she, ‘I cannot; I cannot without the consent of my father.’—‘Very well; leave, leave me, then, to my despair.’ At these words, Lauretta, pale and trembling, her heart pierced with sorrow and fear, dared neither to hold Luzy’s hand nor let it go. Her eyes, full of tears, followed with terror the distracted look of the count. ‘Deign,’ said she to him, in order to appease him, ‘deign to pity me, and to see me without anger. I hoped this testimony of my gratitude would have been agreeable to you; but I dare no longer offer it to you.’ —‘What is it?’ said he; ‘fruit, and

for me? Ah, you little tyrant, you insult me! Give me poison!’ And throwing down the basket, he retired in a rage.

Lauretta took that emotion for hatred; and her heart, already too much softened, could not support this last attack. Scarce had the strength to get away a few paces, and faint at the foot of a tree. Luzy, who followed her with his eyes, runs up and finds her bathed with tears, her bosom choaked with sobs, pale, and almost lifeless. He is distressed; he thinks at first only of recalling her to life; but, soon as he sees her spirits return, he avails himself of her weakness, and before she is well recovered of her swooning, she is already at a great distance from the village, in the count’s coach, and in the arms of her ravisher. ‘Where am I?’ said she on opening her eyes. ‘Ah, my lord count, is it you! Are you carrying me back to the village!’—‘Dearest half of my soul,’ said he to her, pressing her against his bosom, ‘I have lived to see the moment when our adieux almost cost us both our lives. Let us put no more to that trial two hearts too weak to sustain it.’

‘I resign myself to thee, my dear Lauretta; on thy lips I swear to live for thee alone.’—‘I ask no better lot,’ said she to him, ‘than to live also for thee alone. But my father! Shall I leave my father? Has not he a right to dispose of me?’—‘Thy father, my Lauretta, shall be loaded with riches; he shall partake the happiness of his daughters: we will be both his children. Depend on my tenderness to ease and console him. Come, let me catch those tears, let me drop my own into thy bosom: they are the tears of joy, the tears of pleasure.’ The dangerous Luzy mingled with his language all the charms of seduction, and Lauretta was not insensible: while her father, uneasy, afflicted, seeking his daughter, calling on her with loud cries, asked after her through the whole village; and not seeing her again in the evening, and retiring distressed in despair at having lost her, that image presents itself to his mind, wholly occupies it, and troubles it without ceasing. It was necessary to beguile his grief. Luzy ran with his horses; the blinds of his carriage were let down; his people were sure and faithful; and Lauretta left

left behind her no trace of her flight. It was even essential to Luzy to conceal his having carried her off. He detached one of his domesticks, who, from a village quite out of the road, contrived to transmit to the Minister of Coulange this billet, in which Luzy had disguised his hand-writing.

TELL Lauretta's father to be easy; that she is well; and that the lady, who has taken her with her, will have the same care of her as of her own child. In a short time he shall know what is become of her.

This note, which was far from affording consolation to the father, sufficed to palliate the crime of elopement to the daughter. Love had penetrated into her soul; he laid open the avenues of it to pleasure; and from that time the clouds of grief dispersed, the tears dried up, sorrow was appeased, and a transient, but profound oblivion of every thing but her lover, suffered her to taste, without remorse, the criminal happiness of being his.

The kind of delirium into which she fell on arriving at Paris, completed the dissipation of her soul. Her house was a fairy palace; every thing in it had the air of enchantment. The bath, the toilette, the supper, the delicious repose which love left her, were so many varied forms which voluptuousness assumed, to seduce her through the medium of her senses. When she waked, she thought herself still deceived by a dream. When she rose, she saw herself surrounded with women, attentive to serve her, and jealous of pleasing her. She, who had only studied to obey, had only to desire in order to be obeyed. 'You are queen here,' said her lover, 'and I am your principal slave.'

Imagine, if it is possible, the surprize and transport of a young and simple country-girl, at seeing her fine black hair, so negligently tied till that time, the wavy ringlets of which Nature alone had formed, now rounding into curls beneath the ply of art, and rising into a diadem, bespangled with flowers and diamonds; at seeing displayed to her eyes the most gallant ornaments, which seemed to solicit her choice; at seeing, I say, her beauty issue, radiant as from a cloud, and spring up again in the brilliant pannels which environed her, in

order to multiply her charms. Nature had lavished on her all her graces; but some of those gifts had need of being cultivated, and the accomplishments came in a crowd to dispute with each other the care of instructing her, and the glory of embellishing her. Luzy possessed and adored his conquest, intoxicated with joy and love.

In the mean time, the good Bazil was the most unhappy of fathers. Brave, full of honour, and, above all, jealous of his daughter's reputation, he had sought her, expected her in vain, without publishing his uneasiness; and nobody in the village was made acquainted with his misfortune. The minister came to assure him of it himself, by communicating to him the note which he had received. Bazil gave no credit to this note; but, dissembling with the pastor—'My daughter is discreet,' said he to him; 'but she is young, simple, and credulous. Some lady has had a mind to take her into her service, and has prevailed on her to prevent my denial. Let us, for fear of scandal, hush up this little imprudence of youth, and leave the people to believe that my daughter quitted me with my own consent. The secret rests with you; spare the daughter and the father.' The minister, a prudent and worthy man, promised and kept silence. But Bazil, devoured by chagrin, passed the days and nights in tears. 'What is become of her?' said he. 'Is it a lady that she has followed?' 'Is there any so mad as to rob a father of his daughter, and to undertake to carry her off? No, no! it is some ravisher who has seduced and ruined her. Ah! if I can discover him, either his blood or mine shall wash out my injury.' He went himself to the village, whence they had brought the note. By the minister's informations he contrived to discover the person who had been charged with the message: he examined him; but his answers only confused him the more. The very situation of the place served only to mislead him. It was six leagues out of the road which Luzy had taken, and lay quite across the country. But had Bazil even combined the two circumstances of the departure of the count and his daughter's elopement, he would never have suspected so virtuous a young man. As he confided his grief to no-

body, nobody could give him any light. He groaned, therefore, within himself, in expectation of some casual gleam to clear up his suspicions. 'Oh, Heaven!' said he, 'it was in your wrath that you gave her to me! and I, mad as I was, congratulated myself on seeing her grow up and improve! What formed my pride, now constitutes my shame. Oh, that she had died as soon as she was born!'

Lauretta endeavoured to persuade herself that her father was easy; and the regret of having left him, touched her but faintly. Love, vanity, a taste for pleasures, a taste ever so lively in its birth, the care of cultivating her talents; in short, a thousand amusements, continually varied, divided her life, and filled her soul. Luzy, who loved her to idolatry, and who feared lest he should lose her, exposed her as little as possible in publick; but he contrived her all the means which mystery has invented, of being invisible amidst the great world. This was enough for Lauretta: happy in pleasing him whom she loved, she felt not that restless desire, that want of being seen and admired, which alone brings out so many handsome women to our spectacles and gardens. Though Luzy, by the choice of a small circle of amiable men, rendered his suppers amusing, she was taken up at them only with him; and she was able to convince him of it without disobliging any body else. The art of reconciling partialities to good manners, is the secret of delicate souls: coquetry studies it; love knows it without having learned it.

Six months passed away in that union, that sweet intelligence of two hearts filled and ravished with each other, without weariness, without uneasiness, without any other jealousy than that which makes us fear that we do not please so much as we love, and which renders us desirous of combining every thing that can captivate a heart.

In this interval, Lauretta's father had twice received news of his daughter, with presents from the lady who had taken her into friendship. It was to the minister that Luzy directed. Remitted to the next post to the village by a faithful servant, the packets came to hand anonymous; Basil could not tell to whom to send them back; and then his refusals would have created doubts of what he wished to be believed, and

he trembled lest the curate should have the same suspicions with himself. 'Alas!' said the good father to himself, 'my daughter is, perhaps, yet virtuous. Appearances accuse her; but they are only appearances; and though my suspicions should be just, I must lament, but I ought not to dishonour my child.'

Heaven owed some consolation to the virtue of this worthy father; and it was Heaven, without doubt, which brought about the accident I am going to relate.

The little wine trade which Basil carried on, obliged him to come to Paris. As he was traversing that immense city, he was stopped in the street by some carriages crossing each other. The voice of a lady in a fright engaged his attention. He sees—He dares not believe his eyes—Lauretta, his daughter, in a gilt-glass chariot, superbly dressed, and crowned with diamonds. Her father would not have known her, if, perceiving him herself, surprize and confusion had not made her shrink back and cover her face. At the movement which she made to hide herself, and still more at the cry which escaped her, he could not doubt but it was she. While the carriages, which were locked together, were disengaging, Basil slips between the wall and his daughter's chariot, gets up to the step of the chariot-door; and, with a severe tone, says to Lauretta, 'Where do you live?' Lauretta, seized with fear and trembling, tells him her habitation. 'And what name do you go by?'—'Coulange,' replied she, looking down, 'from the place of my birth.'—'Of your birth! Ah, wretch! This evening, at dusk, be at home, alone.' At these words he gets down, and pursues his way.

The shock which Lauretta had received was not yet overcome, when she found herself at home.

Luzy supped in the country. She was left to herself at the moment when she had most need of counsel and support. She was going to appear before her father, whom she had betrayed, forsaken, and overwhelmed with grief and shame: her crime then presented itself to her in the most odious form. She began to feel the vileness of her condition. The intoxication of love, the charms of pleasure, had banished the thought; but as soon as the veil was fallen off, she saw herself such as she was

have
Alas!"
' my
mous.
y are
o my
ft la-
mour

o the
t was
ught
elate.
car-
aris.
city,
some
The
l his
t be-
hter,
elled,
r fa-
per-
con-
back
ment
still
y, he
While
oge-
s be-
cha-
riot-
ys to
au-
ing,
what
ge,"
the
rthl
ufk,
ords

re-
she

She
hen
up-
fore
for-
and
self
She
idi-
the
the
was
she
was



Plate III.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. No. 7, Ave. N.

was in
eyes of
amination
about to
melting
' where
' honest
' afraid
' who is
' O terr
' before
into her
pear; b
her soul
' to re
' and a
' es, to
' thoug
' daugh
' Thoug
' own h
' fall at
' alway
' ed wit
' nels,
' all pl
' shall
' culpa
She v
people h
liating
good lu
supped
had ma
ing. I
two foot
her fath
self.
' Ar
He ente
ing look
ful and
' fine's
retta an
feet, an
' I see,
around
' every
' ry, I
' town.
' care t
' and f
' these
' which
plied on
me, f
' wards
At th
the disg
astonish

was in the eyes of the world, and in the eyes of her father. Terrified at the examination and sentence which she was about to undergo; 'Wretch!' cried she, melting into tears, 'where can I fly? where can I hide me? My father, honesty itself, again finds me, gone astray, abandoned to vice, with a man who is nothing to me! O my father! O terrible judge! how shall I appear before you?' It came more than once into her mind to avoid him, and disappear; but vice had not yet effaced from her soul the holy laws of Nature. 'I, to reduce him to despair,' said she, 'and after having merited his reproaches, to draw his curse upon me! No, though unworthy the name of his daughter, I revere that sacred name. Though he come to kill me with his own hand, I ought to wait it, and to fall at his feet. But, no; a father is always a father: mine will be touched with my tears. My age, my weakness, the count's love, his favours, all plead for me; and when Luzy shall speak, I shall no longer be so culpable.'

She would have been distressed if her people had been witnesses of the humiliating scene which was preparing. By good luck she had given out that she supped with a friend, and her women had made themselves a holiday that evening. It was easy to her to get rid of two footmen who attended her, and when her father arrived, she received him herself.

'Are you alone?'—'Yes, Sir.'—He enters with emotion, and after having looked her in the face, in a sorrowful and melancholy silence, 'What business have you here?' said he. Lauretta answered by throwing herself at his feet, and bathing them with her tears. 'I see,' said the father, casting his eyes around him, 'in this apartment where every thing bespeaks riches and luxury, I see that vice is at it's ease in this town. May I know who has taken care to enrich you in so short a time? and from whom came this furniture, these cloaths, that fine equipage in which I saw you?'—Lauretta still replied only by tears and sighs. 'Speak to me,' said he; 'you shall weep afterwards; you will have time enough.'

At the recital of her story, of which she disguised nothing, Basil passed from astonishment to indignation. 'Luzy!'

said he, 'that worthy man! These, then, are the virtues of the great! The base wretch, in giving me his gold, did he think he paid me for my daughter? These proud rich folks think, that the honour of the poor is a thing of no value, and that misery sets itself to sale. He flattered himself with consoling me! He promised you to do it! Unnatural man! how little does he know the soul of the father! No, ever since I lost thee, I have not had one moment without sorrow, not one quarter of an hour of peaceful sleep. By day, the ground which I cultivated was watered with my tears; in the night, while you forgot yourself, while you were losing yourself in guilty pleasures, your father, stretched on his straw, tore his hair, and called on you with loud cries. Ah, what! Have my groans never re-echoed to thy soul? Has the image of a father distressed never presented itself to your thought, never troubled your repose?'—'Oh! Heaven is my witness,' said she, 'that if ever I had thought I had occasioned you so much sorrow, I would have quitted every thing to fly to your arms. I revere you, I love you, I love you more than ever. Alas, what a father have I afflicted! At this very instant, when I expected to find in you an inexorable judge, I hear from your own mouth only reproaches full of gentleness. Ah, my father! when I fell at your feet, I felt only shame and fear; but now it is with affection that you see me penetrated, and to the tears of repentance are joined those of love!'—'Ah! I revive, I now find my daughter again,' cried Basil, raising her up. 'Your daughter! Alas,' said Lauretta, 'she is no longer worthy of you!'—'No, do not discourage thyself. Honour, Lauretta, is, without doubt, a great happiness! innocence a greater still; and if I had the choice, I would rather have seen thee deprived of life. But when innocence and honour are lost, there still remains one inestimable good; virtue, which never perishes, which we never lose without return. We have only to wish for it, it springs up again in the soul; and when we think it extinguished, a single touch of remorse gives birth to it anew. This will console you, daughter, for the loss of your innocence; and if your

'your repentance be sincere, Heaven and your father are appeased. For the rest, nobody in the village knows your adventure; you may appear there again without shame.'—'Where, my father?'—'At Coulange, whither I am going to carry you.'—These words embarrassed Lauretta. 'Haste,' continued Basil, 'to strip off those ornaments of vice. Plain linen, a simple boddice, a white petticoat, these are the raiments of thy condition. Leave his envenomed gifts to the wretch who has seduced you, and follow me without more delay.'

One must have been possessed at this moment of the timid and tender soul of Lauretta; must have loved, like her, a father and a lover; to conceive, to feel the combat which arose in her feeble heart, between love and nature. The trouble and agitation of her spirits kept her immovable and mute. 'Let us go,' said the father; 'moments are precious.'—'Pardon me,' cried Lauretta, falling again on her knees before him, 'pardon me, my father; be not offended if I am slow to obey you. You have read the bottom of my soul. Luzy wants the name of husband; but all the rights which the tenderest love can give him, he has over me. I would fly him, detach myself from him, follow you, though to death. But to steal away in his absence, to leave him to believe that I have betrayed him!'—'How, wretch! and what signifies to you the opinion of a vile deceiver? and what are the rights of a passion which has ruined and dishonoured you? You love him! you love your shame then! You prefer his vile favours to the innocence which he has robbed you of! You prefer to your father the most cruel of your enemies! You dare not fly him in his absence, and quit him without his consent! Ah, when you were to quit your father, to overwhelm him, to drive him to destruction, you were not then so timorous! And what do you expect from your ravisher? That he should defend you? That he should withdraw you from paternal authority? Oh, let him come! let him dare to drive me hence; I am alone, unarmed, enfeebled by age; but they shall see me extended on the threshold of your door, calling for vengeance to God and man. Your

lover himself, in order to get at thee, shall march over my body; and passers-by shall say with horror, "There is the father whom she disavows, and whom her lover tramples under his feet!"'

'Ah! my father,' said Lauretta, terrified at this image, 'how little do you know the man whom you rail against so cruelly! Nothing is gentler, nothing more sensible. You will be to him respectable and sacred.'—'Dare you talk to me of the respect of one who dishonours me? Dost thou hope that he may seduce me with his perfidious gentleness? I will not see him: if you can answer for him, I cannot answer for myself.'—'Well, do not see him, but permit me to see him, but for a moment.'—'What do you ask? me to leave you alone with him! Ah! though he should take away my life, I would not shew him that complaisance. While he was able to keep you from me, it was his crime, it was thine, I was not answerable for it. But Heaven now puts you again under my guard, and from this moment I answer to Heaven for thee. Let us go, daughter, it is already dark; this is the instant for us to depart! Resolve: renounce thy father, or obey.'—'You pierce my heart! Obey, I tell thee, or dread my curse!'

At these terrible words, the trembling Lauretta had no strength to reply. She undresses herself before her father's eyes, and puts on, not without a flood of tears, the plain dress which he had prescribed to her. 'My father,' said she to him at the moment she was preparing to follow him, 'dare I ask, as the price of my obedience, one single favour? You do not wish the death of him whom I sacrifice to you. Suffer me to write him two words, to inform him it is you that I obey, and that you oblige me to follow you.'—'What! that he may come to carry you off again, to steal you from me? No, I will leave no trace of you. Let him die of shame, he will do justice upon himself; but of love! never fear that; libertines never die of it. Then, taking his daughter by the hand, he carried her out without noise, and the next morning, embarking on the Seine, they returned into their own country.

At midnight the count arrives at his house,

house, where he flatters himself Pleasure awaits, and Love invites him, and finds all there in alarm and confusion.

Lauretta's people tell him with fright that they do not know what is become of her; that they have sought her in vain; that she had taken care to send them out of the way, and had seized that moment to elude their vigilance; that she did not stop at her friend's; and that on going off she had left every thing behind her, even to her diamonds, and to the gown she had worn that day.

'We must wait for her,' said Luzy, after a long silence. 'Do not go to bed; there is something incomprehensible in this affair.'

Love, which seeks to flatter itself, began by conjectures to excuse Lauretta; but finding them all destitute of probability, he delivered himself up to the most cruel suspicions. 'An involuntary accident might have detained her; but in the absence of her people to undress herself, to make her escape alone, at dusk; to leave her house in uneasiness! all this,' said he, 'clearly shews a premeditated flight. Has Heaven touched her? Is it remorse that has determined her to fly me? Ah, why can I not at least believe it! but if she had taken an honest part, she would have had pity of me; she would have written to me, though it were but two words, of consolation and adieu. Her letter would not have betrayed her; and would have spared me suspicions, grievous to me, and dishonourable to her. Lauretta! O Heaven! candour itself, innocence, truth! Lauretta unfaithful and perfidious! she, who but this very morning— No, no, it is incredible; and yet it is but too true.' Every moment, every reflection, seemed a new proof; but hope and confidence could not quit his heart. He struggled against persuasion, as an expiring man against death. If she were to return, said he; 'if she were to return innocent and faithful! Ah, would my fortune, my life, all my love, be sufficient to repair the injury I do her! What pleasure should I have in confessing myself in fault! With what transports, with what tears, would I efface the crime of having accused her! Alas, I dare not flatter myself with being unjust: I am not so happy!'

There is nobody who, in the uneasiness and ardour of expectation, has

not sometimes experienced at Paris the torment of listening to the noise of the coaches, each of which we take for that which we expect, and each of which by turns arrives, and carries away, as it passes, the hope which it has just excited. The unhappy Luzy was till three in the morning in this cruel perplexity. Every carriage which he heard was, perhaps, that which was bringing back Lauretta; at last hope, so often deceived, gave place to despair.

'I am betrayed,' said he; 'I can no longer doubt it. It is a plot which has been concealed from me. The caresses of the perfidious creature served only the better to disguise it. They have artfully chosen the day on which I was to sup in the country. She has left every thing behind her, to let me understand that she has no farther occasion for my presents. Another, without doubt, overwhelms her with them. She would have been ashamed to have had any thing of mine. The most feeble pledge of my love would have been a perpetual reproach of her treachery and ingratitude. She would forget me, in order to deliver herself up in peace to the man she prefers. Ah, the perjured wretch! does she hope to find any one who loves her like me? I loved her too well, I gave myself too much up to it. Her desires, by being perpetually prevented, became extinct. These are the ways of women. They grow tired of every thing, even of being happy. Ah, canst thou be so now, perfidious girl! Canst thou be so, and think of me? Of me, do I say! What signify to her my love and grief? Ah, while I can scarce restrain my cries, while I bathe her bed with my tears, another, perhaps— Horrible thought! I cannot support it. I will know this rival, and if the fire which burns in my breast has not consumed me before day, I will not die without vengeance. It is doubtless some one of those false friends whom I have imprudently introduced to her. Soligny, perhaps. He was taken with her when we saw her in her own village. She was simple and sincere then. How is she changed! He wanted to see her again; and I, poor easy fool! thinking myself beloved, believing it impossible for Lauretta to be unfaithful, brought my rival to her. I may be deceived; but,

in

‘in short, it is he whom I suspect. I will be satisfied instantly.—Follow me,’ said he to one of his domesticks; and it was scarce day-light, when, knocking at the chevalier’s door, Luzy asked to see him. ‘He is not at home, Sir,’ said the Swift. ‘Not at home!’—‘No, Sir, he is in the country.’—‘How long since?’—‘Since yesterday evening.’—‘At what hour?’—‘About dusk.’—‘And what part of the country is he gone to?’—‘We do not know: he has taken only his valet de chambre with him.’—‘In what carriage?’—‘In his vis-a-vis.’—‘Is his absence to be long?’—‘He will not be back this fortnight, and has ordered me to take care of his letters.’—‘At his return tell him that I was here, and that I desired to see him.’

‘At last,’ said he, on going away, ‘I am convinced. Every thing agrees. Nothing remains but to discover where they have concealed themselves. I will tear her from his arms, the perfidious wretch! and I will have the pleasure of washing away with his blood my injury and her treachery!’

His researches were ineffectual. The chevalier’s journey was a mystery which he could not penetrate. Luzy was, therefore, fifteen days on the rack; and the full persuasion that Soligny was the ravisher, diverted him from every other idea.

In his impatience, he sent every morning to know if his rival was returned. At last he was told, that he was just arrived. He flies to him, enflamed with anger; and the favourable reception given him by the chevalier only irritated him more. ‘My dear count,’ said Soligny, ‘you have been very earnest in your enquiries for me; how can I serve you?’—‘In ridding me,’ replied Luzy, at the same time turning pale, ‘either of a life which I detest, or of a rival whom I hate. You have carried off my mistress; nothing remains but to pluck out my heart.’—‘My friend,’ said the chevalier to him, ‘I have as great a desire to have my throat cut as yourself, for I am quite mad with vexation; but I have no quarrel with you; if you please, let us understand each other. Lauretta has been carried off, you say; I am very sorry for it; she was a charming girl; but upon my honour it was not by me! Not that I pique myself on any delicacy in that

point. In love I forgive my own friends, and allow myself these little petit-larcenies; and though I heartily love you, yet if Lauretta had thought proper to deceive you for me, rather than for another, I should not have been cruel. But as to carrying them off, I don’t like that, that is too serious a business for me; and if you have no other reason for killing me, I advise you to let me live, and to break fast with me.’ Though the chevalier’s language had very much the air of frankness, Luzy still retained his suspicions. ‘You disappeared,’ said he, ‘the same evening, at the same hour; you lay hid for a fortnight; I know besides that you loved her, and that you had an inclination for her at the very time that I took her.’

‘You are in luck,’ said Soligny, ‘that in the humour I am now in, I love you enough to come to an explanation. Lauretta went off the same evening with me; I have nothing to say to that: it is one of those critical counters which form the intrigue of romances. I thought Lauretta beautiful as an angel, and I had an inclination for her, it is true; but if you will cut the throats of all who are guilty of the same crime, mercy upon one half of Paris! The important article, then, is the secret of my journey and absence? Very well, I will explain that matter.’

‘I was in love with Madam De Blanson; or rather, I was in love with her riches, her birth, her credit at court; for that woman has every thing in her favour, except herself. You know, that if she is neither young nor handsome, to make amends she has a deal of sensibility, and is easily set on fire. I had got into her good graces, and saw no possibility to be, as it is called, happy, without proceeding to marriage. But marriage was my point; and under cover of that respectful timidity, inseparable from a delicate love, I eluded all opportunities of making an ill use of her weakness. So much reserve disconcerted her. She never saw, she said, a man so timorous and so much of the novice. I was as bashful as a young girl: my modesty absolutely tantalized her. In short, not to trouble you with all the arts I employed for three months to sustain attacks without surrendering, never

‘did
‘ineff
‘a m
‘terit
‘for
‘frien
‘inno
‘tack
‘riag
‘geou
‘tune
‘Ther
‘happ
‘the
‘with
‘one
‘pals
‘in th
‘litu
‘give
‘than
‘into
‘well,
‘How
‘tain
‘part
‘main
‘opin
‘but i
‘perce
‘was i
‘fame;
‘be de
‘that
‘me.
‘ed my
‘her o
‘word

‘T
‘suffic
‘pleas
‘atten
‘loves
‘fame.

‘Are
‘adven
‘ferent
‘tribute
‘off as
‘grant,
‘as the
‘undec
‘you n
‘in the
‘row, n
‘which
‘replied S

did coquette strive so much to kindle ineffectual desires. My conduct was a master-piece of prudence and dexterity: but the widow was too hard for me. I am her dupe: yes, my friend, she has surprized my credulous innocence. Seeing that she must attack me regularly, she talked of marriage. Nothing was more advantageous than her proposals. Her fortune was to be entirely in my power. There remained only one bar to our happiness. I was very young, and she was not sufficiently acquainted with my character. In order to try one another, she proposed to me to pass some days together, *à la-lête*, in the country. "A fortnight's solitude and liberty," said she, "will give us a truer idea of each other, than two years at Paris." I gave into the snare, and she managed so well, that I forgot my resolution. How frail is man, and how little certain of himself! Having taken up the part of husband, I was obliged to maintain it, and I gave her the best opinion of me that I possibly could; but in a short time she thought she perceived that my love abated. It was in vain that I protested it was the same; she told me that she was not to be deceived with empty words, and that she plainly saw the change in me. In short, this morning, I received my discharge in form from under her own hands. It runs in these words.

"THE slender trial which I have made of your sentiments is sufficient. Be gone, Sir, whenever you please. I would have a husband whose attentions should never relax; who loves me always, and always the same."

"Are you satisfied? There is my adventure. You see it is quite of a different nature from that which you attribute to me. I have been carried off as well as your Lauretta; Heaven grant, that they have not done by her as they did by me! But now you are undeceived with respect to me, have you no other suspicion?"—"I am lost in them," said Luzy: "forgive my sorrow, my despair, and my love, the step which I have just taken."—"Pshaw!" replied Soligny, "nothing was more just,

"If I had taken away your mistress, I must have given you satisfaction. There is nothing in it; so much the better; and so we are good friends. Will you breakfast with me?"—"I would die."—"That would be going rather too far. Preserve that remedy for more serious disgraces. Lauretta is a pretty girl, though a little knavish baggage: endeavour to see her again; but if you cannot get her, take another, and the sooner the better."

While Luzy remained inconsolable, and was scattering his money with a liberal hand, in order to discover some traces of Lauretta, she was at her father's, lamenting her error, or rather her lover.

Bazil had given out in the village, that he had not been able to live without his daughter, and that he had been to fetch her home. They found her still improved. Her graces were now blown; and that which is called the air of Paris had given her new charms, even in the eyes of the villagers. The ardour of the youths who had sought her was renewed, and became still more lively; but her father refused them all. "You shall never marry in my life-time," said he. "I would not impose upon any one. Work and lament with me. I have just sent back to your unworthy lover all his presents. We owe him nothing now, except our shame."

Lauretta, humble and submissive, obeyed her father without complaining, and without daring to raise her eyes towards him. It was to her an incredible difficulty to resume the habitude of indigence and labour. Her feet, grown tender, were wounded; her delicate hands were made sore; but these were slight evils. "The pains of the body are of no thing," said she, groaning; "those of the soul are much more grievous."

Though Luzy was perpetually present to her, and her heart was not able to detach itself from him, she had no longer either the hope or desire of returning to him. She knew what bitterness her going astray had diffused over the life of her unhappy father; and though she had been at liberty to quit him again, she would not have consented to it. But the image of the grief in which she had left her lover pursued her, and was her torment. The right he had to accuse her of perfidy and ingratitude was a fresh cause of anguish. "If I

‘could but write to him! But I have neither the liberty nor the means. Not content with obliging me to abandon him, they would have me forget him. I shall sooner forget myself; and it is as impossible for me to hate him as to forget him. If he was culpable, his love was the cause, and I cannot punish him for it. In all that he did he meant only my happiness and my father’s. He deceived himself, he led me astray; but at his age one thinks only of love. Yes, I owe it to him, I owe it to myself, to clear up my conduct; and in that point alone my father shall not be obeyed.’ The difficulty now was only to procure the means of writing; but her father, without intending it, had spared her the trouble.

One evening Luzy, retiring more afflicted than ever, received an anonymous packet. The hand in which the direction was written was unknown to him; but the post-mark told him enough. He opens it with precipitation; he discovers the purse which he had given Basil, with the fifty louis which he had lent to him. ‘I see the whole affair,’ said he: ‘I have been discovered. The father in indignation sends me back my presents. Haughty and severe, as I perceived him. As soon as he knew where his daughter was, he came to fetch her, and forced her to follow him.’ That moment he assembles such of his domesticks as attended Lauretta. He examines them; he asks if any one among them had not seen with her a countryman, whom he describes to them. One of them actually remembers that, the very day that she went away, a man exactly like the person he describes got up to the boot of Lauretta’s coach, and spoke to her for a moment. ‘Come quickly,’ cried Luzy, ‘put post-horses to my chaise!’

The second night, being arrived at some leagues from Coulange, he causes the servant who attended him to disguise himself like a peasant, sends him to get information, and in the mean while endeavours to take rest. Alas, there is none for the soul of a lover in so violent a situation! He counts the minutes from the departure of his emissary to his return.

‘Sir,’ said the servant, ‘good news! Lauretta is at Coulange, at her fa-

ther’s.’—‘Ah, I breathe again!’—‘They talk even of marrying her.’—‘Of marrying her! I must see her.’—‘You will find her in the vineyard: she works there all day.’—‘Just Heaven, what hardship! Come, I will lie concealed; and you, under that disguise, shall watch the moment when she is alone. Let us not lose an instant. Away!’

Luzy’s emissary had told him truth. A rich person in his situation had offered himself as a match for Lauretta; and the minister had sent to Basil to persuade him to accept it.

In the mean time, Lauretta toiled in the vineyard, and thought of the unhappy Luzy. Luzy arrives, and perceives her at a distance: he advances with precaution, sees her alone, runs up, throws himself before her, and stretches out his arms. At the noise which he made, across the vine-leaves, she raises her head, and turns her eyes. ‘My God!’ cried she. Surprise and joy took from her the use of her voice. She was in his arms, all trembling, without having been able to mention his name. ‘Ah, Luzy!’ said she, at last, ‘is it you? This is what I asked of Heaven. I am innocent in your eyes, that is enough: I will endure the rest. Adieu, Luzy, adieu for ever! Be gone; and lament your Lauretta. She reproaches you with nothing. You will be dear to her to her last breath.’—‘I!’ cried he, locking her in his arms, as if they were about to tear her from him again: ‘I quit you! Thou half of myself, I live without thee, far from thee! No, there is not that power on earth that shall separate us.’—‘There is one which is sacred to me; the will of my father. Ah, my lost friend! if you had known the profound grief into which my flight plunged him, sensible and good as you are, you would have restored me to his tears. To take me away from him a second time, or to plunge a dagger into his bosom, would be to me the same thing. You know me too well to require it of me; you are too humane to wish it yourself. Cast away a hope which I have lost. Adieu! Heaven grant that I may expiate my fault! But I can scarce reproach myself for it. Adieu, I say! my father is coming: it would be dreadful that he should find us together.’—‘It is what I would have,’ said Luzy: ‘I

'wait for him.'—'Ah! you are now going to redouble my sorrows.'

At that instant Basil arrives; and Luzy, advancing some paces to meet him, throws himself at his feet. 'Who are you? what do you want?' said Basil, astonished at first. But as soon as he had fixed his eyes on him, 'Wretch,' cried he, drawing back, 'be gone, take yourself away from my sight!'—'No, I shall die at your feet, if you will not vouchsafe to hear me.'

—'After having ruined, dishonoured the daughter, dare you present yourself to the father!'—'I am to blame,' I confess, and here are the means to punish me,' said he, presenting his sword. 'But if you will hear me, I hope that you will have compassion on me.'—'Ah!' said Basil, looking at the sword, 'if I were as base, as cruel as you—See,' said he to his daughter, 'how groveling is vice, and how great the shame of it; since it obliges a man to crouch at the feet of his fellow-creature, and to sustain his contempt.'—'If I were only vicious,' replied Luzy haughtily, 'far from impugning you, I should brave you. Attribute my humiliation only to that which is the most honest, and most noble cause in Nature; to love, to virtue itself, to the desire which I have of expiating a fault, excusable, perhaps, and with which I reproach myself so cruelly, only because I have a good heart.' Then, with all the eloquence of sentiment, he endeavoured to justify himself, attributing the whole to the warmth of youth, and the intoxication of passion.

'The world is very happy,' replied Basil, 'that your passion has not been that of money! You would have been a Cartouche.' Luzy chafed at this discourse. 'Yes, a Cartouche. And why not? Will you have the meanness to think that innocence and honour are of less value than riches and life? Have you not availed yourself of the weakness, the infirmity of this unhappy girl, in order to rob her of these two treasures? And me, her father, do you think you have done me a less injury than if you had murdered me? A Cartouche is broken on the wheel, because he steals riches, with which we may dispense; but for you, who have taken from us what a well-educated

girl, what a virtuous father cannot lose without dying, what have you merited? They call you noble, and you believe yourself so. These are the marks of that nobility of which you are so vain. At a time of distress, when the most wicked of mankind would have had pity on me, you accost me, you pretend to pity me, and you say in your heart, "There, now, is a wretch who has no other consolation in the world but his daughter: she is the only blessing Heaven has left him; and to-morrow I will carry her away from him." Yes, barbarian! yes, villain! this is what passed in your soul. And I, poor, credulous fool! I admired you, loaded you with blessings, and prayed Heaven to accomplish all your wishes; while all your wishes were to seduce my daughter! What do I say, wretch as I am! I delivered her up to you, I engaged her to run after you, in truth, to restore to you that gold, that poison, with which you thought to corrupt me: it seemed as if Heaven had warned me that it was a destructive and treacherous gift; I resisted the impulse, and forced myself to believe you compassionate and generous; you were only perfidious and un pitying; and the hand which I would have kissed, which I would have watered with my tears, was preparing to pluck out my heart. Behold,' continued he, baring his bosom, and shewing his scars; 'behold what a man you have dishonoured! I have shed, for my country, more blood than you have in all your veins; and you, Sir, what are your exploits? Distressing a father, and debauching his daughter! empoisoning my days and her's! See, there, the unhappy victim of your seduction; see her there, steeping in her tears her daily bread. Brought up in the simplicity of an innocent and laborious life, she loved it; she now detests it: you have rendered insupportable labour and poverty to her; she has lost her joy with her innocence, and she can no longer lift up her eyes without blushing. But that which distracts me, that which I will never forgive you, is, that you have shut the heart of my daughter against me; you have extinguished the sentiments of nature in her soul; you have made the com-

'pany of her father a torment to her: 'perhaps, alas!—I dare not speak it—'perhaps I am her aversion.'

'Ah, my father!' cried Lauretta, who till then had remained in dejection and confusion; 'Ah, my father! this is punishing me too much. I merit every thing except the reproach of having ceased to love you.' On saying these words, she fell at his feet, and kissed the dust of them. Luzy prostrated himself before him, and in an excess of tenderness, 'My father,' said he, 'pardon her, pardon me, embrace your children; and, if the ravisher of Lauretta be not too unworthy of the name of her husband, I conjure you to grant me that title.'

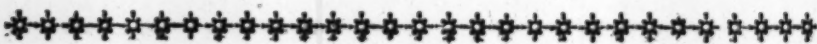
This return would have softened a harder heart than Basil's. 'If there were,' said he to Luzy, 'any other way of restoring to me my honour, and to both of you your innocence, I would refuse this. But it is the only one; I accept it, and much more for your sakes than for my own; for I neither expect, and will have nothing

from you, and will die in cultivating my vineyard.'

The love of Luzy and Lauretta was consecrated at the foot of the altar. Many people said that he had done a mean thing, and he agreed to it: 'But it is not,' said he, 'that which they attribute to me. The shame was in doing the wrong, and not in repairing it.'

There was no way of engaging Basil to quit his humble habitation. After having tried every art to draw him to Paris, Madam De Luzy obtained of her husband to purchase an estate near Coulanges, and the good father consented at last to go there and spend his old age.

Two hearts formed for virtue were ravished in having recovered it. That image of celestial pleasures; the agreement of love and innocence, left them nothing more to desire, but to see the fruits of so sweet an union. Heaven heard the wish of nature; and Basil, before he died, embraced his grandchildren.



A WIFE OF TEN THOUSAND!

'ENJOY, Madam, all the comforts of your house; do the honours, and be the delight of it; but never trouble your head about the conduct of it.' This, near eight years ago, was the language of the haughty Melidor to his wife. The advice was agreeable to follow; and accordingly the young and lively Acelia had pretty well followed it. But reason came with age; and the kind of intoxication, in which she had been plunged, vanished.

Melidor had had the misfortune of being born in opulence. Brought up among the young nobility of the kingdom, invested on entering into the world with a considerable charge, master of his wealth from the age of reason; it became to him the age of follies. His prevailing foible was to want to live like a man of quality. He made himself familiar with the great, carefully studied their manners; and as the noble and simple graces of a true courtier are not easy to imitate, it was to the airs of our little lords that he attached himself, as to good models.

He would have thought it a disgrace not to have been able to say, *My domains, and my vassals*: he laid out, therefore, the better part of his ready-money in the purchase of lands, the revenue of which was small, indeed, but the rights whereof were magnificent.

He had heard say, that the great lords had stewards who robbed them, creditors whom they did not pay, and mistresses who were not very faithful; he considered it, therefore, as beneath him to look into his accounts, to pay his debts, or to be delicate in love.

His eldest son had scarce attained his seventh year; he took particular care to chuse him a governor that was self-sufficient and a coxcomb, who had no other merit than that of making a handsome bow.

This governor was the dependant of an humble friend of Melidor's, called Duranfon, naturally an insolent, low fellow; a kind of dog, who barked at all passers-by, and caressed only his master. The part he acted was that of

a misan-

a misanthrope, full of arrogance and moroseness. Rich, but covetous, he found it convenient to have a good house which was not his own, and pleasures of every sort of which another bore the expence. A silent observer of all that passed, one might see him sunk in his armed chair, deciding on every thing with a few cutting words, and setting himself up as a family-censor. Woe to the good man who was not an object of fear! He tore him to pieces without mercy, if his air had displeased him ever so little.

Melidor took the moroseness of Duranfon for philosophy. He was conscious that he was his hero; and the incense of a man of his character was to him a delicate perfume. The rough flatterer took care not to expose himself to the world. If he applauded Melidor in publick, it was only with a glance, or a complaisant smile: he kept his panegyrick, for a *tête-à-tête*; but then he gave him a full meal of it. Melidor could scarce believe himself endowed with such eminent merit; but there must be something in it, for his friend Duranfon, who assured him of it, was the farthest in the world from being a nauseous flatterer.

It was not enough to please the husband; Duranfon had also flattered himself with seducing the young wife. He began by speaking well of her alone, and very ill of all others of her age and condition. But she was as little touched with his satires as his encomiums. He suspected that he was despised; he endeavoured to make himself dreaded, and by some malignant and sharp strokes, he made her perceive that it was at any time in his power to be severe even on herself. That succeeded no better. 'I may have foibles,' said she to him, 'and I allow them to be attacked, but at a little more distance, if you please. A perpetual censor would be almost as tiresome to me as a servile flatterer.'

By the resolute tone which she assumed, Duranfon saw plainly that, in order to reduce her, he must go a little farther about. 'Let me endeavour,' said he, 'to make her stand in need of me; let me afflict her in order to console her; and when her wounded vanity shall throw her off her guard, I will seize one of those moments of disgust. The confidence of a woman's

sorrows is often the happy avenger of them.'

'I pity you, Madam,' said he; 'and I ought no longer to conceal from you what afflicts me sensibly. For some time past Melidor goes astray; he is guilty of follies; and if he goes on in this manner, he will no longer have occasion for such a friend as myself.'

Whether it was levity or dissimulation with a man whom she did not esteem, Acelia received this information without deigning to appear moved. He dwelt upon it, made a merit of his own zeal, and declaimed against the caprices and irregularities of husbands of the age; said that he had made Melidor blush at it; and opposing the charms of Acelia to the dowdies which touched her husband, he grew so very warm, that he forgot his part, and soon betrayed himself. She smiled with disdain at the knave's want of address. 'That is what I call a friend,' said she, 'and not those base adulators, whom vice keeps in pay in order to flatter and serve it. I am very sure, for example, that you have told Melidor to his face all that you have just now said to me.'—'Yes, Madam, and a great deal more.'—'You will, then, to be sure, have the courage to reproach him with his wrongs before me; to overwhelm him with them.'—'Before you, Madam! Ah, beware of making a noise! that would be to alienate him irrecoverably. He is proud; he would be hurt at having cause to blush before you. He would consider me only as a perfidious friend. And who knows to what hidden motive he would impute our correspondence?'—'No matter; I will convict him, and confront him, in you, with a witness whom he cannot disprove.'—'No, Madam, no; you will be undone. It is by dissembling wrongs that a woman governs: discretion, gentleness, and your charms, these are your advantages over us. Complaint and reproach only serve to exasperate us; and of all the methods of correcting, the worst is to put us to confusion.' He was in the right, but to no purpose. Acelia would hear nothing. 'I know,' said she, 'all my risk; but though it were to come to a rupture, I would not act, by my silence, the convenient woman to my husband.' He strove in vain to dissuade her; he was reduced to

to ask her pardon, and to entreat her not to punish him for a zeal which, perhaps, was imprudent. 'And this, then, said Acelia, 'is that courageous freedom of yours which nothing can intimidate? I shall be more discreet than you; but remember, Duranfon, never hereafter to say any thing of your friends that you would not have them hear again. As to me, whatever injury my husband does me, I forbid you ever to speak to me about it.'

Duranfon, enraged at so scurvy a reception, vowed the destruction of Acelia; but it was necessary first to involve her in the ruin of her husband.

Nobody at Paris has so many friends as an opulent and prodigal man. Melidor's friends, at his suppers, never failed to commend him to his face; and they had the kindness to wait till they were withdrawn from table, before they ridiculed him. His creditors, who daily increased, were not so complaisant; but his friend Duranfon kept off the throng. He knew, he said, the way to impose on those knaves. However, as they were not all equally timid, there was a necessity from time to time, in order to appease the most turbulent, to have recourse to expedients; and Duranfon, under a fictitious name, coming to the succour of his friend, lent him money on pledges, on the most usurious contracts.

The more Melidor's affairs became disordered, the less he wished to hear of them. 'Manage it,' said he to his steward; 'I will sign, but leave me at peace.' At last the steward came to tell him that his capital was exhausted, and his effects were going to be seized. Melidor fell on his agent, and told him he was a rogue. 'Call me what you please,' replied the cool steward, 'but you are in debt, and must pay; and because you fail, they are going to sue you.'

Melidor ordered the faithful Duranfon to be called, and asked him if he had no resource. 'You have one very sure one: let your wife engage herself.'—'Ah! but will she consent to it?'—'To be sure! can she hesitate, when your honour is at stake? However, do not alarm her; treat the matter as a trifle, and let her see in this engagement nothing more than a common form, which she cannot avoid fulfilling.' Melidor embraced his friend, and repaired to his wife.

Acelia, wholly devoted to her amusements, knew nothing of what passed. But, happily, Heaven had endued her with a just way of thinking, and a firm soul. 'I am just come, Madam,' said her husband, 'from seeing your new carriage: it will be exquisite. Your new horses are arrived. Ah, my dear, what a beautiful set! the Count De Pifa trains them. They are full of spirit; but he will break them: he is the best driver in all Paris.'

Though Acelia was accustomed to the gallantries of her husband, she could not help being surprized and pleased with this last. 'I ruin you!' said she. 'Pr'ythee, my dear, what better use can I make of my fortune than to employ it in what pleases you? Give a loose to your desires, and enjoy them at your ease. I have nothing which is not at your service; and I flatter myself that you think so. A propos,' added he carelessly, 'I have some deeds to settle, which the common forms of business will require you to sign. But we will talk of that this evening. At present I can think of nothing but the colour of your carriage; the varnisher only waits for your directions.'—'I will consider of it,' said she. And as soon as he was gone, she fell into reflections on what had passed between them.

Acelia was a rich heiress, and the law secured her the disposal of her fortune. She perceived the consequences of the engagement proposed to her; and in the evening, instead of going to the play, she went to her attorney. What was her surprize, on learning that Melidor was reduced to the most ruinous expedients! She employed the time of the play in getting intelligence and advice.

At her return she concealed her uneasiness before the company at supper; but when her husband, *tête-à-tête* with her, proposed to her to engage for him, 'I will not abandon you,' said she, 'if you will deign to trust yourself to me; but I require an entire confidence, a full power of ruling my house.'

Melidor was humbled at the thought of having his wife for a tutor: he told her that he had no reason to be alarmed, and that he would not suffer her to take so disagreeable a charge upon herself. 'No, Sir, I have neglected it too long: it is a fault which I will no longer be guilty

'guilty of.' He gave up the point; and the creditors being assembled the next day—'Gentlemen,' said he to them, 'your visits are troublesome to me; my wife would be glad to talk with you; see and settle with her.'—'Gentlemen,' said Acelia to them, in a prudent, but assured tone, 'though my estate be my children's, I am sensible that I ought to assist their father with it; but I will have it done fairly. Those who are honest shall find me punctual; but I will not satisfy knaves for the follies of a spendthrift. Bring me your demands to-morrow. I require only time to examine them; I will not let you wait.'

From the moment that Acelia saw herself at the head of her house, she was no longer the same woman. She cast her eyes on her past life, and saw nothing in it but the flutter of a thousand idle occupations. 'Are these,' said she, 'the duties of a mother of a family? Is it, then, at the price of her honour and of her peace, that she must pay for handsome suppers, rich equipages, and brilliant trifles?'

'Sir,' said she to her husband, 'to-morrow I shall have the state of your debts; I must have that of your revenues: order your steward to come to me.' The steward came and gave in his accounts. Nothing was more clear; far from having money in hand, it was found that he had advanced, and there was due to him above double the amount of his accumulated wages. 'I see,' said Acelia, 'that the steward understands his accounts better than we do. We have nothing to do but to pay him, thanking him at the same time that we are not more in his debt.'—'To pay him!' said Melidor in a low voice, 'and with what?'—'Out of my fund. The first step in economy is to turn off the steward.'

A reformation was instantly made in the household, and in the expence; and Acelia setting the example, 'Courage,' said she, 'let us cut to the quick: we sacrifice only our vanity.'—'But decency, Madam?'—'Decency, Sir, consists in not dissipating the substance of another, and the innocent enjoyment of one's own.'—'But, Madam, at discharging your people you pay them; and that is exhausting our only resource.'—'Be easy, my dear: I have trinkets and diamonds; and by

sacrificing only these ornaments, I make myself one which is well worth them all.'

Next day the creditors arrive, and Acelia gives them audience. Those of whom Melidor had purchased moveables of value, or superfluous knick-knacks, consented to take them back again, with a fair allowance. The rest, enchanted with the reception and good intentions of Acelia, unanimously agreed to abide by her decisions; and her conciliatory graces united all minds.

One alone, with an air somewhat confused, said that he could not abate any thing. He had valuable effects in pledge; and on the list of monies borrowed, he was set down for an enormous usury. Acelia detained him by himself, in order to bend him, if possible. 'I, Madam!' said he, pressed by her reproaches; 'I come not here on my own account, and M. Duranfon had better have excused me from playing this villainous part.'—'Duranfon, say you! What, is it he who under your name—' 'He himself.'—'So our pledges are in his hands.'—'Yes, and a writing from me, in which I declare there is nothing due to me.'—'And may I have a duplicate of that writing?'—'Certainly, and presently if you will, for the name of an usurer sits heavy on me.' This was a weapon for Acelia; but it was not yet time to enlighten Melidor, and incense Duranfon. She thought it necessary to dissemble some time longer.

Her lawyer, who came to see her, found that in twenty-four hours she had laid by a good part of her revenue, and discharged a multitude of debts. 'You proceed,' said he, 'upon good principles. Oeconomy is, of all resources, the most sure and the easiest. It enriches one in an instant with all the wealth that has been dissipated.'

While they were discoursing, Melidor in confusion afflicted himself at seeing his house stripped. 'Nay, Sir,' said his wife, 'console yourself: I retrench nothing but your follies.' But he considered only the world, and the humiliation of a fall. He retired in consternation, leaving Acelia with her lawyer.

A young woman has in business a prodigious advantage: besides inspiring hope and the desire of pleasing, she interests and disposes to a kind of easiness which men have not for one another.

Nature

Nature contrives a secret intelligence between the two sexes. Every obstacle is removed before them, every difficulty vanishes; and instead of treating one another as enemies, like man to man, with a woman we deliver ourselves up as friends. Acelia was more than once a proof of it; and her lawyer exerted a zeal and affection in serving her, which he would not have had for her husband.

'Madam,' said he to her, on stating the balance of Melidor's estate with his debts, 'I find enough to acquit them. But effects sold in a hurry commonly go at a low price. Let us suppose that his are free; they will more than answer the two hundred thousand crowns which he owes; and if you will engage yourself for him, it is not impossible to reduce this multitude of ruinous debts to a small number of more simple and less burdensome articles.'—'Do it, Sir,' said Acelia; 'I consent: I engage myself for my husband; but let it be without his knowledge.' The lawyer acted with prudence; and Acelia was authorized to contract in Melidor's name.

Melidor had acted openly with her in every article but one, which he had not dared to declare to his wife. In the night Acelia, hearing him groan, endeavoured tenderly to comfort him. 'You do not know all!' said he; and these words were followed with a profound silence. Acelia pressed him in vain; shame stopped his mouth. 'What!' said she, 'have you sorrows which you dare not confide to me! have you a friend more tender, more sure, more indulgent?'—'The greater right you have to my esteem,' replied Melidor, 'the more I ought to blush at the confession which I have yet to make to you. You have heard of the courtizan Eleonora—What shall I say to you? She has notes from me for upwards of fifty thousand crowns.' Acelia saw with joy the moment to regain the heart of her husband. 'It is not a time for reproaching you,' said she, 'with a folly of which you are ashamed, and to which my own dissipation has perhaps exposed you. Let us repair and forget our wrongs: this last is not without remedy.' Melidor had no conception that a woman, till that time so full of levity, should all of a sudden have acquired so much consideration.

Acelia was not less surprized that a man, so haughty and vain, should suddenly become so modest. 'May it not be happy for us,' said they to each other, 'that we have fallen into misfortune?'

The next day Acelia, having considered well, went in person to Eleonora's. 'You know not,' said she to her, 'who is come to see you? It is a rival.' And without any farther preparation she told her her name. 'Madam,' said Eleonora, 'I am contented at the honour you do me. I am sensible I have done you wrong, but my condition must be my excuse. Melidor is to blame, and on seeing you I blame him myself: he is more unjust than I imagined.'—'Madam,' said Acelia, 'I complain neither of you nor of him. It is a punishment due to a thoughtless woman to have a libertine husband; and I have at least the pleasure of seeing that Melidor has still some delicacy in his taste. You have understanding, and an appearance of decency and graces worthy to embellish virtue.'—'You view me, Madam, with too much indulgence; which convinces me of the truth of what has been often told me, that the most virtuous women are not those who are most severe on us. As they have nothing to envy us, they have the goodness to pity us. Those who resemble us are much more rigid! they tear us to pieces, while they imitate us.'—'I will tell you,' replied Acelia, meaning to bring her to her purpose, 'what we blame most in persons of your way of life; it is not that weakness of which so many women have cause to blush, but a passion still more odious. The fire of youth, the relish of pleasures, the attraction of a voluptuous and unconfined life, sometimes even sentiment itself, for I can believe you susceptible of it, all this may have its excuse; but in renouncing the modesty of a woman, you are at least the more obliged to have that of a man; and is there not a kind of honesty which you do not renounce?'—'Yes, without doubt.'—'Very well; tell me, then, does that honesty permit you to make an ill use of the intoxication and folly of a lover, to such a degree as to require, and to accept of his mad engagements, that are ruinous to his family? Melidor, for example, has given you

'you notes for fifty thousand crowns; and do you perceive the consequence of them, and how much room there is to be severe against such a seduction?'—'Madam,' replied Eleonora, 'it was a voluntary gift; and M. Duranfon can witness for me that I have refused much larger.'—'You know M. Duranfon?'—'Yes, Madam; it was he that put Melidor into my hands; and I was willing on that account to acquit him of all his own promises.'—'Very well: he has set down his own article, then, to his friend's account?'—'He told me so, and I imagined that Melidor had approved of it. As to the rest, Melidor was at his own liberty; I have nothing of his but what he has given me, and nothing, in my opinion, can be more fairly acquired.'—'You think so; but would you think so, if you were the child that is stripped for it? Put yourself in the place of a mother of a family, whose husband ruins her in this manner; who is on the point of seeing him dishonoured, pursued, driven from his house, deprived of his estate, obliged to conceal himself from the eyes of the world, and to leave his wife and children a prey to shame and grief; put yourself for one moment in the place of that miserable and distressed woman, and judge yourself, in that condition. What steps would not you take, Mademoiselle? You would, without doubt, have recourse to the laws which superintend our morals. Your complaints, and your tears, would put in their claim against an odious surprize, and the voice of nature and of equity would rise up in your favour. Yes, Mademoiselle, the laws would rage against poison; and the gift of pleasing is poison, when we make an ill use of it. It attacks not life; but it attacks reason and honour; and if, in the intoxication which it occasions, mad sacrifices are required and obtained of a man, what you call free gifts are in reality robberies. This is what any other would say; what you would say, perhaps, in my place, yourself. But I am more moderate. There is somewhat due to you: I am come to pay you; but nobly, and not madly. It is six months that Melidor has been your lover, and in giving you a thousand guineas, you

'will confess that he is magnificent.' Eleonora, softened and confounded, had not the courage to refuse. She took Melidor's notes, and followed Acelia to her lawyer.

'Would not you like,' said Acelia to her, on arriving there, 'an annuity of a hundred guineas, rather than this sum in hand, which will soon be dissipated? The way to detach one's self from vice, child, is to set one's self above want; and I am of opinion, that you will one day be glad to have it in your power to be virtuous.'

Eleonora kissing Acelia's hand, and letting fall some tears; 'Ah, Madam,' said she, 'under your features how amiable and touching is virtue! If I have the happiness to return to it, my heart will owe that return to you.'

The lawyer, charmed with Acelia, informed her that the two hundred thousand crowns were ready in his hands, and that they waited her orders. She departed transported with joy, and on seeing Melidor again, 'There are your notes,' said she: 'it was very hard to part with them. Write no more so tender!' His friend Duranfon was present; and by the dull air of Melidor, she plainly saw that he had made him ashamed of having resigned himself to his wife. 'You receive them very coldly,' said she to her husband, 'considering they come from so dear a hand.'—'Would you have me, Madam, rejoice at being the talk of all Paris? They speak of nothing but my ruin; and you make it so very publick, that my friends themselves are not able to deny it.'—'Your friends, then, Sir, had some way of remedying it without noise? They are come probably to offer you their credit, and their good offices? M. Duranfon, for example—' 'I, Madam! I can do nothing; but I think that without such a disgraceful publication, it would have been easy to find resources.'—'Yes, resources which leave none! My husband has made too much use of them: you know it better than anybody. As for the disgrace which you affix to the publication of our misfortune, I know how great your delicacy is, and I esteem it as I ought.'—'Madam! I am an honest man, and it is well known.'—'It ought to be known, for you tell all the world of it; but as Melidor will have no more

'love-intrigues to form, your honesty grows useless.' Melidor, at these words, took fire himself, and told his wife, that it was an affront to him to insult his friend. She was about to answer; but, without deigning to hear her, he retired in a rage, and Duranson followed him.

Acelia was not the least shaken by this; and leaving them to conspire together, devoted herself entirely to the care of her family. Her son's governor, since their failure, thought his office beneath him, and plainly told them his mind. He was discharged that very evening; and in his place came a good abbé, simple, modest, and sufficiently learned, whom she entreated to be their friend, and to infuse his own morals into his pupil.

Melidor, whom Duranson had taught to consider the ascendent which his wife had assumed, as the utmost mortification, was incensed at hearing that the governor was discharged. 'Yes, Sir,' said she to him, 'I give my son the example and direction of a wise man instead of a coxcomb; I mean also to rid you of an insolent parasite, who makes you pay for his pleasures. These are the injuries I do you, I confess them, and you may make them publick.'—'It is odious, replied Melidor, without listening to her; 'it is odious to avail yourself of the condition to which I am reduced, to prescribe laws to me. No, Madam, my misfortune is not such as to degrade me into your slave. It was your duty to enter into the engagement which I proposed to you: you have declined it; you are no longer dear to me, and your cares are useless. If I have run out, it was for you: the only remedy to my misfortune, is to remove the cause, and to-morrow we separate.'—'No, Sir, this is not the proper juncture. In a little time you shall peaceably enjoy a reputable fortune; you shall be free, and easy, and happy. Then, after having re-established your honour and your peace, I shall see whether I ought to give place to the workers of your ruin, and to leave you, by way of punishment, at the brink of the abyss, whence I am now going to draw you. Till then we are inseparable; and my duty and your misfortune are inviolable ties to me. For the rest, you shall judge

to-morrow what a man he is whom you prefer to me. I will give you proofs of his perfidy, before his face; and I renounce all claim to your esteem if he dares disavow them.'

Melidor, shaken by the generous firmness of Acelia, was distracted all night between anger and gratitude. But in the morning he received a letter, which threw him into despair. They writ to him that nothing was talked of at court but his luxury, his extravagance, and the misfortune which was the fruit of it; that every-body blamed him loudly; and that they proposed nothing less than to oblige him to quit his charge. 'Read,' said he, on seeing Acelia; 'read, Madam, and tremble at the condition to which you have reduced me.—Oh, my friend,' said he to Duranson, who arrived just at that instant, 'I am undone; you foretold it to me. The bustle she has made dishonours me. They are taking away my place.' Duranson pretended to be overcome with the news. 'Be not afraid,' said Acelia to him; 'your security is good. You will lose nothing by it, but the monstrous usury which you would extort from your friend.—Yes, Melidor, he is our usurer, our lender upon pledges.'—'I, Madam!'—'Yes, Sir, you yourself, and I have the proof in my hands.'—'There it is,' said she to her husband; 'but this is not all: this worthy friend made you pay Eleonora for the favours which he had received from her; he had the presumption to want to seduce your wife, by informing her of your amours, at the same time that he ruined you under a borrowed name.'—'Ah, this is too much!' said Duranson, and he rose to depart. 'One word more,' said Acelia to him. 'You shall be unmasked in an hour, known by the city and the court, and marked every-where with infamy, if you do not this very instant carry to my lawyer's, where I am going to wait for you, both the pledges and the notes which you have of Melidor's.' Duranson turned pale, was confuted, disappeared, and left Melidor confounded and immoveable with indignation and astonishment.

'Courage, my dear,' said Acelia to her husband. 'I answer for laying the storm. Adieu. This evening it shall be appeased.'

She

She repairs to the attorney's, becomes bound, receives the two hundred thousand crowns, discharges his debts, tears the bills, beginning with those of Duranfon, who had prudently done as he was ordered. From thence she takes a post-chaise, and repairs immediately to court.

The minister did not dissemble his discontent, nor the resolution which had been taken to oblige Melidor to sell his place. 'I do not attempt to excuse him,' said she: 'luxury is a folly in our situation, I confess; but it has been my folly rather than my husband's. His complaisance has been his only fault; and ah, Sir, what will not men do for a wife whom they love! I was young and handsome in his eyes; my husband consulted my desires rather than his own means; he knew no fear, nor misfortune, but that of displeasing me: this was his imprudence; it is now repaired; he owes nothing more than my portion, and I make him the sacrifice of it.'—'What, Madam,' cried the minister, 'have you become bound for him?'—'Yes, Sir, who ought to repair his misfortune, but she who occasioned it? Yes, Sir, I have engaged myself, but thereby I have acquired the right of managing his estate, and of ensuring my children's fortune. He does not know what I have done for him, and he allows me full power to dispose of every thing. I am at the head of my family, and the whole of it is already reduced to the most severe economy. Here, in two words, is what I have done, and what I propose to do.' She then entered into some details, which the minister was graciously pleased to hear. 'But,' continued she, 'the friendship, the esteem, the confidence of my husband, all is lost to me, if you punish him for a fault with which he must reproach me till I shall have effaced it. You are just, sensible, and humane; for what would you punish him? For having loved the other half of himself too much? for having forgot himself, and sacrificed himself for me? I shall then be odious to him; and he will have reason perpetually to repeat to my children the error and dishonour into which their mother shall have plunged him. To whom would you make satisfaction by punishing him? To

the publick? Ah, Sir! it is an envious, wicked publick, unworthy of that complaisance. As to that part of the publick which is indifferent and just, leave us to give it a sight much more useful, and more touching, than that of our ruin. It shall see that a discreet woman can reclaim an honest husband; and that there are, to well-disposed hearts, inexhaustible resources in courage and virtue. Our reformation will be an example; and if it be honourable to us to set it, it will be glorious to follow it; whereas, if the punishment of an imprudence which hurts us alone, exceeds the fault, and survives it, they will, perhaps, be incensed to no purpose, at seeing us unhappy without being criminal.'

The minister listened with astonishment. 'Far from being any obstacle to your intentions,' said he, 'Madam, I will second them, even in punishing your husband. He must renounce all title to his place.'—'Ah, Sir!—'I have disposed of it in favour of your son; and it is out of regard, out of respect for you, that I leave the survivorship to the father.' Acelia's surprise, at obtaining from the minister a favour instead of a punishment, made her almost fall at his feet. 'Sir,' said she to him, 'it is worthy yourself to correct, in this manner, the father of a family. The tears which you see flow are the expression of my gratitude. My children, my husband, and myself, shall never cease to bless you.'

Melidor waited Acelia with terror, and uneasiness gave place to joy, when he learned with what gentleness his dissipation was punished. 'Well,' said Acelia, embracing him, 'are we to part to-day? Have you still any good friend whom you prefer to your wife?'

It is well known with what ease reports in Paris are spread, and destroyed as soon as propagated: Melidor's misfortune had been the news of the day; his re-establishment, or rather the noble part which his wife had acted, caused a kind of revolution in people's minds, and in their conversation. They talked of nothing but the wisdom and resolution of Acelia; and when she appeared abroad, with the modest and free air of a person who neither braves nor fears the looks of the publick, she was received with a respect which she had never

before inspired. It was then that she perceived the value of the consideration which virtue gives; and the homages which had been paid to her youth and beauty, had never flattered her so much.

Melidory more timid, or more vain, knew not what air to assume, nor what countenance to wear. 'Let us wear,' said his wife, 'the air of confessing frankly, that we have been imprudent, and that we are become discreet. Nobody has any thing to reproach us with; let us not humiliate ourselves.' 'If they see us glad of being amended, they will esteem us the more.'—'And with what eyes,' said he, 'will you look upon that multitude of false friends who have abandoned us?'—'With the same eyes that I have always seen them; as people whom pleasure attracts, and who fly away at its departure. What right had you to depend upon them? Was it for them that your feasts were made? The house of a rich man is a theatre, in which every one thinks he has paid for his place, when he has filled it agreeably: the shew ended, every one retires, acquitted of all demands on them. This is a disagreeable reflection; but in losing the illusion of being loved, you convert an agreeable error into an useful experience. And it is with this remedy, as with many others: the bitterness forms its efficacy. View, then, the world as it is, without being mortified at having mistaken it, without boasting that you know it better. Above all, let nobody be informed of our little quarrels: let neither of us seem to have given way to the other; but let it appear, that the same spirit animates and actuates us both. Though it be not so great a shame as it is accounted, to suffer one's self to be guided by a wife, I would not have them know that it was I who determined you.'

Melidor owed every thing to his wife, but nothing touched him so sensibly as this mark of delicacy; and he was so ingenuous as to confess it. Acelia had another view besides flattering the vanity of her husband. She wanted to engage him, by his vanity itself, to follow the plan which she had traced out to him. 'If he sees all the world persuaded,' said she, 'that he has acted only according to his own pleasure, he will soon believe it himself, as well as the

the rest of the world: we stand to our own resolutions by this sentiment of liberty, which resists those of others; and the most essential point in the art of leading people, is that of concealing from them that they are led.' Acelia took care, therefore, to reflect on her husband those praises which were bestowed on her; and Melidor, on his side, spoke of her with nothing but esteem.

However, she dreaded, on his account, the solitude and silence of her house. There is no keeping in a man who grows dull and weary; and before Melidor could fall into some employment, it was necessary he should have amusements. Acelia took care to form for him a society, not numerous, but well-chosen. 'Invite you not to feasts,' said she to the ladies whom she engaged; 'but instead of pomp, we shall have pleasure. I will give you a hearty supper, which shall cost nothing; we will there drink in freedom to the health of our friends; perhaps, also, we shall laugh there, a circumstance uncommon enough in the world.' She kept her promise; and her husband alone still regretted the opulence in which he had lived. Not that he did not try to accustom himself to a plain way of life; but one would have thought that the same void had taken possession of his soul and of his house. His eyes and ears, habituated to tumult, were stupified as it were with calm and repose. He still viewed with envy those who were ruining themselves, like himself; and Paris, where he found himself condemned to privations, in the midst of enjoyments, became odious to him.

Acelia, who perceived it, and who pursued her plan with that constancy which is found only in women, proposed to him to go and see the lands which they had bought. But, before setting out, she charged her lawyer to hire her, instead of the hotel which they occupied, a house genteelly plain, to live in at their return.

Of three estates, which Melidor had, the two most honourable produced scarce a third of the interest of the purchase-money. It was resolved, therefore, that he should sell them. The other having been long neglected, required only improvement to become an excellent estate. 'This is the estate we must keep,' said Acelia; 'let us employ all our care in

raising

'raising its value. It is a wholesome air, an agreeable prospect, and a fertile soil: we will pass the pleasant part of the year there; and, believe me, we will love one another there. Your wife will not have the airs, the caprices, the art of coquettes, but a sincere and tender friendship; which will constitute, if you partake it, your happiness; mine, that of our children, and the joy of our family. I know not how it is, but since I breathe the air of the country, my pleasures are more simple and natural; happiness seems more within my reach, more accessible to my desires; I see it pure, and without clouds, in the innocence of rural manners; and I have, for the first time, the idea of the serenity of an innocent life, which flows in peace to the very end.' Melidor heard his wife with complaisance, and consolation diffused itself over his soul like a delicious balm.

He consented, not without repugnance, to the sale of those of his lands, the rights of which had flattered him the most; and the good lawyer managed so well, that in the space of six months, Melidor found himself indebted to nobody in the world.

Nothing now remained, but to strengthen him against the bent of habit; and Acelia, who knew his foible, did not despair of extinguishing in him the relish of luxury, by a taste more discreet and satisfactory. The estate which they had reserved, presented a vast field for useful labours; and Acelia bethought her of forming a little council of husbandmen for the direction of them. This council was composed of seven honest, sensible villagers, to whom she gave a dinner every Sunday. This dinner was called, The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men. The council was held at table, and Melidor, Acelia, and the little abbé, assisted at the deliberations. The quality of soils, and the culture which suited them; the choice of the plants and seeds; the establishment of new farms, and the division of the ground into woods, pasturages, and corn-fields; the distribution of the flocks, destined for fattening and labour; the direction and employment of the waters, plantations, and enclosures, and even the smallest particulars of rural economy, were treated in this council. Our sages, glass in hand, ani-

mated and enlightened each other; to hear them, one might have imagined that one saw treasures buried in the earth, which waited only for hands to come and dig them out.

Melidor was flattered with this hope, and above all with the kind of domination which he should exercise in the conduct of these labours; but he did not think that he had means sufficient to carry them into execution. 'Let us begin,' said Acelia, 'and the ground will assist us.' They did but little the first year, but sufficient to give Melidor a foretaste of the pleasure of creating.

The council, at Acelia's departure, received from her a small recompence, and the good grace with which she gave it enhanced the value.

Melidor, on his return to town, was enchanted with his new house. It was commodious and pleasing, furnished without pomp, but with taste. 'This, my dear, is what suits us,' said his wife. 'There is enough of it to be happy in it, if we are wise.' She had the pleasure of seeing him grow dull at Paris, where he found himself confounded in the crowd, and sigh after the country, where the desire of reigning recalled him.

They went down there before the return of spring; and the sages being assembled, they regulated the labours of the year.

From the moment that Melidor saw the ground enlivened by his influence, and a multitude of people employed in fertilizing it for him, he felt himself lifted above himself. A new farm, which he had established, was adjudged by the council, and Melidor had the sensible joy of seeing the first crop.

Their joy was renewed every day, on seeing those very fields, which two years before languished uncultivated and unpeopled, covered with labourers and flocks, with wood, harvests, and herbage; and Melidor saw with regret the arrival of the season which recalled him to Paris.

Acelia could not resist the inclination of visiting the minister, who, in her misfortune, had stretched out his hand to her. She gave him so touching a picture of the happiness which they enjoyed, that he was moved to the bottom of his soul. 'You are,' said he to her, 'the model of women; may such an example

‘example make, on all hearts, the impression which it makes on mine! Go on, Madam, and depend on me. It is too much honour to be able to contribute to the happiness which you occasion.’

That fortunate country, to which our couple were recalled by the fine weather, became a smiling picture of economy and abundance. But a picture, still more touching, was that of the education which they gave to their children.

They talked in the neighbourhood of a couple like themselves, withdrawn from the world, and who, in a pleasing solitude, made it their delight to cultivate the tender fruits of their love. ‘Let us go and see them,’ said Acelia; ‘let us go and take lessons from them.’ On arriving, they saw the image of happiness and of virtue; M. and Madame de Lisbé, in the midst of their young family, solely occupied with the care of forming the understanding and the heart.

Acelia was touched at the grace, the decency, and, above all, with the air of gaiety which she remarked in these children. They had neither the rustick bashfulness nor the indiscreet familiarity of childhood. In their address, their conversation, their language, nothing appeared but a natural excellence; so very easy had habit rendered all the movements which it had directed.

‘This is not a visit of ceremony,’ said Acelia to Madame De Lisbé: ‘we come to take instructions from you in the art of bringing up our children, and to entreat you to teach us the principles and the method which you have followed with so much success.’

‘Alas, Madam! nothing is more plain,’ replied Madame De Lisbé. ‘Our principles consist in treating children as children; to make useful things a play to them; to make plain what we teach them, and to teach them only what they are able to conceive. Our method is equally simple: it consists in leading them to instruction by curiosity; in concealing from them, under that allurements, the idea of labour and constraint, and in directing their very curiosity, by certain thoughts thrown in their way, and which we give them an inclination of seizing. The most difficult is that of exciting emulation without jealousy; and in that, perhaps, we have less merit than good fortune.’—‘You have given them,

‘without doubt, excellent masters?’—‘No, Madam, we learned whatever we wished to teach them. See how the dove digests the nourishment of her young ones. Let us imitate her; and from thence result two advantages, and two pleasures; that of instructing ourselves, and that of instructing our children.’

‘This little labour is so much the more amusing,’ said Monsieur De Lisbé, ‘as we have reserved all the abstract studies for the age of reason; and as our lessons are, at present, confined to what falls beneath the senses. Childhood is the age in which the imagination is most lively, and the memory most docile; it is to objects of these two organs that we apply the minds of our children. The surface of the ground is an image; the history of men, and that of nature, are a succession of pictures; the natural philosophy of tongues is only sounds; the part of the mathematicks, to be perceived by the senses, is reduced to lines; all the arts may be described. Religion itself, and moral philosophy, are better learned by our feelings than they are conceived in idea; in a word, all our simple and primitive perceptions come to us by the senses. Now, the senses of children have more fineness, delicacy, and vivacity, than those of maturer age. It is taking nature, then, in her strength, to take her in childhood; to perceive and seize every thing which requires not the combinations of the understanding; besides, that the soul, free from all other care, is entirely at leisure to attend to this; that it is greedy of knowledge, exempt from prejudice, and that all the cells of the understanding and the memory being empty, we range ideas there at pleasure, especially if, in the art of introducing them, we follow their natural order, if we are not in too much haste to accumulate them, and if we give them leisure to settle themselves each in their place.’

‘I see,’ said Acelia, ‘but without terrifying myself at it, that all this demands a continued attention.’—‘That attention,’ replied Madame De Lisbé, ‘has nothing constraining nor painful. We live with our children, we have them under our eyes, we converse with them, we accustom them to examine and to reflect; we assist them,

‘without

'without impatience, in developing their ideas; we never discourage them by a tone of ill-humour or contempt; severity, which is only of service to remedying the fault of negligence, has scarce ever place in an unremitted education; and as we do not suffer nature to take any vicious bent, we are not obliged to put it under constraint.'

'Shall I not be indiscreet,' said Acelia to her, 'in testifying to you the desire I have of being present at one of your lessons?' Madame De Lisbé called her children, who were employed together in a corner of the hall. They flew to the arms of their mother with a natural joy, at which Acelia was touched. 'Children,' said the mother, 'the lady would willingly hear you: we are going to question each other.'

Acelia admired the order and clearness of the knowledge which they had acquired; but she was still more enchanted at the grace and modesty with which they replied in their turns, at the good understanding which reigned among them, and at the lively interest which they took at the success of each other.

Acelia's object was to interest Melidor in this sight, and he was moved even to tears. 'How happy are you,' said he continually to Madame De Lisbé; 'how happy are you in having such children! It is the sweetest of all enjoyments.'

Acelia, on quitting her neighbours, requested their friendship; she embraced a thousand times their children, and prayed them to give her leave to come sometimes to instruct herself by their studies.

'What can be more astonishing, and more plain?' said she to Melidor, on going away. 'Can it be that a pleasure so pure is so little known, and that what is most natural should be what is most uncommon? People have children, and grow tired of them! and seek abroad for amusements, when they have such touching pleasures at home!'—'True,' said Melidor; 'all children are not so well endowed.'—'And who has told us,' replied Acelia, 'that Heaven has not granted us the same favour? Ah, my dear, it is for the sake of sparing ourselves, that we so often reproach Nature. We generally blame her, in order to justify

ourselves. Before we have a right to think her incorrigible, we should have done every thing to correct her. We are neither weak nor wicked; our children ought not to be so. Let us live with them, and for them; and I promise you that they will resemble us.'

'You are going to have two assistants,' said she in the evening to the abbé. 'We have just had a foretaste of the pleasure of educating our children.' And she related what they had seen and heard. 'We would follow the same plan,' added she. 'You, my good abbé, you shall teach them the languages; Melidor is going to apply himself to the study of the arts, and of nature, in order to be able to give lessons on them. I reserve to myself what is easiest and most simple, the manners, the objects of sentiment; and I hope, in a year, to be able to keep pace with you. You must shew us the sources, and direct our studies, step by step, on the shortest plan.'

The abbé applauded this emulation, and each of them set about filling his task with an ardour, which, far from weakening itself, only redoubled.

Melidor found no farther vacancy in the leisure of the country. It seemed to him as if time hastened his course. The days were not long enough to attend to the cares of agriculture, and the studies of the closet. One might have said, that these employments stole from one another. Acelia was divided, in like manner, between the cares of her household and the instruction of her children. Nature seconded her views. Her children, full of application and docile, whether by the example of their parents, or through a mutual emulation, made their little exercises their diversion.

But this success, satisfying as it was to the heart of a good mother, was not her most serious object. She had ensured to Melidor the only inexhaustible resource against the dullness of solitude, and the attraction of dissipation. 'I am easy,' said she, 'at last,' when she saw in him a determined liking for study. 'It is a pleasure which costs little, which we find every-where, which never tires, and with which we are sure of not being obliged to fly ourselves.'

Melidor, restored to himself, far from being ashamed to confess that he owed his

his reformation to his wife, took a pride in relating all she had done to reclaim him from his errors: he ceased not to commend the courage, the understand-

ing, the sweetness, the firmness, she had mingled in it; and all the world, on hearing him, said, 'This is a Wife of 'Ten Thousand!'

FRIENDSHIP PUT TO THE TEST.

IN one of those schools of morality to which the English youth go to study the duties of a man and a citizen, to enlighten the understanding and elevate the soul, Nelson and Blanford were distinguished by a friendship worthy of the first ages. As it was founded on a perfect agreement of sentiments and principles, time only served to confirm it; and the more it was enlightened every day, the more intimate it every day became. But this friendship was put to a test, which it had some difficulty to support.

Their studies being finished, each of them took to that way of life to which Nature invited him. Blanford, active, robust, and courageous, determined for the profession of arms, and for the sea-service. Voyages were his school. Inured to fatigues, instructed by dangers, he arrived, from rank to rank, to the command of a vessel.

Nelson, endowed with a manly eloquence, and of a genius wise and profound, was of the number of those deputies, of whom the national senate is composed; and in a short time he rendered himself famous there.

Thus each of them served his country, happy in the good which he did it; while Blanford sustained the shock of war, and of the elements, Nelson stood proof against favour and ambition. Examples of an heroic zeal, one would have thought that, jealous of each other, they contended for virtue and glory; or rather that, at two extremities of the world, the same spirit animated them both.

'Courage,' said Nelson, in his letters to Blanford, 'does honour to friendship by preserving it's country; live for the one, if it be possible, and die for the other, if there be occasion: a death, worthy of it's tears, is more valuable than the longest life.'—'Courage,' said Blanford, in his letters to Nelson,

'defends the rights of the people and of liberty: a smile from one's country is of more value than the favour of kings.'

Blanford enriched himself by doing his duty: he returned to London with the prizes he had taken on the Indian seas; but the most valuable part of his treasure was a young Indian, of a beauty that would have been uncommon in any climate. A Bramin, to whom Heaven had given this only daughter in reward for his virtues, had consigned her up, in his dying moments, to the hands of the generous Englishman.

Coral had not yet attained her fifteenth year; her father made her his delight, and the tenderest object of his cares. The village in which he dwelt was taken and pillaged by the English. Solinzeb (that was the Bramin's name) presents himself on the threshold of his habitation. 'Hold!' said he to the soldiers, who were come quite up to his humble sanctuary; 'hold! Whoever you be, the God of Nature, the beneficent God, is yours and mine: respect in me his minister.'

These words, the sound of his voice, his venerable air, impress respect; but the fatal stroke is given, and the Bramin falls, mortally wounded, into the arms of his trembling daughter.

At that instant Blanford arrives. He comes to repress the fury of the soldiery. He cries out; he makes a passage through them; he sees the Bramin leaning on a young girl scarce able to support him, and who, tottering herself, bathes the old man with her tears. At this sight, nature, beauty, love, exercise all their influence on Blanford's soul. He easily discovers in Solinzeb the father of her who embraces him with such affectionate sorrow.

'Barbarians,' said he to the soldiers, 'be gone! Is it feebleness and innocence, old age and childhood, that



you o
to me
live;
those
takes h
down,
cures h
rally, w
of this
descend
comfort

Blar
endeav
daught
presage
the nig

The
proach
Blanfo
the C
wave
Englis
to gi
was
peril
pain
henc
not
puri
natu
serv
on o
kind
able
ill,
you

T
the B
duc
piet
it b
rob
bat

Y
wh
Co
me
cha
anc
ma
the
to
the
be
vic
sol
na
du
E
ed

'you ought to attack?—Mortal, sacred to me,' said he to the Bramin, 'live, live; suffer me to repair the crime of those savages!' At these words he takes him into his arms, makes him lie down, examines the wound, and procures him all the assistance of art. Coraly, witness to the piety, the sensibility of this stranger, thought she saw a god descended from Heaven to succour and comfort her father.

Blanford, who did not quit Solinzeb, endeavoured to soften the sorrow of his daughter; but she seemed to have a preface of her misfortune, and passed the nights and days in tears.

The Bramin perceiving his end to approach—'I would fain,' said he to Blanford, 'go and die on the border of the Ganges, and purify myself in its waves.'—'Father,' replied the young Englishman to him, 'it would be easy to give you that consolation, if all hope was lost: but wherefore add to the peril in which you are, that of so painful a removal? It is so far from hence to the Ganges! And, then, (be not offended at my sincerity) it is the purity of the heart which the God of nature requires; and if you have observed the law which he has engraven on our souls, if you have done mankind all the good that you have been able, if you have avoided doing them ill, the God who loves them will love you.'

'Thou art full of consolation,' said the Bramin. 'But thou, who re-ducest the duties of mankind to a plain piety and purity of manners, how can it be that thou art at the head of those robbers who ravage India, and who bathe themselves in blood?'

'You have seen,' said Blanford, 'whether I authorize those ravages. Commerce draws us to India; and if men acted uprightly, that mutual exchange of conveniences would be just and peaceable. The violence of your masters obliged us to take arms; and the transition is so quick from defence to attack, that at the first success, at the smallest advantage, the oppressed becomes the oppressor. War is a violent state, which it is not easy to soften. Alas! when man becomes unnatural, how can he be just? It is my duty here to protect the commerce of the English, to make my country honoured and respected. In the discharge of

this duty, I spare, as far as possible, the effusion of blood and tears which war occasions: happy if the death of a good man, the death of Coraly's father, be one of those crimes and misfortunes which I am destined to save the world!' Thus spoke the virtuous Blanford, and embraced the old man. 'Thou wouldest persuade me,' said Solinzeb, 'that virtues every where the same. But thou believest not in the god Vishnou and his nine metamorphoses: how can a good man refuse his assent to them?'—'Father,' replied the Englishman, 'there are millions of people upon the earth who have never heard either of Vishnou, or his adventures; for whom, however, the sun rises every day, who breathe a pure air, who drink wholesome waters, and to whom the earth lavishes the fruits of the seasons. Would you believe it! There are among these people, as well as among the children of Brachma, virtuous hearts, and good men. Equity, candour, uprightness, beneficence, and piety, are in veneration among them, and even among the wicked. O, my father! the dreams of the imagination differ according to climates; but the mind is every where the same, and the light which is its source, is as widely diffused as that of the sun.'

'This stranger enlightens and astonishes me,' said Solinzeb within himself: 'all that my heart, my reason, the inward voice of nature, tell me to believe, he believes also; and of my worship he denies only that part which I have so much trouble myself not to deem absurd.'—'Thou thinkest, then,' said he to Blanford, 'that a good man may die in peace?'—'Certainly.'—'I think so too, and I wait death as a gentle sleep. But when I am gone, what will become of my daughter? I see nothing in my country but slavery and desolation. My daughter had only me in the world, and in a few moments I shall be no more.'—'Ah!' said the young Englishman, 'if to her misfortune, death deprives her of a father, deign to confide her to my cares. I call Heaven to witness that her chastity, innocence, and liberty, shall be a deposit guarded by honour, and for ever inviolable.'—'And in what principles shall she be brought up?'—'In yours, if you please; in

mine, if you will allow me; but at all events in that modesty and virtue which are every where the glory of a woman.'—'Young man,' replied the Bramin with an august and threatening air, 'God has just heard thy words; and the old man with whom thou now speakest will perhaps in an hour be with him.'—'You have no need,' said Blanford to him, 'to make me perceive the sacredness of my promises. I am but a feeble mortal; but nothing under Heaven is more immovable than the honesty of my heart.' He spoke these words with such firmness, that the Bramin was penetrated with them. 'Come, Coraly,' said he to his daughter; 'come, embrace thy dying father: let him be, after me, thy guide and thy support. There, my daughter,' added he, 'is the book of the law of thy forefathers, the *Veidam*: after having well meditated on it, suffer thyself to be instructed in the creed of this virtuous stranger, and chuse that of the two forms of worship which shall seem to thee the most proper to make people virtuous.'

The night following the Bramin expired. His daughter, who filled the air with her cries, was not able to detach herself from that livid and cold corpse, which she watered with her tears. At last, sorrow exhausted her strength, and the attendants availed themselves of her fainting, to carry her away from the melancholy place.

Blanford, whom his duty recalled from Asia to Europe, carried thither with him his pupil; and though she was beautiful and easy to seduce, though he was young and strongly taken, he respected her innocence. During the voyage, he employed himself in teaching her a little English, in giving her an idea of the manners of Europe, and in disengaging her docile mind from the prejudices of her country.

Nelson was gone to meet his friend. They saw each other again with the most sensible joy. But the first sight of Coraly struck and afflicted Nelson. 'What do you do with this girl?' said he to Blanford in a severe tone. 'Is she a captive, a slave? Have you carried her off from her parents? Have you made nature mourn?' Blanford related what had passed; he gave him so touching a portrait of the innocence,

candour, and sensibility of the young Indian, that Nelson himself was moved at it. 'This is my design,' continued Blanford; 'at my mother's, and under her eyes, she shall be instructed in our manners: I will form that simple and docile heart; and if she can be happy with me, I will marry her.'—'I am easy, and acknowledge my friend.'

The surprizes and different emotions of a young stranger, to whom every thing is new, have been often described; Coraly experienced them all. But her happy facility in seizing and comprehending every thing, even outstripped the pains which they took to instruct her. Genius, talents, and the graces, were in her innate gifts: they had only the trouble of developing them by a slight culture. She was near sixteen, and Blanford was going to marry her, when death deprived him of his mother. Coraly lamented her as if she had been her own; and the pains which she took to console Blanford, touched him sensibly. But during the mourning, which retarded the nuptials, he had orders to embark on a new expedition. He went to see Nelson, and he confided to him not the grief which he felt at quitting the young Indian; Nelson would have made him blush at that; but the grief of leaving her to herself, in the midst of a world which was unknown to her. 'If my mother,' said he, 'were still living, she would be her guide; but the ill fortune which pursues this poor girl, has taken away from her her only support.'—'Have you, then, forgotten,' said Nelson, 'that I have a sister, and that my house is your own?' 'Ah, Nelson,' replied Blanford, fixing his eyes on his, 'if you knew what that charge is which you would have me confide to you!' At these words Nelson smiled with disdain. 'This uneasiness,' said he, 'is a fine compliment to us both. You dare not trust me with a woman!' Blanford, in confusion, blushed: 'Pardon my weakness,' said he: 'it made me see danger where thy virtue finds none. I judged of your heart by my own: it is me whom my fear humbles. Let us say no more of it: I shall set out in peace, leaving the pledge of my love under the guard of friendship. But, my dear Nelson, if I die, let me request you to take my place.'—'Yet,

that of father, I promise you: ask no more.—'Enough: nothing farther detains me.'

The adieu of Coraly and Blanford were mingled with tears; but Coraly's tears were not those of love. A lively gratitude, a respectful friendship, were the tenderest sentiments which Blanford had inspired her with. Her own sensibility was not known to her: the dangerous advantage of unfolding it was reserved for Nelson.

Blanford was handsomer than his friend; but his figure, like his temper, had a manly and austere fierceness in it. The sentiments which he had conceived for his pupil seemed to have given him rather the disposition of a father than of a lover: his attentions were without complaisance, his goodness without charms, his concern tender but solemn, and his desire was that of rendering her happy with him, rather than of being happy with her.

Nelson, who was of a more engaging temper, had also more sweetness in his features and his language. His eyes, especially; his eyes expressed the eloquence of the soul. His look, the most touching in the world, seemed to penetrate to the bottom of people's hearts, and to procure him a secret correspondence with them. His voice thundered when there was a necessity to defend the interests of his country, her laws, her glory, her liberty; but in familiar conversation it was full of sensibility and charms. What rendered him still more engaging, was an air of modesty diffused over his whole person. This man, who at the head of his nation would have made a tyrant tremble, was, in company, of a timid bashfulness: one single word of commendation made him blush.

Lady Juliet Albury, his sister, was a widow of great prudence, and an excellent heart; but of that kind of unhappy prudence which always anticipates misfortune, and accelerates instead of preventing it. It was she who was charged with consoling the young Indian. 'I have lost my second father,' said that amiable girl to her; 'I have now only you and Nelson in the world. I will love you, I will obey you. My life and heart are yours.' While she was yet embracing Juliet, Nelson arrives, and Coraly rises with a smiling and heavenly countenance, but still bedewed with tears.

'Well,' said Nelson to his sister, 'have you consoled her a little?'—'Yes, I am consoled, I have no farther complaint,' cried the young Indian, at the same time wiping her fine black eyes. Then making Nelson seat himself by the side of Juliet, and falling on her knees before them, she took them by their hands, put them one in the other, and pressing them tenderly in her own, 'There is my mother,' said she to Nelson, with a look which would have softened marble; 'and you, Nelson, what will you be to me?'—'I, Madam—your good friend.'—*My good friend!* that is charming! then I shall be your good friend too? Give me only that name.'—'Yes, my good friend, my dear Coraly, your frankness delights me. My God,' said he to his sister, 'what a beautiful girl! She will be the delight of your life.'—'Yes, if she is not the misery of yours,' replied the provident sister. Nelson smiled with disdain. 'No,' said he, 'love never disputes in my soul the rights of sacred friendship. Be easy, sister, and employ yourself in peace, in the care of cultivating this beautiful innocent. Blanford will be enchanted with her, if, at his return, she is mistress of our language; for we may perceive in her ideas, shadows of sentiment, which she is unhappy at not being able to express. Her eyes, her gestures, her features, every thing about her, proclaims ingenious thoughts, which only want words to call them forth. This, sister, will be an amusement to you, and you will see her mind open like a flower.'—'Yes, my brother, as a flower with a multitude of thorns.'

Lady Albury constantly gave English lessons to her pupil, and the latter rendered them every day more interesting, by intermingling with them strokes of sentiment, of a vivacity and delicacy which belongs only to pure nature. It was a triumph to her but to make discovery of a word, which expressed any gentle affection of the soul. She made the most natural, the most touching applications of them. Nelson arrived; she flew to him, and repeated her lesson to him with a joy and simplicity, which yet he found only amusing. Juliet alone saw the danger, and wanted to prevent it.

She began, by making Coraly understand, that it was not polite to *thee* and

thou it, and that she should say *you*: at least, unless it were a brother and a sister. Coraly made her explain what politeness was, and asked what it was good for, if brother and sister had no need of it? They told her, that in the world it supplied the place of good-humour. She concluded, that it was useless to those who wished well to each other. They added, that it displayed a desire of obliging and of pleasing. She replied, that this desire displayed itself without politeness: then giving for an example Juliet's little dog, which never quitted her, and caressed her perpetually, she asked if he was polite. Juliet entrenched herself behind the punctilios of decorum, which approved not, said she, the too free and joyous air of Coraly towards Nelson; and the latter, who had the idea of jealousy, because Nature gives us the sensation of it, imagined within herself that the sister was jealous of the kindnesses which her brother did her. 'No,' said she to her, 'I will afflict you no longer. I love you, I submit, and I will say *you* to Nelson.'

He was surprized at this change in Coraly's language, and complained of it to Juliet. 'The *you*,' said he, 'displeases me in her mouth: it agrees not with her simplicity.'—'It displeases me too,' replied the Indian: 'it has something rebuffing and severe; whereas the *thou* is so soft! so intimate! so attracting!'—'Do you hear, sister? She begins to understand the language.'—'Ha! it is not that which makes me uneasy: with a soul like her's, we express ourselves but too well.'—'Explain to me,' said Coraly to Nelson, 'whence can arise the ridiculous custom of saying *you*, in speaking to a single person.'—'It arises, child, from the pride and weakness of man: he perceives that he is insignificant, being but one; he endeavours to double himself, to multiply himself in idea.'—'Yes, I comprehend that folly; but thou, Nelson, thou art not vain enough.'—'Again!' interrupted Juliet with a severe tone. 'Hey! what, sister, are you going to chide her!—Come, Coraly, come to me.'—'I forbid her.'—'How cruel you are? Is she in danger with me? Do you suspect me of laying snares for her? Ah! leave her that pure nature; leave her the amiable candour

of her country and age. Wherefore tarnish in her that flower of innocence, more precious than virtue itself, and which our factitious manners have so much difficulty to supply? It seems to me that Nature is afflicted when the idea of evil penetrates into the soul. Alas! it is a venomous plant, which grows wild but too readily, without our giving ourselves the trouble of sowing it.'—'What you say is very fine, to be sure; but since evil exills we must avoid it; and in order to avoid it, we must know it.'—'Ah! my poor little Coraly,' said Nelson, 'into what a world art thou transplanted! What manners are those, in which we are obliged to lose one half of our innocence, in order to save the other!'

In proportion as the moral ideas increased in the young Indian's mind, she lost her gaiety, and natural ingenuousness. Every new institution seemed to her a new fetter. 'Another duty!' said she; 'another prohibition! My soul is enveloped as with a net; they are going soon to render it immovable.' That they made a crime of what was hurtful, Coraly comprehended without difficulty; but she could not imagine any harm in what did no harm to any body. 'What greater happiness in living together,' said she, 'than to see one another with pleasure? and why conceal from ourselves so sweet an impression? Is not pleasure a blessing? Why then hide it from the person who occasions it? They pretend to feel it with those whom they do not love, and to feel none with those whom they do! Some enemy of truth devised these manners.'

Reflections of this sort plunged her into melancholy; and when Juliet reproached her with it, 'You know the cause of it,' said she: 'every thing that is contrary to Nature must make her sorrowful; and in your manners every thing is contrary to Nature.' Coraly, in her little impatiences had something so soft and touching, that Lady Albury accused herself of afflicting her by too much rigour. Her manner of consoling her, and of restoring to her her good-humour, was by employing her in little services, and by commanding her as her child. The pleasure of thinking that she was useful, flattered her sensibly: she foresaw the instant, in order to seize it; but the

same

same attentions that she paid to Juliet, she wanted to pay to Nelson, and they distressed her by moderating her zeal. 'The good offices of servitude,' said she, 'are low and vile, because they are not voluntary; but from the moment that they are free, there is no longer shame, and friendship ennobles them. Fear not, my good friend, that I shall suffer myself to be abased. Though very young, before I quitted India, I knew the dignity of the tribe in which I was born; and when your fine ladies and young lords come to examine me with such familiar curiosity, their disdain only elevates my soul, and I perceive that I am well worth them all. But with you and Nelson, who love me as your daughter, what can there be humiliating to me?'

Nelson himself seemed sometimes confused at the trouble she took. 'You are very vain, then,' said she to him, 'since you blush at having need of me! I am not so proud as you: serve me; I shall be flattered with it.'

All these strokes of an ingenuous and sensible soul, made Lady Albury uneasy. 'I tremble,' said she to Nelson, when they were alone; 'I tremble, lest she love you, and lest that love occasion her unhappiness.' He took this hint for an injury to innocence. 'See there, now,' said he, 'how the abuse of words alters and displaces ideas. Coraly loves me, I know it; but she loves me as you do. Is there any thing more natural than to attach one's self to the person who does us good? Is it a fault in this girl, if the tender and lively expression of a sentiment so just, and so laudable, is profaned in our manners? Whatever criminality we affix to it, has it ever come into her thought?'—'No, brother, you do not understand me. No thing more innocent than her love for you; but—' 'But, sister, why suppose, why want it to be love? It is true and pure friendship for me, which she has for you likewise.'—'You persuade yourself, Nelson, that it is the same sentiment; will you make trial of it? Let us have the appearance of separating, and of reducing her to the choice of quitting the one or the other.'—'See there, now: snares! wiles! Why impose them on her? Why teach her to dissemble? Alas! does her soul practise disguise?'—'Yes, I begin to

constrain her: she is grown afraid of me, ever since she has loved you.'—'And why have you inspired her with that fear? You would have us be ingenuous, and you make it dangerous to be so: you recommend truth, and if it escape, you make it a reproach. Ah! Nature is not to blame: she would be frank if she had liberty; it is the art which is employed to constrain her that gives her a bias to falsity.'—'These are very grave reflections for what is in fact a mere jest! For, after all, what does the whole amount to? To make Coraly uneasy for a moment, in order to see to which side her heart will incline: that is all.'—'That is all: but that is a falsity; and, which is worse, an afflicting one.'—'Let us think no more of it: it answers no end to examine what we would not see.'—'I, sister! I only want information to know how to behave. The manner alone has displeased me; but no matter: what do you require of me?'—'Silence, and a serious air. Coraly comes; now you shall hear.'

'What is the matter, now?' said Coraly, on coming up to them: 'Nelson in one corner! Juliet in the other! Are you displeased?'—'We have just taken,' said Juliet to her, 'a resolution which afflicts us; but there was a necessity of coming to it. We are no longer to live together; each of us is to have an house of our own; and we are agreed to leave you the choice.'

At these words, Coraly viewed Juliet with eyes immoveable, with sorrow and astonishment. 'It is I,' said she, 'that am the cause of your wanting to quit Nelson. You are displeased that he loves me; you are jealous of the pity which a young orphan inspires him with. Alas! what will you not envy, if you envy pity, if you envy her who loves you, and who would give her life for you, the only valuable thing which is left her? You are unjust, my lady; yes, you are unjust. Your brother, in loving me, loves not you less; and if it were possible he would love you more, for my sentiments would pass into his soul, and I have nothing to inspire into him towards you but complaisance and love.'

Juliet would fain have persuaded her, that she and Nelson parted good friends. 'It is impossible,' said she: 'you made

'made it your delight to live together; and since when is it become necessary that you should have two houses? People who love one another are never put to straits; distance pleases only those who hate each other.—You, O Heaven! You to hate!' resumed she, 'And who will love, if two hearts, so good, so virtuous, do not. It is I, wretch as I am, that have brought trouble into the house of peace. I will banish myself from it: yes, I beseech you, send me back into my own country. I shall there find souls sensible to my misfortune and to my tears, who will not make it a crime in me to inspire a little pity.'

'You forget,' said Juliet to her, 'that you are our charge.'—'I am free,' replied the young Indian fiercely: 'I may dispose of myself. What should I do here? With whom should I live? With what eyes would one of you regard me, after having deprived you of the other? Should I supply the place of a sister to Nelson? Should I console you for the loss of a brother? To occasion the unhappiness of what alone I love! No, you shall not part: my arms shall be a chain to you.' Then running towards Nelson, and seizing him by the hand; 'Come,' said she to him, 'swear to your sister, that you love nothing in the world so well as her.' Nelson, touched to the bottom of his soul, suffered himself to be led to his sister's feet; and Coraly, throwing herself on Juliet's neck, 'You,' continued she, 'if you are my mother, pardon him for having loved your child: his heart has enough for us both; and if you are any loser there, mine shall indemnify you for it.'—'Ah! dangerous girl,' said Juliet, 'what sorrows will you soon occasion us!'—'Ah, sister,' cried Nelson, who felt himself pressed by Coraly against Juliet's bosom, 'have you the heart to afflict this poor girl!'

Coraly, enchanted at her triumph, kissed Juliet tenderly, at the very instant when Nelson put his face to his sister's. He felt his cheek touch the glowing cheek of Coraly, still wet with tears. He was surprized at the confusion and ecstasy which this accident occasioned him. 'Happily, that,' said he, 'is only a simple emotion of the senses: it goes not to the soul. I am myself, and I am sure of myself. He dis-

sembled, however, from his sister, what he would fain have concealed from himself. He tenderly consoled Coraly, in confessing to her that all they had just said to her, to make her uneasy, was nothing more than a jest. 'But what is no jest,' added he, 'is the counsel which I give you of distrusting, my dear Coraly, your own heart, which is too innocent, and too sensible. Nothing more charming than this affecting and tender disposition; but the best things very often become dangerous by their excess.'

'Will you not quiet my uneasinesses?' said Coraly to Juliet, as soon as Nelson was retired. 'Though you tell me so, it is not natural to make sport of my sorrow. There is something serious in this pastime. I see you deeply moved; Nelson himself was seized with I know not what terror; I felt his hand tremble in mine; my eyes met his, and I saw there something so tender, and so sorrowful at the same time! He dreads my sensibility. He seems to be afraid that I should deliver myself up to it. My good friend, would it be any harm to love?'—'Yes, child, since we must tell you so; it is a misfortune both for you and for him. A woman; you may have seen it in the Indies as well as among us; a woman is destined for the society of one man alone; and by that union, solemnized and sacred, the pleasure of loving becomes a duty to her.'—'I know it,' said Coraly ingenuously: 'that is what they call marriage.'—'Yes, Coraly; and that friendship is laudable between two married persons; but till then it is forbidden.'—'That is not reasonable,' said the young Indian: 'for before uniting one to the other, we must know whether we love each other; and it is but in proportion to our love before-hand, that we are sure of loving afterwards. For example, if Nelson loved me as I love him, it would be clear that each of us had met their counter-part.'—'And do you not see in how many respects, and by how many compacts, we are slaves; and that you are not destined for Nelson?'—'I understand you,' said Coraly, looking down; 'I am poor, and Nelson is rich; but my ill fortune at least does not forbid me to honour and cherish beneficent virtue. If a tree had sentiment, it would please itself

'itself in seeing the person who cultivates it repose himself under it's shade, breathe the perfume of it's flowers, and taste the sweetness of it's fruits: I am that tree, cultivated by you two, and Nature has given me a soul.'

Juliet smiled at the comparison; but she soon gave her to understand, that nothing would be less decent, than what to her seemed so just. Coraly heard her, and blushed; from that time, to her gaiety, to her natural ingenuousness, succeeded an air the most reserved, and a conversation the most timid. What hurt her most in our manners, though she might have seen examples of it in India, was the excessive inequality of riches: but she had not yet been humiliated by it; she was so now for the first time.

'Madam,' said she, the next day, to Juliet, 'my life is spent in instructing myself in things which are rather superfluous. An industry, which furnishes bread, would be much more useful to me. It is a resource, which I beseech you to be pleased to procure me.'—'You will never be reduced to that,' said Lady Albury; 'and, not to mention us, it is not for nothing that Blanford has assumed towards you the quality of father.'—'Favours,' replied Coraly, 'bind us much oftener than we would chuse. It is not disgraceful to receive them; but I clearly perceive that it is still more reputable to do without them.' It was in vain that Juliet complained of this excess of delicacy: Coraly would not hear of amusements, or of useless studies. Amidst the labours which suit feeble hands, she chose those which required the most address and understanding; and, on applying herself to them, her only anxiety was to know whether they afforded a subsistence. 'You will leave me then?' said Juliet. 'I would put myself,' replied Coraly, 'above all wants, except that of loving you. I would have it in my power to rid you of me, if I am any obstacle to your happiness; but if I can contribute to it, entertain no fear of my removing myself. I am useless, and yet I am dear to you; that disinterestedness is an example which I think myself worthy of imitating.'

Nelson knew not what to think of Coraly's application to a labour merely mechanical, and of the disgust which

had seized her for matters of pure entertainment. He saw with the same surprize, the modest simplicity which she had assumed in her dress; he asked her the reason. 'I am trying what it is to be poor,' replied she, with a smile; and casting her eyes downwards, bedewed them with her tears. These words, and involuntary tears, touched him to the soul. 'O Heaven!' said he, 'can my sister have made her afraid of seeing herself poor and desolate!' As soon as he was alone with Juliet, he pressed her to clear up the matter to him.

'Alas!' said he, after having heard her, 'what cruel pains you take to poison her life and mine! Though you were less certain of her innocence, are you not persuaded of my honour?'—'Ah, Nelson! it is not the crime, it is the misfortune which terrifies me. You see with what dangerous security she delivers herself up to the pleasure of seeing you; how she attaches herself insensibly to you; how Nature leads her, without her knowledge, into the snare. Ah, brother! at your age and her's, the name of friendship is but a veil. And why can I not leave you both under the illusion! No, Nelson, your duty is dearer to me than your ease. Coraly is destined for your friend; he himself has confided her to you; and, without intending it, you take her from him.'—'I, sister! what is it you dare to warn me of?'—'Of what you ought to shun. I would have her, at the same time that she loves you, consent to give herself to Blanford; I would have him flatter himself with being loved by her, and be happy with her; but will she be happy with him? Were you sensible only of pity, of which she is so worthy, what sorrow would you not feel at having troubled, perhaps for ever, the repose of this unfortunate young creature? But it would be a prodigy to see her consume with love, and you do nothing more than pity her. You will love her—Will, do I say? Ah, Nelson! Heaven grant that you do not already!'—'Yes, sister, it is time to take whatever resolution you please. I only beg of you to spare the sensibility of that innocent soul, and not to afflict her too much.'—'Your absence will afflict her without doubt; yet that alone can cure her,

* her. This is the time of the year for
* the country; I was to follow you
* there, and to bring Coraly; do you
* go alone: we will remain at London.
* Write, however, to Blanford, that we
* have occasion for his return.'

From the moment the Indian saw that Nelson left her at London with Juliet, she thought herself cast into a desert, and abandoned by all nature. But as she had learned to be ashamed, and of course to dissemble, she pretended, as an excuse for her sorrow, the blame she took to herself of having separated them from each other. 'You was to have followed him,' said she to Lady Albury; 'it is I that keep you here. Ah, wretch that I am! leave me alone, abandon me!' And in saying these words she wept bitterly. The more Juliet tried to divert her, the more she increased her sorrows. All the objects which surrounded her, served only just to touch her senses; one idea alone possessed her soul. There was a necessity for a kind of violence to draw her from it; but the instant they left her to herself, it seemed as if one saw her thought fly back again to the object which she had been made to quit. If the name of Nelson was pronounced before her, a deep blush overspread her visage, her bosom heaved, her lips trembled, her whole body was seized with a sensible shivering. Juliet surprized her in a walk, tracing out on the sand, from place to place, the letters of that dear name. Nelson's picture decorated Juliet's apartment; Coraly's eyes never failed to fix themselves upon it, as soon as they were free: it was in vain she wanted to turn them aside; they soon returned there again, as it were of themselves, and by one of those emotions, in which the soul is accomplice, and not confidante. The gloominess into which she was plunged dispersed at this sight, her work fell out of her hands, and the utmost tenderness of sorrow and love animated her beauty.

Lady Albury thought it her duty to remove this feeble image. This was to Coraly the most distressful misfortune. Her despair now broke all bounds. 'Cruel friend!' said she to Juliet, 'you delight in afflicting me. You would have all my life be only sorrow and bitterness. If any thing softens my troubles, you cruelly take it from me. Not content to banish from me the

* man I love, his very shadow has top
* many charms for me; you envy me
* the pleasure, the feeble pleasure, of
* seeing it.'—'Ah, unhappy girl! what
* would you?'—'Love, adore him!
* live for him, while he shall live for
* another. I hope nothing, I ask no-
* thing. My hands are sufficient to en-
* able me to live, my heart is sufficient
* to enable me to love. I am trouble-
* some to you, perhaps odious; remove
* me from you, and leave me only that
* image wherein his soul breathes, or
* wherein I think at least I see it breathe.
* I will see it, I will speak to it; I will
* persuade myself that it sees my tears
* flow, that it hears my sighs, and that
* it is touched by them.'—'And where-
* fore, my dear Coraly; nourish this
* cruel flame, which devours you? I
* afflict you! but it is for your good,
* and Nelson's peace. Would you ren-
* der him unhappy? He will be so, if
* he knows that you love him; and still
* more so if he loves you. You are not
* in a condition to hear my reasons;
* but this inclination which we think
* so sweet, would be the poison of his
* life. Have pity, my dear child, of
* your friend, and my brother: spare
* him the remorse, the complaints, which
* would bring him to his grave.' Co-
* raly trembled at this discourse. She
* pressed Lady Albury to tell her how
* Nelson's love for her could be so fatal
* to him. 'To explain myself farther,'
* said Juliet, 'would be to render odious
* to you, what you ought for ever to
* cherish. But the most sacred of all
* duties forbids him the hope of being
* yours.'

How is it possible to express the dis-
* tress into which Coraly's soul was plung-
* ed! 'What manners! what a coun-
* try!' said she, 'wherein one cannot
* dispose of one's self; wherein the first
* of all blessings, mutual love, is a ter-
* rible evil! I must tremble, then, at
* seeing Nelson again! I must tremble
* at pleasing him! At pleasing him!
* Alas! I would give my life to be one
* moment, in his eyes, as amiable as he
* is in mine. Let me banish myself
* from this fatal shore, where it is made
* a misfortune to be loved.'

Coraly heard, every day, of vessels
* sailing for her country. She resolved
* to embark, without taking leave of Ju-
* liet. Only one evening, on going to
* bed, Juliet perceived that in kissing her
* hand,

hand, her lips pressed her more tenderly than usual, and that some profound sighs escaped her. 'She leaves me more moved than ever before,' said Juliet, alarmed. 'Her eyes are fixed on mine with the most lively expression of tenderness and sorrow. What passes in her soul?' This uneasiness disturbed her the whole night, and the next morning she sent to know if Coraly was not yet up. They told her that she was gone out alone, and in a very plain dress, and that she had taken the way to the water-side. Lady Albury gets up in distress, and orders them to go in pursuit of the Indian. They find her on board a vessel, begging her passage, environed by sailors whom her beauty, her graces, her youth, the sound of her voice, and, above all, the native simplicity of her request, ravished with surprise and admiration. She had nothing with her but bare necessities. Every thing they had given her which was valuable, she had left behind, excepting a little heart of crystal, which she had received from Nelson.

At the name of Lady Albury, she submitted without resistance, and suffered herself to be conveyed home. She appeared before her a little confused at her elopement; but to her reproaches she answered, that she was unhappy and free. 'What, my dear Coraly! do you see nothing here but unhappiness?'—'If I saw here only my own,' said she, 'I should never leave you. It is Nelson's unhappiness that frights me, and it is for his peace that I would fly.'

Juliet knew not what to reply: she durst not talk to her of the rights which Blanford had acquired over her: this would have been to make her hate him, as the cause of her unhappiness. She chose rather to lessen her fears. 'I could not conceal from you,' said she to her, 'all the danger of a fruitless love; but the evil is not without remedy. Six months of absence, reason, friendship, how can we tell? Another object, perhaps—' The Indian interrupted her. 'Say death; there is my only remedy. What! will reason cure me of loving the most accomplished, the most worthy of men? Will six months of absence give me a soul that loves him not? Does time change nature? Friendship will pity me: but will it cure me? Another object! You do not think so. You do not do me that

injustice. There are not two Nelsons in the world; but though there were a thousand, I have but one heart; that is given away. It is, you say, a fatal gift: that I do not comprehend; but if it be so, suffer me to banish myself from Nelson, to hide from him my person and my tears. He is not insensible, he would be moved at it; and if it be a misfortune to him to love me, pity might lead him to it. Alas! who can, with indifference, see himself cherished as a father, revered as a god? Who can see himself loved, as I love him, and not love in his turn?'—'You will not expose him to that danger,' replied Juliet; 'you will conceal your weakness from him, and you will triumph over it. No, Coraly, it is not the strength that is wanting to you, but the courage of virtue.'—'Alas! I have courage against misfortune; but is there any against love? And what virtue would you have me oppose to him? They all act in concert with him. No, my lady, you talk to no purpose: you throw clouds over my understanding; you shed not the least light on it. Let me see and hear Nelson; he shall decide upon my life.'

Lady Albury, in the most cruel perplexity, seeing the unhappy Coraly withering and pining in tears, and begging to be suffered to depart, resolved to write to Nelson, that he might come and dissuade the poor girl from her design of returning to India, and preserve her from that disgust of life which daily consumed her. But Nelson himself was not less to be pitied. Scarce had he quitted Coraly, but he perceived the danger of seeing her, by the repugnance which he had to leave her. All that had appeared only play to him with her became serious on being deprived of her. In the silence of solitude, he had interrogated his soul: he had found there friendship languishing, zeal for the publick good weakened, nay almost extinguished, and Love alone ruling there, with that sweet and terrible sway which he exercises over good hearts. He perceived, with horror, that his very reason had suffered itself to be seduced. The rights of Blanford were no longer so sacred; and the involuntary crime of depriving him of Coraly's heart was at least very excusable: after all, the Indian was free, and Blanford himself

E e would

would not have wished to impose it on her as a duty to be his. 'Ah, wretch!' cried Nelson, terrified at these ideas, 'whither does a blind passion lead me astray! The poison of vice gains upon me: my heart is already corrupted. Is it for me to examine whether the charge, which is committed to me, belongs to the person who commits it? And am I made the judge, to whom it belongs, when I have promised to keep it? The Indian is free; but am I so? Should I doubt the rights of Blanford, if it were not in order to usurp them? My crime was, at first, involuntary; but it is no longer so, the moment I consent to it. I justify perjury! I think a faithless friend excusable! Who would have told thee, Nelson, who would have told thee, that on embracing the virtuous Blanford, thou shouldst call in doubt, whether it were permitted thee to ravish from him the woman who is to be his wife, and whom he delivered up to thy trust? To what a degree does Love debase a man; and what a strange revolution it's intoxication makes in a heart! Ah, let him rend mine if he will; he shall not make it either perfidious or base: and if my reason abandon me, my conscience, at least, shall not betray me. It's light is incorruptible; the cloud of passions cannot obscure it: there is my guide; and friendship, honour, and fidelity, have still some support.'

In the mean time Coraly's image pursued him perpetually. If he had only seen her with all her charms, arrayed in simple beauty, bearing in her countenance the serenity of innocence, the smile of candour on her lips, the fire of desire in her eyes, and in all the graces of her person the attracting air of voluptuousness, he would have found in his principles, in the severity of his manners, sufficient force to withstand seduction; but he thought he saw that amiable girl as sensible as himself, more feeble, with no other defence than a prudence which was not her own, innocently abandoning herself to an inclination which would be her unhappiness; and the pity which she inspired him with, served as fuel to his love. Nelson blamed himself for loving Coraly, but forgave himself for pitying her. Sensible of the evils which he was on the point of being the

cause of, he could not paint to himself her tears, without thinking of the fine eyes which were to shed them, and the heaving bosom which they would bedew: thus the resolution of forgetting her rendered her still dearer to him. He attached himself to her by renouncing her: but in proportion as he perceived himself weaker, he became more courageous. 'Let me give over,' said he, 'the thoughts of a cure: I exhaust myself in fruitless efforts. It is a fit which I must suffer to go off. I burn, I languish, I die; but all that is mere suffering, and I am answerable to nobody but myself for what passes within. Provided nothing escape me from without that discovers my passion, my friend has no reason to complain. It is only a misfortune to be weak; and I have the courage to be unhappy.'

It was in this resolution of dying, rather than betraying his friendship, that he received the letter from his sister. He read it with emotion, an ecstasy that was inexpressible. 'Oh, sweet and tender victim,' said he, 'thou groanest, thou wouldst sacrifice thyself to my repose, and to my duty! Pardon! Heaven is my witness, that I feel, more strongly than thyself, all the pangs which I occasion thee. Oh, may my friend, thy husband, soon arrive, and wipe away thy precious tears! He will love thee as I love thee; he will make his own happiness thine. However, I must see her, in order to detain and console her. Why should I see her? To what do I expose myself? Her touching graces, her sorrow, her love; her tears, which I occasion to flow, and which it would be so sweet to dry up; those sighs, which a heart simple and artless suffers to escape; that language of nature, in which a soul the most sensible paints itself with so much candour: what trials to support! What will become of me; and what can I say to her! No matter: I must see her, and talk to her as a friend and a father. After seeing her, I only shall be the more uneasy, the more unhappy for it; but it is not my own peace that is in question, it is her's: and, above all, the happiness of a friend depends on it; a friend for whom she must live. I am certain of subduing myself, and how

'painful soever the contest may be, it would be a weakness and shame to avoid it.'

At Nelson's arrival, Coraly, trembling and confused, scarce dare present herself to him. She had wished his return with ardour; and at seeing him, a mortal chillness glided through her veins. She appeared, as it were, before a judge who was preparing, with one single word, to decide her fate.

What were Nelson's feelings, on seeing the roses of youth faded on her beautiful cheeks, and the fire of her eyes almost extinguished! 'Come,' said Juliet to her brother, 'appease the mind of this poor girl, and cure her of her melancholy. She is eaten up with the vapours with me; she wants to return to India.'

Nelson speaking to her in a friendly manner, wanted to engage her, by gentle reproaches, to explain herself before his sister: but Coraly kept silence, and Juliet perceiving that she was a restraint upon her, went away.

'What is the matter with you, Coraly? What have we done to you?' said Nelson. 'What sorrow presses you?'—'Do not you know it? Must you not have seen that my joy and my sorrow can no longer have more than one cause? Cruel friend! I live only through you, and you fly me: you would have me die! But you would not have it so; they make you do it: they do more, they require of me to renounce you, and to forget you. They fright me, they damp my very soul, and they oblige you to make me distracted. I ask of you but one favour,' continued she, throwing herself at his knees; 'it is to tell me whom I offend in loving you, what duty I betray, and what evil I occasion. Are there here laws so cruel, are there tyrants so rigorous, as to forbid me the most worthy use of my heart and my reason? Must we love nothing in the world? or, if I may love, can I make a better choice?'

'My dear Coraly,' replied Nelson, 'nothing is truer, nothing is more tender, than the friendship which attaches me to you. It would be impossible, it would be even unjust, that you should not be sensible of it.'—'Ah! I revive, this is talking reason.'—'But though it would be extremely agreeable to me to be what you hold

'dearest in the world, it is what I cannot pretend, neither ought I even to consent to it.'—'Alas! now I don't understand you.'—'When my friend confided you to my care, he was dear to you?'—'He is so still.'—'You would have thought yourself happy to be his?'—'I believe it.'—'You loved nothing so much as him in the world?'—'I did not know you.'—'Blanford, your deliverer, the depositary of your innocence, in loving you has a right to be loved.'—'His favours are always present to me: I cherish him as a second father.'—'Very well: know that he has resolved to unite you to him, by a tie still more sweet and sacred than that of his favours. He has confided to me the half of himself, and at his return he aspires only to the happiness of being your husband.'—'Ah,' said Coraly, comforted; 'this then is the obstacle which separates us?'—'Be easy, it is removed.'—'How?'—'Never, never, I swear to you, will Coraly be the wife of Blanford!'—'It must be so.'—'Impossible! Blanford himself will confess it.'—'What! he who received you from the hand of a dying father, and who himself has acted as a father to you!'—'Under that sacred title I revere Blanford; but let him not require more.'—'You have then resolved his unhappiness?'—'I have resolved to deceive nobody. If I were given to Blanford, and Nelson demanded my life of me, I would lay down my life for Nelson; I should be perjured to Blanford.'—'What say you?'—'What I will dare to tell Blanford himself. And why should I dissemble it? Does love depend on myself?'—'Ah, how culpable you make me!'—'You! in what? In being amiable in my eyes?'—'Aye, Heaven disposes of us. Heaven has given to Nelson those graces, those virtues which charm me: Heaven has given to me this soul, which it has made expressly for Nelson. If they knew how full it is of him, how impossible that it should love any thing but you, any thing like you!—Let them never talk to me of living, if it be not for you that I live.'—'And this is what distresses me. With what reproaches has not my friend a right to overwhelm me?'—'He! of what can he complain? What has he lost? What have you taken from him? I

‘love Blanford as a tender father; I love Nelson as myself, and more than myself: these sentiments are not incompatible. If Blanford delivered me into your hands as a deposit which was his own, it is not you, it is he that is unjust.’—‘Alas! it is me, who oblige you to reclaim from him that treasure of which I rob him: it would be his if it were not mine; and the keeper becomes the purloiner.’—‘No, my friend, be equitable. I was my own, I am yours. I alone could give myself away, and have given myself to you. By attributing to friendship rights which it has not, it is you that usurp them in it’s behalf, and you render yourself an accomplice of the violence which they do me.’—‘He, my friend! do you violence?’—‘What signifies it to me whether he does it himself, or that you do it for him? Am I treated the less like a slave? One single interest occupies and touches you; but if another than your friend wanted to retain me captive, far from subscribing to it, would not you make it your glory to set me free? It is, then, only for the sake of friendship that you betray nature!’—‘What do I say? Nature!—and Love, Nelson, Love, has not that also it’s rights? Is there not some law among you in favour of sensible souls? Is it just and generous to overwhelm, to drive to despair a fond female, and to tear, without pity, a heart whose only crime is loving you?’

Sobs interrupted her voice; and Nelson, who saw her choaked with them, had not even time to call his sister. He hastens to untie the ribbands which bound her bosom; and then all the charms of youth in it’s flower were unveiled to the eyes of this passionate lover. The terror with which he was seized, rendered him at first insensible of them; but when the Indian, resuming her spirits, and perceiving herself pressed in his arms, thrilled with love and transport, and when on opening her fine languishing eyes she sought the eyes of Nelson; ‘Heavenly powers,’ said he, ‘support me! all my virtue abandons me. Live, my dear Coraly!’—‘Would you that I should live, Nelson! would you then, that I love you?’—‘No, I should be perjured to friendship, I should be unworthy to see the light; unworthy

of seeing my friend again. Alas! he foretold me this, and I vouchsafed not to believe him. I have presumed too much on my own heart. Have pity on it, Coraly, of that heart which you rend to pieces. Suffer me to fly you and to subdue myself.’—‘Ah! you would have my death,’ said she to him, falling into a fit at his feet. Nelson, who thinks he sees what he loves expiring, rushes to embrace her, and restraining himself suddenly at the sight of Juliet, ‘My sister,’ said he, ‘assist her! it is for me to die!’ On saying these words he withdraws.

‘Where is he?’ demanded Coraly, on opening her eyes. ‘What have I done to him? Why fly me?—And you, Juliet, more cruel still, why recall me to life?’ Her sorrow redoubled, when she learned that Nelson was just gone; but reflection gave her a little hope and courage. The concern and tenderness which Nelson had not been able to conceal, the terror with which she had seen him seized, the tender words which had escaped him, and the violence which it was to him to subdue himself and withdraw, all persuaded her that she was beloved. ‘If it be true,’ said she, ‘I am happy. Blanford will return, I will confess the whole to him; he is too just and too generous to want to tyrannize over me.’ But this illusion was soon dissipated.

Nelson received in the country a letter from his friend, announcing his return. ‘I hope,’ said he, at the end of his letter, ‘to see myself, in three days, united to all that I love. Pardon, my friend, if I associate to thee in my heart the amiable and tender Coraly. My soul was a long time solely devoted to thee; now she partakes of it. I have confided to thee the sweetest of my wishes, and I have seen friendship applaud love. I form my happiness both of one and the other; I make it my felicity to think that by thy cares and those of thy sister, I shall see my dear pupil again; her mind ornamented with new acquisitions, her soul enriched with new virtues, more amiable, if possible, and more disposed to love. It will be the purest bliss to me to possess her as a benefit conferred by you.’

‘Read this letter,’ writ Nelson to his sister, ‘and make Coraly read it. What

— a lesson

'a lesson for me! What a reproach to her!'

'It is over,' said Coraly, after having read; 'I shall never be Nelson's; but let him not ask me to be another's. The liberty of loving is a good which I am not able to renounce.' This resolution supported her; and Nelson in his solitude was much more unhappy than she.

'By what fatality,' said he, 'is it, that what forms the charm of nature and the delight of all hearts, the happiness of being loved, forms my torment? What say I? Of being loved? That is nothing; but to be loved of what I love! To touch on happiness! To have only to deliver myself up to it! Ah, all that I am able to do, is to fly! inviolable and sacred friendship asks no more. In what a condition have I seen this poor girl! In what a condition did I abandon her! She may well say, that she is the slave of my virtues. I sacrifice her as a victim, and I am generous at her expence. There are, then, virtues which wound nature; and to be honest, one is sometimes obliged to be unjust and cruel! Oh, my friend! mayest thou gather the fruit of the efforts which it costs me; enjoy the good which I resign to thee, and live happy from my misfortune! Yes, I wish that she may love thee; I wish it, Heaven is my witness; and the most sensible of all my pain is, that of doubting the success of my wishes.'

It was impossible for Nature to support herself in a state so violent. Nelson, after long struggles, sought repose; alas! there was no more repose for him. His constancy was at last exhausted, and his discouraged soul fell into a mortal languor. The weakness of his reason, the inefficacy of his virtue, the image of a painful and sorrowful life, the void and the state of annihilation into which his soul would fall if it ceased to love Coraly, the evils without intermission which he was to suffer if he continued to love her; and, above all, the terrifying idea of seeing, of envying, of hating, perhaps a rival in his faithful friend; all rendered his life a torment to him, all urged him to shorten the course of it. Motives more strong restrained him. It was not a part of Nelson's principles, that a man, a citizen, might dispose of himself. He made it a law to himself

to live, consoled in his misery if he could still be useful to the world, but consumed with heaviness and sorrow, and become as it were insensible to every thing.

The time appointed for Blanford's return approached. It was necessary that every thing should be so disposed as to conceal from him the mischief which his absence had occasioned; and who should determine Coraly to conceal it, but Nelson? He returned therefore to London, but languishing, dejected, to such a degree, as not to be known. The sight of him overwhelmed Juliet with grief, and what impression did it not make on the soul of Coraly! Nelson took upon him to re-encourage them; but that very effort only served to complete his own dejection. The slow fever which consumed him redoubled; he was forced to give way to it; and this furnished occasion for a new contest between his sister and the young Indian. The latter would not quit Nelson's pillow. She urgently entreated them to accept of her care and attendance. They kept her out of the way from pity to herself, and for the sake of sparing him; but she tasted not the repose which they meant to procure her. Every moment of the night they found her wandering round the apartment of the diseased, or motionless on the threshold of his door, with tears in her eyes, her soul on her lips, her ear attentive to the slightest noises, every one of which congealed her with fear.

Nelson perceived that his sister suffered her to see him with regret. 'Afflict her not,' said he to her; 'it is to no purpose: severity is no longer necessary. It is by gentleness and patience that we must endeavour at our cure. — 'Coraly, my good friend,' said he to her one day when they were alone with Juliet, 'you would readily give something to restore my health, would not you?' — 'O Heaven! I would give my life.' — 'You can cure me at least. Our prejudices are, perhaps, unjust, and our principles inhuman; but the honest man is a slave to them. I have been Blanford's friend from my infancy. He depends on me as on himself, and the chagrin of taking from him a heart of which he has made me the keeper, is every day digging my grave. You may see whether I exaggerate. I do not conceal from you

the

‘the source of the slow poison which consumes me. You alone can dry it up. I require it not: you shall be still free; but there is no other remedy for my disease. Blanford arrives. If he perceive your disinclination for him, if you refuse him that hand which but for me would have been granted him, be assured that I shall not survive his misfortune and my own remorse. Our embraces will be our adieus. Consult yourself, my dear child; and if you would that I live, reconcile me with myself, justify me towards my friend.’ — ‘Ah! live, and dispose of me!’ said Coraly to him, forgetting herself; and these words, distressing to love, bore joy to the bosom of friendship.

‘But,’ resumed the Indian, after a long silence, ‘how can I give myself to him whom I do not love, with a heart full of him whom I do love?’ — ‘My dear, in an honest soul, duty triumphs over every thing. By losing the hope of being mine, you will soon lose the thought. I will give you some pain, without doubt; but my life depends on it, and you will have the consolation of having saved it.’ — ‘That is every thing to me: I give myself up at that price. Sacrifice your victim: it will groan, but it will obey. But you, Nelson, you, who are truth itself, would you have me disguise my inclinations, and impose thus on your friend? Will you instruct me in the art of dissembling?’ — ‘No, Coraly; dissimulation is useless. I have not had the misfortune of extinguishing in you gratitude, esteem, and tender friendship; these sentiments are due to your benefactor, and they are sufficient for your husband: only display these towards him. As to that inclination which leans not towards him, you owe him the sacrifice of it, but not the confession. That which would hurt if it were known, ought to remain for ever concealed; and dangerous truth has silence for its refuge.’

Juliet interrupted this scene, too painful to both, by leading away Coraly, whom she employed every endearment and commendation to console. ‘It is thus,’ said the young Indian, with a smile of sorrow, ‘that on the Ganges they flatter the grief of a widow, who is going to devote herself to the flames of her husband’s funeral pile. They

adorn her, they crown her with flowers, they stupify her with songs of praise. Alas! her sacrifice is soon finished; mine will be cruel and lasting. My good friend, I am not eighteen years of age! What tears have I yet to shed till the moment when my eyes shall shut themselves for ever!’ This melancholy idea painted to Juliet a soul absorbed in sorrow. She employed herself no longer in consoling her, but in grieving along with her. Complaisance, persuasion, indulgent and feeling compassion, all that friendship has most delicate, was put in practice to no effect.

At last, they inform her that Blanford is landed; and Nelson, enfeebled and faint as he is, goes to receive and embrace him at the harbour. Blanford, on seeing him, could not conceal his astonishment and his uneasiness. ‘Courage, man,’ said Nelson; ‘I have been very ill, but my health is returning. I see you again, and joy is a balm which will soon revive me. I am not the only one whose health has suffered by your absence. Your pupil is a little changed: the air of our climate may contribute to it. As to the rest, she has made a great progress: her understanding, her talents, have unfolded themselves; and if the kind of language into which she is fallen vanishes, you will possess what is pretty uncommon, a woman in whom Nature has left nothing wanting.’

Blanford, therefore, was not surprised to find Coraly weak and languishing; but he was much affected at it. ‘It seems,’ said he, ‘as if Heaven wanted to moderate my joy, and to punish me for the impatience which my duty excited in me at a distance from you. I am now here again, free, and restored to love and friendship.’ The word *love* made Coraly tremble: Blanford perceived her concern. ‘My friend,’ said he to her, ‘ought to have prepared you for the confession which you have just heard.’ — ‘Yes, your goodness is well known to me: but can I approve the excess of it?’ — ‘This is a language which favours of the politeness of Europe: join with me to forget it. Frank and tender, Coraly, I have seen the time when if I had said, “Shall Hymen unite us?” you would have answered me without disguise, “With all my heart;” or possibly, “I cannot consent to it.” Use the same freedom

'dom now. I love you, Coraly, but
' I love to make you happy: your mis-
' fortune would be mine.' Nelson,
trembling, looked at Coraly, and durst
not guess her answer. 'I hesitate,'
said she to Blanford, 'through a fear
' like yours. While I saw you only as
' a friend, a second father, I said to
' myself, "He will be content with my
' veneration and affectionate regard;"
' but if the name of husband mingle
' with titles already sacred, what have
' you not a right to expect? Have I
' wherewith to acquit me towards you?'
—'Ah! that amiable modesty is worthy
' of adorning thy virtues. Yes, thou
' half of myself, your duties are ful-
' filled, if you return my affection. Thy
' image has followed me every-where.
' My soul flew back towards thee across
' the depths which separated us: I have
' taught the name of Coraly to the
' echoes of another world.—Madam,'
said he to Juliet, 'pardon me, if I envy
' you the happiness of possessing her.
' It will soon be my turn to watch over
' a health which is so precious to me.
' I will leave you the care of Nelson's:
' it is a charge not less dear to me. Let
' us live happy, my friends: it is you
' who have made me know the value of
' life; and, in exposing it, I have often ex-
' perience by what strong ties I was
' attached to you.'

It was settled, that in less than a week
Coraly should be married to Blanford.
In the mean time, she remained with Ju-
liet, and Nelson never quitted her. But
his courage was exhausted in supporting
the young Indian's. To be perpetually
constrained to suppress his own tears,
to dry up those of a fond girl, who
sometimes distressed at his feet, some-
times fainting and falling into his arms,
conjuring him to have pity on her, with-
out allowing one moment to his own
weakness, and without ceasing to recal
to his mind his cruel resolution, this
trial appears above the strength of na-
ture: accordingly, Nelson's virtue aban-
doned him every moment. 'Leave me,'
said he to her, 'unhappy girl! I am
' not a tiger; I have a feeling soul, and
' you distract it. Dispose of yourself,
' dispose of my life; but leave me to
' die faithful to my friend.'—'And
' can I, at the hazard of your life, use
' my own will? Ah, Nelson! at least
' promise me to live; no longer for me,
' but for a sister who adores you.'—

' I should deceive you, Coraly. Not
' that I would make any attempt upon
' myself; but see the condition to which
' my grief has reduced me; see the ef-
' fect of my remorse and shame anti-
' cipated: shall I be the less odious, less
' inexorable to myself, when the crime
' shall be accomplished?'—'Alas! you
' talk of a crime! Is it not one, then, to
' tyrannize over me?'—'You are free;
' I no longer require any thing; I
' know not even what are your duties;
' but I know too well my own, and I
' will not betray them.'

It was thus that their private conver-
sation served only to distress them. But
Blanford's presence was still more painful
to them. He came every day to con-
verse with them, not on the barren to-
picks of love, but the care he took, that
every thing in his house should breathe
cheerfulness and ease; that every thing
there should forestall the desires of his
wife, and contribute to her happiness.
'If I die without children,' said he,
' the half of my wealth is her's, the
' other half is his who, after me, shall
' know how to please and to console her
' for having lost me. That, Nelson, is
' your place; there is no growing old in
' my profession: take my place when I
' shall be no more. I have not the
' odious pride of wanting my wife to
' continue faithful to my shade. Co-
' raly is formed to embellish the world,
' and to enrich Nature with the fruits
' of her fecundity.'

It is more easy to conceive than de-
scribe the situation of our two lovers.
Their concern and confusion were the
same in both; but it was a kind of con-
solation to Nelson, to see Coraly in such
worthy hands, whereas Blanford's fa-
vours and love were an additional tor-
ment to her. On losing Nelson, she
would have preferred the desertion of all
nature, to the cares, the favours, the
love of all the world beside. It was de-
cided, however, even with the consent
of this unfortunate girl, that there was
no longer time to hesitate, and that it
was necessary she should submit to her
fate.

She was led, then, as a victim to that
house, which she had cherished as her
first asylum, but which she now dread-
ed as her grave. Blanford received her
there as a sovereign; and what she
could not conceal of the violent state of
her soul, he attributes to timidity, to
the

the concern which, at her age, the approach of marriage inspires.

Nelson had summoned up all the strength of a stoical soul, in order to present himself at this festival with a serene countenance.

They read the settlement which Blanford had made. It was, from one end to the other, a monument of love, esteem, and beneficence. Tears flowed from every eye, even from Coraly's.

Blanford approaches respectfully, and stretching out his hand to her; 'Come,' said he, 'my best beloved, give to this pledge of your fidelity, to this title of the happiness of my life, the inviolable sanctity with which it is to be clothed.'

Coraly, on doing herself the utmost violence, had scarce strength to advance, and put her hand to the pen. At the instant she would have signed, her eyes were covered with a mist; her whole body was seized with a sudden trembling; her knees bent under her, and she was on the point of falling, if Blanford had not supported her. Shocked, congealed with fear, he looks at Nelson, and sees him with the paleness of death on his countenance. Lady Albury had ran up to Coraly, in order to assist her. 'O Heaven,' cries Blanford, 'what is it that I see! Sorrow, death, surround me. What was I going to do? What have you concealed from me?—Ah, my friend, could it be possible!—See the light again, my dear Coraly; I am not cruel, I am not unjust; I wish only for your happiness!'

The women who surrounded Coraly, exerted themselves to revive her; and decency obliged Nelson and Blanford to keep at a distance. But Nelson remained immovable, with his eyes fixed on the ground like a criminal. Blanford comes up to him, and clasps him in his arms. 'Am I no longer thy friend?' said he. 'Art thou not still the half of myself? Open thy heart to me, and tell me what has passed. No, tell me nothing: I know all. This poor girl could not see thee, hear thee, and live with thee, without loving thee. She has sensibility, she has been touched with thy goodness and thy virtues. Thou hast condemned her to silence; thou hast required of her the most grievous sacrifice. Ah, Nelson! had it been accomplished, what a misfor-

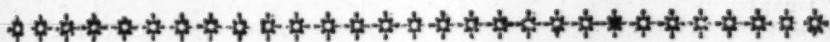
'tune! Just Heaven would not permit it! Nature, to whom thou didst violence, has resumed her rights. Do not afflict thyself: it is a crime which she has spared thee. Yes, the devotion of Coraly was the crime of friendship.'—'I confess it,' replied Nelson, throwing himself at his knees: 'I have been the innocent cause of thy unhappiness, of my own, and that of this amiable girl; but I call fidelity, friendship, honour, to witness—' 'No oaths,' interrupted Blanford; 'they wrong us both. Go, my friend,' continued he, raising him, 'thou wouldst not be in my arms, if I had been able to suspect thee of a shameful perfidy. What I foresaw is come to pass, but without thy consent. What I have just now seen is a proof of it, and that very proof is unnecessary: thy friend has no need of it.'—'It is certain,' replied Nelson, 'that I have nothing to reproach myself, but my presumption and imprudence. But that is enough, and I shall be punished for it. Coraly will not be thine, but I will not be her's.'—'Is it thus that you answer a generous friend?' replied Blanford to him in a firm and grave tone of voice. 'Do you think yourself obliged to observe childish punctilios with me? Coraly shall not be mine, because she would not be happy with me. But an honest man for a husband, whom but for you she would have loved, is a loss to her, of which you are the cause, and which you must repair. The contract is drawn up, they shall change the names; but I insist that the articles remain. What I meant to give Coraly as a husband, I now give her as a father. Nelson, make me not blush by an humiliating refusal.'—'I am confounded, and not surprized,' said Nelson, 'at this generosity, which overpowers me. I must subscribe to it with confusion, and revere it in silence. If I knew not how well respect reconciles itself to friendship, I should no longer dare to call you my friend.'

During this conversation Coraly had recovered, and again saw with terror the light which was restored to her. But what was her surprize, and the revolution which was suddenly wrought in her soul! 'All is known, all is forgiven!' said Nelson, embracing her, 'fall at the feet of our benefactor: from his hand

'I re-

'I receive yours.' Coraly would have been profuse in her acknowledgments. 'You are a child,' said Blanford to her. 'You should have told me every thing.'

'Let us talk no more of it, but let us never forget that there are trials, to which virtue itself would do well not to expose herself.'



THE MISANTHROPE CORRECTED.

THERE is no correcting the natural disposition, they will tell me, and I agree to it; but among a thousand combined accidents which compose a character, what eye is sufficiently fine to distinguish that indelible characteristic? How many vices and irregularities are attributed to Nature, which she never occasioned? Such is, in man, the hatred of mankind: it is a fastidious character; a part which we take up out of whim, and maintain through habit; but in acting which, the soul is under restraint, from which she struggles to be delivered. What happened to the misanthrope, whom Moliere has painted, is an instance of it; and we are now going to see how he was brought to himself again.

Alceste, dissatisfied as you know with his mistress and his judges, detested the city and the court, and resolved to fly mankind, retired very far from Paris, into the Voges, near Loyal, on the banks of the Vologne. This river, whose shells contain the pearl, is still more valuable, on account of the fertility which it communicates to its borders. The valley which it waters is a beautiful meadow. On one side arise smiling hills, interspersed with woods and hamlets; on the other extend, in a plain, vast fields, covered with corn. Thither Alceste retired, to live forgotten by all nature. Free from cares and duties, wholly resigned to himself, and at length delivered from the hateful sight of the world, he praised Heaven for having broken all his connections. A little study, much exercise, the less lively but tranquil pleasures of a gentle vegetation; in one word, a life peaceably active, preserved him from the dullness of solitude: he desired, he regretted nothing.

One of the pleasures of his retreat was to see around him the earth, cul-

tivated and fertile, nourish a people who seemed to be happy. A misanthrope, who is such from virtue, thinks that he hates men, only because he loves them. Alceste felt an emotion mingled with joy, at the sight of his fellow-creatures rich by the labour of their own hands. 'These people,' said he, 'are very happy in being yet half savages; they would soon be corrupted if they were more civilized.'

Walking in the fields, he accosts a labourer, ploughing and singing. 'God preserve you, good man,' said he to him; 'you are very merry!'—'According to custom,' replied the villager.—'I am very glad of it: it proves that you are content with your condition.'—'And well I may.'—'Are you married?'—'Yes, thank Heaven.'—'Have you any children?'—'I had five: I have lost one; but that loss may be repaired.'—'Is your wife young?'—'Twenty five.'—'Is she handsome?'—'She is so to me; but she is better than handsome, she is good.'—'And you love her?'—'Love her! who would not love her?'—'She loves you too, without doubt?'—'O, as to that, most heartily, and as well as before marriage.'—'You loved one another, then before marriage?'—'Or else should we have taken each other?'—'And your children, do they come on well?'—'Ah, that is a pleasure! The eldest is but five; he has more wit than his father already. And my two girls! they are charming. It would be a very great pity if they should want husbands! The youngest boy sucks still; but the little rogue will be a sturdy fellow. Would you believe it? he beats his sisters when they go to kiss their mother. He is afraid that they are coming to take the breast from him.'—'All this is very happy?'—'Happy! I think so. You should

' see our joy, when I return from work.
 ' You would think they had not seen
 ' me for a year: I know not which to
 ' listen to. My wife hangs upon my
 ' neck, my daughters jump into my
 ' arms, my eldest boy seizes me by the
 ' legs; not one of them neglects me even
 ' to little Jacky himself, who rolling on
 ' his mother's bed, stretches out his
 ' little hands to me; while I laugh, and
 ' cry, and kiss them; for all this moves
 ' me.'—'I believe it.'—'You ought to
 ' feel it, for to be sure you are a father.'
 '—'I have not that happiness.'—'So
 ' much the worse: there is no other
 ' joy.'—'And how do you live?'—
 ' Very well; upon excellent bread, good
 ' milk, and the fruits of our orchard.
 ' My wife, with a little bacon, makes a
 ' supper of cabbage, of which the king
 ' himself might eat. Then we have the
 ' eggs of our fowls; and on Sundays
 ' we regale ourselves, and drink a cup
 ' of wine.'—'Yes, but when the year
 ' turns out bad?—'We are prepared
 ' for it, and live comfortably on what
 ' we have saved in a good one.'—'Aye,
 ' but the rigour of the weather, the
 ' cold, the rain, the heats?'—'We
 ' are accustomed to them; and if you
 ' knew what pleasure we have in com-
 ' ing in the evening to breathe the fresh
 ' air after a summer's day; or, in win-
 ' ter, to un-numb one's hands at a fire
 ' of good brush-wood, between one's
 ' wife and one's children! And then we
 ' sup heartily, and go to sleep; and do
 ' you think that we ever bestow a
 ' thought upon the bad weather? Some-
 ' times my wife says to me, "My good
 ' man, do you hear the wind and the
 ' storm? Ah, if you were now in the
 ' fields!"—"I am not there, I am with
 ' thee," I tell her; and in order to
 ' assure her of it, I press her against
 ' my bosom. Ah, Sir! there are a great
 ' many of the fine people who do not
 ' live so happy as we.'—'And the
 ' taxes?'—'We pay them cheerfully:
 ' it must be so. All the country can-
 ' not be noble. The lord of the manor,
 ' and the judge, cannot come to labour.
 ' They supply our wants, we supply
 ' theirs; and every state of life, as it is
 ' said, has its troubles.'—'What equi-
 ' ty!' said the misanthrope. 'There,
 ' now, in two words, is the whole eco-
 ' nomy of primitive society. O Nature!
 ' there is nothing just but thee: it is in
 ' thy uncultivated simplicity that we

' find sound reason!—But in paying the
 ' tribute so well, do not you give room
 ' to be charged more heavily?'—'We
 ' used to fear it formerly; but, thank
 ' God! the lord of the manor has freed
 ' us from that uneasiness. He performs
 ' the duty of our good king: he im-
 ' poses, he receives himself, and in cases
 ' of necessity he makes the advances.
 ' He takes care of us, as if we were his
 ' children.'—'And who is this gallant
 ' man?'—'The Viscount de Laval.
 ' He is well enough known: the whole
 ' country respects him.'—'Does he re-
 ' side in his castle?'—'He passes eight
 ' months of the year there.'—'And
 ' the rest?'—'At Paris, I believe.'—
 ' Does he see company?'—'The town-
 ' men of Bruyères, and sometimes our
 ' old folks, who go to eat his soup, and
 ' to chatter with him.'—'And does he
 ' bring any-body from Paris?'—'No-
 ' body but his daughter.'—'He is very
 ' much in the right!—And how does
 ' he employ himself?'—'In judging
 ' us, reconciling us, marrying our chil-
 ' dren, maintaining peace in our fami-
 ' lies, and assisting them when the sea-
 ' sons are bad.'—'I will go,' said Al-
 ' cestes, 'to see his village: it must be
 ' moving.'

He was surprized to find the roads,
 even the cross-roads, bordered with
 hedges, and kept with care; but hav-
 ing met people busied in keeping them
 even; 'Ah,' said he, 'there are the
 'statute-labourers.'—'Statute-labour-
 'ers!' replied an old man, who pre-
 sided over these works; 'we know none
 ' such here: these people are paid: no-
 ' body is constrained. Only, if there
 ' come to the village a vagabond, an
 ' idle fellow, I am sent to him; and if
 ' he wants bread, he earns it, or he
 ' goes to seek it elsewhere.'—'And
 ' who has established this happy poli-
 ' cy?'—'Our good lord the father to
 ' us all.'—'And the funds for this
 ' expence, who provides them?'—'The
 ' community; and as she imposes them
 ' herself, it comes not to pass, as is
 ' seen elsewhere, that the rich are ex-
 ' empted at the charge of the poor.'

Alcestes redoubled his esteem for the
 wife and beneficent man who governed
 this little people. 'How powerful would
 ' a king be,' said he, 'and a state how
 ' happy, if all the great proprietors of
 ' lands would follow the example of this
 ' nobleman! But Paris absorbs both

the

‘the wealth and the men: it strips, it carries away every thing.’

The first glance of the village presented him with the image of ease and health. He enters into a plain and large building, which was to appearance a publick edifice, and there he finds a multitude of children, women, and old men, employed in useful labours. Idleness was not permitted, excepting to the last weakness. Infancy, almost at it's issuing from the cradle, acquired the habit and relish of labour; and old age, at the brink of the grave, still exercised it's trembling hands. The season in which the earth rests, assembled to the workhouse the vigorous men; and then the shuttle, the saw, and the hatchet, give a new value to the productions of Nature. ‘I am not surprized,’ said Alcestes, ‘that these people should be exempt from vice and want. They are laborious, and perpetually employed.’ He enquired how the workhouse had been established. ‘Our good lord,’ said they to him, ‘advanced the money. It was but a small matter at first; and all was done at his risk, at his expence, and his profit; but after being well assured that it was advantageous, he gave up the undertaking to us: he interferes no longer, except in protecting it; and every year he gives to the village the tools of some one of our arts: it is the present he makes at the first wedding that is celebrated in the year.’—‘I must see this man,’ said Alcestes: ‘his character pleases me.’

He advances into the village, and he observes a house into which the people are going and coming with uneasiness. He demands the cause of these movements; they tell him that the head of the family is at the point of death. He enters, and sees an old man, who with an expiring, but serene eye, seems to bid adieu to his children, who melt into tears around him. He distinguishes, in the midst of the crowd, a person moved, but less afflicted, who encourages, and consoles them. By his plain and grave dress, he takes him for the physician of the village. ‘Sir,’ said he to him, ‘be not surprized at seeing here a stranger. It is not an idle curiosity that brings me hither. These good people may have need of assistance at so melancholy a juncture; and I come—’ ‘Sir,’ said the viscount to

him, ‘my peasants thank you: I hope, as long as I live, they will have need of nobody; and if money could prolong the days of a good man, this worthy father of a family should be restored to his children.’—‘Ah, Sir,’ said Alcestes, on discovering Monsieur De Laval by this talk, ‘pardon an uneasiness which I ought not to have had.’—‘I am not offended,’ replied M. De Laval, ‘that a good deed should be disputed with me; but may I know who you are, and what brings you here?’ At the name of Alcestes, he recollected that censor of human nature, whose rigour was so well known; but without being intimidated, ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘I am very glad to have you in my neighbourhood, and if I can be of service to you in any thing, I beg you to command me.’

Alcestes went to visit M. De Laval, and was received by him with that plain and serious gentility which proclaims neither the want, nor the desire, of being connected. ‘There, now,’ said he, ‘is a man of some reserve. I like him the better for it.’ He felicitated M. De Laval on the pleasures of his solitude. ‘You come to live here,’ said he, ‘far from mankind, and you are very much in the right to fly from them!’—‘I, Sir! I do not fly from mankind. I have neither the weakness to fear them, the pride to despise them, nor the misfortune to hate them.’ This answer came so home, that Alcestes was disconcerted at it. But he would support what he set out with, and he began the satire of the world. ‘I have lived in the world, as well as others,’ said M. De Laval, ‘and I have not found it so wicked. There are vices and virtues in it, good and evil, I confess; but nature is so compounded, we must know how to accommodate ourselves to it.’—‘Aye, but,’ said Alcestes, ‘in that compound, the good is so very small, and the evil so predominant, that the latter choaks up the former.’—‘Ah, Sir,’ replied the viscount, ‘if we were as strongly fired with the good as with the evil, if we used the same warmth in publishing it, and good examples were posted up as bad ones are, can you doubt but that the good ones would carry it on the balance? But gratitude speaks so low, and complaint declaims so loud, that we only

'hear the latter, Esteem and friendship are commonly moderate in their commendations: they imitate the modesty of the virtuous in praising them; whereas resentment and injury exaggerate every thing to excess. Thus we see not the good, but through a medium which lessens it, and we view the evil through a vapour which magnifies it.'

'Sir,' said Alcestes to the viscount, 'you make me wish to think like you; and though I might have on my side the melancholy truth, your mistake would be preferable.'—'Why, yes, without doubt: fretfulness is of no service. A fine part for a man to play to be out of humour like a child, and get into a corner to pout at all the world! and why? For the bickerings of the circle in which we live; as if all nature were an accomplice and responsible for the injuries at which we are hurt!'—'You are right,' said Alcestes; 'it would be unjust to render man a solitary animal; but how many griefs have we not to reproach them with in common? Believe me, Sir, my prejudice has serious and weighty motives. You will do me justice, when you know me. Permit me to see you often.'—'Often; that is difficult,' said the viscount: 'my time is very much taken up; and my daughter and I have our studies, which leave us little leisure; but sometimes, if you please, we will enjoy our neighbourhood, at our ease, and without laying any constraint on each other; for the privilege of the country is to have it in our power to be alone when we have a mind.'

'This man is rare in his species,' said Alcestes, on going away. 'And his daughter, who listened to us with the air of so tender a veneration for her father: this daughter, brought up under his eyes, accustomed to a plain life, pure manners, and pleasures that are innocent, will be an inestimable woman, or I am very much mistaken—at least,' resumed he, 'unless they lead her astray in that Paris, where every thing is ruined.'

If we were to represent to ourselves delicacy and sentiment personified, we should have the idea of Ursula's beauty. (It was thus that Mademoiselle De Laval was called.) Her figure was such as imagination gives to the youngest of

the Graces. She was eighteen years compleat; and by the freshness and regularity of her charms, one might see that Nature had just put the last hand to her. When unmoved, the lilies of her complexion prevailed over the roses; but on the slightest emotion of her soul, the roses effaced the lilies. It was little to have the colouring of flowers; her skin had also that fineness, and that down so soft, so velvet-like, which nothing has yet tarnished. But it was in the features of Ursula's countenance that a thousand charms, varied perpetually, displayed themselves successively. In her eyes, sometimes a modest languor, a timid sensibility, seemed to issue from her soul, and to express itself by her looks; sometimes a noble severity, and commanding with sweetness, moderated the touching lustre of it; and we saw there reigning, by turns, severe decency, fearful modesty, and lively and tender voluptuousness. Her voice and mouth were of that kind which embellish every thing; her lips could not move without discovering new attractions; and when she condescended to smile, her very silence was ingenuous. Nothing more simple than her attire, and nothing more elegant. In the country, she let grow her hair, which was of a pale white, of the softest tint; and ringlets, which art could not hold captive, floated around her ivory neck, and waved down upon her beautiful bosom. The misanthrope had found in her the gentlest air, and the most decent conversation. 'It would be a pity,' said he, 'that she should fall into bad hands: she might make an accomplished woman. Indeed, the more I think of it, the more I congratulate myself in having her father for a neighbour; he is an upright man, a gallant man: I do not believe that he has a very right way of thinking, but he has an excellent heart.'

Some days after, M. De Laval in walking out returned his visit; and Alcestes talked to him of the pleasure which he must have in making people happy. 'It is a fine example,' added he, 'and to the shame of mankind a pretty rare one! How many folks, richer and more powerful than you, are only a burden to the people.'—'I neither excuse them, nor blame them,' replied M. De Laval. 'To do good, there must be the power; and when we can, we ought to know how to

seize

seize it. But think not that it is so easy to effect it. It is not sufficient to be dexterous enough; we must be also happy enough; we must know how to treat just, sensible, docile, minds; and frequently a great deal of address and patience is necessary to lead on a people, naturally diffident and fearful, to what is advantageous to them.—“Truly,” said Alceste, “it is the excuse which they make; but do you think it a very solid one? And the obstacles which you have overcome, cannot they also conquer them?”—“I have been,” said M. De Laval, “solicited by opportunity, and seconded by circumstances. This people, newly conquered, thought themselves undone without resource, and the moment that I held open my arms to them, their despair made them rush into them. At the mercy of an arbitrary impost, they had conceived so much terror, that they chose rather to endure their vexations than to shew a little ease. The expences of the levy aggravated the impost: these good people were over-rated; and poverty was the asylum into which discouragement had thrown them. On my arrival here I found established this distressing and destructive maxim to the country: *The more we labour, the more we shall be trampled upon.* The men durst not be laborious, the women trembled at becoming fruitful. I went back to the source of the evil: I addressed myself to the man appointed to collect the tribute.—“Sir,” said I to him, “my vassals groan under the burdens of constraint: I would wish to hear no more of it. Let us see what they owe out of the year’s impost; I am come to acquit them.”—“Sir,” replied the receiver to me, “that cannot be.”—“Why so?” said I. “It is not the rule.”—“How! not the rule to pay the king the tribute which he demands? to pay it him with the least expence possible, and with the least delay?”—“Yes,” said he, “that is the king’s interest, but not mine. What would become of me, if it were to be paid down? The expences are the perquisites of my office.”—“To so good a reason I had no reply; and without insisting farther, went to see the intendant.—“I beg two favours of you,” said I to him: “one, that I may be permitted, every year, to pay

the tribute for my vassals; the other, that their district may experience only the variations of the publick tax.” I obtained what I asked.

“Friends,” said I to my peasants, whom I assembled at my arrival, “I now give you notice, that it is in my hands you are to deposit for the future the just tribute which you owe to the king. No more vexations, no more expence. Every Sunday, at the parish-bank, your wives shall bring their savings, and you will be insensibly cleared. Labour, cultivate your estates, increase their value to a hundred fold; may the ground enrich you; you shall not be charged the more for it: I, your father, will be answerable to you for it. Those who shall be deficient, I will assist; and a few days of the dead season of the year, employed on my works, will re-imburse me what I advance.”

This plan was approved, and we have followed it. Our farmers wives never fail to bring me their little offering. On receiving it, I encourage them; I tell them of our good king; they go away with tears in their eyes: thus I make an act of love, of what they looked upon, before my time, as an act of servitude.

The statute-works had their turn, and the intendant, who detested them, but knew not how to remedy them, was enchanted at the method which I had taken to exempt my village from them.

Lastly, as there was here a great deal of superfluous time, and useless hands, I established the workhouse, which you may have seen. It is the property of the community; they administer it under their own eyes: every one works there; but that labour is not sufficiently paid to divert them from working in the fields. The husbandman employs in it only the time which would otherwise be lost. The profit which they draw from it forms a fund which is employed in contributing to the militia, and to the expences of publick works. But an advantage more precious still, from this establishment, is to have increased the human race. When children are a charge, we get no more than we are able to maintain; but from the moment that, at their issue from the cradle, they are able to provide for their own subsistence,

'subsistence, Nature delivers herself up to her attraction, without reserve or uneasiness. We seek the means of population: there is but one; the subsistence, the employment of mankind. As they are born only to live, we must ensure them a livelihood at their birth.'

'Nothing wiser than your principles, nothing more virtuous than your cares; but confess,' replied the misanthrope, 'that this good, important as it is, is not so difficult as to discourage those who love it; and that if there were men like you—' 'Say, rather, if they were so situated. I have had circumstances in my favour, and every thing depends upon that. We see what is right; we love it; we wish to effect it; but obstacles arise on every step we take. There needs but one to prevent it; and instead of one, there arise a thousand. I was here very much at my ease: not a man of credit had an interest in the evil which I meant to destroy; and how little would have been sufficient to prevent my being able to remedy it? Suppose, instead of a tractable intendant, I had been under the necessity of seeing, persuading, prevailing on an absolute man, jealous of his power, entirely led by his own opinions, or swayed by the counsels of his subaltern officers. Nothing of all this scheme could have taken place: they would have told me not to busy myself, but to let things of this kind alone. Thus it is that good-will remains often useless on the part of the rich. I know that you do not suspect it; but there is in your prejudices more caprice than you imagine.'

Alceste, touched to the quick by this reproach, from a man whose esteem was to him of so great value, endeavoured to justify himself. He told him of the law-suit he had lost, of the coquette who had deceived him, and of all his subjects of complaint against human nature.

'Truly,' said the viscount to him, 'this was a mighty matter to make one uneasy! You go to chuse among a thousand women a giddy creature, who amuses herself, and makes a fool of you, as it were with reason; you take most seriously, that love of which she makes a mere diversion: who is to blame? But granting her wrong, are all women like her? What! because

'there are knaves among the men, are you and I the less honest on that account? In the individual, who hurts you, you hate the species! There is caprice, neighbour; there is caprice in this, you must agree.'

'You have lost a cause which you thought just; but does not a suitor, who is a person of integrity, always think that he has a good cause? Are you alone more disinterested, more inflexible, than your judges? And if they have wanted lights, are they criminal for that? I, Sir, when I see men devote themselves to a state of life which has many troubles in it, and very few pleasures, which imposes on their manners all the constraint of the most severe decorum, which requires an unremitted application, a steady collection, a labour without any salary, where virtue herself is almost without lustre; when I see them environed with the luxury and pleasures of an opulent city, live retired, solitary, in the frugality, simplicity, and modesty of the first ages; I consider, as a sacrilege, the reproach of their equity. Now, such is the life of the greater part of the judges whom you accuse upon such slight foundations. It is not some giddy persons, whom you see fluttering in the world, that hold the balance of the laws. Till such time as they become more prudent, they have at least the modesty to be silent before consummate judges. The latter are sometimes mistaken, without doubt, because they are not angels; but they are less of men than you and I; and I will never be persuaded, that a venerable old man, who at the break of day drags himself to the hall with a tottering pace, goes there to commit injustice.'

'With regard to the court, there are so many interests in it, so complicated, and so powerful, which thwart and oppose each other, that it is natural that men should there be more delivered up to their passions, and more wicked than elsewhere. But neither you nor I have passed through these great trials of ambition and envy; and it has depended, perhaps, on but a trifle, that we have not been, as well as others, false friends and base flatterers. Believe me, Sir, few people have a right to settle the police of the world.'

'All

'All honest people have that right,' said Alcestes; 'and if they would league themselves together, the wicked would not have so much audaciousness and credit in the world.'—'When that league is formed,' said M. De Laval, going away, 'we will both enrol ourselves in it. Till then, neighbour, I advise you to do, without noise, in your little corner, the utmost good you can, by taking for a rule the love of mankind, and in reserving your hatred for a few sad exceptions.'

'It is a very great pity,' said Alcestes, when M. De Laval was gone, 'that goodness should be always accompanied with weakness, while wickedness has so much strength and vigour!'—'It is a very great pity,' said M. De Laval, 'that this honest man has taken a bias, which renders him useless to himself and others! He has uprightness, he loves virtue; but virtue is but a chimera without the love of human nature.' Thus both, judging each other, were displeased with one another.

An incident, pretty singular, rendered Alcestes still less at his ease with M. De Laval. The Baron of Blonzac, a right Gascon, a man of honour, but haughty, and a misanthrope in his manner, had married the Canoness of Remiremont, a relation of the viscount. His garrison was in Lorraine. He came to see M. De Laval; and whether it was to amuse himself, or to correct two misanthropes by means of each other, M. De Laval wanted to set them by the ears. He sent to invite Alcestes to dinner.

Among men, table-talk turns pretty often upon politicks; and the Gascon, from the moment they had dined, began laying on, and drinking at a great rate. 'I make no point of concealing it,' said he, 'I have taken an aversion to the world. I would be two thousand leagues out of my own country, and two thousand years removed from my own age. It is the country of whores and knaves; it is the age of favourites; intrigue and favour have done their parts, and have forgot nothing but merit. He that pays his court obtains every thing, and he that does his duty has nothing. Myself, for example, who have never known but to march where honour calls, and to fight as becomes a soldier, I am known by the enemy; but may the

devil take me if either the ministry, or the court, know that I exist! If they were to hear any mention of me, they would take me for one of my grandfathers; and if they should be told that a cannon ball had taken off my head, I will lay a wager they would ask if there were any more Blonzacs.'—'Why do you not shew yourself?' said M. De Laval to him. 'There is no necessity to let one's self be forgot.'—'Why, my lord, I shew myself in the day of battle. Is it at Paris that the colours are flying?'

In the midst of this talk, letters were brought M. De Laval from Paris. He asks leave to read them, 'In order to know,' said he, 'if there be any thing new;' and one of his letters informs him, that the command of the citadel, which he solicited for M. De Blonzac, without his knowledge, had just been granted him. 'Hold,' said he to him, 'there now is one who regards you.' Blonzac read, leaped with joy, and ran to embrace the viscount; but after the folly he had made, he durst not mention what had happened to him. Alcestes, believing he had found in him a second, did not fail in urging him. 'There,' said he, 'there, now, is an example of those acts of injustice which shock me: a man of birth, a good soldier, after having served the state, remains forgotten, unrewarded; and let them tell me, now, that all goes well.'—'Why,' replied Blonzac, 'we must be just: every thing goes not so ill as is said. Rewards are to be waited for a little; but they come in time. It is not the fault of the ministry, if more services are performed than there are rewards to be bestowed; and, in fact, they do what they can.' Alcestes was a little surprized at this change of language, and the apologetical tone which Blonzac assumed during the rest of the entertainment. 'Come,' said the viscount, 'in order to reconcile you, let us drink the commandant's health;' and he published what he had just learned. 'I ask the gentleman's pardon,' said Alcestes, 'for having dwelt on his complaints: I did not know the reasons which he had to retract them.'—'I,' said Blonzac, 'have no animosity, and I come to like a child.'—'You see,' resumed M. De Laval, 'that a misanthrope is to be brought back to rea-

son

'son.'—'Yes,' replied Alceste, 'when he regulates his sentiments on his own personal interest.'—'Ah, Sir!' said Blonzac, 'do you know any one who is warm for what touches him neither nearly nor at a distance?'—'Every thing that concerns humanity,' replied Alceste, 'touches a good man nearly; and doubt not but there are friends enough of the order, to hate the evil as evil, without any respect to themselves.'—'I will believe it,' replied the Gascon, 'when I see any one uneasy at what passes in China; but as long as people are afflicted only at the hurt which they feel themselves, or which they may feel, I shall believe that they think only of themselves, while they have the air of being taken up with the thought of others. As for me, I am sincere: I never gave myself up as an advocate for the discontented. Let every one plead his own cause. I complained while I had reason to complain; I now make my peace with the world, as soon as I have reason to be satisfied with it.'

As much as the scene with Blonzac disturbed Alceste, so much did it rejoice M. De Laval and his daughter. 'There,' said they, 'has our misanthrope received a good lesson.'

Whether it was shame or policy, he was some days without seeing them. He came again, however, one afternoon. The viscount was gone to the village: Mademoiselle De Laval received him; and on seeing himself alone with her, a transport seized him; which he had some difficulty to conceal.

'We have not had the honour of seeing you,' said she to him, 'since M. De Blonzac's visit; what say you to that gentleman?'—'Why, he is a man like the rest.'—'Not so much like the rest: he speaks with an open heart; he says what others conceal; and that frankness makes him, in my opinion, a pretty singular character.'—'Yes, Mademoiselle, frankness is rare; and I am very glad to see that at your age you are convinced of it. You will often have occasion to recollect it, I promise you. Ah, in what a world you are going to fall! My lord excuses it in the best manner he is able; his own beautiful soul does the rest of mankind the honour to judge of them according to itself; but if you knew how dangerous and hateful

the greater part are!'—'You, for example,' said Ursula, smiling, 'you have very great reason to complain of it, is it not true?'—'Spare me, I pray you, and attribute not to me the personalities of M. De Blonzac. I think as he does in certain respects; but our motives are not the same.'—'I believe it; but explain to me what I am not able to conceive. Vice and virtue, I have been told, are nothing more than relative terms. The one is vice, because it hurts mankind; the other virtue, on account of the good which it occasions.'—'Exactly so.'—'To hate vice, to love virtue, is therefore only to interest ourselves in the welfare of mankind; and in order to interest ourselves we must love them. For how can you at once interest yourself, and hate them?'—'I interest myself in the welfare of the good whom I love, and I detest the wicked who hurt them; but the good are so very few in number, and the world is so full of bad people.'—'See there, now. Your hatred at least extends not to all mankind. But do you think that those whom you love are every where so few in number? Let us make a voyage together in idea. Do you agree to it?'—'With all my heart.'—'First, in the country, are you not persuaded that there are morals; and if not virtues, at least simplicity, goodness, innocence?'—'There is also commonly distrust and craft.'—'Alas! I can easily conceive what my father has said more than once: craft and distrust are the consequence of weakness. We find them in the villagers, as in women and children. They have every thing to fear; they escape, they defend themselves as well as they can; and we observe the same instinct in most animals.'—'Yes,' said Alceste, 'and that very circumstance forms the satire of the cruel and rapacious animals which they have to guard against.'—'I understand you; but we are now speaking only of the country people, and you will agree with me, that they are more worthy of pity than of hatred.'—'Oh, I agree.'—'Let us pass to the cities, and take Paris for example.'—'My God! what an example you chuse.'—'Very well; even in that same Paris, the common people are good: my father frequents them; he goes often into those obscure re-

cesses,

cesses, where poor families, crowded together, groan in want; he says that he finds there a modesty, patience, an honesty, and sometimes even a nobleness of thinking, which moves and astonishes him:—"And this it is which ought to set us against an un pitying world, which forsakes suffering virtue, and pays respect to successful and insolent vice."—"Not so fast: we are at the common people. Agree that, in general, they are good, docile, courteous, honest, and that their own sincerity gives them a confidence which is very often abused."—"Oh, very often!"—"You love the common people, then? And in all places the common people form the greater number."—"Not every where."—"We are speaking only of our own country: it is with that which I would reconcile you at present. Now let us come to the great folks; and tell me, first, if my father has imposed on me in it, when he has painted the manners of the women."—"As their duties," said he, "are included in the interior of a private life, their virtues have nothing dazzling: it is only their vices that are conspicuous; and the folly of one woman makes more noise than the discretion of a thousand. Thus the evil rises in evidence, and the good remains buried." My father adds, that one moment of weakness, one imprudence, ruins a woman, and that this blemish has sometimes tarnished a thousand excellent qualities. He confesses, in short, that the vice which we most reproach women with, and which does them the most injury, hurts only themselves, and that there is no reason for hating them. For the rest, what is it you reproach us with? A little falsehood? But that is all by agreement. Instructed from our infancy to endeavour to please you, we have no other care but to conceal what will not please you. If we disguise ourselves, it is only under those charms which you love better than our own. And do you know that nothing is more humiliating to us? I am young; but I can easily perceive, that the most beautiful part of our freedom is, to shew ourselves such as we are; but to disguise one's soul, and to disavow one's self, is of all the acts of servitude the most degrading; and we must do to self-love

the most painful violence, to debase one's self to a lye, and to dissimulation. This is what I find woman a slave in; and it is a yoke which has been imposed on us."—"If all women thought as nobly as you do, beautiful Ursula, they would not so lightly, and in gaiety of heart, make a mere pastime of deceiving us."—"If they deceive you, it is your own fault. You are our kings: convince us that you love nothing so much as truth, that truth alone pleases and touches you, and we will tell it you always. What is the ambition of a woman? To be lovely, and to be loved. Very well, write on the apple, *To the most sincere*; they will all dispute it with each other in unaffected simplicity. But you have written, *To the most seducing*; and each tries, who shall seduce you the best. As for our jealousies, our little animosities, our tattlings, our bickerings; all these things are only amusing to you; and you will agree that your wars are of very different consequence. Nothing remains, then, but the frivolousness of our tastes and humours; but whenever you please, we shall be more solid; and, perhaps, there are many women who have seized, as it were by stealth, lights and principles which custom envied them."—"You are a proof of it," said Alceste to her, "you whose soul is so much above your sex and your age."—"I am young," replied Ursula, "and I have a right to your indulgence; but the question is not concerning me; it is the world which you fly, which you abandon, without well knowing why. I have attempted the defence of the women; I leave to my father the care of accomplishing that of the men; but I tell you before-hand, that in giving me the picture of their society, he has often told me, that there were almost as few perverse minds as there are heroick souls, and that the majority was composed of weak, harmless people, who required nothing but peace and quiet."—"Yes, peace and quiet, every one for himself, and at the expense of the person to whom it belongs. The world, Mademoiselle, is composed only of dupes and knaves: now, nobody would be a dupe; and to speak only of what concerns yourself, I must tell you, that all the idle people there are at Paris of an age to

G g

please,

'please, are employed morning and evening in nothing else but in laying snares for the women.'—'Good!' said Ursula, 'they know it; and my father is persuaded that this contest of gallantry on the one side, and coquetry on the other, is nothing but a diversion, in which both are agreed. Let who will be of the party: those who like not the sport, have only to keep themselves in their own corners; and nothing, he says, is in less danger than virtue, when it is real.'—'You think so?'—'I am so thoroughly persuaded of it, that if ever I commit an indiscretion, I declare to you beforehand, it will be because I shall have liked it.'—'Without doubt they like it; but they like it when seduced by an enchanter who makes you like it.'—'That also is an excuse which at present I renounce: I have no faith in enchantments.'

They were got so far, when Monsieur De Laval arrived from his walk. 'What say you to Alceste?' continued Ursula. 'He would have me tremble at being exposed in the world to the seduction of the men.'—'Why,' said the father, 'we must not be too confident; I do not think thee infallible.'—'No, but you shall be my guard; and if you lose sight of me, you know what you have promised me.'—'I will endeavour to keep my word.'—'May I be in the secret?' demanded Alceste, with a timid air. 'There is no secret in it,' replied Ursula: 'my father has had the goodness to instruct me in my duties; and if he could guide me perpetually, I should be very sure of not going astray. If I forgot myself, he would not forget me; accustomed to read my soul, he would regulate all its motions; but as he will not always have his eyes upon me, he has promised me another guide, a husband, which may be his friend and mine, and who shall supply the place of a father.'—'Add also, and of a lover; for a young woman must have love. I would have you be discreet, but I would likewise have you be happy; and if I had the imprudence to give you a husband who did not love you, or knew not how to please you, I should no longer have the right of taking it ill, that the desire of enjoying the greatest of felicities, that of

'loving and being loved, should make you forget my lessons.'

Alceste went away, charmed at the wisdom of so good a father, and more still with the candour and honesty of the daughter. 'A distinction has been made,' said he, 'between the age of innocence and of reason; but in her happy disposition, innocence and reason unite. Her soul purifies, at the same time that it enlightens itself. Ah! if there were a man worthy of cultivating gifts so precious, what a source of delicious enjoyments to him! There is nothing but this world, filled with shelves, from which it is necessary to keep her at a distance. But if she loved, what would it be to her? A virtuous and tender husband would suffice her, would be to her instead of every thing. I dare believe, that at twenty-five, I was the man who suited her—At twenty-five! and what did I know then? To amuse myself, and run into dissipations! Was I capable of filling the place of a wife and vigilant father, I should have loved her to distraction; but what confidence should I have inspired into her? It is not, perhaps, too much yet to have fifteen years more experience. But from eighteen to forty, the interval must be frightful to her. There is no thinking of it.'

He thought of it, however, all night long; the next day he did nothing else; and the day following, the first idea which presented itself to him was that of his amiable Ursula. 'Ah, what a pity,' said he, 'what a pity, if she were to take to the vices of the world! her soul is pure as her beauty. What sweetness in her temper! what touching simplicity in her manners and language! They talk of eloquence; is there any truer? It was impossible for her to convince me; but she has persuaded me. I have desired to think like her: I could have wished that the illusions, which she spread before me, were never dissipated. Why have I not over her, or rather over her father, that soft empire which she has over me? I would engage them to live here in the simplicity of nature. And what need should we have of the world? Ah! three hearts, thoroughly united, two lovers and a father, have they not, in the intimacy of a mutual tenderness, suffi-

cient to render themselves fully happy?

In the evening, on walking out, his steps turned, as it were of themselves, towards M. De Laval's gardens. He found him there with the pruning-knife in his hand, amidst his espaliers. 'Confess,' said he to him, 'that these tranquil pleasures are well worth those noisy ones which people like, or think they like, at Paris.'—'Every thing has its season,' replied the viscount. 'I love the country, while it is alive: I am useless at Paris, and my village has need of me; I enjoy myself there, and the good which I do; my daughter is pleased and amused there; this is what attracts and retains me. But think not that I live there alone. Our little town of Bruyères is full of honest people, who love and cultivate letters. There is no part of the world where the inhabitants have gentler manners. They are polite with freedom; plain, yet informed. Candour, uprightness, and gaiety, are the character of that amiable people: they are social, humane, beneficent. Hospitality is a virtue, which the father transmits to his son. The women are sprightly and virtuous; and society, embellished by them, unites the charms of decency to the pleasures of liberty. But in enjoying so sweet a commerce, I cease not still to love Paris; and if friendship, the love of letters, connections which I hold dear, did not recal me there, the attraction of variety alone would carry me back every year. The most lively pleasures languish at last, and the sweetest become insipid to him who knows not how to vary them.'—'I can conceive, however,' said the misanthrope, 'that a society, not numerous, intimately connected with ease and truth, might supply every thing to itself; and if an offer, agreeable to Mademoiselle De Laval, had no other inconvenience in it than that of fixing her in the country, I am persuaded that you yourself—' 'Why, truly,' said M. De Laval, 'if my daughter could be happy there, I should make her happiness mine: that is most certain. It is now fifty years since I have lived for myself; it is high time now that I should live for her. But we are not come to that. My daughter loves Paris, and

'I am rich enough to settle her there decently.'

This was enough for Alceste; and for fear of discovering himself, he turned the conversation to gardening, by asking M. De Laval if he did not cultivate flowers. 'They pass away too soon,' replied the viscount. 'The pleasure and regret of them border so nearly on each other, and the idea of destruction intermingles I know not what of melancholy in the sentiment of enjoyment. In a word, I feel more chagrin in seeing a rose-bush stripped, than joy in seeing it flourish. The culture of kitchen herbs has an interest more gradual, more supported, and, to say the truth, more satisfactory; for it terminates in the useful. While Art exercises and fatigues itself in varying the scenes of a flower-garden, Nature herself changes the decorations of the kitchen-garden. How many metamorphoses, for example, have these peach-trees experienced, from the very budding of their leaves to the full maturity of their fruits! Talk to me, neighbour, of lasting pleasures: those which, like flowers, endure but a day, cost too much to renew.'

Master of the father's temper, Alceste wanted to inform himself of that of the daughter, and it was easy for him to have a private conversation with her. 'The more I penetrate,' said he to her, 'into your father's heart, the more I admire and love him.'—'So much the better,' said Ursula; 'his examples will soften your manners; he will reconcile you with those like him.'—'Like him! Ah, how few there are of them! It is to him, without doubt, a favour from Heaven to have a daughter like you, beautiful Ursula; but it is a happiness as rare to have a father like him. May the husband which the Almighty destines you, be worthy both of one and the other!—' 'Pray to Heaven,' said she, smiling, 'that he be not a misanthrope! Men of that cast are too difficult to correct.'—'Would you like better,' said Alceste, 'one of those cold and trifling men, whom every thing amuses, and nothing interests; one of those weak and easy men, whom the mode bends and fashions to her own taste; who are

wax, with respect to the manners of the time, and to whom custom is the supreme law? A misanthrope loves but few; but when he loves, he loves truly.—Yes, I perceive that such a conquest is flattering to vanity; but I am plain, and not vain. I would not find in a heart devoted to me asperity or moroseness; I would wish to be able to communicate to it the softness of my own temper, and that sentiment of universal benevolence, which makes me see men and things on the most comfortable side. I could not spend my life in loving a man who would pass his in hatred.—That is not civil, for they accuse me of being a misanthrope.—Why, it is from you, and you alone, that I have taken the idea of that character: for M. De Blonzac's humour was nothing but a fit of the pouts; and you have seen how small a matter could bring him to himself again; but a hatred of mankind, arising from reflection and founded on principles, is horrible; and this is what you profess. I am persuaded that your aversion for the world is nothing but whim, an excess of virtue: you are not wicked, you are only rigid; and I believe you as little indulgent to yourself as to another; but this too severe and impatient probity renders you unfocable; and you must confess, that a husband of that temper would not be entertaining.—You would have a husband entertain you, then?—And entertain himself, replied she, with the same things as me; for if marriage be a participation of cares, it ought, in return, to be a society of pleasures.

Nothing clearer, said Alceste to himself, after their conversation: she could not have told me her thoughts more plainly, though she had divined mine. This is for me and my comrades a discharge before hand. And what am I thinking of? I am forty years, free and easy; it depends on myself only to be happy. Happy! And can I be so alone, with a soul so sensible? I fly the men! Ah, it was the women, the handsome women, whom I ought to have flown. I thought I knew them sufficiently to have no more to fear from them; but who could have expected what has happened to me? I must, to my misfor-

tune, in the corner of a province, find beauty, youth, graces, wisdom, virtue herself, united in one and the same object. It seems as if Love pursued me, and that he had purposely made this dear girl to confound and distress me. And what a way she takes to trouble my repose! I detest airs; nothing more simple than she. I despise coquetry; she thinks not even of pleasing. I love, I adore candour; her soul flows itself quite naked. She tells me, to my face, the most cruel truths: what would she do more, if she had resolved to turn my brain? She is very young; she will change; launched into the world, which she loves, she will soon assume the manners of it; and it is to be believed that she will at last be a woman like the rest.—To be believed! Ah, I do not believe it; and if I believed it, I should be too unjust. She will be the happiness and glory of her husband, if he be worthy of her. And I! I shall live alone, detached from every thing, in a state of solitude and annihilation; for it must be confessed, the soul is annihilated as soon as it loved nothing any longer. What do I say? Alas! if I loved no longer, would that repose, that sleep of the soul, be frightful to me? Flattering idea of a greater happiness! It is thou, thou that makest me perceive the void and dulness of myself. Ah, to cherish my solitude for ever, I should never have gone out of it!

These reflections, and these struggles, plunged him into a melancholy, which he thought it his duty to bury. Eight days having rolled away, the viscount, surprized at not seeing him again, sent to know if he was sick. Alceste returned answer, that in fact he had not been well for some time past. The sensible soul of Ursula was affected at this answer. She had entertained, since his absence, some suspicion of the truth; she was now the more persuaded of it; and reproached herself for having afflicted him. 'Let us go and see him,' said the viscount; 'his condition moves my pity. Ah, daughter, what a gloomy and painful resolution is that of living alone, and of being sufficient to one's self? Man is too weak to support it.'

When Alceste saw Mademoiselle De Lavil, for the first time, enter his house,

house, it seemed as if his habitation had transformed itself into a temple. He was seized with joy and respect; but the impression of melancholy still made an alteration in his features. 'What is the matter, Alceste?' said M. De Laval to him. 'I find you afflicted; and you lay hold of that moment to fly me. Do you think us some of those people who do not love sorrowful countenances, and who must always be accosted with a laugh? When you are easy and happy, keep at home; very well: but when you have any grief, come to me, either to pity or console you.' Alceste listened, and admired in silence. 'Yes,' said he, 'I am struck with a thought which pursues and afflicts me: I would not, and I ought not, to conceal it from you. Heaven is my witness, that after having renounced the world, I regretted nothing when I knew you. Since, I perceive that I deliver myself up to the pleasure of your company; that my soul is attached to you by all the ties of esteem and friendship; and that when they must be broken, alas! perhaps for ever, this retreat, which I should have cherished, will be my grave. My resolution, therefore, is taken, not to wait till the charms of so sweet a connection render the solitude in which I am to live completely odious; and in revering you, in loving both the one and the other, as two beings by which Nature is to procure honour to herself, and of which the world is not worthy, I beg you to permit me to bid you an eternal farewell.' Then taking the viscount's hands, and kissing them respectfully, he watered them with his tears. 'I will see you no more, Sir,' added he, 'but I will hold you dear forever.'

'Nonsense!' said M. De Laval to him; 'and who hinders us to live together, if you like my acquaintance? You have taken an aversion to the world: a mere whim; but no matter. I know you have a good heart; and though our tempers may not be the same, I see nothing incompatible in them; and perhaps they resemble each other more than you imagine. Why, then, take a resolution which afflicts you, and which would afflict me? You think with sorrow on the moment of our separation: it depends

only on yourself to follow us. No thing more easy than to live at Paris, free, solitary, and detached from the world. My company is not tumultuous: it shall be yours; and I promise you, I will not force you to see any but such as you shall esteem.—'Your goodness penetrates me,' said Alceste; 'and I know what I owe to such kindness.'—'Nothing in it,' replied the viscount; 'such as you are, you suit me. I esteem you, I pity you; and if I deliver you up to your own melancholy, you are a lost man. That would be a pity; and the condition which you are in, permits me not to abandon you. In a month I quit the country; I have room for you; and whether under the title of friendship or gratitude, I insist on your accepting it.'—'Ah!' said Alceste, 'that it were possible!'—'Have you,' demanded the viscount, 'any obstacle? If your fortune were out of order, I flatter myself that you are not the man to blush at confessing it.'—'No,' said Alceste, 'I am richer than a single person has need to be. I have ten thousand crowns a year, and owe nothing. But a more serious motive retains me here: you shall judge of it.'—'Come and sup with us, then, and I will disperse all these clouds, if I can.—'You make a hydra,' said he to Alceste on the road, 'of the vice and wickedness you have seen in the world. Would you try, now, to what a small number this class of men, who terrify you, are reduced, make out a list of them with me this evening; and I defy you to name a hundred persons whom you have a right to hate.'—'O Heaven! I could name a thousand.'—'We'll see. Remember only to be just, and to establish your complaints well.'—'Nay, it is not on particular facts that I judge them, but by the gross of their manners. For example; it is pride which I condemn in some, meanness in others. I object to them, the abuse of riches, of credit, of authority, an exclusive love of themselves, a cruel insensibility to the misfortunes and wants of others: and although these vices, in every stage of life, have not features sufficiently marked, formally to exclude a man from the number of honest people, they authorize me to banish him from

the number of those whom I esteem and love.—'From the instant that we talk in general,' said the viscount, 'we declaim as much as we please; but we render ourselves liable to be unjust. Our esteem is a possession of which we are but the depositaries, and which appertains of right to him who deserves it: our contempt is a punishment, which it depends on us to inflict, but not according to our own caprice; and every one of us, in judging of his fellow, owes him the examination which he would require, if it were himself were to be judged; for, in regard to manners, publick censure is a tribunal where we all sit, but to which we are also all cited. Now, who of us consents that we should be accused there on vague presumptions, and to be condemned without proofs? Consult your own heart, and see in yourself whether you duly observe the first of all laws.'

Alceste walked with his eyes cast down, and sighed deeply. 'You have in your mind,' said the viscount, 'some deep wound, which I do not probe. I only combat your opinions; and it is, perhaps, to your sensations that I ought to apply the remedy.'

On these words, they arrive at the castle of Laval; and, whether through penetration or delicacy, Ursula steals away, and leaves them together.

'Sir,' said Alceste to the viscount, 'I am now going to talk to you as to a friend of twenty years: your goodness engages me, and my duty obliges me to it. It is but too true, that I must renounce what formed the consolation and the charm of my life, the pleasure of seeing you, and living with you. Another man would make use of circumlocution, and blush to break silence; but I see nothing in my misfortune which I ought to dissimble. I have not been able to see with indifference, what Nature has formed the most accomplished in it's kind: I confess it to Ursula's father; and I beseech him to forget it after I have taken my leave.'—'How!' said the viscount, 'is this the great secret? Very well, now we have it; you are in love: is there any thing in that to make you unhappy? Ah! I would fain be so yet; and, far from being ashamed, I should glory in it. Come,

we must endeavour to please, to be very tender, very complaisant: we are still amiable at your age; perhaps you will be beloved.'—'Ah, Sir, you do not understand me.'—'Pardon me; I believe I do. You are in love with Ursula?'—'Alas! yes, Sir.'—'Very well; who hinders you from trying, at least, if so good a heart will be touched with the feelings of yours?'—'What, Sir, do you authorize me?'—'Why not? Sure you think me very difficult! you have by inheritance a handsome fortune; and if my daughter consents, I do not see what can happen better.' Alceste fell, in a maze, at the viscount's knees. 'Your goodness, Sir, overpowers me!' said he; 'but it is of no service to me. Mademoiselle De Laval has declared to me, that a misanthrope was her aversion; and this is the idea she has formed of my character.'—'That does not signify: you will change.'—'I cannot dissemble.'—'You shall not; you shall reconcile yourself to mankind in good earnest. You will not be the first bear that has been tamed by the women.'

Supper being served up, they seated themselves at table; and never before was M. De Laval in so sprightly an humour. 'Come, neighbour,' said he, 'cheer up: nothing sets us off like spirits.' Alceste, thus encouraged, took heart. He made the most touching eulogy on the intimate commerce of souls, whom the relish of virtue, the love of truth, the sentiment of what is just and honest, unites. 'What an attraction,' said he, 'have they for each other! With what effusion they communicate! What agreement, and what harmony they form in uniting! I find here but two that are like me; and they are a whole world to me. My soul is full; I could wish to be able to fix my existence in this delicious state, or that my life were a chain of incidents resembling this.'—'I would lay a wager,' replied the viscount, 'that if Heaven were to take you at your word, you would be very sorry not to have asked more.'—'I confess it, and if I were worthy of forming yet one wish—' 'Did not I say so? Such is man. He has always something to wish for. We are but three; and yet there is not one of us who

‘does not wish for something—What
‘say you, daughter? For my part, I
‘confess I ask of Heaven, with ardour,
‘a husband whom you may love, and
‘who may render you happy.’—‘I ask
‘also,’ said she, ‘a husband, who may
‘assist me in making you happy.’—
‘And you, Alceste?’—‘And I, if I
‘durst, would ask to be that husband.’
—‘There are now three wishes,’ said
M. De Laval, ‘which might easily be
‘made one.’

I have already given some intimation,
that Ursula had conceived for Alceste
an esteem and good-will: the trouble
she had taken to soften his temper, pro-
claimed it; but it was only in this in-
stant that she perceived how sensibly that
disposition, which we must either love or
hate, had touched her.

‘Hey!’ said her father, after a long
silence, ‘we are all three struck dumb!’
‘That Alceste, at forty, should be
‘confused at having made a declaration
‘to a lady of eighteen, is natural enough;
‘that Ursula should blush, look down,
‘and observe a modest silence, is quite
‘natural too; but I, who am but a
‘mere confidant, why should I be grave?
‘The scene is amusing.’—‘Sir,’ said
Ursula, ‘spare me, I beseech you. Al-
ceste gives me a mark of esteem, of
‘which I am very sensible: and he
‘would be angry that we should make
‘a jest of it.’—‘Would you have me
‘believe that he is in earnest?’—‘I am
‘sure of it, and I am obliged to him.’
—‘You do not think so. Forty! A
‘man of his temper.’—‘His temper
‘should estrange him from all sorts of
‘engagements, and he knows very well
‘what I think of it.’—‘And his age!’
—‘That is another thing; and I beg
‘you to forget age, when you chuse me
‘a husband.’—‘Ah, child, but you are
‘so young!’—‘For that reason, I have
‘need of a husband who is not so.’—
‘There is nothing, then, but this un-
‘fortunate misanthropy, which you have
‘to object to him; and I own that it is
‘incompatible with your temper.’—
‘And more still with the plan which I
‘have formed to myself.’—‘And what
‘is that plan?’—‘That of nature: to
‘live happily with my husband; to
‘sacrifice my taste to him, if unluck-
‘ily I have not his; to renounce all
‘society, rather than deprive me of
‘his, and not to take one step in

‘the world without his counsel and
‘consent. Judge, therefore, of what
‘concern it is to me, that his wisdom
‘should have nothing savage in it, and
‘that he should be pleased with that
‘world in which I hope to live with
‘him.’—‘Whoever he be, Mademoi-
‘selle,’ replied Alceste, ‘I dare answer,
‘that he will be pleased wherever you
‘are.’—‘My father,’ continued Ursula,
‘takes a pleasure in bringing together
‘to his suppers a circle of genteel peo-
‘ple, both of the city and court; I
‘would wish my husband to be of all
‘these suppers, I would have him in
‘particular be agreeable.’—‘Animated
‘with the desire of pleasing you, he will
‘certainly do his best.’—‘I propose to
‘myself to frequent the plays, the pub-
‘lick walks.’—‘Alas! these were my
‘only pleasures; there are none more
‘innocent.’—‘Balls, too, are my pas-
‘sion. And I would have my hus-
‘band carry me there.’—‘In mask;
‘nothing is more easy.’—‘In a mask,
‘or without a mask, just as I like.’—
‘Right: that is a matter of indifference,
‘as long as one is there with one’s
‘wife.’—‘Nay, more, I would have
‘him dance there.’—‘Very well, Ma-
‘demoiselle, I will dance there,’ said
Alceste with transport, throwing him-
self at her feet. ‘Nay,’ cried the vis-
count, ‘there is no resisting that; and
‘since he consents to dance at a ball,
‘he will do impossibilities for you.’—
‘My lord thinks me ridiculous, and he
‘has reason, but I must complement my
‘being so.’—Yes, Mademoiselle, you
‘see at your feet, a friend, a lover, and
‘since you will have it so, a second fa-
‘ther; a man, in short, who renounces
‘life, if he is not to live for you.’ Ur-
sula enjoyed her triumph; but it was
not the triumph of vanity. She restored
to the world, and to himself, a virtuous
man, an useful citizen, who but for her
had been lost. Such was the conquest
with which she was pleased; but her
silence was her only consent. Here eyes,
timidly cast on the ground, dared not
raise themselves to those of Alceste:
one of her hands only was suffered to
drop into his, and the crimson of her
beautiful cheeks expressed the transport
and emotion of her heart. ‘Hey!’ said
the father, ‘you are motionless and
‘dumb! What will you say to him?’
—‘Whatever you please.’—‘What I
‘please,

"please, is to see him happy, provided
 "he make my daughter so."—"It is in
 "his power: he is virtuous, he reveres
 "you, and you love him."—"Let us
 "embrace, then, my children. This
 "has been a happy evening, and I fore-
 "bode well of a marriage, which is con-

cluded as in the good old times."
 "Take my advice, my friend, conti-
 "nued he; be a man, and live with
 "mankind. It is the intention of Na-
 "ture. She has given faults to us all,
 "that nobody may be dispensed with be-
 "ing indulgent to the faults of others."

FINIS.